HANGING THE BABIES.

Whistler's Arrangement of the Pictures a Joke on the Artists.

Late in life, when people had begun to realize the genius of the man, Whistler was asked to arrange the annual Liverpool exhibition, and here, in his own words, is how he did it, according to Heinemann's "Life of Whistler."

"You know, the academy baby by the dozen had been sent in, and I got them all in my gallery, and in the center at one end I placed the birth of the baby—splendid—and opposite the baby with the mustard pot and opposite that the baby with the puppy and in the center, on one side, the baby ill, doctor holding its pulse, mother weeping; on the other, by the door, the baby dead—the baby's funeral—baby from the cradle to the grave—baby in heaven, babies of all kinds and shapes all along the line; not crowded, you know, hung with proper respect for the baby.

"And on the varnishing day in came the artists, each making for his own baby—amazing! His baby on the line—nothing could be better! And they all shook my hand and thanked me—and went to look—at the other men's babies—and they saw babies in front of them, babies behind them, babies to the right of them, babies to left of them. And then—you know—their faces fell—they didn't seem to like it—and—well—ha, ha, they never asked me to hang the pictures again at Liverpool!"

THE VENTRILOQUIST.

Only an Amateur, but His Exhibition Was a Success.

"I was one of a house party up the Thames," said an amateur ventriloquist. "Tea had been served in the garden, and after tea I consented to essay a little ventriloquism, and the fifty or sixty guests grew very still.

"Behind me rose a superb tree. Looking up into the thick foliage, I shouted in a loud and angry voice:

"'Hello! What are you doing up there?'

"To my amazement a thin young voice replied:

"'I ain't doin' no harm, mister. I'm just a-watchin' the big bugs.'

"The guests glanced at one another, smiling appreciatively. Pulling myself together, I went on:

"'Did any one give you permission to climb up into that tree?'

"'Yes, sir. The second groom, sir. He's my cousin.'

"'Well,' said I, 'so far there's no harm done, but be careful not to fall, and don't let any one see you.'

"'All right, mister,' said the humble voice.

"I turned to my audience and smiled and bowed triumphantly. They broke into thunderous applause. They said that they had never listened to ventriloquism so superb. And they were quite right too."—London Answers.

Rats' Cold Weather Retreat.

Many animals snuggle together for warmth in bitter weather, as the squirrels and the rats. Those who go ratting in hedges and dells in the winter know they may try a dozen freshly used burrows without finding a rat, when suddenly from a single hole the rats will come pouring out in a stream of frenzied fur. Twenty or more rats will lie together in one hole.

They are clever enough to block up a hole on the windward side to keep out the draft, so that when a rat hole is noted newly stopped with soil, turnip leaves or grass here is almost certain indication that rats are within. Like the squirrels, they store food for winter, and the keeper may find it more difficult to secure his potatoes from frost than from the attack of the most numerous of his furred foes.—London Standard.

A Rattled Bridegroom.

Some few years ago a man of mature age found himself playing first fiddle to marriage bells. Then they hied themselves away, as others have done, to Niagara Falls. He chuckled to himself as he took a pen to enter on a hotel register for the first time "John Doe and wife."

He thought he wrote with the easy air of one who had so written it there many years and turned carelessly away.

On leaving the proprietor inquired, "I hope you have enjoyed your honeymoon with us."

"Sir-r?" But he merely turned the register back and pointed to this entry, "John Doe and bride."

He had been as "rattled" as any boy.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Safest Employment.

The person who is least affected by trade depression and "slumps" in production is the peasant proprietor. So long as his acres produce corn, potatoes, peas, beans, fruit, milk and vegetables he is safe enough from hunger. His sheep will give wool, and homespun is excellent wear. His is the safe, primitive and elemental profession where a man lives close to the earth, the great mother.—Dublin Irish Homestead.

Hard Names.

"Calling names doesn't make any real difference," said the conservative campaigner.

"No," answered the scientist. "If it did those Latin titles we have bestowed on germs would have discouraged them long ago."—Washington Star.

Art For Art's Sake.

"I like to see a man take an interest in his work."

"So do I. I once knew a policeman who was so enthusiastic that it positively pained him to see anybody out of jail."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

We wish to secure a good correspondent and solicitor in every section of the Peninsula. Will not the different push clubs take this matter up and see that their own particular locality is covered each week with one or more correspondents. If two correspondents from the same locality sends the same item we will cut out the duplicated notes. This means much to the Peninsula and we hope our friends will take hold of the matter and give us all the news of the entire Peninsula.

Sierra Leone.

Sierra Leone—known to fame as "the white man's grave"—viewed from the deck of an incoming steamer presents an appearance distinctly attractive. As to climate, the sobriquet "white man's grave" is sufficiently instructive. Suffice it to say that the first of the daily regimental orders ran thus: "Funeral parade at 6:30 a. m. tomorrow," and it was seldom indeed that the parade was dismissed for lack of a victim to the pestiferous climatic conditions. Indeed, so arduous became the duties of sepulcher that, whereas it was customary in the beginning for the entire regiment and band to attend, only the company of the deceased and the firing party did so later on. Sierra Leone is infested with snakes, large and small. The former are of the constrictor species; the latter are all extremely venomous. The most deadly of all perhaps is the yellow jack, a beautiful yellow and black reptile, whose bite is reputed to prove fatal within a space of twenty minutes.—Westchester County Magazine.

What Is It, a Lobster?

That the methods of public school instruction as applied in one city at least do not always meet the approbation of the parents of the pupils was evidenced when a German man whose bristly blond hair was standing perfectly erect with anger strode into a Baltimore school one day and, approaching the principal, demanded:

"Vot is it, a lobster?"

The principal explained in his suavest tone that a lobster was a species of shellfish.

"How many legs has it—der lobster?"

The number of legs was promptly stated.

"Look here," exclaimed the irritated Teuton, "I vork for me in a big hurry, und if your teacher he cannot find petter dings to ask my boy Herman how many legs has it, a lobster, und make him come home to bodder his fadder mit questions, 'What is it, a lobster?' it is pad business!"—Lippincott's.

Saved His Rupees.

During a great flood at Haidarabad a native banker, overtaken by the sudden rush of water, made his way on to a mound, where he was quickly isolated. The water rose, and the banker's legs were covered to his knees. "Fifty rupees (about £3 7s.), 50 rupees," he shouted, "to any one who will save me!" When the water reached his shoulder he was shouting, "One thousand rupees!" When enveloped to his neck, with death staring him in the face, he yelled: "Help, help! All that I have will I give to any one to save me!" Shortly after the water began to recede. When once more he was covered only to his knees an offer of rescue came. But the banker, plucking up his courage, cried: "Keep off! Keep off! I will not give a rupee!" and succeeded in making his escape free of charge.—St. James' Gazette.

Origin of "Bonfire."

Stow, referring to the "boneflers" which the citizens of London were wont to make in the streets on "the vigiles of festiuall dayes and on the same festiuall dayes in the euenings after the sunne setting every man bestowing wood or labour towards them" and which were an occasion of feasting and merriment, says that "these were called boneflers as well of good amitie amongst neighbours, that, being before at controuersie, were there by the labours of others, reconciled, and made of bitter enemies, louing friendes, as also for the vertue that a great fire hath to purge the infection of the ayre."—London Globe.

Healthful Tombstone.

Nobody ever dies in Tombstone unless they brought it "with'm," or fall into a 600 foot vertical shaft, or buy an automobile, or "sass" their mother-in-law, or try to thaw out powder, or mistake cyanide of potassium for sugar, or start off a county seat removal racket. Some die of old age, some old partners of Daniel Boone, but none has ever been known to die from physical irregularities contracted in Tombstone aside from the above mentioned causes and occasionally an abnormal tightness about the throat, superinduced by a coil of manila rope, or from a cold caught through a hole made by a 45.—Tombstone Epitaph.

To Philip Sober.

When a woman who asked Philip of Macedon to do her justice was snubbed by the petulant monarch she exclaimed, "Philip, I shall appeal against this judgment."

"Appeal!" thundered the enraged king. "And to whom will you appeal?"

"To Philip sober," was her reply.

The Waning Honeymoon.

"I forgot something," said the husband.

"Yes," pouted the wife, "you forgot to kiss me."

"That may be, but what I came back for was my overshoes."—Kansas City Journal.

Same Old Jag.

"Ebenezer," called out Mrs. Jagway from the floor above, "have you been drinking again?"

"No, m' dear," answered Mr. Jagway in the hallway below. "Not again. Still."—Chicago Tribune.

Reminded Him.

Walter—Haven't you forgotten something, sir? Restaurant Patron—I'm glad you spoke of it. My wife told me not to spend any money foolishly, and I was just going to give you a tip.—Chicago News.

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience.—Horne.

The Rice God.

In the Malay peninsula, after a general propitiatory service has been held as an "apology" to the rice for cutting it, the "rice soul" is diligently sought. First the spot where the best rice grows is selected; then seven stems are chosen, each having seven joints. Within this sacred bundle resides the soul of the whole precious field, and, dressed in swaddling clothes like a live infant, it is borne home in a basket and tenderly, reverently, placed on a new sleeping mat.

After the rice harvest in Ceylon the priests take a little old god called Mareli down to the river. A hole is dug where the water is shallow, and into this is crammed a bag of dry rice, with the god placed on top. The saturated rice expands, forcing the image upward, so that in about fifteen days it comes to the surface and is welcomed as a new god with acclamations of great joy.

Both in China and Japan are held special festivals of thanksgiving and offering up of first fruits.—Los Angeles Times.

Luck In Golf.

Luck, as will readily be understood, is a factor that enters very largely into golf. Perhaps the most notable case on record is that of Jamie Anderson when competing for the championship at Prestwick in 1878. He had just teed his ball for the seventeenth drive when a little girl standing among the spectators remarked that he had unconsciously placed it just in front of the proper line. Although nobody else had noticed the fact, this proved on examination by the referee to be correct. Thereupon Anderson teed his ball again in a fresh position well behind the line and made a drive which landed him in the hole and eventually enabled him to win the match. If, however, he had played it from the original spot he would have been penalized a stroke and have lost the championship. Clearly, then, luck on the links is something to be taken into consideration whatever nonbelievers may say to the contrary.—Bailey's Magazine.

What He Was Allowed to Do.

A Presbyterian delegate who was accustomed to being sent to denominational conventions to extend fraternal greetings was delegated to the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal church.

Rising to speak, he said it was always an interesting study to him to note the different receptions accorded him at the conventions of the various denominations.

"Whenever I attend a convention of the Episcopal church, for example," said he, "I find I can do anything I like except preach in the pulpit. When I go before the Baptist church I am accorded every privilege except that of taking communion. And," he said, with a smile, "when I appear among the Methodists I notice I am allowed every privilege except taking the collection!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Housekeeping In Papua.

European housekeeping in Papua is charmingly simple. Everything arrived in a tin, for the most part ready for us. Meat, milk, butter, vegetables—all stood in tins in neat rows in the storeroom. A diet of tinned stuffs grew rather monotonous at times, but we were able occasionally to vary it. Sometimes a man would arrive with a live turtle, which he would sell for two sticks of tobacco, costing threepence. The wretched turtle would be killed and cut up, but would still insist on quivering in a most realistic manner even when placed on the fire to cook. Then, too, if the season was a good one, the kitchen would be found lined with joints of wallabies, and it would be hard to know what to do with so much fresh meat.—Wide World Magazine.

Witty Sayings.

W. S. Gilbert said of Beerbohm Tree's Hamlet that it was "funny without being coarse."

During an Englishman's lecture in New Haven the usher said to a late comer: "Please, sir, take your seat as quietly as possible. The audience is asleep."

A Philadelphia woman said: "Of course there will be no marriage in heaven. There will be plenty of women there and a few men, but none any one would care to marry."

Spoiled by the Cook.

Cardinal Manning, the famous English churchman, was gaunt of face. The great ecclesiastic's appearance was so ascetic that he seemed to have been almost starved. Once in Liverpool he visited a convent, and the cook knelt to him for a blessing, which she got.

"May the Lord preserve your eminence," said she, and then, looking at his thin face, she added, "and, oh, may God forgive your cook!"

Insisted on a Change.

London Coster (meeting village idiot)—Oo are yer a-larfin' at? Idiot—Oi bean't a-larfin'. Coster—Well, put your face straight. Idiot—It is straight. Coster (exasperated) — Well, then, bloomin' well bend it.—London Tatler.

An Early Riser.

Mrs. Hicks—You mean to tell me that you have a servant girl who gets up in the morning without being called? Mrs. Wickes—Yes. She's in love with the milkman. — Boston Transcript.

The Wise Way.

"We should all strive to forgive our enemies," remarked the wise guy.

"Yes; then they won't be so apt to get back at us," added the simple mug.—Philadelphia Record.

TIME TABLE O. R. & N.

Union Depot, Portland.

No. 2 Chicago Special leaves 9:15 a. m.
No. 4 Spokane Flyer leaves at 5:00 p. m.
No. 6 Kansas City Exp. leaves 6:00 p. m.
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No. 1 Chicago Special arrives 8:50 p. m.
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Subscribe for the Telegram—best evening paper on the coast. See Ed Stockton.

Note the label on your paper.

COLLEGE NICKNAMES.

Some Popular With the Students—Objection Made to Others.

Some of the colleges have a great dislike to the way in which they are referred to commonly in connection with athletics. For instance, Wesleyan men don't like to be called "the Methodists," as they appear sometimes.

At the Naval academy there is a strong prejudice against being called "Annapolis." The navy men aren't particularly fond of "midshipmen." They believe the proper name for their institution is "the navy."

Columbia has a great distaste for the name of "Columbians" for their representatives in athletics or other public appearances. At the University of Chicago there is a dislike of the name "Chicago university," sometimes applied.

Although not so strongly opposed to it, students at Pennsylvania do not like the full title "University of Pennsylvania" as well as plain "Pennsylvania." "Penn" is preferred to either. "Maroons" for Chicago men, "Gophers" for Minnesota, "Badgers" for Wisconsin students, "Cornhuskers" for Nebraska, "Wolverenes" for Michigan, "Illini" for the men of Illinois—all are names that are popular at those colleges and are used by the men there in speaking of their own teams. Indeed, to a man unacquainted with nicknames the average statement regarding a conference college is puzzling because of the almost entire lack of straightout names.—New York Sun.

THE DOCTORS.

Tribute to the Nobility of the Medical Profession.

To enter the medical profession is to find oneself in most noble company. When Dante was led by Virgil into the presence of "the master of them that know" he saw Aristotle surrounded by a group of the sages of antiquity. Look at them as they are introduced one by one, and you will see that a fourth of them bear names illustrious in medicine. To take note of but one—Hippocrates is there. The student will not turn to his pages now to learn what has to be taught in modern text books or class rooms. Yet he will do well to lay to heart the spirit that guided "the father of medicine" in drawing up the oath imposed on the students of the Hippocratic school. "With purity and with holiness," the candidate was made to swear, "I will pass my life and practice my art. Into whatever houses I enter I will go into them for the benefit of the sick, will abstain from every voluntary act of mischief and corruption."

In the long succession of those who have enlarged the bounds of his science the student will meet with a great army of men who have kept the spirit of that oath under higher sanctions than were open to the pioneers whom the mediaeval poet consigns to a place in his inferno because, though blameless of sin, they had not been baptized.—Sir Alexander Simpson in London Quiver.

The Old Egg.

"New York is no longer young and unsophisticated," said a man who has visited all the old world capitals. "She has now all the weariness and vice of Paris, London and Rome. They who still speak of New York as young, childish, innocent, remind me of Lord Exe of the Carlton.

"Lord Exe, at seventy, tried to lead the life of a youth of twenty-five. He dyed his hair, wore a corset and frequented the music halls, Piccadilly circus and the Burlington arcade. One afternoon as he drove from the Carlton in his brougham a member said, smiling:

"'There goes Exe. He told me over a whisky and soda just now that he felt as fresh as a two-year-old.'

"Another member sneered.

"'He probably meant a two-year-old egg,' he murmured."—New York Sun.

Hugo and Merimee.

It is probable that with the exception of Byron no great literary genius ever was greeted with such a storm of vilification and abuse as Victor Hugo when he published "Les Miserables." While the book took the public literally off their feet, almost all Hugo's rivals united in condemning it and its author.

Prosper Merimee wrote in reference to a dinner given to Hugo at Brussels: "Have you read Victor Hugo's speech at the dinner given to him by Belgian librarians and other scoundrels of Brussels? His statements were without depth, solidity or common sense. He is a man who intoxicates himself with words and does not take the trouble to think."

Victor Hugo retorted by writing to a friend, "M. Merimee is a man naturally vile."

As the Twig Is Bent.

"I hope you were a good little boy while at you aunt's and didn't tell any stories," said his mother.

"Only the one you put me up to, ma," replied her young hopeful.

"Why, what do you mean, child?"

"When she asked me if I'd like to have a second piece of cake I said, 'No, thank you; I've had enough.'"—Harper's Weekly.

Not What She Meant.

Tardy Arrival at a Dinner Party—I'm afraid I am too late, dear Mrs. Smith. Mrs. Smith (effusively)—Oh, my dear, you could never come too late!—London Illustrated Bits.

An Epicure.

The Artist—I want you to pose for my picture, "The Prodigal Son." The Tramp—Can't do it. The Artist—Why not? The Tramp—Veal doesn't agree with me.—London Illustrated Bits.

Our Charges.

As is customary, we will charge for card of thanks, 50c; for resolutions of respect, $1.00; for notices of church or lodge entertainments, suppers, sociables, etc., where there are charges for admission, 5c per line, but where there are no charges for these events, we will break the rule and insert them free. We make this announcement so that our good friends may understand our rule in this respect.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Baptist church—John Bentzein, pastor. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. B. Y. P. U. 7 p. m. Preaching at 8 p. m.

Methodist church—S. H. Dewart, pastor. Sunday school 10 a. m.; preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Epworth League at 7 p. m.

Holy Cross Catholic church, Portsmouth Station: 8:15 a. m., low mass; 10:15 a.m., high mass; 7:30 p. m., vespers and benediction.

Christian church—Meets every Sunday in Tabernacle as follows: Sunday school at 10 a. m.; preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m., and Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 7 p. m. R. J. Johnson, pastor.

St. Andrew's Episcopal Chapel, University Park—Rev. Wm. R. Powell, chaplain. Regular services 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 3 p. m.; Bible class 7 p. m.; Lenton services every Friday at 10 a. m.

Evangelical church—Sunday school at 10 a. m. Preaching 11 a. m. Junior K. L. C. E. 2:30 p. m.; Senior K. L. C. E. 7 p. m. Preaching at 8 p. m. Chester P. Gates, pastor.

First Congregational Church—G. W. Nelson, pastor. Sunday school 10 a. m.; preaching 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 7 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m. A seat and welcome to all.

Baptist Church, University Park. Rev. A. B. Waltz, pastor. Regular services every Sunday morning and evening.

German Baptist church—Services held each Sunday at Baptist church as follows: Sunday school 2 p. m., preaching at 3 p. m. Rev. Faltmeat, pastor.

German Lutheran—Services at 10:45 a. m. every Sunday morning at corner of Peninsula avenue and Kilpatrick street, University Park. All Germans of St. Johns cordially invited to attend. C. Buechler, pastor.

Christian Science—Society meetings held at Chicago Rooming house, Sundays, 11 a.m. and Wednesdays at 8 p. m. Subject—Truth.

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Engineer—C. Andrews
Physician—A. W. Vincent
Chief of Police—J. H. Black
Night Police—G. Etheridge

Councilmen at Large:
A. W. Davis, C. L. Johnson, S. L. Dobie

Councilmen First Ward:
P. J. Miller, W. W. Windle

Councilmen Second Ward:
H. C. Hunter, H. W. Bonham

COMMITTEES

Streets and Docks—W. W. Windle, P. J. Miller, C. L. Johnson

License—H. W. Bonham, H. C. Hunter, W. W. Windle

Water and Light—C. L. Johnson, A. W. Davis, H. W. Bonham

Finance—A. W. Davis, H. C. Hunter, S. L. Dobie

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Liquor License—P. J. Miller, A. W. Davis, S. L. Dobie

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Multnomah.

In the matter of the Estate of W. W. Raser, Deceased.

The undersigned having been appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Multnomah County, Administratrix of the estate of W. W. Raser, deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to present them verified as by law required, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice to the undersigned at the office of Collier & Collier, Holbrook Building, Saint Johns, Oregon.

E. E. RASER,
Administratrix of the Estate of W. W. Raser, deceased.

First publication, Dec. 18.—ot.

Bonnville's Monthly for sale at this office.

LAUREL LODGE No. 186 I. O. O. F.
ST. JOHNS, OREGON
Meets each Monday evening in Odd Fellows hall, at 8:00. Visitors welcomed.
C. P. Gates, N. G.
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Mail Schedule

Mail arrives at St. Johns at 7:10 a. m. and 1:15 p. m.

Leaves at 10:20 a. m., and 4:45 p. m.

Office open week days from 6:45 a. m. to 6:10 p. m. Sundays from 9 to 10 a. m

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

In order to insure a change of advertisement the copy for such change should reach this office not later than Wednesday, at 3 o'clock p. m. Please remember this and save the printer

St. Johns Ferry Time Card.

Leave East Side (A. M.)—6:40, 7:10, 7:50, 8:30, 9:10, 9:50 10:30, 11:10, 11:50. P. M—12:30, 1:10, 1:50, 2:30, 3:10, 3:50, 4:30 5:10 6:00.

Leave West Side (A. M.)—6:50, 7:30, 8:10, 8:50, 9:30, 10:10, 11:50. P. M.—12:10, 12:50, 1:30, 2:10, 2:50, 3:30, 4:10, 4:50, 5:30, 6:20.