

HE SHALL NOT DIE

A True Story in the Life of President Lincoln

By F. A. MITCHEL

Though the following incident in the career of the martyr president is a story, it is not a product of the imagination. Indeed, there are certain phases in this remarkable man's life that seem too sacred to be made the subject of inventive literature. Nor is there any need for invention. It would only weaken instead of strengthen the story. This one of many merciful acts of Mr. Lincoln is given just as it occurred.

The opening of the war brought a host of benevolences. Many persons who had been prosperous, rich, found all they had possessed swept away, some of them being overburdened with debt they could not pay. Among these was a clergyman, a Mr. Lockett, who was too old to recover from the misfortunes the war brought upon him. He was at the time living in Missouri, though he had been in charge of churches in many of the western states. He had been able to gather a small sum to provide for him in his old age, and now the great crisis that had come upon the nation took this away from him. He was too old to secure a pastorate and too old to engage in any kind of business.

A niece living in Memphis, Tenn., hearing of his pitiable condition, invited him to visit her. He did so while in a condition of deep depression. His misfortunes coming when his physical forces were breaking away may have affected his mind. At any rate, it is impossible to conceive of a man involving himself as he did while in full possession of his faculties.

Memphis was then in possession of the Federal forces under command of General Hurlbut. It was to the in-



"YOUR FATHER'S LIFE IS SAFE."

terest of the United States government at the time to prevent supplies from being carried through the lines to the Confederates, and for this purpose spies were employed to watch for persons engaged in such traffic. The spy system, notwithstanding that it has figured largely in romance, is not likely to elicit those who are inspired by the highest motives.

Some of these unscrupulous persons found a victim in the old clergyman. Hearing him lament the loss of his fortune, they suggested a way for him to recover it. They told him that the southern people were greatly in need, among other things, of quinine and percussion caps and would pay enormous prices for these articles. Whether Mr. Lockett was aware that such traffic was forbidden by the United States government and that the punishment attached to it was death does not appear. And even if he was his being drawn into such a trap is hardly conceivable in a man of sound mind.

Of course the men who induced him to ship the supplies stopped them before they had crossed the lines, and Mr. Lockett was arrested. That a court martial should have found him guilty of furnishing aid and comfort to the enemy is not surprising. Courts martial are makeshifts in wartime, just as Justice Lynch is used in newly settled countries overrun by criminals, where the protection afforded by the law of the land tends rather to defeat than to establish justice. But for any body of United States officers to condemn a broken down old man to death for such an offense is to say the least unmerciful. Nevertheless Mr. Lockett, who had spent his life preaching the gospel, was sentenced to be shot.

The scene of our story now shifts to the capital of the nation, where every one from the president down to the scullion in the kitchen was absorbed in the great struggle between the north and south. A gentleman and his wife who had come from the west alighted from a train and pursued their way through streets crowded with army wagons, soldiers, pedestrians, marching cavalrymen and artillery to the house of representatives. Arriving there, the gentleman sent his card to a member of congress—Voorhees of Indiana, afterward a senator of national reputation. The card bore the name of Bullitt, a resident of the congressional district represented by Mr. Voorhees. The latter arose from his desk, joined Mr. Bullitt, with whom he was well acquainted, and the two went to the anteroom, where Mrs. Bullitt awaited them. They found her very much agitated, and she greeted Mr. Voorhees with the words:

"My father is to be shot the day after tomorrow."

It behooved the congressman to do what he could for the unfortunate woman, though it hardly seemed possible

to build the turmoil of a great war at the capital, where it was being directed, to do anything. The matter of supplying aid and comfort to the enemy was a crime as serious as giving information of military movements, which is punishable with the halter.

The only material at hand with which to work was documents that Mr. and Mrs. Bullitt had collected where the latter's father was known, testifying to his good character. Nevertheless Mr. Voorhees entered heartily into the cause of his friends. Senators are supposed to be more powerful in Washington than representatives, and Mr. Voorhees applied to the two senators from Indiana, Hendricks and Lane, to go with him to the president and intercede with him for the life of Mr. Lockett. Senator Lane refused to ask for a pardon for any man who had been guilty of supplying the Confederates with quinine and ammunition, Senator Hendricks was more tractable and consented. But later woman's more impressive nature came in to break down the sternness of Senator Lane. He mentioned to his wife the case of the application of a daughter to save the life of her father, and the good lady sent her husband to seek Mr. Voorhees to eat his words and help on the work.

It was not till the next morning, twenty-four hours before the death sentence was to be carried into effect, that the party went to the White House to lay siege to the tender-hearted president. Mr. Lincoln received them without delay, and Senator Lane stated the case. The president listened patiently, but there did not seem to be anything in the case to separate it from others of like character. But when Senator Lane had finished Mrs. Bullitt began such an appeal as a daughter would make in behalf of an aged father. Before she had finished Mr. Lincoln turned to Senator Lane and asked:

"Lane, what did you say this man's name is?"

"Lockett," replied Senator Lane.

"Henry M. Lockett?"

"Yes," Mrs. Bullitt answered eagerly.

"My father's name is Henry M. Lockett."

"Did your father preach in Springfield years ago?"

"He did."

"This is strange," said the president thoughtfully. "I have often heard him preach, and I've often been mistaken for him. He is a tall, dark complexioned man, very like me. And he is to be shot tomorrow. No, no; there shall be no shooting or hanging in this case! There must be something the matter with him or he would not have been caught in such an affair as this." Then, turning to Mrs. Bullitt, he added, "I don't know how I shall proceed in the matter, but you may rest assured, my child, that your father's life is safe."

Before the party left him Mr. Lincoln summoned a telegraph operator from an adjoining room and dictated a dispatch to General Hurlbut at Memphis directing him to suspend the execution of Henry M. Lockett and await further orders in the case.

This sudden change from death to life in the case of her father was a great strain on Mrs. Bullitt. She became hysterical, crying and laughing by turns. Nor was the incident without effect upon the others of the party, some of whom were in tears. The president showed his own emotion by repeating to himself:

"Henry M. Lockett! No, no; there shall be no shooting in this case."

This is only one of the many similar incidents that occurred in that historic executive mansion during those four years of civil war. Viewing them now at a distance of half a century, they stand out resplendent acts of mercy at a time when all else was barbaric cruelty. They were preparing the way for a great change in the methods of nations as to the treatment of those who either justly or unjustly have raised a hand against an established government and failed. When the struggle ended, unlike similar cases where government was established on the earth, not a drop of blood of even the leaders of the movement was shed.

Mr. Lockett when released, though straitened for means, insisted on going to Washington to thank the president for his life. He went to Mr. Voorhees, called him from his desk and in the same room where the old man's daughter had made her appeal thanked him and asked him to take him to Mr. Lincoln that he might also express his gratitude to him. But, though the president had time to spare a life, he had not time to be thanked therefor. The call was never made.

It is now nearly half a century since the man who while in the midst of bloodshed never lost an opportunity of showing mercy fell by the bullet of an assassin, yet with every year the remembrances of those acts grows dearer to the American people. The secretary of war, the generals, all dreaded Mr. Lincoln's pardons, considering them subversive to discipline and detrimental to the cause. But, while we have ceased to be stirred by accounts of the battles, we are ever ready to listen to the tales of the president's pardons.

"A Tempest in a Teapot."

The expression "a tempest in a teapot" is one of great antiquity. Its first historic appearance is in the "De Legibus" of Cicero, who quotes it as a common saying. "Gratidius raised a tempest in a tangle, as the saying is." The French form, "Une tempeste dans une verre d'eau" in a tempest in a glass of water, was first applied to the disturbances in the Geneva republic near the end of the seventeenth century. In England the word "teapot" was substituted for the sake of alliteration. It is said to have been popularized by Lord North, who employed it to characterize the outbreak of the American colonists against the tax on tea.

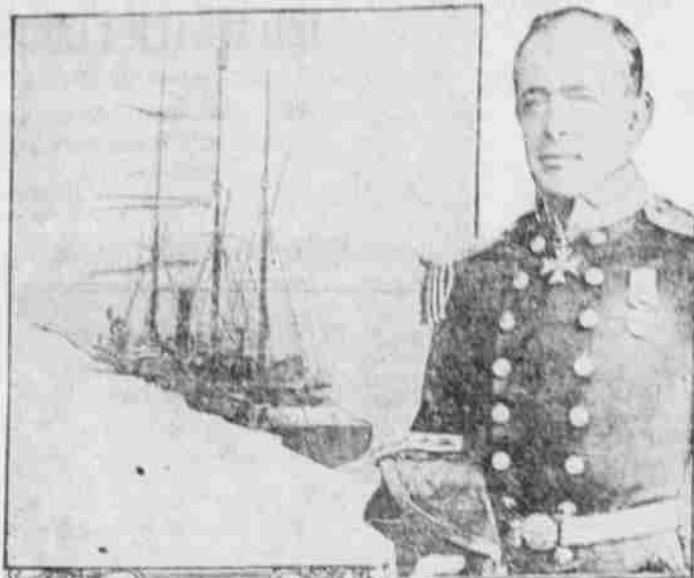
Brute.

"Mary," he pleaded, "will you please quit talking for a few minutes? I'm trying to think."

"I can talk and think," she peevishly replied. "I can't understand why you are not able to listen to me and try to think."

"I can. Only the things I think while I'm listening to you don't get me anything."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Captain Scott and His Party, Victims of Antarctic Blizzard



Photos by American Press Association.

THE entire world is still regretting the terrible fate of Captain Robert F. Scott, the English antarctic explorer, who perished in a blizzard with four of his companions after they had located the south pole and were on their way back to their ship, the Terra Nova. The illustrations show Captain Scott, his ship and some of his party in the cabin of the Terra Nova. At the end of the table sits Captain R. F. Scott. To the left at the back are E. L. Atkinson, E. W. Nelson and B. C. Day. In front of these are three men; the one half standing at the back is R. F. Priestley, the one below him H. E. De P. Rennick, and just in front of the latter is Lieutenant E. R. G. Evans, second in command. The bearded figure in front of him is T. G. Taylor. The figure wearing the tasseled cap is C. S. Wright. The figures seated on the opposite side of the table are, from left to right: V. L. A. Campbell, E. A. Wilson (one of the victims, who was chief of scientific staff), G. C. Simpson (with pipe), F. R. H. Drake, T. Crean (wearing hat), W. M. Bruce, F. DeLongman and H. H. Pennell. The figures at the back, also from left to right are: D. G. Lillie, C. H. Meares (with cap), G. M. Leick, L. E. H. (other member of victims) and A. Cherry Garrard.

Tough.
"How do you account for this man?" And he held aloft a lump of coal which he had just dug out from the stowage chest.
"I suppose the poor covey sometimes stray along the railroad track," he said. "But you must admit the steak is tender."

He thumped the coal with his knife.
"Yes," he said harshly, "incomotive tender."

And the meat progressed in silence.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Minimum Wage.
Willie—Paw, what does the minimum wage mean?
Paw—It means the smallest amount you can pay for a certain amount of work, my son.

Maw—It really means what a married woman receives from her husband. Now you go to bed, Willie.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

No Sale.
Hubby had arrived home while wife slept, and at the breakfast table there was a cold silence.
"A penny for your thoughts, my love," he darlingly ventured.
"For 2 cents I'd tell you what I think of you," she retorted, with a dangerous gleam in her eye.
He did not raise his bid.—Boston Transcript.

German English.
An enterprising business house in a German city sends circulars advertising its wares to guests at the various hotels which are patronized by Americans. One of these printed documents contains this paragraph: "English is spoken and fluent understood by ready lady and men sellers, and the stranger visitor to inspect our many ware friendly invite. The honored clients out of America can here find in the lowest list prices most desiring articles for taking home."

Out of Our Wealth and Power Has Grown a Grave Danger



By THOMAS NELSON PAGE, Author

WE see new conditions springing up about us on all sides, and the question is, "How shall we adapt ourselves to them?" It appears almost certain that some changes will come, and, indeed, must come, which may be VITAL TO OUR FUTURE WELFARE. It behooves all thoughtful men to consider, with all their power, the steps which we shall take in the solution of these vital problems which confront us.

OUT OF OUR WEALTH AND POWER HAVE GROWN THE GREATEST DANGERS TO OUR WELFARE AS A PEOPLE, AS IS THE HISTORY OF ALL REPUBLICS.

Well may we pray as in the old liturgy, "In all times of our tribulation and in all times of our wealth, good Lord, deliver us," for we see NEW PERILS CONFRONTING US, which, if our forefathers saw at all, they saw but dimly, and the greatest peril is one which they foresaw, and that is the CHANGE IN THE CHARACTER OF OUR PEOPLE.

The road by which republics rise is the road of self denial and unselfishness. The road by which republics fall is the road of EASE and PERSONAL INDULGENCE. These are the perils which sap the forces of freedom. The former are but another term for character, which includes them all. The latter are but an equivalent expression for loss of character.

I DO NOT BELIEVE THAT WE AS A PEOPLE OR A NATION ARE GOING TO RUIN, BUT THERE IS EVEN NOW ENOUGH PERIL TO CAUSE A GRAVE DISQUIETUDE AMONG THOUGHTFUL MEN. WE HAVE REACHED A POINT FROM WHICH MANY REPUBLICS HAVE HASTENED TO DECAY. WE HAVE ATTAINED TO CONDITIONS WHICH SAP CHARACTER AND WEAKEN THE FORCES OF A PEOPLE.

Milady's Mirror

Complexion Ills.

Don't blame increasing years if it is becoming painful for you to pass a mirror. Many a woman attributes her impaired complexion to growing old when the speeding years have little or nothing to do with it.

What causes the loss of the perfect complexion of extreme youth? Many things are to blame, and much of it can be avoided.

It is surprising how few women understand the connection of soap and skin, when it should or should not be used. If the skin is naturally dry, avoid soap. Most of it contains alkalis which absorb the natural oils from the skin. For an oily skin daily washing of the face with soap is beneficial, as it tends to get rid of the grease.

A trying climate and hard work have far more to do with bad complexion than added years. If you live where winds are drying and roughening to the skin a soothing lotion and softening cream are essential. Not to use them means being withered before your time.

How few women over thirty can look in the glass without a pang for growing wrinkles! Yet they are not a mysterious ill that must be endured. What is a wrinkle? Nothing but a little fold in the skin caused by loose tension in the skin itself and lack of tissue beneath it.

What's to be done? Strengthen the skin by massage and tightening lotions until it regains its old elasticity and tautness and build the tissues with skin foods.

As there are special treatments for every defect it is better for any woman who can afford it to have her skin treated professionally. There are ways to conquer every defect, from redness of the nose and roughened, reddened, blotched cuticle, to crow's feet, puffy eyelids and sagged muscles.

Take complexion ills in time and treat them rightly.

The beauty skin is most often lost through the stress and strain of wrong living. Late hours, overworked nerves, rich foods, lack of exercise and fresh air exhaust a woman beyond the power of recuperation, and the complexion grows daily dulled and more sallow, eyes and skin lose their brightness, and the lines of the face sag from fatigue.

If you would keep a good complexion you must work for it as you must work to keep anything else worth having in a world where nothing can be taken for granted.

Beauty Hints For Thin Women.
Milk and eggs are the grand standbys in diet for the woman that wants to gain flesh. Raw eggs are especially recommended. There are cases in which seven or eight are taken in a day with good effect. There are, however, people who are not able to swallow a raw egg in its natural condition. For such, egg-whisk, with milk and a dash of nutmeg, will prove helpful.

The woman who is taking a great deal of milk and five or six eggs a day does not, of course, need a great deal of other kind of food. What she does eat should be nourishing and wholesome. Of fruits, apples and grapes are especially beneficial. Tea and coffee should be avoided, but much cool, fresh water should be drunk.

Sometimes the ill nourishment from which the thin woman suffers is due to too rapid eating. She must learn to chew her food thoroughly if she wants to gain flesh.

The thin woman is usually a bundle of nervous energy, who does everything she does too rapidly and too intensely. The nerves are in a state of constant tension, which keeps the food from digesting and assimilating properly.

The woman afflicted in this way must teach herself the arts of relaxation, self control and repose. She must practice slowing up and taking things easily. No thin woman will even become attractive and healthfully plump who does not know how to loaf at the proper time, for there is a time to loaf, just as there is a time to work.

To Cure Double Chin.
For curing a double chin one simple movement is invaluable, but the remedy should be resorted to early, as in late life the skin loses its elasticity and fails to respond quickly to the touch. Rub under the chin with your fingers, beginning at one side and drawing the fingers out at the other. This done with first one hand and then the other makes many strokes a minute possible, and the flesh under such treatment should be and by begin to grow less flabby and the double chin to be less conspicuous. Firm, steady strokes with the fingers should be given, and to quicken the cure an stringent lotion should now and then be used.

Cure For Headache.
When the first symptoms of a head ache appear take one teaspoonful of clear lemon juice fifteen minutes before such meal and at bedtime and continue until symptoms are past. For biliousness plain lemon juice and water is very good. It always fever and promotes sleep and appetite.

Facts About Coffee.
Coffee originally came from the island of Mocha, whence in the year 1616 coffee trees were transported to Holland. This article of diet was first scientifically cultivated at Surinam by the Dutch in 1718. Though coffee was not known either to the Greeks or Romans, it was used as a beverage by the Persians in early times. The first coffee house of which there is any record was opened in Constantinople in 1511, and coffee was first brought to France in 1662 by Thevenet, the famous traveler.

KID JULIAN'S FIRST EXPERIENCE AS A TRAVELER.

Kid Julian, the Syracuse featherweight, whipped Johnny Dundee in Syracuse several months ago. His closest friend, Phil Lewis, had won \$500 through the victory and desiring to show his appreciation, took the kid for a trip to New York, a city he had never visited. He had never traveled much. Julian awoke at 6 that morning at Poughkeepsie and shouted to his chum to get up.

"I'm very hungry," he said. "How long before we get to New York?"

"Oh, we don't have to wait to get to the big town," responded Lewis. "We'll eat in the dining car."

"What? We can eat with the train going so fast?" Inquired the kid. "You're fooling me."

Lewis dressed, and they went into the diner. Julian was very suspicious of the waiter, who he thought was paying too much attention to him and making him uncomfortable. At last the breakfast was over, and the finger bowls were brought on.

Julian got real angry when one was placed in front of him. "You brings the nice big glass," he told the waiter in his Italian dialect. "I no drink out of thisa plate."

innocent.

"Well, Juggs has gone up at last." "In business of an aeroplane?"—Baltimore American.

Heart to Heart Talks
By JAMES A. EDGERTON

AS IT WAS IN BABYLON.

The ruins of Babylon just away in sleepless silence lie,
And the despot's fate is the same today
That it was in the days gone by.
Against all wrong and injustice done
A right account is set,
For the God who reigned over Babylon
Is the God who is reigning yet.

We think of divorce as a modern thing, a development of the past fifty years.

Yet it has been recently discovered that during the reign of Hammurabi, king of Babylon, about 2250 B. C., divorce was almost as common as with us.

Babylon was a great and beautiful city, perhaps the greatest and most charming of which those far-off times could boast.

It contained culture and learning, wealth and art, material prosperity, wide dominion.

Its women were beautiful, yet their virtue became a byword.

And Babylon fell.

Today only a heap of ruins in the desert marks its site.

Its name has become a term of reproach to all nations.

Much of our Christian Bible is given up to denouncing it.

The fall of its womanhood is the chief charge against it.

We must go back 4000 years to this Babylon to find a parallel for the divorce evil of our day.

Even Rome was not so bad, although Rome also was lax, and Rome also fell.

These are the facts, pointing like warning fingers out of the ages.

Their moral is so obvious that it need not be pointed out.

We may all have our opinions about divorce and kindred things, but even the babel of opinion grows silent before these awful witnesses from the past.

We cannot argue with these giant, accusing fingers.

Over and over again we have heard the truth that the temple of civilization is reared upon the cornerstone of the home.

Babylon's cornerstone crumbled. Her house fell, and great was the fall of it.

The noise thereof still echoes along the ages.

The other day it was found that three-fourths of the homes of Boston's aristocratic Back Bay section are childless.

No; I am not saying that we are going the way Babylon went—going to the kind.

But—

The law of cause and effect has not been repealed.

Facts are facts, and righteousness is righteousness.

Likewise—

The God who reigned over Babylon
Is the God who is reigning yet.

The Earth's Area.
The area of the earth's surface is computed at 196,712,000 square miles, of which 144,712,000 are covered by the oceans and 52,000,000, or about two-fifths, is land. The circumference of the earth at the equator is about 24,902 miles. The density of the earth is computed at five and a half times that of the water. The visible lands of the earth's surface consist of six great continents and many islands. Only one of the continents—Australia—is entirely in the southern hemisphere; North America, Europe and Asia are entirely in the northern hemisphere; South America and Africa lie partly in both north and south hemispheres.

A Poser.
Professor (examining candidate for legal examination)—Now, sir, let us suppose that your opponent killed you, but not with malice aforethought. What sentence would you pass upon him?—Bon Vivant.

HOP TRADE TAKES ON MUCH STRENGTH

Smallness of hop supplies for market at all world centers is giving the trade additional strength. For-

sign markets are now showing the greatest strength of the season to date and further purchases for that account are slow along the coast.

While there has been practically no change in prices paid for supplies, the market is much more firmly held, stocks of hops in the hands of speculators are exceedingly small at all points. For that reason many are inclined to withhold support as much as possible. It is noticeable, however, that when they want to buy they must meet the views of the holders, ideas of the California trade are even higher than those held here. Oregon being the cheapest market at present on the coast, practically all of the business is naturally centering here. In view of the practical closing of supplies of dealers and speculators it is not likely that this condition will remain long.

APPLE MARKET IS AGAIN AT LOW EBB

The apple market is sagging again. Prices are fully 25c lower than a week ago and the movement is not so good. While there is a scarcity of fancy sizes, those running four tier or more, so much 4-12 and 5 tier fruit is being offered that prices have been forced downward.

Extra fancy four tier Spitzenbergs from Hood River are quoted at \$1.50 a box in Portland, this being the extreme limit of the market at this time. A week ago similar stock was being gradually picked up at \$1.75.

Apples that range from 4-12 tier downward are selling at the lowest prices for many years. Extra fancy Hood River Spitzenbergs are freely offered at \$1.35 a box with 5 tier of similar quality down to \$1 and even lower.

There is a growing demand for spot hops. With stocks of speculators practically cleaned up, buyers have been forced to go grocery-holders. The latter are exceedingly strong in their views regarding the price and for this reason no business of importance has passed recently.

With a lot of March deliveries to be made and yet unbought, the market is in a waiting position. The fact that no hops are available abroad has stimulated interest in the Oregon market, where the only first class hops remaining unsold in the world are said to be held. While California is reported to hold more bales of unsold hops than Oregon growers, the south is said to be so extremely poor that buyers are not inclined to even bid for them as long as they can get the better grade here.

DEMAND FOR SPOT HOPS IMPROVING

There is little doubt in the minds of the trade that the price of hops in Oregon would be soaring at the present time were it not for the fact that contracts are so badly wanted. The payment of higher prices for spot goods would stimulate the strength in futures and this is one strong reason why buying interests are inclined to go slow just at the present.

While prices are unchanged in the contract price, 15 cents being offered on all sides, everyone seems to be interested in contracts but the price available is not meeting with the views of growers generally.

DEALERS REFUSE TO INVEST IN WOOL

Dealers are holding aloft from the wool market. The small stocks of wool, shorn from autumn sheep recently at Pacific Northwest points, have been piled up in Portland warehouses. Dealers purchased some of these stocks up to 20c a pound for Willamette Valley offerings, but the general trade is not inclined to bid above 18 to 20 a pound for select stock.

The trade is helpless at this time. It cannot pay more for wool than Eastern buyers are willing to bid; therefore, until the latter change their views, the situation is not likely to show much activity.

In the East, pressure of the big buyers has been so severe that holders have, at last, been forced to accept a compromise, or lower value, than they have been asking. Quite a bit of activity has been shown at the figures, and sales in the East are now the best for many years at this period.

CATTLE AND HOG MARKET STEADY

Receipts for the week have been: Cattle 1601, calves 12, hogs 4236, horses 70.

Cattle trade has been nominally steady, showing little change either way. Packers are not buying any more beef than their immediate needs call for, consequently outlet is more or less limited. Two or three cars of \$8.90 steers appeared in last week's run, but the bulk of the receipts consisted of medium to good heifers at current quotations. Halls, stags, and calves have sold steadily to firm throughout.

Steer market steady to strong with approximate gains of from 10 to 20 cents during the week. Receipts have been fairly liberal, especially Monday's run which totaled 2500 head. As killers are in the market for pork strong, this big shipment and the normal ones following failed to bear prices and nothing could be secured. Bulk of sales averaged \$8.00 to \$8.40, with several loads at \$8.15 and \$8.20.

Mutton demand just steady for prime ewes and wethers. The latter was the only class of offering. Yearling stock sold firm at \$6.25. Lamb demand abated somewhat, due to approaching 1913 season and 45-rib 1912 lamba with wool on are not being marketed. All the stock on this week's market has been sheared and sold \$6.25 to \$6.40.