

THE BUT FAMILY.

Its Members Are Numerous and Will Have Their Little Say.

I wonder why it is that some persons who are slaves to "dooty" never have any pleasant duties to perform; never feel it absolutely incumbent upon themselves to seek you out and say something to your face that is pleasant all the way through, without any stinging qualifications; never feel moved by irresistible impulse to do something for you that is genuinely pleasant, without any bitter condition?

"I want to tell you," says Mr. But, stopping you in the street that passersby may share your modest pleasure, "how much I admired your poem on 'Peace' in the Dundum Magazine. It was virile and gentle, graceful and convincing. But I must tell you as a friend that I have heard some of the critics saying that it was too much like Grimsby's 'Ode to War' in last month's *Sluggo* to be merely a coincidence. They point out that the second stanza was plagiarized."

Jack But praises your new house. He admires the arrangement of the rooms. He sends pleasant little thrills up and down your spine as he compliments the general design. "But," he adds, just before he turns away, "I've just got to tell you that you've faced it the wrong way. You've built the whole thing backward. It will be a thorn in your flesh every time the sun goes down and every time it rises. You won't live in it ten years—not five. You'll get too sick of it." And Jack says a cheery goodbye.

Have you met the But family? Oh, they live in your block! Oh, indeed? They are members of our church. I am so glad you like them! —Rev. Robert J. Burdette in Los Angeles Times.

First American Cabinet.

When John Hancock was president of congress in 1789 and had his office at 5 Cherry street, in New York city, there were only three grand departments of the United States, which performed the functions now performed by the president's cabinet. These three grand departments were distributed as follows: The Hon. John Jay, secretary for foreign affairs, at 8 Broadway; Hon. Henry Knox, secretary of war, 15 Smith street; the Hon. Walter Livingston, Samuel Osgood and Arthur Lee, commissioners of the treasury. The "office of congress" in that period was at 81 Broadway. When Washington was first elected president in 1789 there were four members of congress from New York as follows: John Lawrence, John Harling, Melancthon Smith and Peter W. Yates.

Girls Do the Courting.

Philippine natives believe in certain forms of women's rights, especially when it comes to choosing a husband. For instance, the Bontoc Igorrotes leave all the courting to the girls. While the worldly goods of the proposed father-in-law have some bearing upon the ardor of the young lady's wooing, still there are certain requirements which must be lived up to by the young man—namely, he must either have secured the head of an enemy or he must be in the employ of an American. In other words, he must either be a brave man—according to Igorrote standards—or he must be in a fair way to attain a good living.

Physiognomy.

Physiognomy—the art or science of telling a man's character from the cut of his face—is very old. The first systematic treatise on the subject is that attributed to Aristotle. The first printed works on the subject came out in 1470, since which time innumerable books on physiognomy have appeared. As to the comparative merits of physiognomy and phrenology, it is perhaps not too much to say that, as a key to character, the former beats the latter "all hollow." —New York American.

The Nature Lover.

Few adult persons can see nature. Most persons do not see the sun; at least, they have a very superficial seeing. The sun illuminates only the eye of the man, but shines into the eye and the heart of the child. The lover of nature is he whose inward and outward senses are still truly adjusted to each other, who has retained the spirit of infancy even into the era of manhood. —Emerson.

Large Game.

"For the making of billiard balls 500 elephants are needed every year," said the famous big game hunter in his lecture on India. "How strange," whispered Mrs. Winsome to the lady who sat next, "that people can teach such great beasts to do such delicate work!" —New York Post.

DAYS OF THE PRESS GANG.

Life in England's Old Georgian Navy Was Hard and Brutalizing.

There can be no question about it—life in the Georgian navy was insufferably hard. According to Mansfield, "it was brutalizing, cruel and horrible, the kind of life now happily gone forever, a kind of life which no man today would think good enough for a criminal. There was barbarous discipline, bad pay, bad food, bad hours of work, bad company."

This is putting the case strongly, and to one not born or bred to the sea it is exactly what it must have seemed. How then did they get men to enter the service? There were several ways in vogue. A captain on being appointed to a vessel, besides attending to her armament and equipping her for a voyage, had also the responsibility of furnishing her with a crew. He set about this by establishing a recruiting office ashore, generally at a sailors' tavern, and placarding the fact through the town and the surrounding country with the announcement that "Captain Blank, R. N., was now fitting out H. M. ship So and So for a cruise in foreign waters."

Following this came promises of unlimited rum, prize money and the king's bounty. When the gullible one came to the bait he was plied generously with drink and flattery, the king's gold jingled before his staring eyes and his befuddled brain filled with stories of the joys of life in the king's navy loudly bawled in the sea ballads of the day. That these joys were not unknown is shown by the fact that the bounty was at one time above £70 sterling.

When these gentle means failed to complete his number the captain sent a few boat loads of sturdy fellows ashore after dark in charge of an officer. This party or "press gang" proceeded to the resorts of merchant sailors and picked up any stragglers they found in the streets. In times of need no male between boyhood and old age was safe. —From "The Old Man-of-War's Man," by W. J. Aylward, in Scribner's.

The Wrist and the Arm.

The real wrist, as one might say, is the elbow joint. It is all hand, practically speaking, from that point to the tips of the fingers. When you turn your wrist it is the whole forearm that makes the twist, and every movement of the fingers is controlled by the muscles of the forearm. The power to turn the wrist to and fro at the elbow joint is possessed only by human beings and monkeys, and even the higher apes are not able to do the trick nearly as well as we can. In this movement the great biceps muscle in the upper arm is importantly concerned, its powerful action in turning the forearm outward being accountable for the fact that we are able to put so much more strength into a twist in that direction than the opposite way. Many of our most familiar tools indeed, such as the screwdriver, are made with reference to the anatomical peculiarity in question. It is for this reason and no other that all screws turn to the right.

Insulted By a Look.

A cat may look at the king, but apparently Breslau citizens may not look at Prussian policemen. A local photographer who for some time had had strained relations with a policeman stationed on the Dominikaner platz considered one day that the policeman was paying him pronounced official attention. So he stood still and looked straight at him "in a vexatious manner," according to the charge.

The policeman considered himself deeply insulted by the photographer's gaze and reported the affair. The offender was haled to court and a petty jury sentenced the luckless photographer to fourteen days' imprisonment for "insulting" an official. —London Express.

John Hancock.

John Hancock, the first signer of the declaration of independence, was the first aristocrat of Boston to join the revolutionary party. He was often chairman of liberty meetings. He was a member of the great and general court, deputy to the provincial congresses and presiding officer, also deputy to the continental congress and for two and a half years its president; the first governor of the commonwealth of Massachusetts and ten times re-elected.

Rules For Avoiding Indigestion.

Chew your food, quit overeating, quit washing the food into the stomach with liquids, quit eating the wrong combinations of food. Fermentation is not digestion; fermentation causes gas. Whenever you have gas you know that your digestion is not good. —Dr. David H. Reeder of Chicago.

LIVE WIRE VICTIMS.

Quickness in Rescuing Them From Contact Is Essential.

For his own benefit and that of his comrades the scout should know how to avoid accidents from electricity. The third rail is always dangerous, so do not touch it. Swinging wires of any kind may somewhere in their course be in contact with live wires, so they should not be touched.

A person in contact with a wire or rail carrying an electric current will transfer the current to the rescuer. Therefore he must not touch the unfortunate victim unless his own body is thoroughly insulated. The rescuer must act very promptly, for the danger to the person in contact is much increased the longer the electric current is allowed to pass through his body. If possible the rescuer should insulate himself by covering his hands with a mackintosh, rubber sheeting, several thicknesses of silk or even dry cloth. In addition, he should if possible complete his insulation by standing on a dry board, a thick piece of paper or even a dry coat. Rubber gloves and rubber shoes or boots are still safer, but they cannot usually be procured quickly.

If a live wire is under a person and the ground is dry it will be perfectly safe to stand on the ground and pull him off the wire with the bare hands, care being taken to touch only his clothing, and this must not be wet.

A live wire lying on a patient may be slipped off with safety with a dry board or stick. In removing the live wire from the person or the person from the wire do this with one motion, as rocking him to and fro on the wire will increase shock and burn.

A live wire may be safely cut with an ax or hatchet with dry wooden handle. The electric current may be short circuited by dropping a crowbar or poker on the wire. This must be dropped on the side from which the current is coming and not on the farther side, as the latter will not short circuit the current before it has passed through the body of the person in contact. Drop the metal bar; do not place it on the wire or you will then be made a part of the short circuit and receive the current of electricity through your body. —From "Boy Scouts of America."

LINCOLN AND THE DRAMA.

His Liking For Tragedy and His Curious Choice In "Hamlet."

Lincoln liked the drama. Perhaps if he had not liked it so much he would have lived many years longer, since otherwise he would hardly have put himself in Wilkes Booth's way on that fatal night in April, 1865. But he never pretended to any knowledge or connoisseurship whatever. Most of his life had been passed in a country town—and at a time when few great actors ever appeared in such small places as Springfield, Ill.

In a sale of the autographs, prints and playbills which belonged to the late Douglas Taylor there is a copy of a letter from Lincoln to James H. Hackett, dated Washington, Aug. 17, 1863, afterward printed in this form for private circulation, which contains the following:

I have seen very little of the drama. Some of Shakespeare's plays I have never read, while others I have gone over perhaps as frequently as any unprofessional reader. Among the latter are "Lea," "Richard III," "Henry VIII," "Hamlet" and especially "Macbeth." I think the soliloquy in "Hamlet" commencing, "Oh, my offense is rank," surpasses "To be or not to be."

No one but the modest Lincoln would have gone out of his way to tell a Shakespearean scholar that he had never read some of Shakespeare's plays. It is interesting to see that Lincoln's preference fixed itself upon the tragedies and the most serious of the histories. His choice of "Oh, my offense is rank" over "To be or not to be" seems rather strange. The soliloquy is the king's desperate bemoaning of his peridy and cruelty in murdering his brother. —New York Mail.

Believed Himself Invisible.

The first Lord Lytton was certainly daft. One morning while he was entertaining a large company at his country seat the guests were assembled at breakfast in the great hall when their host came in in an old dressing gown, poured out a cup of tea and disappeared without uttering a word to any one. Arthur Russell expressed his surprise to his next neighbor, who said:

"He believes himself to be invisible." And, sure enough, in a little time he appeared in his usual dress and saluted his friends as if he had not seen them since the previous night.

We've Got the Men.

In the event of such an improbable thing as an invasion of this country by a foreign nation or combination of nations the United States could, within a very short time, put into the field an army of 10,000,000 men and take care of it out of its own resources. —New York American.

Temperament.

"Why did the great pianist refuse to play?"

"Temperament. He got mad because his name was printed in smaller type on the program than the name of the piano on which he was to perform." —Chicago Record-Herald.

Exasperating.

"The very sound of some people's voices is exasperating." "Quite true, especially when they say 'Move on!' or 'Pay up!'" —Birmingham Age-Herald.

Assume in adversity a countenance of prosperity and in prosperity moderate thy temper. —Livy.

GRANT'S INFORMALITY.

It Rather Jolted the Dignity of the New Danish Minister.

Writing in Harper's Magazine, Mme. De Hegermann-Lindencrone gives an amusing account of the informal way in which her husband, the Danish minister, was received by President Grant at the White House.

"I have had my 'audience' (Johan calls it an 'audience'; I call it a 'call on Mrs. President Grant at the White House'). There was nothing formal or formidable about it. Mrs. Grant and I sat on the sofa together and talked generalities. Johan could not tell me what to expect. He said his audience with the president had been a surprise, unprecedented by anything he had ever seen."

"As it was his first post as minister he had pictured to himself that it would be somewhat like the ceremonies abroad—very solemn and impressive. Of course he was in his red gala uniform, with all his decorations. A hired landau brought him to the steps of the White House, which he mounted with conscious dignity. His written speech, nicely folded, he carried in his hand. In Europe there would have been a crowd of gorgeous chamberlains to receive him, but here he found a negro, who, on seeing him, hurriedly donned a coat and, with an encouraging wave of his hand, said, 'Come right here, sir.'"

"Johan was shown into a room and waited with patience until the president and Hamilton Fish came in. Mr. Grant was dressed in a gray walking suit and wore a colored tie, and Hamilton Fish, secretary of state, had evidently just come in from a walk, as his turned up trousers signified."

"Johan read his speech, and the president answered by reading, with some difficulty, a paper which Mr. Fish handed to him at the last moment. After this exchange of formalities Johan shook hands with the president, and without further ceremony he left the room, the door this time being opened by a white servant in black clothes. Mr. Fish at parting casually observed that the weather was fine."

The Queerest Salad.

A gourmet as he mixed a salad of chicory said: "The world's queerest salad, and possibly its most delicious one, is eaten by the Inuits of northwest Greenland. It is a salad of undigested moss from the stomach of a fresh killed reindeer, a bitter, sharp, stimulating salad, as good for the digestion as an electrical massage. The Inuits live almost exclusively on fish; hence salads are a favorite dish with them. But no salad in their minds compares with that which they wrest from the slaughtered reindeer. They say this salad is crispier, tenderer and more appetizing than any other, and they say it wards off indigestion. They fight for it, they spend their last penny on it, quite as the Indians do with firewater." —Exchange.

Big Beds.

Our ancestors would have had small respect for the modern single bed. We all know their old four posters with their ample room to spread, but these were quite cramped in comparison with some of the really big beds of the world. The great carved oak bed of the Saracen inn, at Ware, England, now a curiosity of Ryehouse, in Hertfordshire, measures twelve feet square and can hold four people comfortably. But no one on record seems to have wanted so much night room as Og, king of Bashan, whose iron bedstead had an area of 150 square feet and was eighteen and three-quarter feet long and eight feet wide. —London Saturday Review.

Character.

My character today is, for the most part, simply the resultant of all the thoughts I have ever had, of all the feelings I have ever cherished and all the deeds I have ever performed. It is the entirety of my previous years packed and crystallized into the present moment, so that character is the quintessence of biography, so that anybody who knows my character—and there is no keeping character under cover—knows what for forty or more years I have been doing and been thinking. Character is for the most part simply habit become fixed. —Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst.

Advice to His Doctor.

M. de Calonne, one of the last ministers of finance of Louis XVI., in his last illness asked for a pencil and wrote down the following words for the benefit of the doctor who attended him: "Docteur, vous m'avez assassiné! Si vous êtes un honnête homme, renoncez à la médecine pour jamais!" (Doctor, you have murdered me. If you are an honest man, give up the practice of medicine forever).

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