

THE OBSERVER

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UNTACTFUL ADAMS.

The choleric John Adams had been president for more than two years, but as long as Washington lived the country refused to look upon any one else as its real head.

The way of the transgressor may be hard indeed, but it is a path of roses compared with the thorny road the successor to a popular idol must tread, and when one reads the frankly expressed opinion of Adams' party friends and party enemies one's sympathies go out to the man upon whom Washington's presidential mantle fell.

"His superfluous highness" was the title the opposition had suggested for him in the days when discussion raged as to what the high officials of the government were to be called. He had great learning, great patriotism and an unquenchable spirit, but overlying and enveloping them all was a positive genius for doing and saying untactful things, for appearing at the worst possible advantage.

A member of his cabinet once said of him that whether he was "sportful, playful, witty, kind, cold, drunk, sober, angry, easy, stiff, jealous, careless, cautious, confident, close or open" he was "almost always so in the wrong place and with the wrong person."

The kindly Franklin characterized him as "always honest, sometimes great, but often mad." One less genial remarked that even in his soberest moments Adams was "the greatest marplot in nature." And John Randolph of Hanover, whose tongue added the poison of ridicule to the bitterness of gall, called him "that political Malvollo."

Adams thought Washington's talents overrated and on becoming president in his turn was ambitious to make a record brilliant enough to overshadow him. It was certainly no easy task, even without the handicap of Adams' obstinate personality.

He knew that he was vain. "Thank God I am so," he exclaimed. "Vanity is the cordial drop which makes the bitter cup of life go down." But it had its lingering after taste, and justly proud of his record—having, as one of his biographers puts it, "stepped

from his little country law office and proved himself a match for the diplomats of Europe"—Adams resented the narrow margin by which he had been elected, calling himself with some bitterness "the president of three votes only."

A vice president can be removed by nothing short of crime or physical incapacity, and Jefferson remained, an ever present and irritating thorn in Adams' side. Adams had found it hard to learn and accept the passive role demanded by the office, and he evidently took some satisfaction in impressing the same uncongenial lessons upon his successor.

Jefferson asserted that he was never consulted upon any question of government after Adams had been two days in power. And he did not make the charge in the humorous mood of a later incumbent, who used to declare that his chief had asked his advice only once and that was about the wording of a Thanksgiving proclamation.

"I believe he always liked me," Adams admitted in a retrospect of his long career, "but he detested Hamilton and my whole administration. Then, he wished to be president of the United States, and I stood in his way. So he did everything that he could to pull me down. But if I should quarrel with him for that I might quarrel with every one I had anything to do with in life. . . . Did you ever hear the lines:

"I love my friend as well as you, But why should he obstruct my view? 'I forgive my enemies and hope they may find mercy in heaven.'"—Our Nation in the Building," by Helen Nicolay, in Century Magazine.

Wesley's Father and Wesley.

One cleric well known to fame who took snuff and loved his pipe was Samuel Wesley, rector of Epworth, Lincolnshire, from 1697 to 1755. He not only smoked his pipe, but sang its praises:

In these raw mornings, when I'm freezing in pipe, What can compare with a tobacco pipe? Primed, cocked and toucht, 'twould better heat a man Than the Bath fagots or Scotch warming pan.

Samuel's greater son, John Wesley, did not share the parental love of a pipe. He spoke of the use of tobacco as "an uncleanly and unwholesome self-indulgence" and described snuffing as a "silly, nasty, dirty custom."—Westminster Gazette.

What the Well Revealed.

One of the first deep wells drilled in the west was put down near Huxley, Nev., by the Central Pacific railway in 1881, in a search for good water. The boring reached a depth of 2,750 feet, but the water obtained was of very unsatisfactory quality. At 1,700 feet the drill encountered a bed of "petrified clams," and the record states that at 1,900 feet well preserved "redwood timber" was found.—Argonaut.

Not only strike when the iron is hot, but make it hot by striking.—Oliver Cromwell.

Feb. 10th last day to pay your water rent without penalty.—Adv. 2-7-16.

MOSES AND SANITATION.

Ancient Laws as Effective as Modern Rules of Hygiene.

There has been gathered a collection of facts to prove that the sanitary laws of Moses were not only on a line with the modern rules of hygiene, but in some cases in advance of them.

The Jew, thousands of years before Christ, settling in a semitropical country, was forbidden to eat pork or shellfish, and milk was designated as a source of contagion. In the Talmud a method of slaughtering animals was prescribed which is acknowledged today in our markets as the most sanitary.

Five thousand years before Koch gave to the world the results of his researches in bacteriology the Mosaic law pointed out the danger to man from tuberculosis in cattle, but did not forbid infected poultry as food. It was only a few years ago that German specialists discovered that fowl tuberculosis was harmless to man.

The Mosaic law also enforced the isolation of patients with contagious diseases and the burial of the dead outside all cities. These hints the Gentile world did not fully accept until a century or two ago.

The wise lawgiver prescribed not only fasting at certain periods of the year, but the removal of all families in summer out to camps, where for a time they could live close to nature. Many of the laws of Moses were prescriptions intended for the health of both mind and body.—Boston Transcript.

NO EXCUSE FOR "AIN'T."

It is About the Worst Contraction in the English Language.

"Ain't" is an improper abbreviation of "are not." British writers spell it "aint," which properly indicates its derivation. Americans make it an inclusive offense, using it for "am not" and "is not," as well as for "are not." It is unquestionably the worst instance of slovenliness in the common speech of today.

Yet it is by no means universal or even common use. It will slip occasionally from refined lips, always with a jar to the enunciator, as well as to the hearer. But the habitual user of "ain't" is careless of refinement. He may be an excellent citizen who never beats his wife nor kicks the cat. But there is likely to be something aliphah about him somewhere. For "ain't" is needless, as well as cacophonous. It fills no void and supplies no need.

English observers complain superciliously of the laxness of American speech. American observers who have listened to the marvels of Lancashire, Yorkshire, Devonshire and other shire dialects are inclined to resent any assumption of British superiority. But it is none the less desirable to elim-

inate our own linguistic sins, and of these "ain't" is the most deplorable.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Awkward.

A visitor to a hospital for soldiers was surprised to hear one of the patients being addressed by the nurses by his Christian name, it being customary to address patients by their surnames only. Upon inquiry as to why this distinction was accorded to the particular soldier referred to the reply received was:

"Well, we can't very well call him by his surname."

"But why not?" queried the somewhat astonished visitor.

"You see," was the overwhelming answer, "his surname is Love, and it's rather awkward."—London Tit-Bits.

Why Mosquitoes Like Blood.

The fact that mosquitoes so continually harass rich blooded creatures is due to the fact that they cannot by any means without the albuminous food which is thus obtained. In tropical countries the greatest enemy of the malaria bearing mosquito is a species of bat which is protected from the insect's bite by its strangely shaped hairs.

The bat is very swift of flight, and the mosquitoes, especially those which have already made a supper of blood, are their ideal food.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Japanese Needlewomen.

The daughters of the land of flowers sometimes curiously reverse European methods. They needle their thread instead of threading their needles, and instead of running their needle through the cloth they hold it still and run the cloth upon it. An English lady long resident in Tokyo once wrote to a friend that the impulse of her Japanese maids is always to sew on cuff frills and other similar things topsy turvy and inside out.

Two Important Matters.

"Now, Katie, do you know enough to keep your mouth shut?" asked the fashionable woman of the girl she was about to engage.

"Well, ma'am, I know enough to all right, but the question is, Do I get enough wages to encourage me to?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Selfishness.

The selfish man suffers more from his selfishness than he from whom that selfishness withholds some important benefit.—Emerson.

Regrets.

For all we know, the study butterfly may have moments in which it regrets the fine times it had as a caterpillar.—Puck.

Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop than when we soar.—Words-

ONCE A SOVEREIGN STATE.

Now Noli is Simply a Fishing Village With a Past.

One of the oddest and quaintest little independent states that ever existed in Europe—the tiny republic of Noli, founded before Rome and maintaining its liberty for many centuries until Napoleon swept away its privileges—is today merely a fishing village near Genoa, but it is full of reminders of its former greatness and affords a wonderful glimpse of mediæval times. Destroyed by the Carthaginians in 217 B. C., and who knows how often by subsequent marauders, there seemed no limit to her powers of recovery.

This quaint little fishing village maintained itself as a sovereign state for centuries, took a prominent part in the quarrels of Guelphs and Ghibellines, sent doughty warriors to the Crusades, commanded the interest of emperors and popes and only succumbed at last to the armies of Napoleon. Dante clambered hither over terrible hills on hands and knees and revenged himself by consigning Noli to his "Purgatory."

Everybody is rich in this poor man's paradise, says the Wide World Magazine. During the anchovy months it is not rare for the 120 boats to earn \$4,000 in a night, or \$75,000 in a season. Through fish alone a man earns far more than a clerk, besides which he has no "appearances" to keep up. Under these happy conditions he soon acquires land and houses, which afford a steady revenue while he sleeps or fishes. The earth here has only to be scratched in order to bring forth wealth, so rich is the soil and so abundant the water.

PERILOUS ATHLETICS.

Sport That Wrecks the Heart an Evil to Be Avoided.

"No one will gainsay the value and pleasure of outdoor exercise graduated to suit the needs of every individual throughout life," says the Journal of the American Medical Association, "but the species of overdoing called for in the intense competition of the great contests of our schools and colleges can no longer be defended by platitudes regarding the alleged psychological value of its competitive features. The time has come when statistics regarding latent athletic injuries must be reckoned with and the lives of our youths safeguarded by making a distinction between sane sport and insane participation in the intolerable strain of competitive games of the extreme type."

The same paper says the authorities of colleges need to be reminded in an emphatic way, in the words of Dr. R. N. Wilson of Philadelphia, that "no form of athletic event is sane that demands of the participants the semiconscious state of heart exhaustion at its conclusion." And it denounces the daredevil forms

of "sport" that depend for their thrill on nearest possible approach to death by the actors in them, such, for example, as "looping the loop" in an aeroplane or driving a motorcar a hundred miles an hour. Such, it says, are not sport, but degeneracy.

A Strange Situation.

"Humor is a very funny thing," said Blinks. "It ought to be," said the philosopher. "Oh, I don't mean that way," said Blinks. "I mean that it is a strange thing. Now, I can't speak French, but I can always understand a French joke, and I can speak English, but I'm blessed if I can see an English joke."

"Most people are," said the philosopher. "Are what?" said Blinks. "Blessed if they can see an English joke," said the philosopher. "It is a sign of an unusually keen vision."

Force of the Imagination.

There is a story of a man who was tied up in a dark room and informed that he was to be put to death by bleeding. His tormentors made a small incision in his neck and arranged for a stream of lukewarm water to trickle down his back for fifteen minutes. At the end of fifteen minutes the man died of exhaustion. He had not lost a drop of blood, but he thought he had. Such is the power of suggestion.—London Saturday Review.

Disraeli's Humor.

I was introduced by particular request to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, a pretty little woman, a flirt and a rattle-indeed, gifted with a volubility I should think unequalled and of which I can convey no idea. She told me she liked "silent, melancholy men." I answered that I had no doubt of it.—Letter of Benjamin Disraeli to His Sister.

Different Effects.

"The same thing will make entirely different impressions on different readers," remarked the man who writes. "Quite so," replied the lawyer. "Letters which bring tears to a girl's eyes frequently make a jury laugh."—Washington Star.

Paraguay Lace.

Lace making was taught the natives of Paraguay by missionaries two centuries ago. Today in all towns of 8,000 inhabitants many of the men and nearly all the women and children make lace collarets, handkerchiefs and ladies' ties.

Accomplished.

Blotbs—I never knew such a liar as Longbow. Slobbs—Yes. That fellow could actually eat an onion and lie out of it.—Philadelphia Record.

Diversity of opinion proves that things are only what we think them.—

Advertisement for Bank Book featuring an illustration of a woman and the text: 'Girls are looking for careful men with Bank accounts for husbands, so are their parents. She likes her Valentine. BANK BOOK'.

Advertisement for La Grande National Bank with details: 'GIRLS DO NOT WANT A LIFE OF PROVERTY; THEY PREFER MEN WITH MONEY. YOU CAN'T BLAME THEM. THE BOY WHO HAS A BANK BOOK NOW IS LIKELY TO ALWAYS HAVE ONE. PARENTS KNOW THIS AND WELCOME INTO THEIR HOMES THE CAREFUL YOUNG MAN WHO IS THRIFTY. WHY DON'T YOU START A BANK ACCOUNT, OR INCREASE YOUR BALANCE IF YOU HAVE ONE. BANK WITH US. WE PAY 4 PER CENT INTERESTION TIME DEPOSITS. La Grande National Bank. LA GRANDE, OREGON. Capital \$200,000.00 Surplus \$50,000.00 Resources \$1,000,000.00. Fred J. Holmes, President; F. L. Meyers, Cashier; C. C. Penington, Vice President; E. Zundel and H. E. Coolidge, Assistant Cashiers. DIRECTORS: Fred J. Holmes, J. G. Snodgrass, J. F. Conley, A. C. Penington, H. S. Brownton, F. L. Meyers, A. Blokland, A. T. Hill, H. E. Coolidge'.