

St. Patrick's Day

March Seventeenth.



St. Patrick's Church

First of its Name in America Was Predecessor of Cathedral.

Old St. Patrick's in New York was the first church in America to receive the name of the Irish saint. Its cornerstone was laid in 1809, on June 8, and the completion of the building was delayed by the war of 1812. The centennial of the laying of the cornerstone was celebrated about seven years ago. The church was dedicated on May 4, 1815, though the steeple and sacristy had not been built. Up to that time the cathedral had cost \$90,000. The first diocesan synod was held in the church on Aug. 28, 1842, when Bishop John Hughes was the head of the diocese. It was at this time that religious intolerance was at its height in America, and at one time the members of the parish were called on to arm themselves and stand in the churchyard to defend their cathedral, which they did, preventing an attack by a mob which had gathered.

The diocese of New York was elevated to an archdiocese in 1850 by Pope Pius IX., and about six months later Bishop Hughes was made an archbishop, the investiture taking place in St. Patrick's before a notable assemblage of prelates.

It was Archbishop Hughes who began making the plans for a newer and greater cathedral for New York, out of which grew the present edifice in Fifth avenue.

Favors, Etc., For St. Patrick's Day Celebration.

Little green silk flags with the harp of Erin in gold or yellow.

Larger flags of crape paper, some plain, others showing a harp.

Candy boxes in the shape of a sham rock leaf, covered with green paper, a harp embossed in gold on the top.

Boxes of various sizes in the shape of harps, covered with green paper and embossed in gold.

Bunches of carnations made of bright green crape paper.

Ireland's Color and Arms.

An inquiry, asking what are the real national color and flag of Ireland, was addressed to the Ulster king of arms in Dublin, and the following is a copy of the reply received from that gentleman:

Office of Arms—Dublin Castle.

I am directed by Captain Nevill R. Wilkinson, Ulster king of arms, to inform you that the national color of Ireland is and always has been blue (that is, heraldic blue, ultramarine; not, as some people have thought, sky blue). Green never was the national color of Ireland. The national color is taken from the ground of the arms. In the case of Ireland it is azure, a harp or (heraldic word for gold) strung argent (heraldic word for silver). Thus blue is the color of Ireland.

Scotch Should Revere St. Patrick.

Scotchmen of the present day, say some Irishmen, are false to their history in the small respect they show to St. Patrick's day. St. Patrick is as much their patron saint as he is the patron saint of the Irish. All through Scotch history the names of Patrick, Bridget and Columella were held in equal honor in Ireland and in Scotland. These names were given to children at baptism; they are seen to day in the names of places; churches were called after them, and they are preserved in family names equally in the two countries.

St. Patrick's Day

THIS day we dedicate to Erin's saint And place it under Patrick's jurisdiction.

About the date I've heard a legend quaint, But know not if 'tis history or fiction.

In either case it may be worth retelling, To its acceptance nobody compelling.

'Tis said, then, his biographers got mixed As to the day on which he entered glory, The date which as his birthday should be fixed, They wasted perfect floods of oratory.

While some March 8 as proper date were naming, Others March 9, with equal vigor, claiming.

They argued high, we're told; they argued low, Each party viewed the other with derision, It's difficult, when doctors differ so, To reach impartially a fair decision.

But neither side here had to yield a fraction, They found a date that gave both satisfaction.

Since all men know how hard it is to find A compromise where no one feels defrauded, It proves he had a most uncommon mind

Who chose the date which every one applauded, He put an end to all the fuss and bleeher, By simply adding eight and nine together.

—George B. Morewood.

W. O. Donelson
UNDERTAKER

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Hillsboro, Oregon.

Uses For Old Bones.

Bones are not wasted. The chief product is glue, and among other materials which are obtained from them are soap, glycerin and fertilizers. After being carefully separated by workmen they are soaked in a weak solution of sulphuric acid. From the soaking tanks the bones emerge white and perfectly clean. They are then placed in steam tanks, where, after being subjected to a pressure of steam for several hours, a trapdoor is opened at the bottom of the digester, as it is called, and the liquid glue that has been extracted is drawn off. The liquid glue is partly evaporated, and a portion is allowed to harden for commercial use as glue, and a part is refined and sold for gelatin for table use. Floating on the top of the glue in the digester is a quantity of fat that has been also extracted from the bones by the steam. This is drawn off into cooling tanks, where in its crude state it is made into scouring soaps. By refining and adding vegetable oils and perfumes toilet soaps are made.—London Globe.

Chest Measurements.

Put a tape measure round your chest and note the measurement. Puff your chest out by taking a deep breath and note the number of inches that you increase. One inch of expansion would be very feeble; two is rather poor. We all ought to put on three inches, and four is good. It is right and proper that the lungs should be well expanded at each breath. The air penetrates more easily into some parts of the neck, just behind the collar bone, is rather a sluggish part of the incoming air current. That is considered to be one of the reasons why the apex is the commonest site for consumption. All children should be taught breathing exercises. The ribs are soft in childhood and youth and can be molded into shape. When once growth has stopped the ribs are in their position and shaped for life. Therefore take pains to cultivate a good chest that expands several inches.

London's Last "City Poet."

Elkanah Settle, a copy of whose rare "Augusta Triumphans" is in the Guildhall library, is forgotten by an ungrateful posterity, but was once a prominent personage in the literary world at London and considered a serious rival to Dryden, by whom he is satirized as "Dog." He was the last of a "city poet," retained at a salary of £6 a year to perpetrate triumphal odes for lord mayor's day, and similar occasions, and his verses, as Wilkes observed to Dr. Johnson, matched the queerness of his names. Settle was a most prolific poetaster, but somehow never prospered, though he repeatedly turned his coat in religion and politics. He was reduced to playing "the green dragon" at Bartholomew fair and died a poor brother of the Charterhouse.—Westminster Gazette.

Monster Jellyfish.

An interesting feature of the bay of Naples is the great quantity of large jellyfish found therein. It is not unusual to find them fully two feet in diameter and weighing up to sixty pounds. Some of them shine at night with a greenish light and are known as noctiluca (night lanterns) by the natives. The jellyfish sometimes make migrations in great groups, sometimes so large and so thick as to impede the navigation of vessels, like the floating plants in the Saragasso sea of the tropics. These shoals of medusae, as they are called, may at times be so dense that a piece of timber plunged in among them will be held upright as if stuck in the mud, and ordinary rowboats cannot force their way through them. Their migrations have never been explained.

Strenuous Piano Playing.

The late Lord Burnham's house was one of the few—perhaps the only one—where the impresario of London opera seasons allowed his singers to perform at evening parties. In that draw room you might hear the prima donna out of Covent Garden, and for other manners of music also those parties were memorable. Many respectful hearers have sat by while a great pianist has broken the cord of a grand piano, but at Lord Burnham's on one occasion Rubinstein broke not a cord, but a key. That great composer was a strong man of his hands. The key was a "natural," an ivory note, and when it snapped he threw the fragment over his shoulder and went on.—London Chronicle.

An Omnivorous Insect.

There is in Egypt a little shaggy black and tan insect about an eighth of an inch long that eats almost everything under the sun. In most countries ivory brushes are pretty safe from insects. In Egypt this little terror eats the ivory and eats the bristles. It eats your toothbrush and eats your toothpick. It eats the wool with which you are going to mend your husband's socks—the cards as well as the wool. It eats the handles of your knives and forks. It rejects nothing but glass and china and metal.—Selden's "Egypt and the English."

The Old Men.

Little Pitchers—Mrs. Fussy, let me see your old hen. Neighbor—What old hen, boy? Little Pitchers—Why, pa asked me this morning when you sent over to borrow some flour and lard if she was sending more chicken feed to the old hen next door.—Baltimore American.

What Beauty is Called.

Socrates called beauty a short lived tyranny; Plato, a privilege of nature; Carneades, a solitary kingdom; Aristotle, that it was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world; Homer, that it was a glorious gift of nature.

Joy For Him.

Wife—The dressmaker says she won't make me another gown until you pay her bill. Hub (with relief)—That is very good of her. I'll send her a note of thanks.—Boston Transcript.

Warning.

Don't go shouting your virtues from the housetop. Some inquisitive person might go poking around to see what you've got hid in your cellar.—Florida Times-Union.

Blessed is he who, having nothing to say, abstains from giving wordy evidence of the fact.—Elliot.

Saloniki a Sty of Squalor.

Saloniki resembles most ports of the eastern Mediterranean in being a picture of beauty from a distance and a sty of squalor near at hand. It is, in fact, a slatternly Levantine town in a beautiful medieval setting, comedy in the mass, unpleasant in detail.

As you survey Saloniki from the water it has a dignified air that accords well with its historical renown, being set in stately isolation upon the steep slopes of its bare hills and girdled by ruined but still massive walls that rise to a great Venetian citadel on the landward side. Graceful white minarets that the Turks built are sprin-

gled about among the houses, and the quay, that is the chief street of the town, lined with picturesque Greek sailing craft, stretches for a full mile along the water's edge. But ashore, shut in by the narrow street of the "Frank quarter," your vivid impression of squalor and slovenliness soon makes you forget the graceful picture from the sea.—G. Ward Price in London Times.

Our National Parks.

Our fourteen national parks, with the name and size of each, are as follows: Yellowstone National park, in Wyoming, Montana and Idaho, 2,142,729 acres; Yosemite National park, California, 719,622 acres; Glacier National park, Montana, approximately 915,000 acres; Mount Rainier National park, Washington, 207,300 acres; Sequoia National park, California, 161,507 acres; General Grant National park, California, 2,536 acres; Crater Lake National park, Oregon, 159,390 acres; Wind Cave National park, South Dakota, 10,222 acres; Platt National park, Oklahoma, 348,222 acres; Mesa Verde National park, Colorado, 42,376 acres; Sully Hill park, North Dakota, 780 acres; Casa Grande Ruins, Arizona, 480 acres; Rocky Mountain National park, Colorado, approximately 229,000 acres; Hot Springs reservation, Arkansas, 911.63 acres.—New York Times.

A Japanese Wedding.

A Japanese wedding is a quaintly pretty ceremony. The bride, dressed in a white silk kimono and white veil, sits on the floor facing her affianced husband. Near them are two tables, upon one of which are two cups, a bottle of sake and a kettle with two spouts. On the other are a miniature plum tree, typifying the beauty of the bride; a miniature fir tree, representing the strength of the bridegroom; and a stork stands on a tortoise, signifying long life and felicity. The bride and bridegroom drink alternately from the two spouted kettle in token that they will henceforth share each other's joys and sorrows. After the wedding the bride's veil is laid away to be used as her shroud.

Polar Bears in the Water.

Polar bears enjoy a bath for the sake of cleanliness as well as for swimming and hunting. At a certain zoological garden when the polar bear's bath was being filled with fresh water it would stand with its mouth open, letting the water run through the jaws, and when the bath was full would play all kinds of tricks, revelling in the water. One of its antics was to float on its back in the water and then catch hold of its heels with its fore paws and roll over in a ball. It would also turn over backward on the edge and fall in with a big splash.

Of Course Not.

"That doctor claims to have discovered an entirely new disease."
"I hope he won't publish the symptoms of it."
"Why not?"
"People cannot have it if they do not know the symptoms, can they?"—Pittsburgh Press.

Tickled His Spouse.

Wife (at breakfast)—Could I have a little money for shopping today, dear? Hub—Certainly! Would you rather have an old \$3 bill or a new one? Wife—A new one, of course, Hub—Well, here's the one, and it's \$4 to the good.—Boston Transcript.

Cruel.

"What does your wife say when you come home late from the club?"
"She doesn't say a word. She just leaves all the rocking chairs and tabourets around where I will be sure to trip over them in the dark."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Placing the Worry.

Knox—I don't see how Broque can afford to wear a fifty dollar suit of clothes. Blox—Oh, he can afford it all right, but I don't see how his tailor can.—Indianapolis Star.

True Patriot.

"What's your idea of a true patriot?"
"A man who can smile while he is writing a check for his taxes."—Washington Star.

One That is Actively at Work Every Minute of the Day.

I am more powerful than the combined armies of the world. I have destroyed more men than all the wars of the world. I am more deadly than bullets, and I have wrecked more homes than the mightiest of siege guns. I steal in the United States alone more than \$300,000,000 each year. I spare no one, and I find my victims among rich and poor alike.

The young and old, the strong and weak, widows and orphans, know me. I loom up to such proportions that I cast my shadows over every field of labor from the turning of the grindstone to the moving of every railroad train. I massacre thousands on thousands of wage earners in a year. I lurk in unseen places and do most of my work silently. You are warned against me, but you heed not. I am relentless.

I am everywhere, in the home, on the streets, in the factory, at railroad crossings, on the seas. I bring sickness, degradation and death, and yet few seek to avoid me. I destroy, crush or maim. I give nothing, but take all. I am your worst enemy. I am Carelessness.—Holyoke Transcript.

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Hillsboro Oregon

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington.

Lulu J. Witt, Plaintiff, vs. Frederick F. Witt, Defendant.

To FREDERICK F. WITT, the above named defendant:

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and cause, on or before the 21st day of April, 1916, and if you fail so to appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in her complaint, which is as follows:

That the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and defendant be dissolved; that plaintiff be granted an absolute divorce from the defendant; that the plaintiff be permitted to resume her maiden name of Lulu J. Witt, and that she have such other and further relief as to the Court may seem meet and equitable and that she have judgment for her costs and disbursements.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof, once each week for six weeks in the Hillsboro Argus, a weekly newspaper of general circulation in Multnomah County, Oregon, as being the newspaper most likely to notify you of the pendency of this suit, by order of the Honorable Geo. R. Bagley, Judge of the above entitled Court, which order was duly given, made and entered on the 6th day of March, A. D., 1916. The date of the first publication of this summons as fixed by said order is the 9th day of March, 1916, and the date of the last publication is the 20th day of April, 1916.

J. N. HART,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Suite 409-412 Gerlinger Building,
Portland, Oregon.

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington.

The General German Aid Society, of Portland, Oregon, a Corporation, Plaintiff, vs. T. B. Lambert and Jennie M. Lambert, his wife, C. R. Goin and — Goin, his wife, J. W. Chaffin and — Chaffin, his wife, and John Biehn and — Biehn, his wife, Defendants.

To the Defendants, T. B. Lambert and Jennie M. Lambert, his wife, C. R. Goin and — Goin, his wife, J. W. Chaffin, and — Chaffin, his wife, and John Biehn and — Biehn, his wife, and each of you:

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, you are hereby commanded and required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and suit on or before Monday, April 24th, 1916, which is more than six weeks after the date of the first publica-

tion of this summons, which said publication thereof is of date March 9th, 1916; and if you fail to move, demur, answer or in some manner plead to said complaint, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint, and will take a decree against you in accordance therewith, to-wit: A judgment against the defendants, T. B. Lambert and Jennie M. Lambert, his wife, G. R. Goin and — Goin, his wife, J. W. Chaffin and — Chaffin, his wife, and John Biehn and — Biehn, his wife, in the sum of \$1350.00, together with interest thereon at the rate of 6 per cent per annum from the 28th day of April, 1915, until paid, and for the further sum of \$150.00 as and for Attorney's fees, and a decree foreclosing a certain mortgage executed on October 28th, 1912, recorded October 29th, 1912, in Book 63, on Page 631, Records of Mortgages for Washington County, Oregon, covering that certain real property situated in — Washington County, Oregon, and more particularly known and described as: Tract Ten (10) and Eleven (11), of Block One (1), North Hillsboro Acres, as the same appears upon the duly recorded plat thereof, of record and on file in the office of the Recorder of Conveyances of said County and State, which said mortgage was executed by the said T. B. Lambert and Jennie M. Lambert, his wife, to secure the payment of a note of the same date for \$1350.00, with interest thereon at six per cent per annum, and for a decree declaring said note and mortgage in default, and the moneys due thereon forthwith, and adjudicating the rights and priorities of all persons claiming any interest in said land, and declaring said mortgage to be a first lien on the land, and property sold to satisfy said judgment and mortgage, and the application of the proceeds according to law, and for judgment against the said T. B. Lambert and Jennie M. Lambert, his wife, for any deficiency that the proceeds may lack of equaling the judgments plus all costs and expenses and accruing costs and expenses and for a decree barring and foreclosing you and each of you, and all persons in privity of you, and property sold to satisfy said judgment and mortgage, and ordering said judgment and mortgage, and the application of the proceeds according to law, and for judgment against the said T. B. Lambert and Jennie M. Lambert, his wife, for any deficiency that the proceeds may lack of equaling the judgments plus all costs and expenses and accruing costs and expenses and for a decree barring and foreclosing you and each of you, of all right, title, interest, equity, lien or claim in or to said land, or any portion thereof, and enjoining you and each of you, and all such persons from setting up any right, title, interest, lien, equity or claim thereto, or any portion thereof, and permitting any party to said suit to bid at said sale, and for such other and further relief as to the court may appear just and equitable, including costs and disbursements of said suit.

Service of this summons is made upon you by publication thereof, in pursuance of an order of Hon. George R. Bagley, one of the judges of said court, on March 6th, 1916, directing publication in the Hillsboro Argus, a weekly newspaper printed, published and of general circulation throughout said county and state, once a week for six consecutive weeks, the date of the first publication being March 9th, 1916, and the date of the last publication being April 20th, 1916.

CHAS. J. SCHNABEL,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
600 Chamber of Commerce Bldg.,
Portland, Oregon.

A Rainy Day Need Not Be Dull

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Weekly Argus

WHO FEARS TO SPEAK OF '98?

WHO fears to speak of Ninety-eight? Who blushes at the name? When cowards mock the patriot's fate, who hangs his head for shame? He's all a knave or half a slave, who slights his country thus; But a true man, like you, man, will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave, the faithful and the few— Some lie faroff beyond the wave— some sleep in Ireland too; All, all are gone—but still lives on the fame of those who died— All true men, like you, men, remember them with pride.

The dust of some is Irish earth; among their own they rest; And the same land that gave them birth has caught them to her breast. And we will pray that from their clay full many a race may start Of true men, like you, men, to act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days to right their native land; They kindled here a living blaze that nothing shall withstand. Alas, that might can vanquish right—they fell and passed away! But true men, like you, men, are plenty here today.

Then here's their memory—may it be for us a guiding light, To cheer our strife for liberty and teach us to unite.

Through good and ill, be Ireland's still, though sad as theirs your fate; And true men, be you, men, like those of Ninety-eight!

—John Kells Ingram.

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