

POI IN HAWAII.

This Peculiar Food Is to the Native as Bread Is to Us.

What bread is to the American or European poi is to the native Hawaiian. No meal is complete without it, and for the great majority of the natives it forms the principal article of diet. While they probably could at the present time live without this accustomed dish, the time once was, before the advent of the whites to the islands and the introduction of new foods, that life without it would at least have been precarious.

Poi is made from the tuberous root of the taro plant, a species of the caladium family, of which the well known elephant ear plant is also a member. The tuber, which averages in size that of a large sweet potato, is baked and afterward pounded up with water until a smooth white paste is obtained, much resembling a wheat flour paste, except that the color is a pale pink or purple, dependent upon the variety of taro used. This paste is allowed to slightly ferment, or sour, when it is ready for use. In olden times each family prepared its own poi, the work being done by the men, as in fact were most other cooking operations. At the present time poi factories in which machinery grinds the taro and mixes it on a large scale have largely supplanted the old hand method. The Chinese of the territory have come to be the leading manufacturers of the product.

Many of the white residents of the islands eat poi to almost the extent as the natives, but the taste is largely acquired, and strangers seldom care for it. Poi has a high food value, and, since it formed the principal article of diet of the old Hawaiians, some persons have credited it with the splendid physical development of the race.

Poi was always eaten from wooden bowls, or calabashes, and was conveyed to the mouth by the fingers, one, two or three being employed, according to the consistency of the food, which also establishes a designation of one, two or three finger poi. White poi eaters now usually employ a fork or spoon in lieu of fingers, although it is still common even in the highest families to give native dinners, or luau, at which knives and forks are tabooed and fingers only used. There is as much etiquette among the Ha-

waiians in eating with the fingers as with modern table implements, and the graceful motion by which a portion of poi is twisted upon the fingers and transferred to the mouth would not shock the sensibilities of the most refined. An invitation to a real luau, at which poi, baked pig, fish baked in leaves and coconut in various forms form the principal part of the menu, is something that is always looked forward to by every visitor to Hawaii and always pleasantly remembered afterward.

Unjustly Blamed.

Speaking of the unreliability of circumstantial evidence, a lawyer said:

"Sanders McDowell, a coal heaver of Peebles, said angrily to his wife one night:

"Havers, Lisebeth, hoo many times am I to tell ye I wanna hae the children bringin' up coal in my top hat!"

"Hoot, Sanders, mon, be reasonable," said Lisebeth. "Ye've spoilt the shape o' the top hat wi' yer funny head a'ready, an', since ye're heavin' coal all day, wot can a little extra coal dust in the headpiece matter?"

"Woman, ye dinna grasp ma argyment," said Sanders. "I only wear that top hat in the evenin', an' if I'm out an' I tak' it off it leaves a black band around ma forehead. What's the reason? Why, I'm accused on all sides o' washin' ma face wi' ma hat on!"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Bobby's Unfortunate Delay.

He was five years old. On this particular day mother had dressed him with unusual care and was very much displeased to have him come in with clothing dirty and torn.

She had so often told him he must take his own part in the boys' scraps—fight should the occasion demand it. This he would not do. And now she intended to punish him.

Bob became very indignant and said, "Well, mamma, I just told the boy I wasn't ready to fight, and when I got ready he was settin' on me."—Delineator.

Manly Little Fellow.

"Now, my manly little man," said Mr. Mildun, laying his hand kindly on the boy's shoulder, "you didn't drop that banana peel there on purpose to make me slip on it, did you?"

"Course not," replied the manly

little man, wriggling away. "I put it there fer yer nearsighted brother, who wouldn't 'a' dodged it."—Kansas City Times.

Sarcastic.

There is a certain Wilmington business man, of a rather waggish disposition, who contends that his wife has no imagination. At dinner one night he chanced to mention a tragic circumstance he had read in the evening paper on his way home. A passenger on a transatlantic steamer had fallen overboard in midocean, and he had never been seen again. "Was he drowned?" asked his wife. "Of course not," answered the irrepressible hubby, "but he sprained his ankle, I believe."—Argonaut.

Just Her Habit.

A widower was being married for the fourth time recently. During the ceremony one of the guests is surprised to hear violent sobs proceeding from a woman in a corner of the church.

"Who is that lady who is crying so bitterly?" he asks of the bystanders.

"Oh, it's only Martha, our cook," answers one of the bridegroom's children. "She always blubbers when papa gets married!"—London Mail.

Ought to Be Thankful.

"Doctor," growled the patient, "it seems to me that \$500 is a big charge for that operation of mine. It didn't take you over half a minute."

"My dear sir," replied the famous specialist, "in learning to perform that operation in half a minute I have spoiled over eleven pecks of such eyes as yours."—Success Magazine.

A Great Change.

Several years ago Lord Clonmel brought to this country a string of race horses, and at the close of the season Phil Dwyer gave a banquet in his honor. Sheriff Tom Dunn of New York was called upon for a speech.

"Faith and this is the wonderful country!" said Dunn. "I was a poor Irish lad, and me dear old mother, God rest her soul, hardly had pennies enough to bring me over. And here I am tonight sitting cheek by jowl with Lord Clonmel himself! Why, me friends, back in the old Tipperary days I couldn't get near enough to his lordship to hit him with a shotgun!"—Everybody's.

THE COLORADO DESERT.

How Sound Carries and the Way Mirages Come and Go.

Talk about wireless telephones! The Colorado desert goes science one better in that line. According to travelers in that neck of sand and sagebrush, you can dispense with any kind of telephone, with or without wires, at least up to a certain distance.

Two men a mile apart can carry on a conversation in an ordinary tone of voice, particularly if there happens to be a small hill behind each, writes Harvey Hall Kessler in the Travel Magazine. The prevailing silence is so intense that it might be called deafening.

Perhaps, after all, the weirdest among many strange features of the desert is the mirage. We have camped perhaps and gone to bed early in the evening with the thermometer registering not far below the hundred mark. We awake, shivering with cold beneath our blankets, and look toward the east.

There is the slightest suggestion of light in the sky there, which as we watch grows slowly in strength. A grayish haze marks the horizon's edge, which stands out more sharply at one point, from which broad, pale rays creep up and out high above in the sky. These again slowly fade as a point of brilliant light appears at their base. This point grows to a half circle, then breaks and runs along the sky line in a surging, golden lake.

Upon the shores of this lake cities spring up, towers, spires and solid blocks. These fade into fields and forests and farming scenes—fields of golden grain, cattle standing in green alfalfa, sheets of water. The mountains near the edge of the lake separate from their bases and float upward, topple over and stand on their heads, their unwieldy feet in air.

Soon our lake begins to contract and collect into a big round ball of dazzling brilliance hung just above the horizon. Farms and forest disappear. The mountains, as though abashed at being caught in such an unseemly attitude by the broad light of day, quickly resume their normal position, while all the stark landscape stiffens into unshifting endurance of the garish light and blazing heat of the desert sun. The mirage is gone like a bubble. Only the gray desert remains.

Reasons For Being Indignant.

There was something in the atmosphere which told him that things were not exactly the same. Silence followed soon after the usual greetings, but at length she spoke. "Are you aware, sir," she began, "that one hand of the Bartholdi statue measures sixteen feet five inches?"

"So I have heard," he nodded, happy to be addressed again.

"The thickness of the head from ear to ear," she pursued icily, "is ten feet."

"Yes."

"The nose is four feet six inches long."

"That's right."

"The mouth is three feet across."

"I believe so. Just imagine it."

"The waist thirty-five feet around."

"Y-yes. Why?"

"Then will you kindly explain, sir," she continued, "why you stated in the poem which you addressed to me that I reminded you of the Goddess of Liberty?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Street Lighting.

The streets of New York were first lighted in 1697, the lighting being done by a lantern suspended from a pole stretched out from the window of every seventh house.

The lighting of streets with gas was first tried in 1816 in Baltimore. At Philadelphia a theater was thus lighted on Nov. 25, 1816, the first place of amusement in America illuminated in that manner.

Gas was first used for lighting houses in Boston in 1822. It had been used thirty years before at Cornwall, England.—Scrap Book.

He Knew.

They were country people pure and simple, but they had read the papers and thought they were educated up to all the improvements of a city. When they went to Washington they went through the navy department and saw the models of our ships of war. Pointing to a companion ladder hanging over the side of one of the boats, she asked her better half what it was.

"Oh, that's the fire escape," replied the husband.—Lippincott's.

He Got the Girl.

He had gone to ask her father for her hand in marriage.

"Well, sir, what is it?" snapped out the old man. "Remember, I am a man of few words."

"I don't care if you are a man of only one word if it's the right one," replied the suitor.

He got the girl.

VILLAINY AND NERVES.

The Rest Cure Might Have Made Nero a Harmless Faddist.

Many overwrought villains of the past, if they were alive now, would be subjected to a rest cure, which, though it could not turn them into good men, might make their villainy less irrational and dangerous. The worst tyrants of the middle ages and the renaissance, the worst Roman emperors, seem to us incomprehensible monsters of iniquity, men who did evil for the love of it. We should understand them better if we considered how likely their way of living was to disorder their nerves. No doubt Nero, even if he had been brought up in the most modern way, taught from a child to take an interest in nature and to eat only the most wholesome things, would never have been a very useful or pleasant person. But he might have been a harmless faddist or an innocent if undistinguished minor poet.

As it was, he was the master of the world, with no one to prevent him from eating and drinking what he chose or from taking whatever other unwholesome pleasure he was inclined to. No doubt he exceeded in everything and suffered from extreme irritability in consequence. Unfortunately he could indulge his irritability without restraint. If when he felt cross of a morning he ordered a senator to die, the senator did die, and he heard no more of it. Moreover, there was always fear to work upon a tyrant's nerves, and some emperors became tyrants because of that fear. Domitian was a martyr to it, though a good man of business. If he were a stockbroker of today no doubt he would worry himself incessantly about the state of the markets, and every one would pity him for his nervousness. As he was a Roman emperor, we think of him as a sinister villain, who killed men for the pleasure of it.

We often hear talk of that terrible tedium vitae from which Roman nobles suffered. We should call it nerves now, and our doctors would prescribe a strict diet and a course of golf or gardening for it. But the Roman noble did not know how to treat it. He made a feast and drank deep and fast and crowned himself with flowers and the next morning must have felt it worse than ever. But since he was a Roman noble he is a romantic figure to us and not a mere sufferer from our modern disease of overstrain.—London Times.

She Stumped Gladstone.

The story is told that at Hawarden one morning little Dorothy Drew refused to get up. When all other means had failed to coax her out of bed Mr. Gladstone was called.

"Why won't you get up, my child?" he asked.

"Why, grandfather, didn't you tell me to do what the Bible says?" asked Dorothy.

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, it disapproves of early rising; says it's a waste of time."

Mr. Gladstone knew his Bible better than most men, but he was not equal to Dorothy. For once in his life he was nonplused.

"You listen, then," went on Dorothy in reply to his exclamation of astonishment, and, turning up her Bible, she read the second verse of the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Psalm, laying great emphasis on the first words, "It is vain for you to rise up early."

The Prince of Grumblers.

When Mr. Beeton asked if he did not find many unreasonable people among his summer boarders Farmer Joy quickly assented.

"Lots an' lots are never satisfied anyway," he said. "No matter what's done for 'em there'll always be something wrong somewhere."

"Now, last summer," he went on, with a gleaming eye, "we had a man here that was so fond of grumblin' that one day he actually called for a toothpick after he'd had a glass of milk!"—Youth's Companion.

Graham Crisps.

Mix two cups of graham flour with one teaspoonful of salt and one cup of water. Roll out rather thin. Cut into rounds. Put a layer on a greased pan, brush them with melted butter and put on another layer, pinch edges together, brush again with butter, prick clear through both layers in several places and bake twenty minutes in a hot oven.—Good Housekeeping.

Still Looking For a Sit.

"Sir," said the youth as he entered the private office of the busy merchant, "I am looking for a situation."

"Nothing doing, young man," replied the busy merchant. "Had you wanted a job I might have been able to do something for you. But I have too many people on the payroll now who occupy situations."—Chicago News.

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