

### Five-Minute Chats About Our Presidents

By JAMES MORGAN

#### LINCOLN AWAKENED

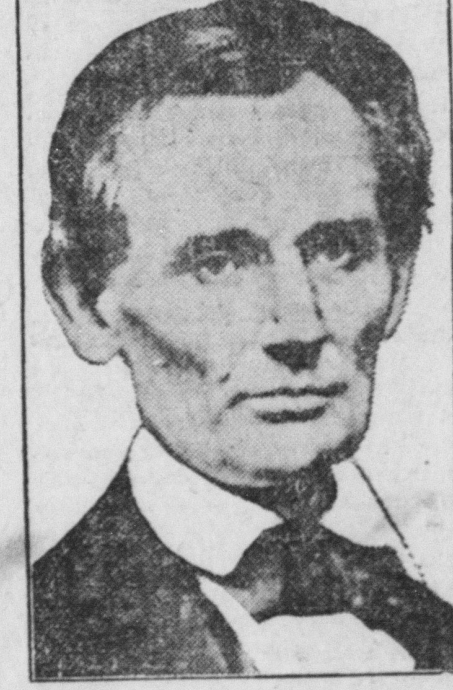
1809—Feb. 12, Abraham Lincoln born to Thomas and Nancy Hanks Lincoln, near Hodgenville, Hardin County, Ky.  
1816—Moved to Indiana.  
1830—Moved to Illinois.  
1835-43—in the Illinois Legislature.  
1847-9—in Congress.  
1858—July 24, challenged Douglas to the great debate. November, defeated for the Senate.  
1860—May 18, nominated for President by the Republican national convention at Chicago.

#### A GREAT FRIEND

1861—March 4, Abraham Lincoln inaugurated sixteenth president, age fifty-two.  
April 14, Fort Sumter surrendered.  
April 15, Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers.  
1862—Sept. 22, emancipation proclamation.  
1863—Nov. 19, Lincoln's Gettysburg address.  
1864—Nov. 8, Re-elected president.  
1865—April 14, shot by John Wilkes Booth.  
April 15, died, aged fifty-five.

THE iron-throated cannon of the Washington navy yard, breaking the stillness of a March dawn in 1854 with its 100 exultant roars over the repeal of the Missouri compromise, awakened Lincoln to the great mission for which his whole life had been an unconscious preparation. After a single term in congress, where his criticism of the Mexican war in the midst of that conflict had left him unavailable for a second term, and after providentially failing to obtain the snug berth of commissioner of the general land office, he had retired to his dingy law office in Springfield.

The wiping out of the dead line against the spread of slavery aroused him from his indifference to political



Lincoln in 1850.

questions and drew him from his retirement. "I know there is a God and that he hates injustice and slavery," he said simply to a friend. "I see the storm coming. I know his hand is in it. If he has a place and work for me—and I think he has, I believe I am ready."

The cannon that called Lincoln to his duty also was the signal gun that heralded the birth of the Republican party. Joining the new party, he became at once its leader in Illinois; to his own surprise, the second man in the balloting for its candidate for vice president in 1856, and its candidate for senator in 1858 against Stephen A. Douglas, the author of the repeal.

While Lincoln made ready for that campaign, as always in every hour of decision, he retired within himself. He consulted no one and gave no hint of his line of attack until he called together a dozen friends and read to them his opening speech, which began with those immortal words: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe that this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. . . . It will become all one thing or all the other."

Every man in the little group warned him that if he delivered the speech it would defeat him for the senate. "If I had to draw a pen across my record and erase my whole life from sight," he quietly replied, "and I had one poor gift or choice left as to what I should save from the wreck, I should choose that speech and leave it to the world unaltered."

Douglas carried a few more legislative districts and was re-elected, but Lincoln led in the aggregate popular vote.

Lincoln had met his Bunker Hill. The great unknown, who had dared to cross swords with the foremost champion of the repeal, plucked the curiosity of the country. Accepting an invitation to speak in New York, his Cooper Union address established his intellectual and moral right to lead the nation.

Nevertheless, when zealous neighbors had first entered him as a candidate for president, he protested that he was not fit for the place. Until the convention of 1860 actually met in Chicago, his name seldom was mentioned for the honor outside his own state. Two-thirds of the delegates really favored the nomination of William H. Seward, but as so often happens in politics, the very pre-eminence of the New York senator made him unavailable. In the end Lincoln was nominated largely because he was the least known man on the list of candidates.

THE stone walls of the White House no more shut Lincoln in from his fellows, from their hopes and sorrows and pride, than did the unhewn logs behind which he shivered in the cabin home of his youth. One night he dreamed that he was in a crowd, when some one recognized him as the president and exclaimed in surprise: "He is a very common looking man." Whereupon he answered: "Friend, the Lord prefers common looking people. That is the reason he makes so many of them."

Lincoln liked people, and he always kept in touch with the mass. He did not have to take the word of politicians or newspapers about what the country was thinking. He went to the source.

As he finished his daily wrestle with senators and the big wigs, he plunged with zest into what he called his "public opinion bath." Seated in his chair, with one leg thrown over its arm, he received the motley crowd that poured in through the wide open door of his office. Those who approached him in awe found themselves at ease in the presence of a friend, whose manner said to every one what he said in a speech to a regiment: "I happen temporarily to occupy this big White House. I am a living witness that any one of your children may look to come here as my father's child has."

The man fairly exhaled democracy, fraternity, equality. Frederick Douglas said that Lincoln was the only white man he ever met who did not show consciously or unconsciously that he recognized his color.

Sympathy flowed in a constant stream from its fountain in this great heart. A mother's tears, a baby's cry, a father's plea, a crutch or an empty sleeve never failed to move Lincoln. "If he has no friend, I'll be his friend," he said as he stopped the shooting of a soldier, under sentence of a court-martial.

"My poor girl," he said to a woman who pleaded for the life of her soldier brother, "you have come here with no governor or senator or member of congress to speak in your cause; you seem honest and truthful and you don't wear hoops, and I'll be whipped if I don't pardon him."

Lincoln's office was almost his prison cell through four terrible years. The shouts of his two little boys at play always were welcome notes of joy to their care-worn father. He never objected to their noisily bursting in



Abraham Lincoln.

upon him, and often he joined the children in their boisterous games in the White House grounds.

In the dark days when the nation itself was at death's door, one of the boys died. For weeks the grieving father strove in vain to win a spirit of resignation, dropping his work for a day at a time and surrendering to his sorrow. Doubtless the fortitude he gained at last in the heroic faith which lifted him above the general despair when the fortunes of the Union sank lowest.

After Willie's death, the other boy received a double share of paternal affection. Tad was in the habit of going to his father in the evening and making a report of all that had happened since morning, usually falling asleep in the midst of his prattle. Laying the little fellow on the floor by the side of his desk, Lincoln returned to his heavy tasks until his own long day was done; when he took his sleeping boy on his shoulder and carried him off to bed.

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## Rann-dom Reels

By HOWARD L. RANN

### THE FALL SKIRT

THE fall skirt is a neat garment which looks a good deal like the spring skirt, but costs more, owing to the European war, which has caused a great scarcity of everything except campaign bunk.

The fall skirt was gotten up last February in the heart of Paris, France, and sent over here to be sold to women who do not care to look like any of their neighbors. To the dull and unpracticed eye of man it is hard to tell a new fall skirt of the 1917 model from the one his wife wore twice in the early spring and discarded after making the horrifying discovery that it was three-quarters of an inch too long to be strictly au fait. There is nothing more depressing than a new skirt which is only 75 per cent au fait and folds carelessly about both ankles, instead of tilting back rakishly and blinding the innocent bystander in both eyes.

Great care has been taken, according to the fashion periodicals, to make the fall skirt so long that it can be



Discarded After Making the Horrifying Discovery That It Was Three-Quarters of an Inch Too Long to Be Strictly au Fait.

worn to church with perfect propriety. By actual measurement it will reach to the top of a 12-inch boot, which will prevent anybody from tripping on it. In fact, it is estimated that it is going to be harder to trip over one of the new fall skirts than it is to escape the strident voice of the cafe piano player.

The fall skirt will be made of anything that costs more than it did last winter, but will not be guaranteed against defects of workmanship or material. Stripes will be worn a great deal by women who would look better in some solid, neutral tint like black taffeta. The nervous, high-voiced Scotch plaid will also be favored by wives whose husbands have learned to suffer in silence.

Owing to the increasing hardship

### Last Night's Dreams

—What They Mean

#### DID YOU DREAM OF FIRE?

IN REGARD to dreams about fire the mystics are not entirely agreed. They all seem to agree that simply to dream of a fire is a favorable omen, but some of them attach unfavorable meanings to different circumstances which may arise in connection with the dream fire. Many of them predict that if you dream of a conflagration in which your house or your place of business is burned down, you will have many business troubles, but will come through them all right. Others say that if you see a fire in which the burning houses have fallen down it is a most favorable omen and not so good a one if the houses still stand. The consensus of opinion is that to see any fire and not get burned by it denotes health, fortune and happiness.

To burn yourself in your dreams is not a favorable prognostication, but to dream that you touch the fire and are

of the American woman, the fall skirt will have the same kind of lining as the silk stocking, but the latter will contain a trifle more material.

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### Memories

By GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS

IT is the faculty of Remembering and constantly calling to mind what has gone before, that makes it possible for us to trend Forward. It is what saves us from becoming fossilized. It is what enables us to throw off the decaying shell of Self and to renew our strength in Effort and Enthusiasm and in Achievement.

All that you now have of the Old Year are its Memories. How are you going to use them?

Every single life has its Stumbling Times. Every single life has its Climbing Hours. It is the Memory of the thrilling moments, that fairly made our whole consciousness glow with power and satisfaction, that make us feel we are worthy as fighters in the game and as aspirers for a portion of the Joy of this world.

All that you now have of the Old Year are its Memories. How are you going to use them?

Why not resolve here and now that you will just let slide, silent from you, every unpleasant memory of the past, gathering up and tying securely to you the while, every Pleasant Memory that the past has given to you? Make them spurs and incentives to make you bolder, braver and bigger. For—All that you now have of the Old Year—and Years—are its Memories. How are you going to use them?

## Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST

### EVERYWHERE IN AMERICA.

Not somewhere in America, but everywhere today.

Where snow-crowned mountains hold their heads, the vales where children play, Beside the bench and whirring lathe, on every lake and stream And in the depths of earth below, men share a common dream. The dream our brave forefathers had of freedom and of right. And once again in honor's cause, they rally and unite.

Not somewhere in America is love of country found

But east and west and north and south once more the bugles sound And once again, as one, men stand to break their brother's chains. And make the world a better place, where only justice reigns.

The patriotism that is here, is echoed over there

The hero at a certain post is on guard everywhere.

O'er humble home and mansion rich the starry banner flies And far and near throughout the land the men of valor rise.

The flag that flutters o'er your home is fluttering far away

O'er homes that you have never seen. The same impulses sway

The souls of men in distant states. The red, the white and blue Means to one hundred million strong.

Just what it means to you, The self-same courage resolute you feel and understand

Is throbbing in the breasts of men throughout this mighty land.

Not somewhere in America, but everywhere today

For justice and for liberty all free men work and pray.

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## WEALTH IN WEST

Canadian Farmers Confident of Record Grain Crop.

Boston Banker, Returning From Trip Through the Country, Tells of Rich Yields of Great Northwestern Wheat Fields.

A Boston banker, desiring to recuperate from a season of strenuous work, did what most bankers do, or should do, took a holiday, away from the confines of the city life. Canada was in his mind. He would make the trip, learn something of the country, breathe both in mind and body. On his return a few days ago, he told the reporter of the Wall Street Journal of the richness of the vast fields of golden grain that he saw on his trip through the Canadian West. Doubtless he broke his journey into the Canadian Rockies long enough to make an inspection of them. Who could help it, as from the car window were to be seen miles and miles of golden streaks, ranged row upon row away back to the lines of the horizon? He must have done so, for when he got back to the Hub, he was filled with enthusiasm over his trip and what he saw in Canada, and he had to get it off his mind. It was revealed in this way:

"Canada is getting strong, recovering by leaps and bounds from the depression caused by war. While unrest and lack of co-operation seem to be holding things back on this side of the border the Dominion to the north faces an era of unprecedented activity and prosperity. One of the basic reasons for this brilliant comeback is the rich yield of the great northwestern wheat fields."

That the crops in Canada, both east and west, are meeting the expectations of the farmers is a satisfying fact, which gives a positive assurance of a yield that will mean millions of dollars to the wealth of the country. There will probably be as much as two hundred million bushels of wheat to export, giving an added billion dollars to the country of nearly half a billion dollars. In all parts, the crop yield promises to be abundant, and with favorable weather from now on there may be expected a harvest that will equal if not surpass that of 1915. It will doubtless be pleasing to the many readers of this paper to know that the friends they have developing their farms in this region of big crops and good prices will participate in this wealth, and what will be more pleasing, is the knowledge of the fact that the wealth in which they will participate comes from big prices for a product produced from land purchased at a cheap price.

Western Canada has never known a failure in crops. There are districts where partial failures have been, but consideration should be given to the fact that the country, that portion of it in which the present grain growing lies, is from seven to eight hundred miles in length by half that distance in breadth.

Because one speaks of the wonderful success of grain growing there, there should not be lost sight of the fact that this is only one item in the wealth-producing possibilities. There is cattle raising, with all the advantages in every way that it possesses anywhere; the dairying industry is assuming remarkable proportions, and a great deal of attention is given to the development of this industry, which is so adaptable to the country, by both federal and provincial governments.—Advertisement.

#### Where She Erred.

Miss Gerty Gad called the new maid, and said tartly: "If you don't improve, Maria, I shall have to dispense with your services!" "But I do my best," Maria insisted. "Yesterday afternoon you insulted a friend of mine." "Why, I never even—"

"When Mr. Gumson called for me with his golf clubs he said you slammed the door in his face."

"Was that a golfing he had?" "Yes."

"I'm sorry, miss, but I thought he was an umbrella mender."

#### "Eatonic, in Four Days Did Me \$20 Worth of Good"

So writes Mr. Edward W. Bragg of Mecca, Ind., who suffered from stomach troubles for a long time but could not find anything to help him, but at last had faith enough to give Eatonic a test. It quickly removed the excess acids and poisonous gases from the body and the misery disappeared. Of course, when the cause of the trouble is removed, the sufferer must get well. Eatonic is quick, sure and safe, and the lasting benefits come in new strength, life and pep. Your druggist will supply you with Eatonic at a trifling cost and every ailing person should get it today. Adv.

Hard to Tell.

"Why do women cry at a wedding?" "I don't know. I can't make up my mind if it's the bride or the groom they are sorry for."

Thinking over our own faults makes us talk less about those of other people.

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## SCHOOL DAYS



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Oh, daddy, just look— look at him! All those lovely curls! Oh—you! I could simply shake the very ground right out of you! Monkey! Skinned rabbit! Imp!— Peeled onion!

Why Dick! Ain't you ashamed of your self? Godin all them those curly curls cut off! I've a good notion to whale you, Dick—

not burned, a most favorable one. Most authorities agree that while to dream of fire is a promise of good luck, it also means that you are likely to have a quarrel with a friend, though some declare that you must see the fire start suddenly to be sure of a quarrel, and all agree that the dispute will be over a trifle. If you extinguish the fire, a surprise is in store for you. To see a sparkling fire on a hearth or in a stove, denotes plenty of money. If a woman builds a fire without any trouble, she will be happy and have many children.

If she has difficulty in making the fire burn, the omen is the reverse. The scientists regard the fire dream simply as a reminiscence from our nursery days when we were warned not to play with matches and schedule this dream as one of the typical or standard ones.

As the scientists don't entirely agree with the mystics, and the mystics don't entirely agree among themselves with regard to the significance of dream-fire, it would seem to be a case where each of the rest of us was entitled to his own opinion.

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## MOTHER'S COOK BOOK by Nellie Maxwell

The art of cooking cannot be learned out of a book any more than the art of swimming or the art of painting. The best teacher is practice, the best guide is sentiment.—Louis XV.

What to Eat. For a change in serving potatoes try:

Sautéed Potato Balls. Cut balls from potatoes with a French cutter. Cook ten minutes in boiling water, slightly salted. Drain, put into an omelet pan with a tablespoonful of butter, a sprinkling of paprika, cover and place on the back of the range and cook until delicately browned. Shake the pan occasionally so that the balls will brown evenly. Use the left-over pieces for mashed potatoes.

Tomato and Pepper Salad. Scald the tomatoes, peel and cut in halves. Place on a lettuce leaf cut side up. Scoop out some of the pulp and place four or five asparagus tips in the center of each tomato. Cut rings from peppers and adjust for

handles. Serve chilled, with any desired dressing.

Southern Steak. Roll beef or veal in seasoned flour and fry in a little butter until brown. Cover with milk and bake until the milk is absorbed. Cover the pan while baking.

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MILITANT MARY Just when you're gloating over what a sport you are, all TOLD Some Auntie visits you and makes you feel JUST EIGHT YEARS OLD!