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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1909.

OUR COUNTRY'S GREATEST LOSS.

One of the remarkabe generalizations of Montesquieu is this: "Constant experience shows us that every man invested with power is apt to abuse it; he pushes on till something comes that limits him. Is it not strange, though true, to say that virtue itself has need of limits?"

This statement about the tendency of power to abuse its opportunities was written nearly one century before the career of the man (Napoleon) who, above all others has proven it true. True, that is to say, as a generalization; yet it has remained for America to furnish two men as exceptions to the rule—men who rank among the first names in history—Washington and Lincoln. If there are other names of equal rank to be placed among the exceptions we do not now recall them.

Washington's work was completely finished. For his country there was nothing more for him to do. Lincoln's career was cut short at a time when his country as greatly needed him as it had needed him during the previous years of his trying public career. Nay, needed him even more; for with the close of the Civil War came conditions with which his patience and judgment were most admirably adapted to deal; and his taking off was the most calamitous event in the history of the Western world.

That awful crime changed the whole direction of our National affairs. It instantly brought about conditions that prevented the reunion of the North and South; it opened a contest of political and partisan acrimony that even yet has not ceased; it has kept the country divided on irrational party lines, with the negro the foremost element in our politics. It precipitated indiscriminate negro suffrage on the country, and subjected the South to dangers from which it took years to obtain deliverance—a deliverance that was effected at last only by practical nullification of the reconstruction acts, including the constitutional amendment. All this would have been averted had Lincoln lived; for he had the caution and judgment and temper to meet the problems that resulted from the war; the confidence of the country in his great qualities would have given a reasonable conservatism continuous and perfect control, and suppressed the partisan rancor to which the divisions and conflicts and mistakes of the last four and forty years have been mainly due. No country ever possibly could lose more in the death of one man than our country lost in the death of Abraham Lincoln. The situation was one in which his judgment, forbearance and wisdom would have had full scope; and with all the high and reverential regard the country had for him then, it could not then possibly conceive what it had lost in losing him.

The benevolence of his nature, the poise of his character, his truthfulness, honesty and self-abnegation make better men of the students of his words and deeds; and "we all experience," says the historian Rhodes, "a moral uplifting in the contemplation of his character." Robert C. Winthrop, at the meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, April, 1865, spoke of Lincoln as "the man who of all other men could be least spared to the administration of our government—the man who was most trusted, most relied on, most beloved by the loyal people of the Union. Beyond all doubt the life of President Lincoln was a thousand-fold the most precious life in our whole land; and there are few of us who would not willingly have rescued it at the risk or even at the sacrifice of our own." Of later estimates of Lincoln, those of Carl Schurz, Joseph H. Choate, Charles A. Dana and Norman Hapgood are excellent guides, and no one of them is fulsome. Frederick Harrison spoke of Lincoln as "the most beautiful and heroic character who in recent times has ever led a nation, the only blameless type of the statesman since the days of Washington." Allen writes: "Among the forces which combined to mould the life of Phillips Brooks, a prominent place must be assigned to the character and the career of the great martyr of the Civil War. In the formative moment when one is receiving deep and lasting impressions, Lincoln became to him the typical ideal of a man and of an American. His faith in humanity was quickened and deepened by the conviction that he had seen and known in his own age a man who would stand on the heights of human greatness." Robert G. Ingersoll's eulogy, too simple for exaggeration, pronounced Lincoln "the gentlest memory of our world." And yet this was the man who led our country through the greatest of civil wars since those of the Roman Republic, two thousand years ago!

"THE LONG LOOK."

A proposition to reforest land from which timber has been cut in this state can hardly be expected to meet the grave consideration that it deserves at this time. Our timber area is still large, and effort of the most strenuous kind is being made every year to decrease it in the interest of agriculture. This effort does not of course, come under the head of timber waste. It makes, indeed, relatively little impression upon the forests of the state. It is not the agricultural interests, but the lumber interests or industry, that is eating the heart out of Oregon forests. The profits of this last-named industry are so large and the demands for its products are so insistent that neither sentiment nor warning statistics avail to stop or check the waste of this accumulated wealth of centuries.

The State Forestry Association is, however, awake to the duty with which it is charged, and will probably in time work out some plan of reforestation for the benefit of future generations. We take from our forests, according to highest authority, each year, not counting the loss by fire, three and one-half times their yearly growth. It needs no argument to prove that it is, at this rate, only a matter of time when the forest floor of the North American Continent will present to the sun, the winds, the rains and the snows of heaven an expanse as barren as that of Eastern Asia, and as hopeless of reforestation. The "long look" is the wise look in a case of this kind, and it should be encouraged both by statute and by the dissemination of knowledge in regard to the legitimate use and the wanton waste of our forest wealth.

WATER SUPPLY AT SALEM.

If Salem is to retain the Capital the town must have pure water; and it isn't the business of the state to supply Salem with water, either. Eugene is bringing in pure water; Salem must. Eugene has the university and wishes to retain it. Salem has the Capital. Does Salem wish to retain it?

Salem must not expect the state to supply water for the town, or to back the bonds; for the state will not do it. Nor will it help or join. Of course, the state will pay its own water bills, as other customers do.

But there must be good water at Salem; or the Capital will be moved from that town to some other, where the water is fit for use. Again, let it be said that it is not the business of the state to bring in the water. But of course the state will pay, as it ought and must, for the water it consumes, as others do.

DUPLICATE BRANCHES.

Speaker McArthur, at Salem, has introduced a bill which may help systematize the higher education of the state in case it passes. It provides for a "Board of Higher Curricula," to be appointed by the Governor, with the Superintendent of Public Instruction for secretary, the duty of the board being to eliminate duplicate studies from the University, Agricultural College and Normal Schools. It would be better if the State Superintendent were an active ex-officio member of the Board, and perhaps that is the intention, though it is not definitely so stated. Abrupt action is forestalled by requiring thirty days' notice to any institution whose course is to be modified, and it may appear by representative and plead its cause.

Of course in all the normal schools the courses must be substantially the same, but there is no reason why the university should duplicate their work. Its pedagogical courses ought to be more advanced than any given in a normal school. It is probably true also that Latin and rhetoric were better limited to the university, while such studies as pertain to engineering, electricity, the domestic arts and all sorts of applied science should go to Corvallis. Any attempt to confine the work of the Agricultural College to farming alone would be disastrous to its usefulness as well as contrary to the Federal statute which founded the school. Its purpose is, by the terms of the statute, to teach agriculture and the mechanic arts. This should not be forgotten by any body which seeks to reform curricula, and probably will not be. The danger which attends such action as Mr. McArthur's bill contemplates lies in the possibility that the board may fail to understand the intimate relation between different studies, a relation which makes it necessary to teach certain ones in order that others may be taught profitably. The Governor can prevent the danger by appointing broad and enlightened members. With some additional safeguards and precautions, perhaps, Mr. McArthur's bill ought to pass.

THE TARIFF ON STEEL.

There are yet so many steel barons who have not succeeded in wringing from American consumers such a vast number of millions as are now safely in the possession of Mr. Carnegie that it is perhaps natural for them to unite in a prolonged outcry against removal of the duty on steel. This chorus of dissent against the plans of the Scotch-American Ironmaster is swollen by the voices of the retinue of Senators and Representatives, both Democratic and Republican, who sneeze whenever the steel trust takes snuff. The New York Herald, which has for years been an able exponent of the advantages which would result from removal of the duty on steel, has suddenly flopped over to the cause of the trust. In support of its attitude, it prints a list of Democratic and Republican Senators who are averse to placing any impediment in the way of the trust.

The Colorado Fuel & Iron branch of the steel trust seems to supply a very good friend in Democratic Senator Teller, of Colorado, and in support of the stand-pat policy, comes forward Democratic Senator Taylor, of Tennessee, his state being the home of the Tennessee Coal & Iron Co., which was the last big concern to be absorbed by the trust. The predicament in which removal of the duty would leave the small dealers is most distressing to the trust and its friends. The trust can make steel so much cheaper than any small concern that, under stress of competition, it would be obliged to cut prices to a figure that would disturb the profits of the small dealer. To quote from the Herald:

> The consensus of opinion is overwhelming that by taking the duty off steel and iron, these manufacturers would be crushed under the heels of the steel trust.

It has, of course, never occurred to the steel trust and its retinue of standpatters that the several million consumers of steel have as much right to purchase steel at its actual value, plus a reasonable profit for the manufacturers and handlers, as even the small dealer has to be supported at public expense, simply because he is unable to meet the competition of the trust. It is the tariff that has enabled the trust to wield the power it has shown over all branches of the industry, and removal of the tariff would leave the trust powerless to exact any unreasonable tribute from the consumers, even if the last of the small plants were swept out of existence and we were obliged to depend exclusively on factories that could produce steel at the lowest price.

If it is right that a tariff should be maintained on steel to offset the disadvantage which a small manufacturer suffers as compared with a large manufacturer, it must be equally right that a similar equalization be made through all lines of industry wherein the cost of manufacture can never be exactly the same. In turning on his former associates Mr. Carnegie may have forgotten that there is honor even among thieves, and he has perhaps committed a great breach of etiquette. But for all that he is advocating a policy which sooner or later the consumers will force the country to adopt.

LINCOLN'S HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY.

Now that the time has come to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of Lincoln's birth, his character will be analyzed more diligently than ever before. His greatness is admitted by everybody. The problem now is to understand it. What was the element in Lincoln's character which made him precisely the man to steer the ship of state to a safe harbor? Why was it that he attracted and held the confidence of the plain people as no other President ever did, knowing the secret impulses of their souls and wielding over them an influence mysterious and almost boundless? To the learned and cultured among his countrymen Lincoln was an unwelcome figure when he first appeared in the National arena. Before his death he had won their admiration. The eccentricities of personality, speech and manner which had seemed to them so repulsive at first had been transformed as if by some magic skill into gracious adornments of a soul transcendent in power and beauty.

But throughout his term of office and ever since, Lincoln has been an enigma. Like Shakespeare, he insists upon being accounted for, and still to account for him seems impossible. Of the breeding and instruction which are thought to be essential to the nurture of fine powers and noble manhood he had nothing. To the schools he owed no debt. Books did not form his mind, for he was acquainted with but half a dozen, and those he mastered; they never mastered him. Of the "Great Companions" whom Walt Whitman sings in such lofty phrase and with whom he invites us to walk, Lincoln knew nothing. He was born in a hut and his youth was passed in poverty and hard labor among humble folk. If he knew anything of architecture, he must have learned it from studying the proportions of a log cabin. He never saw a fine picture until he had grown to manhood and the dawn of greatness began to break upon him. The only music he heard in his boyhood, when the ideals are shaped and the taste fixed, must have been the rude hymns the pioneers of the prairie sang in campmeetings.

Consider the product of these unpromising surroundings. All that philosophy can do for us is to soften the asperities of fortune and fortify the mind with hope and patience. The rudest blows of fortune seemed to fall like snowflakes upon Lincoln's head. No stoic of imperial Rome ever smiled more bravely at her buffets, nor has there lived a man in all history who underwent good and evil with a sweeter patience or fought for high ends with more resolute fortitude. All that learning can do for us is to draw from the experience of the past lessons to guide us in future emergencies. Lincoln seemed to need no such lessons. The ripe fruits of human experience must have been innate in his mind, for he was equal to every occasion and supreme master of every opportunity. All that art can do for us is to soften the heart and win the sympathies for the victim of unkindly circumstance. From the plea of sorrow Lincoln never turned away. In the strife between justice and mercy which went on in his soul throughout the time of the Civil War it was mercy that was almost always victor; but for all that no statesman ever exercised a sterner justice when the need of his country called for it.

All this is simple history. How shall we account for it? How came it that Lincoln, with none of the accidents which are supposed to make men great, achieved the highest greatness, and with none of the culture which makes for beauty of character, nevertheless grew to a beauty which has been compared to the lone excellence of the Man of Galilee? It is a strange riddle, and yet it can be read. The man of faith sees in Lincoln an expression deep and true of that which is and a type of that which is to come. More adequately than any other person he incarnated the true nature of the common man. He expressed the multitude. He externalized the people. In him the mysterious soul of the low and voiceless throng was made manifest and the genius of the evolving race showed forth its power and infinite beauty. He felt as the common man would feel were he but emancipated from the fetters that bind and irritate him. Lincoln acted as the innumerable people that compose the nations would act, all as one man, were they but free from the toils of habit and deceptive teaching. He thought with the hereditary wisdom of the endless ages, as we should all think were we but risen to the light of the great new consciousness. Lincoln comprehended humanity because he was human in the mystic meaning of the dawning time. The world loved him because with sure instinct it saw in him the possibilities of its transcendental self. He was the voice of prophecy fulfilled, the philosopher's hope and the poet's dream come true. In him was all injustice righted and immemorial wrong received its due from God. In Lincoln the common man beheld what he himself shall be when the balance at last swings even, when the scars of the ancient scourge are healed and the erect soul confronts the world in the majesty of complete freedom.

Lincoln was great because he was democracy in action. What he did in the Civil War democracy will do in all predicaments when its power has become complete. It will feel as he felt and think as he thought. His life is precious because it proves how basely the people have been slandered by those who speak of them as fickle, cruel and shallow. In reality they are patient, kindly and deeply reflective. Their comprehension of Lincoln and unwavering love for him, a love and comprehension which grow with the years and will ever grow, prove it beyond all question.

The American Peace Society, with headquarters in Massachusetts, is horrified over the proposition of the Naval Department and the President, asking Congress for four new battleships larger and more powerful than any other in the world, to cost something like $15,000,000 apiece. It has sent this typical Bostonese remonstrance to Congress: "We ask you to refuse to go further in the ruinous and extravagant expense of warships. We ask you to help replace international suspicion with mutual confidence and friendly good will. We believe it will not be long before all nations will gladly follow the reasonable and civilized lead of the United States in this course." Which is all wrong. What other nations are doing the United States must do. We are the richest. Except in battleships, we are the most powerful. Uncle Sam is merely keeping up with the procession.

LO, THE POOR MODOCS!

Echoes of the Modoc War of 1873 came out of the dim distance a few days ago through a bill presented in the United States Senate by Senator Curtis, of Kansas which had already passed the House of Representatives, allowing the feeble remnant of Captain Jack's band of banished warriors to return to their native haunts in Klamath County, after an exile of a third of a century. Distant as are the echoes awakened by this bill, they chuse an involuntary shudder to those whose memories run back to the fierce struggle for supremacy between the red men and the white in the storied lava beds of the Klamath country in 1874.

A more ruthless band of savages never interposed their murderous fury to the feeble advance guard of civilization, as represented by settlers' homes and flocks, than this Modoc band under the leadership of that most intrepid and cruel of all savage warriors of the West, Captain Jack, grizzled ally of Geronimo, the wily Apache, treacherous, desperate, cruel. The wives and children of the settlers fled and fell before the insatiable fury of these savages; the torch was applied to their homes; the men, almost as helpless through isolation and lack of means of defense as were their families, were shot from ambush, scalped and their mutilated bodies left for devouring wolves.

All of this and much more, made real by names, dates and the rehearsal of acts of individual heroism, was familiar to the people of the Pacific Northwest a third of a century ago. Women were not less heroic than were men in the defense of their cabin homes, and were often more enduring. Facing the certainty that their husbands had been killed by the marauding bands, they gathered their children around them and with sleepless vigilance—rifle in hand—kept the foe at bay until volunteer or Federal troops came to their rescue.

O. C. Applegate embodied the story of one of these heroines in verse, which, while it could not be called poetry, was thrilling in its recital, and in the homage paid to the women of the border it was pathetic and sincere. It told in simple, unstudied rhyme the story of "Sarah Brotherton," whom the author hailed as a "heroine of the Modoc War." It told of the unexpected outbreak of a Modoc band; the killing from ambush of her husband and oldest son on the range, where they were looking after their stock, and of the ride for life of her shepherd boy, as, pursued by yelling savages, he galloped wildly toward the "inch-board shanty" that was their only refuge. At this point we quote:

> When the mother saw them coming
> And heard the din and roar,
> She seized the Henry rifle
> And sprang from the open door.
> And when the redskins shouted
> And came up on the run,
> She stood as firm as Cæsar
> And answered with the gun.

Successful in bringing her boy to shelter, the story proceeds:

> For hours and hours the war whoop
> Rang 'round the splintered walls,
> And through the inch-board shanty
> Came whizzing the musket balls;
> But still rang out the rifle
> Above the savage yell,
> And every leaden missive
> Was sent where it would tell.

> And there on guard we found her
> When four long days had fled,
> Half crazed with sleepless watching
> And sorrow for the dead.
> But still that fearless mother
> When we came, a saving band,
> Stood by the open doorway
> With her rifle in her hand.

Belonging to another chapter of the war which led to the subjugation of the Modocs is the tragic death of General Canby and the nearly fatal assault on Colonel A. B. Meacham as under a flag of truce they met the treacherous savages in the lava beds with offers of peace; their pursuit by General Crook, their final surrender and their banishment from the region which they held to belong to themselves by right of ancient occupation; the restoration of peace to the distracted and desolated frontier, and of the steady advance of the Klamath country in settlement and civilization.

THE EASIEST WAY.

From the fragmentary accounts which are available it appears that Eugene Walter's new play, "The Easiest Way," resembles more or less closely Pinero's terrible "Iris." The heroine plays fast and loose with two men who both desert her in the end and leave her to survive by practicing the arts of a common prostitute. Pinero treats the theme with a tragic power which appals the reader. What Walter has done we cannot much more than conjecture, but he must have done something, for New York is in a buzz of mingled sense and nonsense over his play, and the usual discussion about the morality of his plot and the advisability of treating such themes has begun. What is called the "morality" of the stage has ever been dear to Americans. It consists in excluding from plays every topic which concerns the deep questions of sex. Plays may deal with politics, religion and conventional love. They may ridicule matrimony, satirize the bench and make merry with the family, but the social evil is a thing which they must sacredly respect. They may ridicule the results of marriage as much as they please, but marriage itself they must call holy.

No sensible person will seek to quarrel with this convention. As long as people wish their plays to be of this character they ought to be gratified. Indeed there is no way to hinder it. But what shall we do when they begin to wish for plays of a different character? If the public tires of satirizing the marriage relation and wishes to hear it discussed on the stage in a rational manner, who is to forbid? If theater-goers awake to the extent and fearful consequences of the social evil and wish the drama to consider it, the drama will be very likely to obey. Much of what is currently said about the undesirability of discussing such subjects before 'the young and pure' is nonsense. It is worse than nonsense because it is hypercritical. Young people hear the discussions in question in spite of all we can do to hinder them. If they are not heard under conditions of purity and sound reason, they will be heard under conditions which are vile. Nature has made it inevitable that human beings shall learn about certain things at a certain time of life. Our efforts to thwart her purpose result mainly in the promotion of vice and the spread of disease. In Pinero's "Second Mrs. Tanqueray" the young daughter of the hero was educated in a convent, where she was supposed to be shielded from all "improper" knowledge, but when she emerged from the sheltering walls it appeared that nothing was hidden from her. In George Meredith's "One of Our Conquerors" the young girl was sent to reside with a couple of maiden aunts, aged and stern, to prevent the taint of information. The precautions against it led to its speedy acquisition. She returned home fully informed.

The truth of the matter is that life itself renders all barriers which we erect against the diffusion of facts pertaining to the sexes vain. The only sensible question is whether we shall compel the young to acquire that knowledge through vicious channels or impart it deliberately and wholesomely. The notion that accurate acquaintance with commonly concealed truths makes a man or woman "impure" is only worthy of a simpleton. Purity does not consist in ignorance, but in right conduct with complete knowledge. Moreover, the imaginary purity of ignorance is a mere baseless convention. In reality it never can exist except in the rarest cases. If it could exist in general the misfortune would be great because, after all, it is the most important kind of knowledge, and our efforts to smother it have resulted in immeasurable injury to the race. The drama has long taken this view of the matter in other countries. Even England, which is almost as strongly bound to convention as we are, long ago produced plays which treat the relations of the sexes frankly. People called them "immoral" at first, but the epithet meant nothing more than that they were unusual. "Mrs. Warren's Profession" is far from being immoral. On the contrary, it teaches a lesson profoundly wholesome and one that young girls as well as young men ought to learn.

On the continent of Europe the drama deals with every theme that interests mankind, and nobody seems to be the worse for it. One hardly likes to believe that our morals are more frail than those of other countries. Nor is it credible that we have not similar problems to solve. The convention that America is a land where everything is perfect was comfortable as long as it could be kept up, but to keep it up now has become too difficult. Like other countries, we are driven by circumstances to confront the truth, and it will be wise for us to take advantage of every useful device for solving our social problems. If the public will tolerate the discussion of vital questions on the stage, then such discussions need not be discouraged on the ground that they are immoral. Nothing that promotes the welfare of mankind can be wrong in any rational sense. The intelligence of our time has turned strongly toward social questions. It is but natural that the stage should feel the same impulse and obey it.

A SURPRISING ATTEMPT.

It is scarcely less than astonishing that a member of the State Senate could be found to bring before that body a bill to annul the law that provides for sending an attendant from the insane asylum, who is familiar with the care of the insane, to convey patients to that institution. It will be recalled that this law was defeated before the legislative body in 1901 by a powerful lobby composed, as stated by Senator Smith, of Umatilla, of "sixteen Sheriffs." It was more successful the succeeding session, and it has now been in operation six years to the satisfaction of all concerned except certain Sheriffs who have chafed at the loss of emoluments that accrued to this office under the old system.

The enactment of this law was urged in the name of humanity, of decency and of economy. Sheriffs' fees have been lessened by it, but upon the grounds upon which it was urged and passed it has been fully vindicated. At whose instigation the repeal of this wholesome, humane and economic measure was sought can only be conjectured. Not the least amazing feature of the attempt was the disclosure that the Senator who introduced the bill was utterly ignorant of its financial import to the Sheriffs of the several counties. The attempted repeal was properly and emphatically defeated, there being but two votes in its favor. The episode demonstrated, first, the carelessness with which members sometimes scan measures that they themselves introduce and champion, and, second, the fact that a majority of members of the legislative body are alert when it comes to a question that involves the comfort and the rights of a class of unfortunates who are unable to speak for themselves.

SUBSIDY-SEEKERS' OUTRAGE.

The Oregonian is in receipt of a communication from the Merchant Marine League of the United States. It leads off with the statement, "We want to present for your consideration what we think is an outrage," and then proceeds to describe the "outrage" as follows:

> This country is spending millions of American dollars in digging a canal at Panama, which will be, in times of peace at all events, under the present conditions, solely for the benefit of the merchant marine of our German, British, Norwegian, French and Japanese friends; and cannot be considered in any way money well spent for the benefit of American commerce, American business interests or the American flag, for the reason that we have practically no American ships and the American flag does not wave from the masthead of anything in the way of an American merchant marine.

This preliminary outline of the "outrage" is followed by several pages of the stereotyped complaint of the ship-subsidy seekers. It relates how this Government, after paying higher prices for supplies and equipment than they could be purchased for in other countries, persists in shipping them to Panama by the vessels which carry them the cheapest, irrespective of the flag which the vessels sail under. The Merchant Marine League is seeking the enactment of a law which will prevent foreign vessels obtaining any of this traffic. It is also asking support of what is mildly termed the "ocean mail bill," which is our old friend the subsidy graft under a new name. The Oregonian cannot agree with the Merchant Marine League as to the methods necessary for the re-establishment of the American flag on the high seas.

Taking a dispassionate view of the preliminary statement of the "outrage" it is simple justice to state that the canal will not be "solely for the benefit of the merchant marine of other countries." They may make use of it by paying tolls based on the cost and operating expenses, and in this manner lighten the cost of operation for our own vessels. The league's plea for assistance in securing the adoption of the resolution prohibiting the carrying of canal supplies in foreign ships assures us that if the resolution is adopted there will "quickly be such competition for the business that before long vessels protected by the Stars and Stripes would be upon every ocean, because of their modern methods of doing this work at less cost than foreign boats have ever attempted to do it."

If this be true, the Merchant Marine League and all of its boosters should get busy and urge the passage of a law granting American registry to all of the vessels which American capital will buy. With these cheap vessels and the "modern methods" referred to, there would be no need of a subsidy or of any favoritism being shown. If the league would devote its energies to securing the passage of legislation that would admit of a natural growth for our merchant marine, it would be unnecessary to spend so much money in an effort to secure unnatural and unnecessary assistance.

The continued attempt of the County Court to harass and annoy Sheriff Stevens is reaching a stage where it can be attributed to no other reason than malice or a desire for revenge. The matter of feeding the prisoners and of their custody was decided by the Legislature two years ago by a vote large enough to be decisive. The attempt of the County Court to set aside the legislative verdict was rejected by the people at the June election by the overwhelming majority of more than two to one in favor of the Sheriff. Yielding to the demands of the successive grand juries the County Court after six months' delay, reluctantly agreed to obey the law and broke faith by immediately reopening the fight with a number of bills introduced in the Legislature. Spitework of this kind is most reprehensible, and the Legislature should refuse to be made a party to any such policy of persecution of an official whose administration in all of its details has been above reproach.

There are large sections of land in Malheur County that will grow the finest products of the temperate zone whose only need is water for irrigation. The Malheur "project" means Government aid and control of canal work. Yet to gain this end men must surrender some of the results of their labor for thirty years, to go into a sort of pool for the common welfare. This is one of the blocks in the project, and, as the men of Malheur are only human, the problem is of large size. A way will be found. Perhaps the easiest will be to make the appropriation large enough to cover the purchase of these rights and let all start even. Meanwhile an empire lies idle that should be developed into homes.

Every resident of Oregon would regret the destruction of valuable historical records now scattered in dark corners throughout the Statehouse. An appeal to the Legislature by J. H. Albert, of Salem, published on another page, for a fireproof building ought to meet with instant response. The people of Oregon will unanimously approve.

It will not greatly help Arizona's ambition to be a state if the notion is spread abroad that its first action will be to return Foraker to the Senate. There can be nothing to the story. The multitude of aspiring Arizona statesmen who themselves have their eye on the Senate will take care of that.

It has been decreed by the National Boot and Shoe Manufacturers' Association that hereafter the size of shoes shall be stamped plainly instead of by the secret code now used. While it may save salesmen from prevarication, you can't change human nature in women.

The decision of a Chicago judge yesterday, in a damage suit against a streetcar corporation, that a child is not a living soul until birth, based on a verse of Genesis, is bad law from the standpoint of morality. It will offer a loophole for escape in malpractice.

Now here is the great steamship Deutschland running aground in the Hudson River. That ought to give the Puget Sound newspapers a fine chance for caustic comment on the folly of sending a real ocean vessel into a little schooner harbor like New York.

It seems to be necessary to announce again to an interested world that the ten-inch hatpin bill was NOT passed by the Oregon Legislature. The Oregon Legislature has much more important work to do—regulate the length of bedsheets, for example.

There is quite a contrast between Lincoln's son, who deems it improper to participate in the exercises in honor of his father, and the son of another President, who put in a bill of expenses for attending the dedication of his father's monument.

President Wilson, of Princeton, thinks if Lincoln had been born in New York he wouldn't have amounted to much; or if he had, it would have been "only by supreme effort." This is tough on one T. Roosevelt.

If you will read The Oregonian carefully today, you will know more than you ever did about Abraham Lincoln; and, if you are like other Americans, you doubtless feel that you can never know enough.

Captain Qualtrough, of the Georgia, has been suspended for six months for "being intoxicated at a reception." This would seem to show how imprudent it is for a naval officer to be drunk at a reception.

But you see if the Legislature were still in contention over the Senator it would be kept out of other and still greater mischief. It's a world of compensations.

It is some consolation to reflect that there are only twenty-one more days of February, if all February is to be like the first six days.

Oregon resumed the fulfillment of the demand of an eye for an eye Friday. Will it continue? There is much material on hand.

The trouble with Captain Qualtrough was that he didn't know those Mediterranean highballs are also as "strong as Gibraltar."

Two more weeks of the appeals for "more" at Salem. The salary grabbers haven't done much for themselves so far.

Lincoln's Favorite Hymn

For years, "Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?" Lincoln's favorite hymn, was published anonymously. He never knew its authorship. To this day the hymn is published in collections, "author unknown."

In his comprehensive work, "English Hymns; Their Authors and History," Samuel W. Duffield says:

> Knox—This is the Scottish poet whose poem, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" was such a favorite with President Lincoln. He wrote what Mr. Frederick Saunders justly calls "splendid lyrics." William Knox was born in 1789, and died in Edinburgh, November 12, 1825—the "son of a respectable yeoman," upon Sir Walter Scott's testimony. He succeeded to good farms under the Duke of Buccleugh, but became dissipated, and ultimately bankrupt. It was then that his fine vein of persive poetry showed itself. His "Lonely Hearth," "Songs of Israel," and "Harp of Zion" displayed a talent which years afterward attracted the attention of Abraham Lincoln to what is now, through his commendation, a poem of classic excellence.
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> In 1884, during the month of March, the artist Carpenter and the sculptor Swayne were both in Washington. The sculptor was working upon a bust of Mr. Lincoln in a temporary studio in the Treasury building. The President asked Mr. Carpenter to accompany him thither, and there, referring again to his poem by Knox, he was delighted to find that Mr. Swayne possessed a copy of the verses in print, which he had cut, several years before, from a Philadelphia paper.

OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift, fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud?
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed;
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure, her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant whose lot to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint, who enjoyed the communion of heaven;
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen.
We drink the same stream and view the the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think.
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging our fathers would cling;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, aye! they died; and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath;
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

By Walt Whitman.

O captain! My captain! Our fearful trip is done.
The ship has weather'd every rack, the the prize we sought is won.
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O captain! my captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shore's a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning.
Here captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will.
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my captain lies
Fallen cold and dead