

FUNNY MONEY IN CHINA

Getting or Making Change? Look Here
Trial to a Foreigner.

A dollar of our money in Chinese cash weighs eighteen pounds.

In Chentou, which is a small village where white people seldom go, I was going along with my guide when I saw a small peddler beside the street with some fine Peking pears. I bought six of them for 2 1/2 cents and in payment gave the street peddler a twenty-cent piece. He turned it over and over and tested it with his thumb nail, which was surely made for the purpose. The peddler gave back the coin and said that he would not take it. The guide asked him why, and he explained that he had never seen any such money and that it might be bad. So I had to dig up some coppers.

In all his life the peddler had never seen a piece of silver money. There are thousands and thousands of people in China whose financial dealings never amount to enough to have it put into silver, who are born, grow old and pass to their reward without ever having seen a piece of silver.

All China is suspicious about money. Every time you put down a dime or a piece of silver the other person tests it before he will take it, ringing it on the counter or on the pavement. You can't give a merchant the right amount of change and walk off. He won't let you leave until he has tested every piece, and he always gives back one or two pieces. He wouldn't think very much of himself as a merchant if he didn't refuse some of your money.

If you buy something in one part of a store, get your change and walk to another counter and buy something else and give the change that has just been given you the second clerk on general principles will refuse part of it. Before you buy anything your money has to have the once over. Sometimes it is maddening to have to wait while your money is tested. One day I rushed up to catch a train with just a minute to spare. One of my dollars was bad, and before change could be made the train had rumbled off into the silent night without me. But in a few minutes the silence was broken—broken beyond repair—by an impulsive young man 6,000 miles from home who put his whole soul into one mighty Missouri effort.—Homer Croy in *Los Angeles*.

LIFE OF A PEARL

A Good Jewel Never Gets Sick Nor Dull, Says an Expert.

In his book, "The Magic of Jewels and Charms," George F. Kunz, the jewel expert, explores the sick pearl fallacy. He says:

"For years a statement has been going through the press that pearls are liable to become diseased and die and that the famous necklace of pearls presented by President Tuliens of France to his wife and bequeathed by Mme. Thiers to the French government had lost their luster and died, perhaps owing to the death of the owner. For there is an old belief that pearls, as well as opals and turquoises, lose some of their luster when the owner or wearer becomes ill and change to a dull and lifeless hue when the owner dies."

"An examination of the necklace by the writer showed that the pearls were in good condition, and to confirm his statement to this effect he had the director of the Louvre museum write him a letter. In this official communication the director not only states that the pearls had not sickened and died, but that they were in 'healthy' condition as they had ever been."

"The invariable experience of the writer has been that whenever pearls have been said to have suffered in this way the true explanation has been that they were old and poor at the time of their purchase and that this romance was started on its travels as an excuse to cover up the defect of such pearls and to arouse the belief that they had been remarkably beautiful and valuable when they were originally acquired."

The Cart Before the Horse.
Mr. Harbord had a jewel of a servant called Johann. One day he found his bedroom a foot deep in old and muddy tea leaves. Johann explained, "The missus said I made such a dust when I swept the floor and that I must put tea leaves all over the carpet, so I emptied the old barrel standing by the kitchen door, and I put them on the floor like missus said, master, after I had swept the carpet."—London Telegraph.

Buried Alive.
In the early history of Japan it was decidedly a dubious honor to be closely related to any person of note, for one of the laws at that time decreed that when a person of rank or importance died all immediate relatives must be buried alive in a perpendicular position around the personage's grave. Their heads were left above the earth, and thus they remained until welcome death came to free them.

Quick Lunch Episode.
"You tip the waiter, and I don't."
"Well?"
"He gave us both the same amount of clam chowder."
"You are unobservant, my friend. He dipped yours from the top and mine from the bottom, where the ingredients are."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Honey.
Honey has been known from the earliest times. The Scriptures make mention of it, and pagan writers celebrated its virtues. It was called "the milk of the gods" and was thought to prolong life. Honey was also used in the embalming of the body after death.

Marvelous.
"There is no doubt that nature's works are indeed marvelous. She—Aren't they? Only fancy, even the tiniest insect has its Latin name."—London M. A. P.

Mystery of Steel.
Read not to contradict nor to believe, but to weigh and consider.—Hawes.

Our Modern Civilization is Based on a Frank of Nature.
If it were not for me tiny, erratic break in nature's orderly mechanism

...never have had the machinery that has brought about modern civilization. For we should not have had steel. It is true we should have had iron, but pure iron is almost useless. It is only when a small quantity of carbon is added to it that it becomes hard enough to take a cutting edge. Then it is called steel.

Why steel hardness is an unsolved problem. The Scientific American reproduces some extracts from an address before the British Institute of Mechanical Engineers, delivered by Professor Arnold, who has for many years been investigating the chemical and mechanical relations between iron, carbon and other metals, and Sir Robert Hadfield's experiments that called attention to this "break" in the order of nature which alone makes steel possible.

Nickel and cobalt are so closely related to iron in their properties and in their position in the periodic classification—atomic weights, specific gravity, fusing point and valence being almost the same—that it might be expected they would behave identically when united with carbon. Not so, however. Sir Robert Hadfield found that when the "steel" made of nickel and cobalt was heated or hammered the carbon came out of the composition and was precipitated as graphite. If iron be heated this way too steel would turn to cast iron as soon as heated. And it is on the fact that it does not—"a seemingly quite erratic departure on nature's part from her orderly plan"—that modern manufacture is founded.

LOFTY ACOMA.

Strange Indian Village Perched High Up in the Air.

Perched on the top of a great rock in the neighborhood of 300 feet high stands Acoma, in New Mexico, in some respects the strangest village in this country. Acoma is an Indian settlement of some 600 people and means "the people of the rock." Though the founding of the village is lost in the mist of antiquity, it is supposed the Acoma Indians chose this site as a measure of safety against the warlike Apaches and Navajos of their day. Their selection was made with admirable judgment, for the walls of the rock are almost perpendicular.

The earliest Spanish explorers found the tribe settled securely in their natural fortress. Acoma has remained delightfully untouched by the influences of Spanish and American civilization. These Indians are quite well to do in sheep and cattle, which are pastured on the grazing lands of the valley, where summer villages are located and where the minimum of effort is required to care for the flocks and herds. Although less than twenty miles from a railroad, the village is comparatively unknown.

The natives do not care for curious visitors. They do not wish to be stared at and photographed. Nevertheless, the irresistible tourist with his camera occasionally scales the steeply that tangle the Navajo. Nowadays it is no longer practicable to suppress him with a tomahawk, so the Acoma are philosophically making the best of a bad job by collecting \$2 a day for a camera license. The gray adobe village peers from its eyrie over miles of gray plain, broken only by the sheer outlines of buttes and mesas.—Argonaut.

The Cherokee Tribute Stone.

There are, of course, stairs running up the inside of the Washington monument, but few people walk up the stairs. Of course there are stones set in the wall by different states that are well worth the climb, but at sunset time the majority of folk think that it is better to ride. There is so much to see in our capital and feet are only feet. As the elevator crawls up one sees the New York stone, the Ohio stone, the Kansas stone and many others. One sees a blurred stone labeled "The Cherokee Nation." Somehow that stone depresses a few people, for the white man has done little for his Indian brother in return for his land, his game, his dying race—his memorial stone.—Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., in *Christian Herald*.

Races of Mankind.

Authorities differ greatly in the classification of the races of mankind. Cuvier makes three races; Pritchard, seven; Agassiz, eight; and Pickering, eleven. But the classification most commonly accepted is that into five races, as made by Blumenbach, as follows: The Caucasian, European or white race; the Mongolian, Asiatic or yellow race; the Ethiopian, African or black race; the American Indian or red race; the Malay or brown race.

The "Earl Strad."

The most valuable remaining product of Stradivarius, the famous seventeenth century violin maker, is part of the Havemann collection of New York and is known as the "Earl Strad," because the master dedicated it to the Earl of Northumberland in return for financial favors.

Raving.

"John, the cook has been drinking again."
"Is she very drunk?"
"Oh, very. She says she'll never leave us."—Washington Star.

Happiness has a way of hovering near those whose first wish is to make others happy.

MIMICKED HIS BOSS.

When Nat Goodwin First Gave an Imitation of Stuart Robson.

Nat Goodwin had just finished his monologue at the Palace one night when William Farkus, a veteran actor and lifelong friend of the comedian, said:

"Nat, I remember the first night you went on the stage at the Howard Athenaeum and played Ned the Newsboy in Stuart Robson's production of 'Law in New York.' You gave imitations then, and I never heard better ones before or since."

"Well," replied Goodwin modestly, "they told me that my stunt went remarkably well that night. If you remember, after I had responded to several encores some of them in the gallery shouted, 'Imitate Stuart Robson!'"

I was afraid to imitate my manager. So I shook my head. Still they shouted, "Robson, Robson!" He was standing in the wings, and as I came off I said: "What can I do, Mr. Robson? They are clamoring for me to give an imitation of you!" "Do!" said he in that facetious voice so well known to theatergoers of that period. "Go back and give the vil-lains —!"

"On the impulse of the moment I went through an entire scene which the audience had just witnessed between Robson and a favorite player named Henry Bloodgood. As I assumed each voice, particularly Robson's, the applause was deafening, and at the finish, after repeated calls, Robson was obliged to take me on and make a speech, thanking the audience in my behalf."

"After the play Robson said to me: 'Young Goodwin, you have done two things tonight that I shall never forget—halted the performance and given a very bad imitation of me. I could have done it better myself.'"—New York Times.

CARLYLE AND HIS WIFE.

A Glimpse of the Ill Assorted Couple and Their Home Life.

It is certain that the Carlyles were an ill assorted couple. She considered from the beginning that to marry him was an act of condescension on her part. The daughter of a country doctor of Haddington had descended from the skies, like Diana to Endymion, to marry the son of a stonemason. ... But he loved her and was happy in his love.

Not so she. Jealous of him as she was—fervently jealous—not as a lover, for there she knew she was safe. But she could not bear to think that if she were famous it was as his wife, whereas she, knowing herself to be brilliant, would fain have had him to be known as the husband of that wonderful Mrs. Carlyle. It was his success, social and literary, that she resented. It irked her to be in the second place, and she could not forgive it. ...

There was something else of which the lady was jealous, and that was the agony of concentration which her husband's work meant for him. At moments her "sacra indignatio" against "that Carlyle," as she would contemptuously call him, passed all bounds.

One day my aunt went to call upon her and found her in one of her tantrums. "What was the matter?" she asked. "Oh, my dear, it's just that Carlyle! Would you believe it, I have had a headache for three days, and he's only just found it out. 'I'm afraid you're not quite well, my dear,' he said, and all the time he has been working, working! I just threw a teacup at his head."—Lord Redesdale's recollections.

How She Won Sheridan.

Harriet Mellon, the old time English actress, did not lack astuteness, even at seventeen. Her admirable answer to Sheridan when he asked her to read the part of Lydia Languish in "The Rivals," with a view to proving her fitness for Drury Lane, could not have been bettered by a ripe diplomat:

"I dare not, sir, for my life. I would rather read it to all England. Suppose, sir, you did me the honor of reading it to me?"

Delightedly, Sheridan acceded and, after reading nearly the whole of the play, enrolled her in the Drury Lane company.

The Latin Language.

Latin was one of the original languages of Europe, and from it sprang the Italian, French, Spanish and Portuguese languages. Many words of our own language are of Latin origin. It ceased to be spoken in Italy about 581 and was first taught in England by one Adelmuir in the seventh century. The use of Latin in law deeds in England gave way to the common tongue in the year 1000.

Real Bigness.

A Yankee clinched his argument with an Englishman as to the relative size of the Thames and the Mississippi rivers by saying:

"Why, look here, mister, there ain't enough water in the whole of the Thames to make a gargle for the mouth of the Mississippi!"—Exchange.

Ringling the Curtain.

Fashions in plays change as well as the fashions in the time of ringling up the curtain. At the time of the restoration in England the curtain rose at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and Garrick in 1741 rang up his curtain at 4. By 1824 the hour had become 6 and twelve years later 7 o'clock.

Landed on Her Feet.

"A wife during the spate—I must have been a fool when I married you. Huh!—Undoubtedly. But the old adage stood by you—'A fool for luck.'"—Boston Transcript.

"Women's Tongues" of Nassau.

You emerge from the custom house shed of Nassau of the Bahamas into the warm, spicy murmur of the negro thronged street that tells you that you are in the tropics. This murmur you soon perceive is compounded of a curious soft shuffling of feet—the effect of the loose down at heel shoes or slippers affected by the negroes—the soft, cooling dark voices, pathetically childlike and friendly, to which a note of exhilaration is added by a breezy rattling overhead that puzzles you till you discover its origin in the great bean pods of the poinciana trees. "Women's tongues," the natives call them, because of their keeping up this continuous streamlike chatter even on the stillest day.—Richard Le Gallienne in *Harper's Magazine*.

The Human Voice.

You may find two persons who resemble each other. You may find them of the same size and weight and complexion—and disposition. But you will never find two whose voices are the same. For there seems to be that about a human voice which is individual, never to be copied, never to be resembled by any other.

There is not another person upon the whole earth whose voice could deceive you as being the voice of an acquaintance, whether you catch only a few faint whispers or hear it distinctly.—Columbus Dispatch.

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L. A. LONG, Editor.

County Official Paper

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Issued Every Thursday

—BY—

LONG & McKINNEY

Mr. Groundhog saw no shadow yesterday, but he was very foolish if he remained out in the weather, just the same.

That stunt of the Germans bringing in the Apom to Norfolk shows that Britain is not master of all the seas as yet. Whether it will be a prize ship under international warfare, or a matter of internecine, is yet to be determined, but it looks as though the prize crew will get their salvage.

President Wilson is now taking the stand that our neutral trade must be inviolate. This means what the Argus has insisted for months—that when a cargo leaves here for a neutral port no nation can establish a blockade. The cargo should go unmolested, and it is then no longer our business if it is stopped enroute from a neutral to a belligerent port.

J. C. Smith was down from Forest Grove, yesterday, on business.

J. A. McPherson and Mrs. Sarah Wilson were married near Oreno, Feb. 1, 1916, Rev. L. M. Booser officiating.

Archdeacon Chambers will conduct services at the All Saints Guild House, Sunday evening, at 7:30.

Coroner Dr. Ira E. Barrett filed his petition for nomination before the primaries for the office which he now holds, to run on the Republican ticket.

Notwithstanding the cold turn water is high in the county streams. With a return of the warm weather there is likely to be a big freshet.

Washington County has but 513 horsepower claimed of all its vast power from natural conditions. This is 10 horsepower more than is filed on in Yamhill county.

A. Honzak, of Oak Park, who has been here since 1868, says that this is one of the longest bad spells of weather he has witnessed in Oregon, although he has seen more snow at one falling.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

The second semester started Monday, with many new Freshman faces in the assembly.

Prof. Ingram has arrived and is in charge of music.

Tag day will be held in the not distant future for the purpose of raising money for the Gym. A parade will be held the night before tag-day, and the boys will try to incite interest in the proposed new building. All should buy and help a worthy cause. Work will begin on the Gym as soon as the weather permits.

The Boys' Basketball team went to Estacada Saturday, and were defeated, 39 to 19. Those making the trip were Mann, Russell, Meek, Burkhalter, Caudie, Allen and Coach Heister.

S. P. & P. E. & E.

All, except the P. R. & N., trains are electric, and stop at the depot on Main Street.

TO PORTLAND

Forest Grove Train	6:50 a. m.
McMinnville Train	7:36
Sheridan Train	10:02
Forest Grove Train	12:50 p. m.
McMinnville Train	2:15
Forest Grove Train	4:10
Eugene Train	4:55
McMinnville Train	6:40
Forest Grove Train	9:50

FROM PORTLAND

Eugene Train	arrives
McMinnville Train	8:15 a. m.
Forest Grove Train	9:45
Forest Grove Train	11:59
Sheridan Train	3:15 p. m.
McMinnville Train	4:30
Forest Grove Train	6:40
Forest Grove Train	7:15
McMinnville Train	9:00
Forest Grove Train	12:15

All trains stop on flag at Sixth and Main; at North Range and Fir streets, Sixth and Fir Sts., and at Tenth street.

Steam Service from old depot at foot of Second Street

TO PORTLAND

P. R. & N. Train	4:30 p. m.
FROM PORTLAND	
P. R. & N. Train	9:15 a. m.

Motor Car Service

To Buxton	12:25 p. m.
To Timber	4:30
From Timber	9:55 a. m.
From Buxton	2:10 p. m.

GRAND MASK BALL

There will be a Grand Masquerade Ball at

MOOSE HALL

In Hillsboro, on the Evening of

MONDAY, FEB. 14

A 1 Orchestra. Light Refreshments Served at Midnight. Dancing Until 2 a. m. The greatest event of its kind in the County. Tickets \$1. Spectators 25c. Come.

PRIZES

Best Gentleman's Costume,	\$2.50
Best Ladie's Costume,	2.50
Second Prize, Each	1.25
Best Comical Gentleman	2.50
Best Comical Lady	2.50

MARVELS OF ACCURACY.

Wonderful Instruments in Uncle Sam's Bureau of Standards.

Standing on one of the many high hills that fringe the nation's capital is a group of buildings that house one of the greatest aggregations of wonder weapons in the new world. In their enchanted chamber truth makes fiction seem tame and commonplace. Men make fairies appear, weak, insipid and impotent as doers of strange things. Entering, one may see a grain of sand become a mountain, an inch become a mile, an unappreciable zephyr become a howling storm, the footfall of a draft horse upon a thrashing floor, the heat of a candle a roaring furnace, the unperceived warmth of a star a cheering fireball and the pressure of a finger the force of a thousand giants in one.

These enchanted chambers are the creation of the United States bureau of standards.

Here can be seen instruments of such delicacy and precision that the mind at first fails to grasp the full significance of what they can accomplish. In one room is a balance so sensitive that the mere presence of the operator's body generates an amount of heat sufficient to disturb its accuracy. In another there is one so delicately adjusted that it shows the loss of weight due to the reduction of the earth's attraction when two pieces of metal are weighed one upon another instead of side by side.

Remarkable beyond the imagination are the heat measuring instruments which register infinitesimal fluctuations of temperature. A ray of light may have started ten years ago from some distant star and may have spent all of those ten years hurtling earthward bound through space at a gait so astounding that it could glide the globe in far less time than it takes to blink the eye. Yet when it falls upon the sensitive bolometers at the bureau of standards they will tell the observer how much heat that ray brought with it from the star to the earth. Such are a few of the most delicate instruments. But there are others which are as powerful as they are sensitive.

In the engineering laboratory there



is a huge testing machine which can tear apart the strongest steel girders used in building great skyscrapers, while on the floor above are little electric furnaces capable of generating a heat intense enough to melt the most refractory materials. The bureau can measure accurately cold great enough to liquefy the very air we breathe and heat which can melt solid rock.—National Geographic Magazine

The great genius of German leaders, Von Moltke, gained his first taste of warfare in Turkish Arabia in 1830. The future "organizer of victories" was attached to the sultan's armies, which were utterly routed by the Russians under Brullov at Nozhik, and he escaped only by riding two days and two nights almost without a pause and with no food save half a biscuit, two onions and a glass of water.—London Opinion.

Ink Erasing Blotter.
Take an ordinary sheet of blotting paper and steep it several times in a solution of oxalic acid or potassium oxalate and dry. While the ink spot is still moist apply the blotter, and the ink will be entirely removed. If the ink is dry moisten and apply the blotter.—Popular Science Monthly.

The Doctor Knows.
"Humanity owes a great many debts to modern science," observed the philosopher.
"That's right," agreed the physician. "You would be surprised if you knew his bills."—Spokane Review.

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator of the estate of John L. Furber, deceased, has this day filed in the County Court of Washington County, Oregon, his final account and report as such administrator in said estate, and the same has been set for final hearing and settlement before said Court at the Court House in Hillsboro, Oregon, on Monday, March 6th, 1916 at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day.

Dated this January 29th, 1916.

J. H. Hays, Administrator of the Estate of John L. Furber, Deceased.

M. H. and D. D. Hump, Attorneys for Heirs.

OREGON ELECTRIC TRAINS

To Portland—55 minutes.

6:32	 a. m.
7:18	 a. m.
8:28	 a. m.
9:58	 a. m.
12:43	 p. m.
3:58	 p. m.
5:43	 p. m.
8:10	 p. m.
9:58 (Sat. only)	 p. m.
7:54	 a. m.
9:20	 a. m.
11:25	 a. m.
2:12	 p. m.
4:27	 p. m.
6:25	 p. m.
7:13	 p. m.
8:26 (Sat. only)	 p. m.
12:35	 a. m.