ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(By John Wesley Hill)

Providential men are priceless. Their careers are the beacons of human progress. Their thoughts and deeds are the richest legacy of mankind. They are lights kindled upon the dome of the centuries, illumining the mental and moral atmosphere of the world. History is the story of their epochal deeds; and civilization the lengthened shadow of their exalted souls. Serving most, they are the greatest. They come at great intervals, representing vast issues, sounding imperishable institutions and wielding an immeasurable influence. Only about once in hundred years does some solitary prophet stand in our midst unannounced, proclaim his message as mysteriously as he arrived, leaving behind a memory half mortal and half myth.

Victor Hugo says, "The summit of the human mind is the ideal to which God descends and many ascends. In each age, three or four men of genius undertake the ascent. From below, the world's eyes follow them. How small the are, says the crowd."

But on they go, by scarped cliff and yawning abyss, through storm and cloud and night, until they reach the summit, where they catch great secrets from the lips of God. We must look yonder, above the cloud line of history, if we would see them. Their's is a select circle of picked personalities. There is no method for striking the balance between Abraham and Moses, or Homer and Shakespeare, or Cromwell and Wellington, or Washington and Lincoln!

They were providential men. It is not easy to recognize a prophet. They do not wear the same robe nor work in the same role. The sheepskin mantle of John the Baptist is no more necessary to a modern prophet than is the bow of Ulysses to a modern soldier. Prophets come upon different missions; one as a patriarch like Abraham; another as a law giver like Moses; another as a warrior like Joshua; another as a disturber and avenger like Elijah; another as a reformer like Luther, another as regenerator like Wesley; another as a patriot like Washington, and another as an emancipator and deliverer like Lincoln! Some one has said that "A saint is a good man dead one hundred years, cannonaded then but canonized now." It was a Galilean who said, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country." This is the history of all prophets. Stones have been their bed and bread. Lincoln was no exception to the rule. In his day he was slandered and maligned, criticized and cartoned, assailed and assassinated. Thus it has ever beep. Aristides was banished because he was known as "Aristides the Just." A monument now stands upon the spot from which Bruno started heavenward in a chariot of fire. John Bunyan penned The Pilgrim's Progress, in a dungeon. Wellington was mobbed in the streets of London on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. Scipio Africanus, who defeated Hannibal at Zama, was arraigned by a factious mob and condemned to death. He repelled his accusers by reminding the people that it was an anniversary of the battle of Zama, and then he was permitted to go into voluntary exile, where he died.

Yesterday we called Washington a fastidious aristocrat, Lincoln a buffoon, and McKinley a designing imperialist. Today we set these men on Olympus with the gods and speak of them as patriots and prophets. For living prophets we have epithets; for dead ones, epitaphs. About living prophets we have opinions, about dead ones we have judgments; but they must be dead a long time—so dead as not to hear one word of praise, so dead that what we see is a specter rather than a palpitating personality. They must be dim, far away shadows, coming and going at midnight, as at midday, taking up no space, disputing no ambitions, contesting no claims, awakening no sentiments, so dead that we can get credit for magnanimity in the expression of deferred gratitude; so dead that where we begrudge bread we may lavish beatitude. It is too soon to measure Lincoln's real greatness. We must stand back from the mountain if we would behold its magnitude! The workmen on the walls of St. Peter's could not see the full glory of that temple which sprang from the brain of Michael Angelo and crowned the hills of Rome. Neither can we fully appreciate the symmetry and magnificence of the great personality that has risen in our midst and blinded our eyes with the brilliancy of his achievements—a man in whom the great qualities blended like the commingling of many streams—patience without indolence; meekness without stupidity, courage without rashness; caution without fear; justice without vindictiveness; piety without pretension; reason without infidelity, and faith without superstition—elements so mixed in him that great nature might stand up and say, "This is a man!" Ay, and such a man that "Taken all in all, we shall not see his like again."

It is difficult to analyze the character of Abraham Lincoln. The soundings of a fathomless sea cannot be taken. We can only catalogue his leading characteristics. In mind, practical reason; in will, firmness; in moral nature, integrity; in religious duty, loyalty to duty; in emotional nature, love of family, fidelity to friends and sympathy with humanity; in faith, New Testament Christianity; in manner, simplicity; in bearing dignity; in scholarship, a mastery of English and of statecraft; in the abiding motive for action, patriotism; in poise, absolute courage; in general make-up, preternatural endurance, and "in all things a man." There was nothing artificial about him. He had no uniform for state occasions. It was his desire to seem to be what he was, and to be what he was willing to seem to be. He was always simple, plain, straight-forward, outspoken, generous Abraham Lincoln, honest in thought, honest in heart, honest in life, towering in the greatness of his integrity above the baser instincts and lower motives of life, clothed in the simple light of sincerity and crowned with the jewels of exalted manhood. His genius was that of common sense; common sense in action, common sense in thought, common sense enriched by experience and unhindered by fear. He was a common man, expanded into proportions of a giant. He came up from the common people and was loved and honored by them with a devotion rarely bestowed upon mortal man. And all this was so American, so instinctive and illustrative of the realities and potencies of American democracy. Why, it really seems as if the angel of American democracy had with set purpose fashioned the child, the boy and the youth, so that when he should become his country's hero, taking his stand upon the lofty pedestal of history to receive for ages the homage of the civilized world, the majestic figure should stand forth as the supreme incarnation of America's social institution. And there he stands today, with democracy stamped upon his every feature, saturating his speech, vibrant in his every act, so democratic that America can no more forget democracy than it can tear to pieces the most glorious pages of its history or bury in oblivion him whom its very life forbids it to forget.

And so, in the order of Divine Providence, there comes a strange fantastic, grotesque man from the tangled forests of the frontier, who strode upon the stage with the air of a Colossus, in whose presence the most conspicuous men of the time faded into comparative insignificance, while he demonstrated the glory of American manhood and by his devotion to the flag of representative democracy, secured and guaranteed the perpetuity of the meaning and mission of that flag. And what a glorious flag it is! The flag of Washington, Jefferson and Hamilton, the flag of Liscoln and Grant and Cleveland and McKinley, in the story of our nation's greatness. It is no gala day banner, but a solemn signal, the symbol of national authority. It means all that our civilization means, that the school house is the bulwark of American liberty, the ballot box the ark of American patriotism, and the home the cornerstone of American civilization. It means protection to our citizens, at home and abroad, in St. Petersburg, Pekin, Tokyo and Constantinople, on every sea and every land beneath the stars. It means that anarchy and mobs are un-American, that dynamite is the weapon of the coward, and that person and property, life and liberty shall be inviolate among the people above whom it floats. It means that free education is the fortress of our free institutions, and that any assault upon our educational system is an assault upon the nation's life. It means that there is a legal remedy for every wrong; that reason is more to be desired than force, and that arbitration and conciliation must be adopted in the final adjudication of the the controversies arising between labor and capital. It means the sanctity of our courts, the ultimate unit of absolutism of America, that the scales of justice shall stand between weakness and power, want and wealth, and guarantee simple equity to all. It means the right of property possession, that confiscation is incongruous with the safeguards of the constitution, and that whatever progress is made in the social world must be evolutionary rather than revolutionary. It means national honesty; that there will be no knavery in politics, no betrayal of a political trust, nothing false or fictitious in business or finance, and that individualism and competition shall not be destroyed by collectivism and monopoly. It means national unity, that we are the citizens of one nation. North, East South and West, and that bound together in such an indissoluble political compact, we stand for the peaceful adjustment of all differences at home and abroad. It means national hospitality, that we welcome to our shores all refugees from oppression, that our fireside is broad enough for every man who loves the flag; it also means that every gate should be locked against the representatives of anarchy and revolution, that every law should be enforced against sedition and crime, that our institutions must be honored and revered by all, that we have room for but one class of citizenship in this country, viz: American citizens, and that foreign instincts conflicting with American ideals must be left across the sea.

This is the meaning of the American flag, that flag which is the symbol of liberty and equality, and which is the solemn signal of the unity and supremacy of the republic the republic which is the monument of its defender and savior, Abraham Lincoln. Every stripe which composes it, and every star which shines in its canopy of blue is an immortal testimony to the incomparable service and deathless influence of Abraham Lincoln in the sacred cause of triumphant democracy. Truly he was God's elect. Circumstances did not create him; evolution did not evolve him; accident did not make him; history cannot explain him. Today, we pay tribute to his memory; the politician, blazing the way for freedom through the tangled forests of the frontier, the law maker in legislature and congress, pursuing his convictions with unflinching zeal; the exalted statesman, excelling at the points of their greatness the most experienced and sagacious men of his time; the great president, sobbing amid the horrors of a bloody war; the unwavering chieftain, directing the issues of that war with the infallible instinct of victory, and last scene of all in this mournful drama, the Christian martyr, wrapped in the flag to which he had rendered the "last full measure of devotion;" statesmen his eulogists, nations his pallbearers, humanity his mourners; his sacred dust forever guarded by the twin angels of his immortality, liberty and nationality.

In Some Town Over There is a Baby Who Can Live If You Say the Word

By Bruce Barton.

I sometimes picture it to myself this way.

Suppose that somewhere down town in New York, or in Chicago or St. Louis, there were a huge auction room, where the lives of men and of little children were on sale.

Suppose that every day the auctioner's red flag hung out as a sign that on that day so many men were to be allowed to die; so many women; and so many little ones.

Allowed to die, just for the lack of a few dollars. Just for the want of the little sum that would ransom them.

Suppose that were the case, I say to myself; could I possibly stay away? Is there any argument I could give to myself that would keep me from going there day after day, and buying with all my power? Buying men and women and children, at that auctioneer's block, with the dollars that would mean life to them?

It's not a very pretty picture; yet compared to the pictures that I have seen from stricken Armenia and Syria, and all the empires of the Near East, it is almost beautiful.

For men and women and children are dying over there—dying for the lack of sums that seem pitifully, miserably small.

I am not rich, and I have all the little worries that are common to us middle class folks. Worries about next year's income tax; and about the future of business, and where my income will go to if such and such things take place.

But I have a worse worry than that. The worry for what my conscience will say to me, if in this hour of the world's tribulation I do not do my share.

The worry lest in my ears for the rest of my life there should be the cry of a man, or a woman, or a little child whose life I might have saved.

For they are crying over there today, stretching out their weak, tired arms. And it's a marvellous thought to me, that modest as my income is, it's big enough to let me save the life of one of them—big enough to give me a man, or a woman, or a child who will never cease to be thankful that I did my part.

They are waiting for our answer over there: yours and mine: A poor stricken man broken by the war; and a woman, weak from her struggle and terror; and a baby who can live and grow up into useful manhood or womanhood, if only you say the word.

HOW WOMEN BREAK DOWN

By overeating.

By turning night into day; too complex living.

By using more force each day than nature generates.

By taking life too seriously—all work and no play.

By hurrying, worrying, fretting and straining to keep up appearances.

By always reading medical advertisements and medical books which describe your symptoms.

By drawing more out of the physical bank than is deposited, which results in physical bankruptcy.

By not taking a little outdoor recreation every day. The bow always on the stretch soon loses its spring and elasticity.

Now is the time of year when hand and face lotions and creams are much needed. The violet cream that Silverthorn's sell is very nice and will please you. They also prepare and sell many creams and robbing creams that are fine. Their compholstrum for burns, sore lips and sore throat is a fine preparation. 2-10-3t

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The Observer's Classified Ads.

WANTED—Miscellaneous.

WANTED—Position as bookkeeper. Inquire Observer. 2-11-4tp

TO TRADE—Driving horse for work horse. Call Black 1642. 2-11-tf

WANTED—Concrete gravel. Sample load necessary to make bargain on. Will take any amount. 2-8-tf J. L. MARS

WANTED—Girl or woman to assist in kitchen. Grande Ronde hospital. 2-6-tf

WANTED—Clean cotton rags suitable to wipe machinery, 2 cents a pound. Observer office.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Three-room house furnished. 1902 Adams. 2-11-3tp

APARTMENT FOR RENT—Three rooms, ground floor, furnished, water, light, fuel for noon meal, two persons. Apply evenings 704 Washington avenue. 2-10-3tp

FOR RENT—A three-room furnished bungalow. 1211 W avenue. Phone R 3441. 2-11-tf

FOR RENT—One furnished room, $7.00 per month. Phone B 1642. 2-6-tf

FOR RENT—Furnished housekeeping rooms. Phone Black 831. 2-4tf

FOR RENT—Store room, steam heated, good location for grocery or other business. Cheap rent and long lease to right party. H. C. Lawyer, Darland hotel. 2-1-tf

FOR RENT—Nice cosey rooms from $12 up. 1510 Adams. Phone R3901. 1-18-tf

FOR RENT—One furnished room. Phone B 1642. 2-6-tf

Have the label, which stands for fair working conditions, put on your job printing. The Observer is one of the two shops in town observing union principles. Phone Main 37.

FOR SALE—Miscellaneous

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FOR SALE—Timothy hay in the barn. Call Farmers 164. 2-11-2tp

FOR SALE—Improve your yield of wheat by seeding No. 1 Red Chaff Club, recleaned with heavy blast of wind. Also white seed oats, absolutely clean. J. E. Chemault, La Grande, Ore. 2-11-6tp

FOR SALE—Rhode Island Red eggs. 75c a setting. Phone Black 1642. 2-11-tf

FOR SALE—Setting hens, day old chicks and hatching eggs from select matings of Blue Rock Hybrids. My egg record open for inspection. C. S. Shultz, 1904 East N ave. Phone Black 3961.

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FOR SALE—Any one interested in close-in property call 902 Main ave. between 1 and 5 p. m. or phone Red 951. 2-7-tf

FOR SALE—One 10-room apartment house. See Mrs. Zuber. It sure is a good buy. 1-10-3t

FOR SALE—5-room furnished house, paved street. Phone Red 672 between 6 and 7 evenings. 2-10-4tp

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—Gold ring with a black stone and three Links Odd Fellows emblems, engraved. Return to Observer and receive reward. 2-11-3tp

FOUND—Man's silver watch between viaduct and Palmer mill. 1-10-tf

FOUND—One pair glasses. Inquire at city library. 1-10-tf

LOST—Wool belt. Navy blue with green and gray stripe. Return to Observer or call Black 841. 2-8-tf

The Observer furnishes and prints Butter Wrappers.

They Fought to a Finish

and never wavered the soldiers and sailors who defended our honor.

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R. J. GREEN, Attorney at Law—Practice in all state and federal courts. Office La Grande National Bank Building.

CRAWFORD & EAKIN—T. H. Crawford and Robert S. Eakin, Attorneys a law. Practice in all the courts of the state and the United States. Office, West-Jacobson Bldg., rooms 9-10-17, La Grande, Oregon.

ARCHITECTS

C. E. MILLER—Architect, room 27, New Foley Bldg. Phone Red 1871.

PIANO TUNER.

JAS. M. DALY—Piano Tuner. References, Mrs. G. S. Birnie, Mrs. R. J. Green, Miss Miller. Phone Mrs. R. J. Kitchen for appointment. Will be in La Grande in May. 2-4-1m.p

OSTEOPATHIC.

DR. MARGARET INGLE, Osteopathi Physician—Specializing in diseases of women and children. Hours 10 to 12 a. m., 1 to 6 p. m., and by appointment. Phones—Office Red 1761, residence, Black 1231. 37 New Foley building.

VETERINARY

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Fraternal Directory.

WOODMEN OF THE WORLD—La Grande Camp No. 169 meets every first and third Monday at Eagles Hall. All visiting neighbors welcome. Dues payable at the office of the clerk, New Foley Bldg., 9 a. m., to 5 p. m.
J. J. MURCHISON, C. C.
R. J. KITCHEN, Clerk

MODERN WOODMEN OF AMERICA—La Grande Camp No. 7703 meets on the first and third Thursday evenings of each month in the K. of P. Hall. Visiting neighbors welcome.
L. J. MUNHALL, V. C.
W. F. ASHMAN, Clerk

O. E. S.—Hope Chapter No. 13, O. E. S. holds stated communications the second and fourth Wednesday of each month. Visiting members cordially welcomed.
SADIE E. GIVEN, W. M.
MARY A. WARNICK, Sec.

K. of L. of Security—Mt. Emily Council, No. 246, meets the second and fourth Monday evening at 8 o'clock at Eagle hall. Visiting members are welcome.
ABE HARRIS, Fin'l. Sec.
J. K. FITZGERALD, Pres.

A. F. & A. M.—La Grande Lodge No. 41, A. F. & A. M. holds regular meetings first and third Saturday at 7:30 p. m. Cordial welcome to all Masons.
C. M. HUMPHREYS, W. M.
A. C. WILLIAMS, Sec.

F. O. EAGLES, AERIE NO. 259.—Meet every Friday night, at Eagles Hall. Visiting members welcome.
Z. LILLY, W. P.
A. J. LARM, Sec.

REBEKAHS—Crystal Lodge No. 50 meets every Tuesday evening in the I. O. O. F. Hall. All visiting members are invited to attend.
LETTIE McGOLDRICK, N. G.
LUCIA HALEY, Rec. Sec.

L. O. O. M.—La Grande Lodge No. 850, Loyal Order of Moose holds regular meetings every Wednesday night at 8 p. m. in Eagle hall next to Elks' Bldg. on Washington Ave. Visitors always welcome. Dues payable at Young's Sweets.
W. C. HANSEN, Dic.
HARRY SWART, Sec.

B. P. O. E. ELKS, La Grande Lodge No. 433. Lodge meets each Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Home and club privileges cheerfully extended to all Brother Elks.
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HENRIETTA GHARST, Oracle
MARY L. WEST, Recorder.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS—Red Cross Lodge No. 27 meets every Monday night in Castle Hall (K. of P. hall). A Pythian welcome to all visiting Knights.
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A classified ad will bring results.