

UNTACTFUL ADAMS

The Pathetic Unpopularity of Our Second President.

HE WAS VAIN AND GLAD OF IT

Then, too, he had an obstinate personality that endowed him with a positive genius for putting himself in the worst possible light.

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 superciliousness" 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 Roanoke, whose tongue added the poison of ridicule to the bitterness of gall, called him "that political Malvolio."

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 clerk well known to fame who took snuff and loved his pipe was Samuel Wesley, rector of Epworth, Lincolnshire, from 1697 to 1735. He not only smoked his pipe, but sang its praises:

In these raw mornings, when I'm dressing pipe,
What can compare with a tobacco pipe?
Primed, cooked and touched, 't would better heat a man
Than the Bath tagots 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.

ART IN BOOKBINDING.

How Miss Lahey Won Mercier, the Master, For Her Tutor.

A woman who spent ten years and all the money she had in the world to become a skilled bookbinder is Marguerite Dugres Lahey. After studying with the most skilled tooler in Paris, she went to the world's greatest craftsman, M. Mercier.

M. Mercier was a man of large wealth and broad culture. He toiled for the love of it in his beautiful Paris home. His only pupil was his only son. No one in the Latin quarter had dared to penetrate M. Mercier's atelier. Undaunted, this American girl, armed with the "Life of Fragonard," by Pierre de Nolens, the toll of years and which had earned M. Domont's praise, went to M. Mercier's home.

The master was at his country seat. "Is this your work?" cried his son, when Miss Lahey had disclosed the volume. "Leave it with me. I will show it to father. It will please him to see such strong work."

"And now what do you want of me?" asked the master, when tremulously she called later for the book and Mercier had sent his praise.

"To work with you."

"Good! I take you!"

Three times a week for two summers she worked under Mercier's supervision, the master tactfully refusing the pupil's proffered money.

"Perfect!" he said, when she had finished Prosper Merimee's "Chronicle of Charles IX."

Before this triumph her gold tooling on a volume of Frederic Masson's "Napoleon and Women" procured for her the work of the late J. P. Morgan's library. This was in 1906—the turning point of her unique career. Here is the distinction of having designed, toolled and bound the cover of Mr. Morgan's personal copy of the catalogue of his world famous Chinese porcelain collection.

BREAK YOUR MATCH IN TWO.

A Suggestion That Became a Rule in Forest Fire Prevention.

One day late in June a man in a room on the seventh floor of an old fashioned brick building in Washington, holding a sheaf of telegrams in his left hand, was busy with his right taking red headed pins out of his mouth and sticking them into little irregular blocks of green ink scattered over a large white wall map of the United States.

"The big problem," he said, taking a fresh pin out of his mouth and turning sideways to his assistant, "is to get at the fellow who knows what conservation is but forgets to apply it when he lights up a cigar in the woods."

The assistant sat at a flat topped oak desk in the middle of the room, struggling through a mass of reports from field men in the endeavor to find suggestions for a set of fire prevention "rules."

"Well, what do you think of this?" he said, holding up a report from the Pacific northwest: "Break your match in two before you throw it away."

The other man took the last red pin into the map, reached for his pipe and lighted it.

"Let's see," he said. He snapped the burning match in his fingers. As the pieces dropped to the floor he uttered a sharp exclamation and tenderly licked the index finger of his left hand.

The assistant laughed. "That's the idea," he said. "You've got to blow it out before you break it or get burned."

So this suggestion became No. 1 of a set of ten rules which the forest service sent to 6,000 newspapers at the beginning of the summer's fire season in the national forests.—Outlook.

Sandwich's Wonderful Drum.

The eccentric Lord Sandwich had, according to his biographer, a strange passion for the thunder of big drums, for the gratification of which passion he had caused the entire side of one large music room in his mansion at Hinchinbrook to be covered with parchment, so that when it was struck with a massive stick it gave out a roar sufficient to terrify any sensitive soul. Many who heard this drum once struck positively declined ever to enter the apartment again lest they should be given a second performance.—St. Louis Republic.

Our Biggest Industry.

Measured by the number of persons employed, what is the country's biggest manufacturing industry? Lumbering, with its 48,000 sawmills, its \$1,000,000,000 investment in these plants and its employment of 906,000 men to operate them. This does not include, says the Nation's Business, the standing timber, which brings up the total investment to \$2,500,000,000.—Wall Street Journal.

Good Start.

"I'm going to start a comedy company on the road in a couple of weeks," said the theatrical manager.

"What play?" he asked the critic.

"Oh, I haven't that written yet, but I heard a good joke today that we can use in it."—Exchange.

Beat Him.

"My ancestors came over in the Mayflower," announced the man who prides himself on his blue blood.

"Huh!" snorted the man of red complexion. "Mine sailed in the ark!"—Dallas News.

Not Acquired.

N. Read—How you stutter! Did you ever go to a stammering school? J. Terry—N-o-o, sir. I d-d-d-o this n-n-n-ally.—Brooklyn Life.

To ease another's heartache is to forget one's own.—Abraham Lincoln.

LITERARY HYPOCRITES.

Here's a Writer Who Frankly Admits He's One of the Clan.

How many of us if we were really honest could make a list of great books that we have tried to enjoy and couldn't rise to?

We have for our own part a greater sin than that on our conscience. There are a number of books that we habitually pretend we have read which we have never read at all. They are great books, we suppose. At least we've heard a lot about them and read a lot about them, and people who assume to know say they are great books. Some of them we have tried to read and couldn't read, but we have pretended at one time or another to have read all of them. Here is our list of shame:

"Tom Jones." We have tried to read it four times and could never get five pages into it.

"The Vicar of Wakefield." We have attempted it at least six times and taken the count in the first round every time.

"Dante's Divine Comedy." We have been going against the Cary translation, which we hear is a good one, at least once a year for twenty years, and we can't get interested in it. Yet up to the present moment we have always pretended that we had read all of it and liked it.

"Don Quixote." We have read a little of it, and we know all the usual things that are said about it, and we even wrote some stuff about it once time, saying all the things that are usually said about it, for which we got \$25, but we don't really like it. It puts us to sleep; it seems long drawn out and clumsy to us.

"Boswell's Life of Johnson." We never read any of it. But we have pretended to and have pretended at times to quote incidents from it and have got away with the incidents.

We have always pretended that we were familiar with Walt Whitman's poetry, but as a matter of fact we never read anything through, excepting "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed."—Don Marquis in New York Sun.

THE TREE ON THE ROOF.

An Old Building Custom to Propitiate the Pagan Gods.

Did you ever stop to think why a bit of ornament in the form of conventionalized fruit, grain or flowers is almost invariably added to the gable of a Gothic building and very frequently to the gable of any other type of building? Do you know why the lightning rods of our grandfathers were branched at the ends like little trees and why the old fashioned Scandinavian, Danish and German contractors contrive to fasten a branch of a tree or an ear of corn to the topmost peak of a house that has progressed so far in the course of construction that the rafters are in place? Usually the contractor laughs sheepishly when he is asked about the matter, giving no other reason than that his father always provided the birds with some grain or offered them a green branch to rest in.

The fact is that the birds have nothing whatever to do with the custom. It is purely religious in its significance and entirely pagan. It had its beginning before Christianity was "inflicted on the barbarians of the north." The gable of a building was exposed to both wind and lightning, so the gods must be propitiated. For Wotan there was a small evergreen tree and for Thor there was a bunch of flowers. If the favor of the god had been invoked while the house was still incomplete, the ceremony must be finished the day the house was done by the burning of the little tree or the withered flowers. Then a bunch of grain was tied to the gable to feed the white horse of the death god, so that he would hasten on his journey without stopping at that particular house.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Homemade Gas.

Spanish peasants living in the cork oak region use homemade gas obtained from cork refuse. As described by one authority, the process consists in filling several large teakettles with the waste bark and placing each in turn over the fire during the evening, burning the volatile gas as it escapes from the spouts. The carbonized residue forms the fine black-brown pigment known to commerce as "Spanish brown."

His Golf Prize.

When the Duke of York was living in Edinburgh in 1691 he was told that a certain shoemaker named Paterson was the best golf player in Scotland, and him, the duke, later James II, chose as partner in a foursome, winning a huge stake. He promptly turned over the money to Paterson, who forthwith built a house in which the duke placed a stone with a Paterson crest bearing the motto, "Far and Sure."

Always Wrong.

Manager—I'm disgusted with the mistakes that new man makes! He gets everything bailed up. Assistant Manager—Oh, well, some of the best ones are that way at the beginning. He may bring home the bacon yet. Manager—He won't unless we send him for ham.—Judge.

His Motive.

Judge—Why did you commit a second theft after you had just been acquitted of the first one? Prisoner—I had to pay my lawyer, your honor.—Boston Transcript.

Their Work.

"What a noisy clatter children do keep up at the table!" "They curiously do put the din in stammer."—Baltimore American.

WARTIME NURSES

The Great Battle of Mercy Won by Florence Nightingale.

WORK OF THE GREAT PIONEER.

She Changed the Military Hospital From a Shambles into a Life Saving Station and Became the Mother of Modern Nursing Methods.

Florence Nightingale, whose death occurred in 1911 at the advanced age of ninety, was a revolutionist in the most splendid sense of that term. She it was who revolutionized nursing to that extent that she may be considered as the mother of that profession.

Previous to her entrance into the field the sick were the victims of callous ignorance and grasping indifference, but Florence Nightingale introduced the trained, skilled and gentle hospital nurse, district nurse and military nurse of today.

Certainly to few women—and to few men—has it been given to serve their fellows so splendidly and so effectively. Florence Nightingale found chaos in military hospitals; she created order and all that order implies.

After the battle of Alma, in the Crimean war, the military hospital at Scutari was like a dirty shambles. Wounded men died in hundreds in the midst of equatorial and vermin. Crowds of poisonous flies buzzed ceaselessly above the sick; medical supplies were inadequate; proper food could not be had; there were no arrangements for washing or sanitation.

The plight of the wounded soldiers, herded together in this hotbed of pestilence, was worse than if they had been left upon the battlefield. "Are there no devoted women among you," wrote Russell, the famous war correspondent of the London Times, "able and willing to go forth and administer to the sick and suffering soldiers in the east in the hospitals at Scutari? Are none of the daughters of England at this hour of need ready for such a work of mercy?"

This appeal was answered almost instantly. Sidney Herbert was then at the head of the war office, and when the authorities began to be inundated by letters from women of all classes anxious to respond to the call Mr. Herbert's thoughts at once turned to the lady who was in his opinion the one woman capable of organizing and taking out to the Crimea a staff of nurses. The woman was Florence Nightingale.

Miss Nightingale was thirty-four at the time and from her childhood she had devoted herself to the study of hospital nursing and hospital management. In 1840 she had enrolled herself as a volunteer nurse at the first training school for sick nurses established in modern times—the Deaconess institution at Kaiserswerth, on the Rhine. When the war broke out there was no woman in all England better fitted than Florence Nightingale to give to England's soldiers comfort and relief.

Mr. Herbert wrote to Miss Nightingale and asked her if she would go out and supervise the whole thing. His letter crossed one from her, for on the same day Florence Nightingale had written to the war office offering her services in the hospital at Scutari. The offer showed splendid courage.

Within a week of making her resolve, Miss Nightingale had her first contingent of nurses in marching order. She had selected thirty-eight nurses to accompany her, and they arrived at Scutari on the day before the battle of Inkerman. And without a moment's loss of time that lady in chief and her staff set to work to cleanse the Augean stable which they found waiting for them at the great barracks hospital.

In a short time the place was entirely renovated. Everything was scrubbed, old clothes were burned, a kitchen and laundry were established, and the place became a comfortable, well organized hospital. Florence Nightingale superintended everything. She worked as hard at the routine and organizing as at the nursing itself. At all hours of the day and night she would walk silently, lamp in hand, through the wards, giving a word of comfort here or instruction there. She saved the lives literally of hundreds.

Wounded men, so horribly mangled that doctors gave them no hope, and other nurses could not bring themselves to touch them, were saved from death by the tireless care of this one wonderful woman. The men worshiped the very shadow of this "lady with the lamp."

The supreme womanliness of the work of Miss Nightingale made her the idol of the English people. Three monarchs paid their tribute to her. Remembered by royalty she was not forgotten by the people. On her return, shattered in health, from Scutari, \$250,000 was presented to her by a grateful nation. She used it all for the founding of the Nightingale Training Home for Nurses at St. Thomas' hospital, England, which is practically the parent of modern training homes throughout the world, just as Florence Nightingale was the mother of all present day nurses.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Spiritual Victory.

If after victory on the field of battle we fail to win spiritual victory and to place ideals where they truly should be the heroism of our soldiers will have done no more than postpone our own catastrophe for a few years.—M. Paul Sabatier.

Duty makes us do things well, but love makes us do them beautifully.—Phillips Brooks.



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Effects of Frost.

An egg expands when it is frozen and breaks its shell. Apples contract so much that a full barrel will shrink until the top layer is a foot below the chine. When the frost is drawn out the apples assume their normal size and fill up the barrel again. Some varieties are not appreciably injured by being frozen if the frost is drawn out gradually. Apples will carry safely in a refrigerator car while the mercury is registering fully 20 degrees below zero. Potatoes, being so largely composed of water, are easily frozen. Once touched by frost they are ruined.—Northwest Trade.

Cevillish.
In Japan devilfish weighing 200 pounds are sometimes caught. These

fish are amphibious, they are often seen wabbling on their tentacles like giant spiders in search of patches of sweet potatoes. The natives kill them with clubs. In the water they are caught in jars lowered to the bottom, which the octopus enters, thinking them a good retreat from which to catch his food.

Discouraging.
After a mother has taught her son not to keep his hands in his pockets, to turn his toes out and not to sniff his nose or smack his lips when he eats, it must be discouraging to hear people remark a month after his marriage that his wife made him—Wichita Eagle.