

NEW YORK CITY.

Big and busy New York City, Blend of ugly and of pretty, Blend of splendor and of squalor, Harbor for the weary sailor, Gateway for the world's sad peoples...

Always when I come to visit I am struck by scenes exquisite, Here is everything that's human Done on earth by man and woman, Here is grim and stern faced duty, Driving, striving, blind to beauty, Here among the millions teeming Are all things which men are dreaming.

Here they come with strange pale faces From the far off troubled places, Dragging with their fresh traditions Bleaded with their fresh ambitions, Here the richest and the gladdest Shoulder with the worst and saddest, Here is laughter, here is sighing, Here each minute some are dying.

Here the sky line tells the story Of man's constant strife for glory; Here is Broadway with its night life Daily picturing our bright life, With its dull, cold hint of warning In the early after-morning, Big and busy New York City Blend of ugly and of pretty!

—Edgar A. Guest.

THE UNHAPPY STORY OF MARY TODD, THE WOMAN LINCOLN LOVED.

(Continued from last week.)

When she learned that Congress, if pressed, would make an adequate appropriation for renovating the Executive Mansion, Mary took steps to hurry the appropriation.

But this brought the newspapers about her ears. They declared that Mrs. Lincoln was meddling in politics and one enterprising journalist reported that she constantly forced her way into the Cabinet room to row with the members over their policies.

For a while it looked to Mary as if all the years of fighting for self-control were to be useless in the face of this type of torment.

Summer was calling on Mary one summer evening. Charles Sumner, Senator from Massachusetts, was one of the few noble personalities in Washington. Physically as well as mentally he was superb.

When Mary Lincoln became mistress of the White House, every temptation imaginable was brought to bear on her love of beauty. As soon as she reached Washington, the tradespeople of that city of New York besieged her to open accounts with them, offering what seemed like unlimited credit.

The President's salary was adequate for everything but his wife's wardrobe. After a couple of years bills began to bother Mary. She ignored them. Finally one of her New York creditors threatened to sue her.

"You too are a victim of slavery," replied Sumner sadly. "The ruling social set here prides itself on being Southern. Its members, male and female, hate this administration violently."

"I'll fight them inch by inch!" she cried. "You can't fight malicious gossip, I've found," said Sumner. "Ignore it, Mrs. Lincoln. Give your mind to your husband's great problems."

"I'll try," replied Mary, through set teeth. It was an inevitable aspect of her bitter fate that the very qualities in her that helped to make her husband an immortal hero, fed the malignant tongues that ruined her fame.

All of us who have had to do with death will understand Mary's state of mind when she utterly refused to enter her dead husband's bedroom, when she could not bear to see his clothing.

"Then," urged Keyes, "allow me to go to some of the leaders of the Republican Party and inform them that the wife of Lincoln is in dire need. They are fattening now on the prestige your husband gave the party."

My dear Mr. Sumner—Your unwavering kindness to my idolized husband and the great regard he entertained for you, prompts me to offer for your acceptance, this simple relic which, being connected with his blessed memory, I am sure you will prize.

"I wouldn't understand," returned Sumner grimly. "Friendship is an eternal matter with me. Such prestige as I have survived the worst that human tongues can say. Let us forget it."

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Sumner's fine declaration could but hearten her and she staggered on with her social burden. But she did not go far. Early in 1862 she received a blow that for a time completely submerged her.

Sumner now suggested that she turn her splendid executive ability to hospital work. The suggestion was exactly in tune with her state of mind. Before she had been at the work a week, the crowded, ill-organized hospitals in and around Washington began to feel the impulse of her helping hand.

Young Stoddard tried to persuade her to allow the reporters to go with her on her hospital rounds and publish the story. He told her it would help enormously to counteract the talk against her.

Gossip now included Lincoln and his domestic life. Stories of terrible quarrels between the Lincolns became current. Lincoln—who did not drink was widely believed to be beaten on his wife while he was drunk, and at another time to have thrown her bodily out of the Cabinet room—whither she never came.

It is singularly grotesque that while the gossips were so busy with lies there was an essential weakness of character which Mary was showing which they did not discover that would have been unspcakably unctuous on their tongues.

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of my husband and myself will always be gratefully remembered. With kindest regards, I remain always, yours very truly,

Combined with her great grief was the scalding consciousness of her enormous debts. She was wild with apprehension lest someone get wind of them. She had no one in whom, in her shame and chagrin, she dared to confide save the faithful ex-slave, Lizzie Keckley.

With this idea in mind, Mary determined to take back to Chicago with her every scrap of personal adornment belonging to her. Of household furnishings she took not one stick, save a little dressing stand used by the President.

The packing, under Lizzie Keckley's supervision, was a helterskelter affair. The Government sent an enormous number of boxes, fifty or sixty of them, and every one of them was used.

Late in May, 1865, Mary Lincoln, in a widow's bonnet, with a great black gauze veil that fell to the hem of her enormous black silk skirts, accompanied by twelve-year-old Tad in a black rounabout and black velvet cap, with Robert, who had just left Grant's staff, boarded a Baltimore & Ohio train for Chicago.

Her means were very much hampered. Congress, at the time of Lincoln's death, allotted her \$22,000, the sum remaining of the current year's salary. Mary used \$3,500 of this to clear up domestic bills in Washington.

So, heavily veiled, Mary Todd Lincoln late in September, 1867, registered at Mrs. Clarke at the Union Place Hotel in New York and waited for Lizzie to appear.

They finally determined to try the firm of W. H. Brady and Company, of 609 Broadway. Still veiled, with Lizzie carrying the jewelry, Mary presented herself at this place of business and asked to see a member of the firm.

At his suggestion she wrote several letters making W. H. Brady and Company her agents, harmless and pathetic letters enough, telling of her needy condition and stating that her income when her husband's estate should be settled would give her but \$1700 a year.

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men refused to have anything to do with the proposal. While Keyes was making this preliminary flourish to his next colossal blunder, Mary, fearing recognition, went out on Long Island for a few days.

The revival of the old lies upset Mary completely. She flew to her pen and dashed off a note to Keyes in which she denounced these several distinguished men in a biting sentence or two that carried back to them all her old years of suffering.

The sheet then went on to quote from the New York World and several neighboring papers. The World had published all her letters to William Brady and Company including an inventory of her effects and her furious letter regarding Seward et al.

The Rochester Democrat, the Albany Journal, the Pittsburgh Commercial, the Cleveland Herald—a dozen papers were quoted in which Mary was accused of everything from indiscretions in a social way to actually having stolen the articles she was trying to sell.

Mary read until the last slurring word was burned indelibly into her brain. She was conscious of feeling faint, but she dared not ask for aid lest her identity be disclosed.

Mary had not met the Senator since her husband's death. The sound of that familiar voice, the extraordinary and familiar gentleness of the blue eyes, the whole elegant outline of "this noblest Roman of them all" as Lincoln had called him, utterly undid Mary.

"But you!" she exclaimed. "Here! And alone?" Mary had not met the Senator since her husband's death. The sound of that familiar voice, the extraordinary and familiar gentleness of the blue eyes, the whole elegant outline of "this noblest Roman of them all" as Lincoln had called him, utterly undid Mary.

"I came out only to get a cup of tea—for a friend who is ill," she said and fled back to the train. She covered in her seat with two thicknesses of veil over her face. Had Sumner read the papers? Undoubtedly! Her old friend who had helped her bridge over so many moments of agony—now surely he would turn against her at last.

The train started but was scarcely out of the station when a cup of tea slopping over into the saucer was balanced on her knee and Charles Sumner seated himself beside her. "I suspected you the friend might be," he said. "You ate nothing. Let me see you drink the tea."

The touch of kindness was too much. She flung tea, cup and saucer out of the open window and buried her face in her hands. Obligations to the gaping passengers, quite as though they were not there, the familiar White House sitting room, Sumner laid his hand on her arm and waited for Mary to get control of herself.

"I'm on a lecture tour. People are very kind. And you—" "But Mary interrupted. "I received the announcement of your marriage last year and wrote you how glad I was for you, as you may remember. But now I can say to you that it made me happy to know that the thing you had desired so long had come into your life."

"Dear Senator, are you telling me your wife has died?" exclaimed Mary. "No! No! Our marriage is broken. I—I cannot talk about it, even to you."

Mary laid her little hand on Sumner's huge one. "Oh, that is trouble indeed—after all your years of hope! I am so, so sorry!" There was a little pause, then the Senator said, "And this new contumely that is being heaped upon you? Where are your friends, your family, dear Mrs. Lincoln, that you should be pushed to such extremities?"

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chagrin at myself. But truly I do not merit things they are saying. "Don't I know that! The wretched cads! One can only bow the head while the liars empty themselves. When this furore in the papers has been forgotten, you must allow me to apply for a pension for you. You shall hear from me about it. This is my station, I fear."

He rose as he spoke and with a last pressure of his great hand left the train, and Mary went on to face Chicago alone. Tad met her at the station. Excitement always increased the impediment in his speech. He was fourteen now, tall and with his mother's winning vivacity of manner.

Mrs. Lincoln treated the President's friends with studied insolence and indifference. She falsified a bill for entertaining Prince Napoleon. Mrs. Lincoln's propensity to sell things was manifested early and before any necessity was foreseen.

Mary finished the clipping and tore it into a dozen pieces while she mingled her tears with Taddie's. She gathered that he was going to take his father's cane and beat to death the editor of every paper that had maligned her.

Rob was older and just beginning his sturdy and spotless career. He was utterly devastated by this horrible publicity. It was a pitiful group there in the little house—not really a home, for Mary had been obliged to take roomers—a pitiful group.

Mary wrote Lizzie Keckley on Sunday morning, October 6: My dear Lizzie: I am writing this morning with a broken heart after a sleepless night of great mental suffering.

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mother, his brother and his sisters, for here in the Senate Chamber he had spent the supreme hours of his manhood. In that seat, yonder, Brooks, the South Carolinian, had beaten him into insensibility, and from yonder spot he had made the unparalleled speech for the Emancipation Proclamation.

On this morning he introduced a bill asking for a pension of \$5000, with a letter from Mrs. Lincoln to the Vice-President. Sir—I herewith most respectfully present to the honorable Senate of the United States an application for a pension. I am a widow of a President of United States whose life was sacrificed to his country's service.

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