

CANDIDATES' COLUMN

HERBERT G. CROCKER

REPUBLICAN

Candidate for the Nomination for Representative
Fruit grower near Newberg. My best endeavor for good government.
28tf—Paid adv.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE

To the Republicans of the Thirteenth Representative District: I hereby announce my candidacy for the nomination of the office of representative in the legislative assembly from the thirteenth district at the primaries on the 19th day of May.

I shall appreciate your support and if nominated and elected, I shall endeavor to do my whole duty efficiently and courageously.
W. O. Sims,
Residing at Sheridan.
Paid Adv 26-31

FOR REPRESENTATIVE

I hereby announce myself as a Republican candidate for the legislature to represent Yamhill county.
W. W. LUNGER,
Farmer, near LaFayette.
26tf Pd Adv.

FRANCIS L. MICHELBOOK

of McMinnville, Republican Candidate for Joint Senator for 24th Senatorial District, comprising Lincoln, Tillamook, Washington and Yamhill.

I was born and reared on an Oregon farm and after graduating from the State College, have been extensively engaged in farming; served Yamhill county as representative in the 28th legislative assembly.

If nominated and elected will continue to work for lower taxes and strict economy. I favor laws for the people and rural credits; am opposed to the creation of new offices, commissions, raise of salaries or the misuse of clerical patronage for the legislative assembly, and favor limiting this clerical hire to a business basis.

Strongly opposed to any modification of any laws passed by the people, as the people's power through the ballot should not be tampered with.
Paid adv

FOR JOINT REPRESENTATIVE

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the Republican nomination for the office of Joint Representative from the Counties of Yamhill and Tillamook, at the primary election to be held May 19, 1916.

Frank A. Rowe,
Wheeler, Tillamook County
Pdadv 24-29

FOR COUNTY RECORDER

If my record as County Recorder has been satisfactory to the people of Yamhill County I will again solicit their support. I like the work and need the salary.
Respectfully,
H. S. Maloney.
23tf Pd adv

FOR CO. SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT

I wish to announce that I shall be a candidate for the nomination for the office of county school superintendent at the primary election to be held May 19, 1916.
S. S. Duncan.
28tf Paid adv.

Graphic and Semi-Weekly Journal, one year, \$2.00.

CANDIDATES' COLUMN

FOR SHERIFF

Subject to the approval of the voters at the Primary election to be held May 19, 1916, I announce my candidacy for the nomination of Sheriff on the Republican ticket.

M. D. (DEL) WARREN
Paid adv.

FOR SHERIFF

I hereby announce to the public that I am a candidate for nomination of sheriff of Yamhill County on the Democratic ticket. I shall appreciate your loyal support.
Pratt K. Sisson, Carlton.
25tf Paid Adv

FOR SHERIFF

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination for sheriff of Yamhill County on the Republican ticket. Your support will be appreciated.
C. Roy Faulconer, Sheridan.
26-29 Paid Adv

FOR SHERIFF

I am a candidate for the republican nomination for sheriff, and if my services in the office in the past have been satisfactory the nomination will be appreciated.
W. G. Henderson.
Paid adv 27-31

FOR ASSESSOR

W. W. Nickell. Economy and efficiency in the office and in the field. Republican. Will appreciate your support.
Pd Adv. 26tf

FOR ASSESSOR

In offering myself again for the nomination for county assessor, I wish you to inspect my work in the office and judge for yourself as to my efficiency for the position.
Martin Miller.
27tf Paid Adv.

TO THE VOTERS

R. C. Henry, candidate for the nomination to the office of county commissioner: Born in Yamhill county; son of Anson B. Henry, a pioneer of 1852. I am a taxpayer and have been a life-long republican and would appreciate your support at the primaries May 19, 1916. Yours for honesty, economy and good roads,
R. C. Henry.
Paid adv 27tf

Dreams.

The London Observer explains the causes for the different kinds of dreams which we are wont to experience, as direct results of physical conditions which surround us at the time. Thus, when we dream of appearing in company attired in insufficient clothing, it is due to the fact that at that time we are not possessed of our usual day attire. We often dream of flying through space, which comes from the fact that we are sensible of no pressure when lying in bed. External causes, such as noises, etc., may also be responsible for the character of our dreams by exciting the subconscious mind.

Bad Handwriting.

Sometimes the worst of handwriting becomes intelligible when one grasps the rules, for a man's script—particularly an author's—is frequently made difficult chiefly by his deliberate or unconscious inversion of the accepted rules of calligraphy. Henry Ward Beecher had a daughter who acted as copyist, and she read him with ease simply by remembering three principles—that in her father's manuscript no dotted letter was meant for an "i," no crossed letter stood for "t," and that no capital letter ever began a sentence.—Indianapolis News.

Vogue of the Mirror.

Only since the early part of the sixteenth century have mirrors become articles of household furniture and decoration. Previous to that time—from the twelfth to the end of the fifteenth century—pocket mirrors, or small hand mirrors carried at the girdle, were indispensable adjuncts to ladies' toilets. The pocket mirrors consisted of small circular plaques of polished metal fixed in a shallow circular box covered with a lid.

Test.

"They seem to be in love."
"Yes. I really believe those two think as much of each other as they do of themselves."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A SINGAPORE DISH

Ricetafel is Not a Mere Meal; It is a Whole Banquet.

A SORT OF CULINARY MARVEL.

It Contains About Everything From Fish to Dessert, but its Great and Crowning Delight Seems to Be the Highly Odorous Bombay Duck.

On a trip around the world from New York, Singapore is just half way. The ship part here and flow both ways. Drop a letter in the postoffice for New York and it may come across the Pacific; drop another and it may cross the Atlantic.

More odds and ends of humanity are thrown together here in Singapore than in any other city in the world. Singapore is halfway between Arabia and Japan, halfway between India and China. On the street they stream past—Sikhs, Tamils, Parsees, Armenians, Arabs, Malays, Mohammedans, Filipinos, Chinese, Portuguese, Siamese, Japanese, Javanese—as if they were made up for a procession, some with no clothes and some swathed in them.

Every day at noon on the bill of fare in Singapore you find a dish called ricetafel, which will live long in my memory. It is the most fearfully and wonderfully made dish in the world. It staggers the imagination to think of what it is composed. An ordinary intellect stands appalled when it begins trying to figure out what the dish is made of. Only a Kelvin dare try to resolve it into its elements.

The first day I ordered it in a restaurant, care free moment. I had never heard of it before and supposed that it was just an ordinary, single dose dish, but in a few minutes I began to find out that it was a tangle of another color. An ordinary sized boy came up bearing a plate of rice and gave it to me. Hardly had the boy turned aside when another boy came up with some meat. I piled on the meat, but just as I was picking up my knife and fork a larger boy came up bearing a plate divided off into sections piled to the cargo line with spices, cinnamon and other tropical products. I looked to see if there hadn't been some mistake, but his confident manner and bearing showed plainly that I was to put them on too. I did, even though it looked as if I were going on a cruise, and had just leaned back to study the mound when another bun bearer came up. I began on his dish and worked my way around, helping myself to the more prominent articles, and after he had gone on I picked up my spoon and was just wondering which side to make my first encroachments on when another outsider came up with another dish of odds and ends. After him came others, some little and some old, some shy and some bold, the line forming at the left and rhythmically tramping by, while I threw on and rounded up until it began to look as if the mound builders had gone back into business again. After the tail of the procession had gone by, I located a favorable spot and went to work.

These are some of the actual things that were in the final draft: Rice, curried meat, mince meat balls, fried onions, shredded onions, white onions, banana fritters, hard boiled eggs, sliced cucumbers, Chinese macaroni, peanuts, French beans, Indian chutney, coconut, red fish, shrimp, fried fish, fried chicken, goose liver, chill, limes and Bombay duck.

I'll take my word for it that every single one of these destroyers was in my rice tangle.

I put Bombay duck last, for I know that the other ingredients would rather not associate with it. You could readily understand their attitude if you had once tasted Bombay duck, for there is no other thing its size in the world that makes such an impression on you. It has the worst odor of anything I ever went up against, and without wishing to boast I have smelled some things that were highly praised in their line, but for hard, consistent smelling day in and day out Bombay duck has them all in the Yankee division. In comparison with it limburger cheese has a delicate perfume.

How it ever got that name is more than I know. It is really a dried fish, which, broken and powdered, lends a seasoning, but as for myself I would rather take my seasoning in some other form. Old residents and missionaries who have been in the country a long time say that after a time a person comes to be very fond of it, but personally I know that there could never be anything between us—unless it was distance. It is all that I can do to stay at the table where one of the parties is an old resident or a missionary a long time in the service.

The people in Singapore do not call ricetafel a dish. They consider it a meal. And that's what it is. It looks as if it had been meant for the noon-day repast at a Woodmen log rolling. Many and many a person here has ricetafel at noon and nothing else. In fact, after eating a ricetafel there isn't room for anything else. A person then wants to crawl off and go to sleep. And that is what everybody does in the suburbs of the equator. The shops all close at noon for a couple of hours while everybody lies down and sleeps off the effect of the ricetafel.—Homer Croy in Leslie's.

Cruel Comment.

"Mr. Smithers says he would die for me."
"He can't; he's too bald."—Baltimore American.

Self love is the greatest of all flatterers.—La Rochefoucauld.

ORIGIN OF WALL STREET.

The Palisade That Gave the Famous Thoroughfare its Name.

To a stout fence, erected to prevent cows and sheep from wandering away into the forest and thus falling easy prey to the lurking Indians, may primarily be traced the beginning of New York's famous Wall street.

It is a matter of record that Governor Kieft in 1644 set his hand to an edict which called for the erection of a "good solid fence" across Manhattan Island and commanded owners of cattle and sheep who wished their herds pastured in security to appear at a given time, with proper tools, and assist in the work. So the fence stood until nine years later, when the Dutch and English were at war in Europe.

The Dutch West Indies company, warned New Amsterdam to be on the watch for an attack on their settlement by the English of New England. The Dutch governor, Peter Stuyvesant, acted promptly on the warning and called together the city fathers, who, as a first step to preparedness, voted to repair and strengthen the fort from which the Battery got its name and to raise \$2,000 for the building of a great wall to replace Governor Kieft's fence.

This was the wall which gave Wall street its name. The money was promptly raised by popular subscription to be repaid from taxes, and within a few days every able-bodied man in the settlement was ordered to appear with proper tools and assist in the building of the wall under penalty of fine or banishment for noncompliance. Picks and shovels flew, hammers and axes resounded and in a very short time a wall of palisades twelve feet high stood between New Amsterdam and its potential foes from the east.

The palisades were eighteen inches in diameter and sharpened at the top. Posts were planted a rod apart and to them were nailed split rails two feet from the top of the wall. Behind the wall was a breast-work of earth four feet high and four feet wide, thrown up from a ditch of the same dimensions. In 1699 the wall finally was torn down and the stone in its bastions was used for erecting a new city hall.—Argonaut.

The Horses as a Wonder.

Horses are so familiar to us that it is hard to believe that there are people who have never seen one and have not the slightest idea what they look like.

When horses were first introduced into Alaska the Indians were intensely astonished. They were particularly amused by seeing horses eating grass and sat round holding their sides with laughter.

The natives of some of the south sea islands were greatly excited when horses were first introduced among them. Never having seen any animal larger than a pig, they regarded the horse as an unusually large member of the pig tribe and called it the "man carrying" pig. Eskimos rarely see horses.

Whole Story Yellow.

"Your narrative is too highly colored," remarked the editor, returning the bulky manuscript, the story coming from a member of the Authors' club.

"In what way?" inquired the disappointed author.

"Why," replied the editor, "in the very first chapter you make the old man turn purple with rage, the villain turn green with envy, the hero turn white with anger, the heroine turn red with blushes and the coachman turn blue with cold."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Mean Comparison.

"Confound these railway time tables!" snapped Mr. Stubb as the long folder refused to remain closed long enough for him to place it in his pocket. "They remind me of a woman."

"The idea!" replied his wife in surprise. "What is the comparison?"

"Why, they are hard to understand, and you can't get them to shut up."

Crippled Their Feet.

The custom of deforming the feet among the females of China is said to have originated several centuries ago, when a large body of women rose against the government and tried to overthrow it. To prevent the recurrence of such an event the use of wooden shoes so small as to disable them from making any effective use of their feet was enforced on all female infants.

Domestic Joys.

Wife—I came across a bundle of your old love letters today. Husband—Did you read them over? Wife—Yes. Husband—And what was the effect of that perusal? Wife—I wondered which was the bigger fool—you for writing them or I for marrying you after receiving them.

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