

THE WORD "JEHOVAH."

The Curious Origin Which, by the Way, is Comparatively Modern.

An interesting feature in "The Old Testament in the Light of Today," by William Frederic Budge, professor of Old Testament literature and Semitic languages in the Pacific Theological Seminary, is the following explanation of the word "Jehovah":

"The name 'Jehovah' is of recent origin. It was quite unknown in antiquity. As G. F. Moore has shown, it occurs for the first time sporadically in the fourteenth century. The word arose in a peculiar way. Until some centuries after the Christian era the text of the Hebrew Scriptures was written with consonants only. The name of the deity therefore was written with the four consonants 'Jhvh.' As Hebrew ceased to be a spoken tongue, words written consonantically began to present difficulties to readers. This fact led to the invention of systems of vowel points, which were written under and above the consonants.

Long before the invention of vowel points it had become customary, on account of dread of the name of the deity, to read 'Adonay' (Lord) wherever 'Jhvh' occurred. To indicate this fact the vowels of 'Adonay' were connected with the consonants 'Jhvh,' the short 'a' of 'Adonay' by a regular change becoming 'e' when connected with the consonant 'j.' Persons ignorant of the purpose of the vowels began to read them with the consonants, and thus the preposterous hybrid 'Je-Ho-Va-H' arose."

MARK TWAIN'S PILOT DAYS.

A Taste For Fine Clothes and a Plunge Into Languages.

Old pilots of that day remembered Samuel Clemens as a slender, fine-looking man, well dressed, even dandified, generally wearing blue serge, with fancy shirts, white duck trousers and patent leather shoes. A pilot could do that, for his surroundings were spickeen.

The pilots regarded him as a great reader—a student of history, travel and the sciences. In the association rooms they often saw him poring over serious books.

He began the study of French one day in New Orleans when he discovered a school of languages where French, German and Italian were taught, one in each of three rooms. The price was \$25 for one language or three for \$50. The student was provided with a set of conversation cards for each and was supposed to walk from one apartment to another, changing his nationality at each threshold.

The young pilot, with his usual enthusiasm, invested in all three languages, but after a few round trips decided that French would do. He did not return to the school, but kept the cards and added textbooks. He studied faithfully when off watch and in port, and his old river notebook, still preserved, contains a number of advanced exercises neatly written out—Albert Bigelow Paine in St. Nicholas.

"When I took Mrs. Gaddy out for an automobile ride she was nervous all the time for fear we should strike somebody."

"That was all put on. She's used to running people down."—Raltimore American



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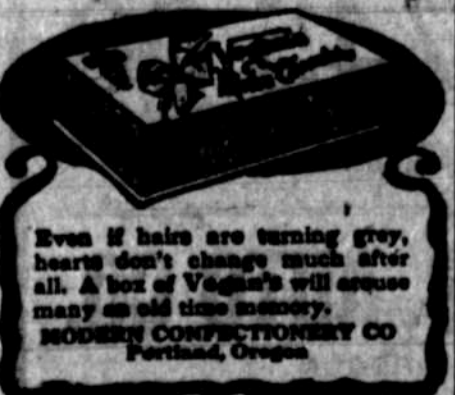
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PUZZLED THE POET

The Societies Formed to Study Browning's Works.

HE DIDN'T FEEL FLATTERED.

Thought it peculiar that it required Organized Effort to Understand His Genius—An Afternoon Tea and a Story About Tennyson.

In her book "Pleasures and Pains of Pritiveness Langrovich-Ersholmanovich, formerly Eleanor Callahan of California, who as a young woman won fame as an actress abroad, gives this story of her meeting with the poet Browning:

The revealing charm of London lay not alone in making acquaintance with those who "dwell in marble halls" (in England, as it is said, they are not marble, but sculptured wood or sculptured stone and ancient tapestry); but in that vast universe of houses, big and small, whose lights glimmer softly through hazy atmosphere or blink morosely in the fog, where the aristocrats of gentles also rove. On certain days, from gray and dull, the place suddenly brightened into a new enchantment, as into my picture there came along some poet or painter, some writer of novels or other great one whose name since childhood had made my heart flutter like the yellow poppies on the California hills.

In response to the invitation, "Won't you come in for a cup of tea with us on Wednesday afternoon?" I had gone to the house of a new acquaintance, finding in reality a crush of fashionable people in her drawing room. She put me into a seat and introduced me to an old lady on my right and an old gentleman on my left, both of whom looked very bright and alive.

"Mrs. Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall), mother of Adelaide Procter; Mr. Browning—the poet, you know. At the moment my heart thumped. I was wedged in between them."

"I surely have a lucky star," I said, "to think of my good fortune in being placed just here!"

"Yes," piped the old lady merrily; "it's nice to like one's fellow sardines."

Browning said: "I am always glad to meet Americans; they are so appreciative, only in one way they're worse even than our people here. I think I may say that the thing that puzzles me most in the world is the Browning society, and America seems full of Browning societies."

"That shows how much you mean to America," I ventured.

"H-m, yes," he answered dryly. "It isn't very flattering to think you can't be understood without the aid of organized effort." He was very sweet and laughed at himself.

I mentioned Tennyson. Old Mrs. Procter said: "Look sharp. He does not love Americans. I simply adore Lowell, and Tennyson is one of my dearest. I've tried in a hundred ways to have him meet Lowell, but he answers like a brute. I'll not give up, though. Lowell wrote me a poem on my birthday. I thought that would fetch Alfred, so I took it down to Hazlemer, flirited it before his face."

"You shan't read it," I said. He grunted. I folded it up and stuffed it into my pocket and said, "I'm back to town." He pouted like a naughty child, seized my hand and growled: "You may read it."

"Oh, no, never," I said. He finally insisted. "Well, since you beg me to, it begins like this: 'I know a girl, they say she is eighty'." I paused. "A familiar snorted Alfred, never cracking a smile." The old lady chuckled. "But he's an angel all the same, they're both angels."

In the midst of our talk somebody began to play a long classical piece on the piano. Everybody said, "Sh!" Browning, who was in great vein, whispered, "I abominate piano players—murderers of conversation." It was cruel; the piano ran the whole gamut of its possibilities for half an hour Mrs. Procter and Browning rolled their eyes at each other and at me as if in agony. At last it stopped. Browning applauded frantically, holding out his hands and looking back over his shoulder at us, while he began to say, "Thank God, it's over! I must tell you about the strangest experience I ever had. It was in France." Just then the pianist began an encore. Browning almost growled: "What's she doing? You don't think she is going to?"

"Yes," I said, "you applauded so hard she had to begin again."

"God forgive me," he wailed. "Never again will I commit that error." The old lady choked with laughter, and Browning bolted for the door.

Girls in Guatemala.

None of the maidens in Guatemala are allowed to go abroad from their homes without the company of a chaperon, and a lover is only allowed to come and court his sweetheart through the heavily barred windows of her father's home. After they are married they pass along the streets in Indian file, the woman marching ahead, so that the husband can be in a position to prevent any flirtations.

A Fizzle.

"My speech fell flat."
"You told me you had rehearsed it until you could say it either backward or forward."

"I had. But I started it backward and couldn't switch."—Louisville Courier-Journal

Life is a campaign, not a battle, and has its defeats as well as its victories.—Platt

BIBLE LANGUAGE.

A Revelation of Perfection and Termination in Speech.

A correspondent called attention the other day to the language of the Bible in describing a windstorm, as an example of concise speech, as follows: "And the winds came from the four corners of the earth and fell upon the house, and it was not." He mentioned it as an evidence of the simplicity and directness of Bible language. And it is well to call attention to the words and sentences of this grand old book from time to time, for in all literature there is none other more beautiful of diction, more direct or even more poetical than these ancient writings found in the Bible.

Take the opening sentence of the Bible as an illustration, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." That is the whole story told in ten words. You cannot go farther back in time—"In the beginning"—that is all there is to be said upon the subject. A modern writer would probably consume a dozen pages trying to tell when the creation took place and then fall. But in this wonderful old book we have it stated so any one can understand it, and in the only way it could be properly stated—"In the beginning."

But one need not pick out isolated sentences or chapters. The whole book is a revelation of perfection in speech. The writings of Paul, for instance, can be taken as examples of perfect diction. The description of the shipwreck when he was making his way to Rome will stand for all time as the most thrilling narrative of a storm at sea. His appeals to the members of the various congregations with whom he corresponded may be accepted as the best writings we have upon teachings of the Nazarene. The poems or psalms of David, written hundreds of years prior to the time the New Testament was written, are still the choicest bits of sentiment and imagination that can be found, inspiring in their faith and beauty and enchanting in their eloquence.—Dayton News.

BULWER-LYTTON.

His Dandified Dress, Mobile Face and Piercing Eyes.

In his book, "Forty Years of 'Spy,'" Leslie Ward, the artist, recalls that Bulwer-Lytton "had a remarkably narrow face with a high forehead. His nose was piercingly aquiline and seemed to swoop down between his closely set blue eyes, which changed in expression as his interest waxed and waned. When he was interestingly questioning his neighbor he became almost fanatic-looking, and his glance grew so keenly inquisitive as to give the appearance of a 'cast' in his eyes."

"Carefully curled hair crowned his forehead, and his bushy eyebrows, beard and mustache gave a curious expression to his face, which was rather pale, except in the evening, when he slightly 'touched up,' as the dandies of his day were in the habit of doing. His beau ideal was D'Orsay, and he showed the keenest care in the choice of his clothes. His trousers were baggy as they tapered downward and rather suggested a sailor's in the way they widened toward the feet."

"I can see him now standing on the beach rug awaiting the announcement of dinner dressed 'up to the eyes' and listening with beat, attentive head to his guests. It was typical of Lord Lytton that he listened to the most insignificant of his guests with all the deference that he would have shown to the greatest. Replacing his bookah (for he smoked opium), he would be silent for a considerable time, watching us out of his odd eyes, and when he spoke it was in a soft voice, which he never raised above a low tone. He told many stories of 'Distract-I,' whose name he pronounced with a slow deliberation."

Orders of British Knighthood.

The titles of the different orders of knighthood are all of a most high and mighty description. The Garter is "most noble," the Thistle "most ancient and most noble" and St. Patrick "most illustrious." The Knights of the Bath are officially "the most honorable," the Star of India is "the most exalted," St. Michael and St. George is "the most distinguished," the Order of the Indian Empire is "the most eminent"—London Globe.

National Anthem.

By law there is no such thing as a "national anthem" in this country. Congress has never voted upon that subject. But by popular acceptance the "Star Spangled Banner" has become to all intents and purposes the national anthem. "America" is also very close to the hearts of all real Americans and may well be called the national hymn.—New York American.

Not the Right Brand.

"I must request the congregation to contribute generously this morning," said the Rev. Mr. Smallfee sadly. "My stipend is eight months in arrears, and my creditors are pressing. I, of course, work largely for love, and love, equally of course, is tender, but it isn't legal tender."—London Telegraph.

The Aster Fountain.

Baron Astor has made a name for himself in the world of art. One of the evidences of his cultured taste is the fountain at Cliveden, designed by Storey, in which seventy-five tons of pink marble were used in making the great shell.—London Standard.

It Depended.

Young Aspirant—I called, sir, to see if I may count on your supporting me. Practical Citizen—That depends, young man. Are you running for office or do you want to marry my daughter?—Boston Transcript.



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CHINESE PUNISHMENTS.

Flogging is Common, and Rank Does Not Protect an Offender.

Chinese lawgivers are not troubled with any sentimental scruples on the subject of flogging. Even a criminal condemned to death is given a preliminary thrashing instead of, as with us, being treated with sympathy and consideration until the hour of doom. Another feature of Chinese justice, so far as the lash is concerned, is its strict impartiality.

Highborn offenders are flogged as ruthlessly as criminals of the lower order. The back of many a silken robed dignitary has been scored with the leather thongs of the whips wielded by sturdy Chinese officials, whose duty it has been to lay on the lash heavily, regardless of the rank of the victim, on pain of being flogged themselves.

The Chinese legal code prescribes the lash for many offenses so trivial that in Europe they would be quite outside the scope of the law. Not all of the enactments are enforced nowadays, but we may quote two of them as quaint examples. Fifty lashes were ordered to be given to any merchant or tradesman offering for sale goods not of the quality they are represented to be, while self glorification is discouraged by a law that any military man who raises a monument to himself for deeds of heroism which he has never performed is to receive 100 lashes.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Sago Plant.

Sago is a nutritive, farinaceous substance obtained from the pith of several species of palms growing in such hot countries as Java and Sumatra. The stem, about fifteen to twenty feet long, is cut into pieces and the pith dug out and placed in a vessel having a sieve bottom. Water poured into the sieve washes the flour thus exposed into a second vessel. When the water is poured off and the residue becomes dry it is known as sago flour. The pith left behind forms what is known as common brown sago.

Correct.

Teacher (addressing class)—A philanthropist is a person who exerts himself to do good to his fellow men. Now, if I were wealthy, children, and gave money freely to all needy and unfortunate who asked my aid I'd be a—

She broke off abruptly to point at a boy in the class.

"What would I be, Tommy?" she asked.

"A cinch!" shouted Tommy.—New York Weekly.

Her Ignorance.

Little George—Papa, didn't you tell me the other day that it was wrong to strike any one smaller than yourself?

Papa—That's what I did, my son. It is both wrong and cowardly.

Little George—Well, I wish you'd tell that to my teacher. I don't think she knows about it.

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