

THE QUEER HINDUS

(They Rival the Chinese in Their Odd Ideas and Customs.)

CASTE RULES THE SERVANT.

He Doesn't Like Work, Anyway, and Generally Finds a Way to Dodge It. Playing the Stringed Vina is a Species of Unmusical Torture.

I had thought China was a queer place and that the Chinese had queer customs, but China can't entertain on the same afternoon with India. If some one had told me about their manners and customs before I got to India I would have laughed heartily and set him down in my little book. There are some things that a Hindu will do and some that he will not do. Work is placed prominently on the latter list.

One thing that a Hindu will not do is to play on a flute. He would rather go to the dogging post than dash off a selection on a flute. But he will play a stringed instrument, called a vina, similar to the instrument played by David in the tent of Saul. This instrument looks as if it had originally been intended for a carpet stroller, but had fallen into the hands of a musically inclined person who had borrowed a couple of piano wires and was determined to lower rents. After hearing an able bodied Hindu pick on an instrument of this kind one can't help wishing that they would put it in the same class with the flute.

A Hindu's idea of music is to make all the noise he can. He doesn't care anything about time or rhythm. All his energy is expended in volume. Hindu musicians are all large, splendidly muscled fellows, who play as if they were going to a gymnasium regularly. When one hears them playing on a vina one can't help wondering

how David ever came to make such an impression on Saul.

As soon as I got to India I hired a valet. It sounds mighty big—until you know what you have to pay a "boy" in India. A servant is called a "boy" even though he has whiskers and a mustache. He said that his name was Thumbo Ramalingam, or words to that effect. I couldn't remember the last commitment, so I called him Thumbo, and for days I longed to ask if there was a finger in his family. He wore a shirt and a sheet twisted around his head. He was to be my waiter, for in India you have to furnish your own table boy. When you go to spend a day or two with a friend you always take your own boy along to wait on you. My boy was to mend my clothes, black my shoes, get my bath water ready and hold my shirt. The way he talked I wasn't to do anything except open my mail, put my feet on the table and enjoy life. But I soon found out that his idea and mine differed quite widely as to what enjoyment of life was.

A few minutes before the first meal he suddenly appeared, a bit flushed, and explained that he was of too high caste to wait on table. I tried to show him that it was an honor to be a good and efficient table waiter, but he wouldn't budge a step—he'd rather starve than wait on table. So I had to look around and hustle up another boy to do that part of the work. Every time I wanted him to do anything it was against his caste. His caste seemed to have a special enmity toward all work. When I wanted him to carry my bag he begged leave to be excused, as his caste didn't allow him to do such menial work, and when I gave him my shoes to be blacked he looked at me in horror. It was expressly against his caste to touch leather—a product of the sacred cow.

One day when I told him to pick the hairs out of my brush he looked at me sadly and then began to tell me about a nephew that had suddenly departed this flesh and would be so kind as to give half a rupee to the grief stricken

father and the other half to the inconsolable uncle. That was more than I could stand, and on the spot I told him that he was discharged, fired, and to get out as fast as he could.

"Thank you, sahib, thank you," said Thumbo with a profound salute. I told him that he hadn't thanked me for firing him, but he only bowed his head and thanked me more profoundly than ever. His gratitude was as pronounced as if I had given him a rupee.

"Will you give me a recommendation kindly for the good boy I have been, sahib?"

After what a poor servant he had been, that was the last straw. It would be underhanded to take him on somebody else, and then suddenly I saw a way out. "Yes," I agreed enthusiastically, and I wrote for him.

"The bearer of this note with the unpronounceable name has been in my employ for two weeks. During that time I have aged perceptibly. He is a servant of caste, but he never lets work interfere with his caste. When he came to me he was a man of family, but at the rate which his family has been depleted I doubt if he has left more than enough children to last out a week. You will find him especially good at getting your shirt studs in backward and at pulling off the tips of your shoestrings."

Thumbo, who made pretense of being an English scholar, read the recommendation carefully, but his mastery of words was such that he could not quite follow the meaning.

"Thank you, sahib, thank you," he said, too proud to admit that he did not clear to him. "It will be of great help to me."

"And to the other fellow, too," I said as he saluted and passed out of my life.—Homer Croy in Leslie's

WEARING EVENING CLOTHES.

A Chicago View of the Question From a Masculine Viewpoint.

Citizens of the older towns where it is customary for men of any social pretensions whatsoever to wear formal evening clothes after 8 in the afternoon often reproach Chicagoans for not following this time honored custom. They are never satisfied with the explanations given, because these explanations are rather evasions and do not explain anything.

As a matter of fact, although nearly every Chicago man knows why his "full dress" accumulates dust and outlasts moths in the dim recesses of the closet, he does not realize that his reasons are the reasons that consign the glad garments of his fellow men to a similar demerit. It may be just as well to get together and confess.

If one could make a formal evening dress map of Chicago one could show several small, well defined areas in and about the city where the open faced waistcoat and upstuffed coat are necessary, or at least permitted. In the loop, about theaters and fashionable hotels, such garments are worn without misgivings, and in certain narrowly prescribed residential districts one may sit from house to house in the garment of joy without danger. But if one dares to go from one of these haunts of fashion to the other, except in a taxi, one is likely to run a gamut of ribald comment that will leave him a nervous wreck when he reaches his destination.

Our Chicago democracy is very young, newly come into a knowledge of its privileges and enthusiastically hostile toward anything that remotely resembles an assumption of class or caste; hence through the vast tracts it inhabits and that separate the dress suit areas one from another the man who essays a pilgrimage openly in the despoiled garments of idleness invites reprisals.

If the fashionable men of Chicago who wish to maintain the fashionable tradition, yet cannot afford taxicabs, will get together they may develop enough strength to persuade the traction companies to supply for their evening travel sufficient closed and armored cars, running at appropriate intervals. Otherwise they must take their chances, as other adventurous Americans do.—Chicago News.

ALASKA'S COAST LINE.

Longer Than the Distance Round the World at the Equator.

Have you any idea of the extent of the Alaska coast line? The shores of the territory are washed by three great oceans. These are the Arctic ocean on the north, Bering sea on the west and the Pacific on the south. The Aleutian Islands, off the Alaska peninsula, are separated from each other and the mainland by a network of rocky straits, and much of southwestern and southeastern Alaska is made up of mountainous islands that have rocks of all shapes and sizes. The islands are really the tops of mountains half lost in the waters. They rise in spires and cathedrals, some of which are thousands of feet above the water and others hidden beneath it, lying there concealed and ready to rip open the hulls of ships as the iceberg of the Atlantic ripped the Titanic.

The extent of the Alaska coast with its windings surpasses that of the United States proper. It is greater than that of all our states on the Pacific from Puget sound to the boundary of Mexico added to that of our states on the Atlantic, including the gulf. All told, it is more than 26,000 miles long, or longer than the distance around the world at the equator, and in proportion to its length it has perhaps more dangers than any other coast line on earth.

Nevertheless not one-half of it has yet been sounded by the coast survey vessels, and more than half of the general coast line is not marked by lights or by any aids to navigation.—Christian Herald.

To Make Cold Cream.

Take half a pound of lard, half a cupful of olive oil, half a teaspoonful of powdered borax. Melt these and let them come to a boiling point. Take half a cupful of water, 5 cents' worth of rose essence or essence of geranium. Add these last two (water and essence) to the boiling fat by drops and then stir until cool by setting kettle into a larger kettle or something larger filled with cold water and beat it into a cream with the egg beater. This will keep in jars for months if kept where it is cool and is a fine, harmless and very inexpensive cream to use.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Word Alp.

In Switzerland the word alp does not mean a mountain, but is used to indicate the little valleys in the higher altitudes, where peasants take their cows in summer and where in small huts and stables the attendants and animals remain for several months in the year. The cows thrive on the tender grass, and their milk is converted on the spot into cheese and butter.—Exchange.

The Cause of It.

"There goes a man who has a pull with the best people in town."
"Who is he?"
"A fashionable dentist."—Baltimore American.

Foregone Conclusion.

Teacher—If a farmer sold 1,479 bushels of wheat for \$1.17 a bushel what would he get? Boy—An automobile.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Trouble teaches men how much there is in manhood.—Becher.

GUARDING THE CHILDREN.

Widows With Offspring Should Be Sure to Make Their Wills.

Sometimes the failure to make a will involves more than a loss of time and money. You are a widow and die without a will, leaving children who are not yet of age. Now, you may not care who looks after your property, but you do have a lively interest in the person who looks after your children. If you had left a will you could have named therein the guardian for your children. The court must do so, and the guardian appointed by it may charge commissions, counsel fees and premiums payable out of your children's share of your estate.

Suppose you leave real estate. It can't be sold without an order of the court. That involves a long and expensive proceeding on the part of your administrator. If you leave minor children that still further complicates matters. A guardian must be appointed for them who must join in the application—at a price—and their shares must be set aside and held until they are of age—also at a price. "Infant's proceedings," as such actions are termed, are most technical and expensive, yet unless every contingency is provided for good title cannot be given to the real estate. Nor can clear title be given for at least two years after your death. If you had left a will you could have included therein a power of sale, and at any time when the interests of the estate demanded it the property could have been sold.—Samuel Scoville, Jr., in Good Housekeeping.

A Bit of Sicily.

"There is no Italian town more picturesque than the Sicilian capital, Palermo," writes a traveler. "Balling ships of all rigs, their hulls painted all the colors of the rainbow, nose up against the quay, where mule carts, whose drivers are shouting at the top of their voices, wait to take away the merchandise. The narrow streets where the custom house officers examine the goods brought ashore is a place of terrific noise. When a driver, two clerks and two custom house officers are discussing the contents of a bale or a cask it seems as though murder must be committed within the next few seconds. But somebody signs something, the cart moves on, and everybody laughs."

Murdering Shakespeare.

"I never hesitate to cut and slash and change any play until it suits me," said Stuart Robson to his legal adviser on one occasion.
"I suppose you edit Shakespeare with a blue pencil?" replied the lawyer.
"You can just bet I do."
"Then, I imagine, you would plead guilty to an indictment for murdering the Bard of Avon?"
"No; I would not, but I would admit dissecting his corpse."

How Silver Bow Got Its Name.

Silver Bow creek received its name from a party of prospectors who reached its valley in the vicinity of Butte in 1864, says a bulletin of the federal geological survey. While discussing the best name for the stream the clouds broke away, and the sunshine, falling on the creek as it circled around the mountain, suggested the name Silver Bow, and it was accordingly so called.

Parchment Paper.

To make ordinary paper imitate parchment soak it in a basin of water mixed with sulphuric acid in the proportion of one to ten parts. Let it become thoroughly saturated, then remove gently and let dry. The paper should be strong unlined foolscap.

Two Finds.

"I found a ten dollar bill this morning."
"That shows you are lucky. Have a rift for finding things?"
"My gift stuck by me too long. Next I found the owner."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Condensed report of statement of

United States National Bank

under date of call March 7, 1916:

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$286,780.61
Bonds, Securities	93,312.76
Furniture and Fixtures	3,064.67
Cash and Exchange	95,815.57
Total	\$478,973.61

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$ 50,000.00
Surplus and Profits	27,214.74
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