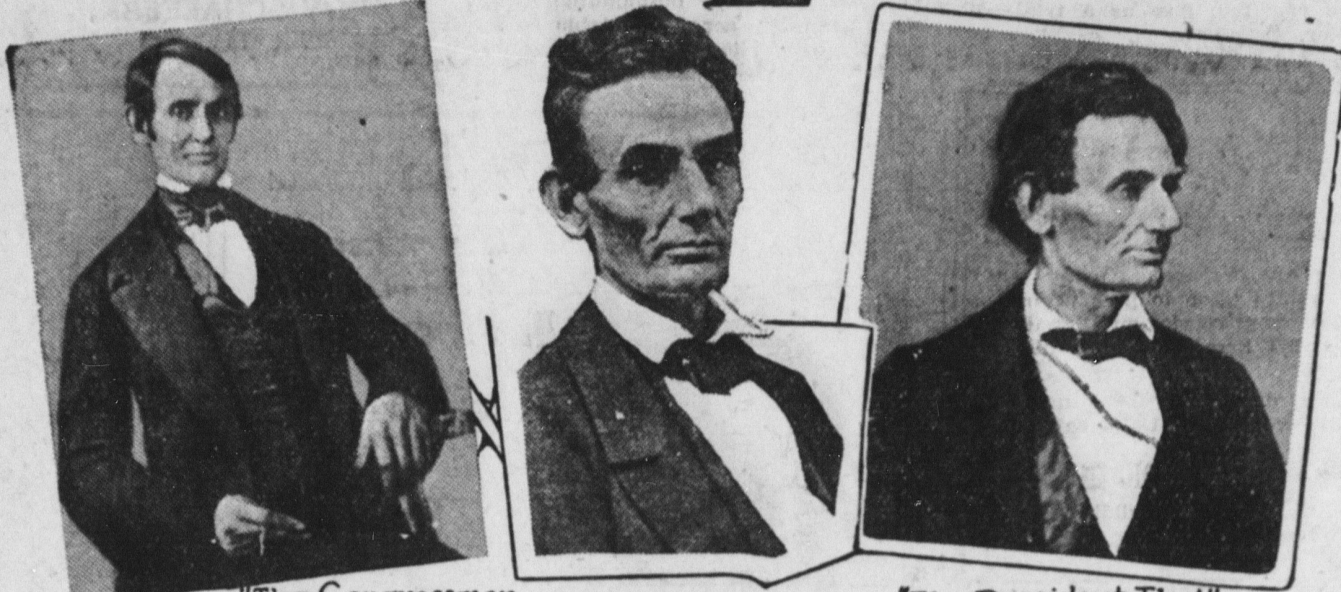


What the Presidency Did to Lincoln



"The Congressman from Illinois" 1848

"The Lincoln-Douglas Debater" 1858

"The President-Elect" 1860

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

APRIL 14 is the anniversary of one of the great tragedies in American history. For it was on that date just 65 years ago that the bullet of John Wilkes Booth struck down Abraham Lincoln and plunged a whole nation, rejoicing that four years of war was at last ended, into the deepest sorrow. Ever since that day there has been endless speculation as to "what might have been" if he had been spared. Would the North have been a more generous victor and the South have been spared the ruin and despair of the Reconstruction era? Would the wounds of the most terrible civil war in history have been more quickly healed during those next four momentous years if there had been at the head of the nation the man who had said "With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in." No one can answer those questions positively, but there can be but little doubt in anyone's mind that the answer in each case is "Yes."

Useless though such speculation may be, it suggests another interesting possibility. Suppose John Wilkes Booth had been balked in trying to carry out his mad scheme and the tragedy of that terrible night in Ford's theater had been averted. Might not death in some other guise than the assassin's bullet have prevented Abraham Lincoln from realizing his ambition "to finish the work we are in"? For such a possibility is not so improbable as it may seem at first thought.

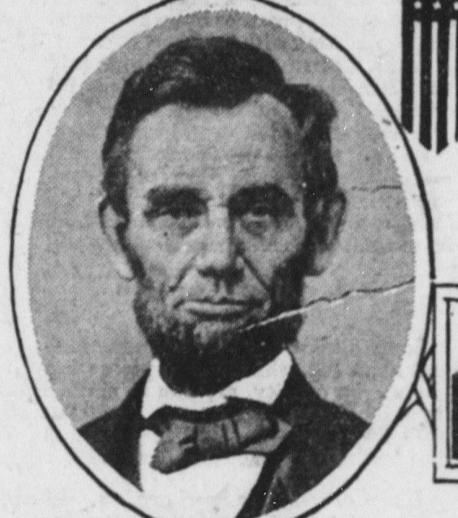
It has become almost axiomatic that the Presidency of the United States is a "man-killing job." For ex-Presidents the average length of life after turning over the reins to their successors has been a little over 11 years. But when there is added to the heavy duties of the Presidency, the crushing burden of leading the nation in a great war even that span of years is greatly reduced. Woodrow Wilson, the World War President, left the White House in 1921, a broken, prematurely-aged man who was in his grave three years later. So with this recent tragic example before us, it is not beyond the realm of belief that a similar fate might have awaited Abraham Lincoln, who was called upon to bear the most crushing load of responsibility and sorrow ever placed upon the shoulders of any American, not even excepting those of George Washington in the darkest days of the American Revolution.

Some interesting evidence of the heartbreaking task which was Lincoln's and of the fact that not even his great strength could have much longer endured it is presented in the reproduction of photographs which illustrate Emil Ludwig's "Lincoln," published recently by Little, Brown and Company. Five of these are shown above and they, more vividly than words, tell that story.

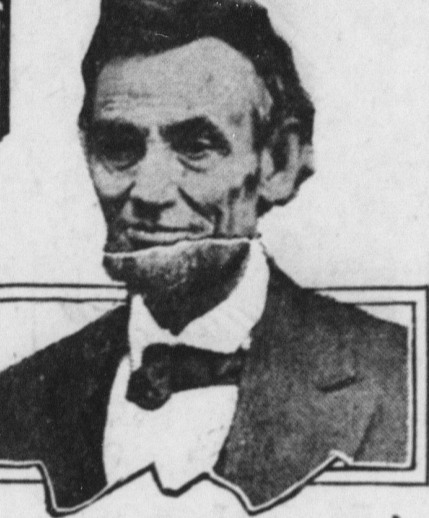
Although it is a familiar story which the distinguished German writer tells in his biography of Lincoln, it has a particular interest at this time when the anniversary of the Great Emancipator's death recalls to Americans the tragedy of his whole life. "Lincoln's career, more than that of any other man in history, is so grandly conceived by Fate that the first act is illuminated by the last, and every scene is bound together by dramatic intensity," writes Ludwig.

In one of the word pictures of Lincoln which Ludwig presents, he is a "comedy figure," albeit a tragic-comic one. The scene is the inauguration on March 4, 1860, on a platform in front of the east portico of the Capitol. "What do the audience see? They look up at the speaker, but his friends are little pleased by his aspect," writes Ludwig, who then quotes the words of one who witnessed that scene and wrote as follows:

"His newly grown beard was short and stubby like a shoe brush; grizzled, stiff, and hideous; disfiguring a face that without it expressed power and deep feeling. He wore a brand-new suit, with a swallow-tail instead of the customary frock coat; he had a very shiny stovepipe hat, evidently just taken out of the bandbox, and a huge ebony stick, with a gold head as large



"The Speaker at Gettysburg" 1863



"The Man of Sorrows" 1865

ALL PICTURES FROM EMIL LUDWIG'S "LINCOLN" COURTESY LITTLE, BROWN AND CO.

as an egg. In this unusual rig-out, he looked so uncomfortable that it was quite pathetic. Matters were even worse when he reached the platform for he did not know what on earth to do with his hat and his stick. There he stood, a target for thousands of eyes, holding these two encumbrances, the image of hopeless perplexity.

To that Ludwig adds this comment: "There he stands burdened with things which his fashionable wife must have forced upon him, too elegantly attired, lest he should look like a backwoodsman—a man used to wearing his clothes just anyhow, decked out with a useless walking stick, transformed into a comedy figure and all the more a mark of silent sarcasm. There he stands for the first time he is to speak to the nation as a whole, for he is embarrassed by this fine new stick with a gold knob, and the terribly shiny top hat. What is he to do? Dreadful moments, but fate has sent him his longtime enemy, who, as if in irony, is watching his plight at close hand. Douglas it is who comes to his rescue; Douglas as a valet, Douglas who stretches out his short arm to take the hat and hold it for half an hour, like a footman, till all is over, and the new President can take it back from the senator with a friendly nod."

The story of what Lincoln endured during the first two years of the war—his struggle to secure the co-operation of a wrangling, discordant cabinet, his repeated disappointments in his generals who either wouldn't fight or who fought only to be defeated disastrously and all the other factors which thwarted him at every turn—is matched as a record of despair only by what followed.

For when he issued the Emancipation Proclamation "the effect was catastrophic. Confusion was widespread throughout the North, there was a slump on the stock exchange; the elections were adverse; the Democrats declared that thousands of whites were being forced to give their blood in order that their fellow countrymen might be illegally deprived of property. . . . When congress was sitting in December, the President's unceasing personal struggle on two fronts, the near approach of the momentous date fixed for the enforcement of the proclamation, the varying and for the most part unfavorable fortunes of war, the skepticism of friends regarding the new measure and the scorn in which it was held by enemies, made him weary and dispirited as well."

An unforgettable picture of the Lincoln of this period is given by an old friend who had not seen him for six years and whose description of him is cited by Ludwig as follows: "The change . . . was simply appalling. His whiskers had grown and had given additional cadaverousness to his face. . . . The light seemed to have gone out of his eyes, which were sunken far under his enormous brows. . . . There was over his whole face an expression of sadness, and a far-away look in his eyes, which were utterly unlike the Lincoln of former days."

The wonder is that the war President did not break under the strain. For, says Ludwig, "For him, private life had ceased to exist. Work, agitation, enemies at home, reverses abroad, danger threatening to undo the work done by the fathers of the country and to frustrate the activities of his own career such had been his

lot for three or four years, almost without cessation. The tree-feller's tall body had been attacked from within, mined as it were and weakened here and there; he was laid up for awhile by a modified snailpox, caught in a visit to the front; he complained that his legs were always cold, but he would not give way; very rarely indeed, after a sleepless night, would he lie down on Welles' sofa, or say that he was too tired to receive visitors. 'I hardly know how to rest. It may be good for the body. But what is tired in me lies within, and can't be got at.'

"As the years went by, the tensions increased rather than diminished. If things were going well in the field, he would be harassed by the violence of the political factions; when all was quiet in that quarter, the result would be a decline in recruiting; and if, for a moment, matters really seemed to be making progress everywhere, he would still be perturbed by the mutual jealousies of the members of the cabinet or the governors. In addition he was distressed by the daily sight of sufferings caused by the war, for hospitals abounded in Washington, and the surrounding hills were sprinkled with tents for the temporary accommodation of the sick and wounded, while the stretchers seemed to pass in unending succession whenever the President went out for air or exercise. Riding was about his only exercise."

But even this was not safe for once he was fired upon by a hidden assassin. His horse bolted and quickly bore him away from the spot and a soldier who went to the place found his hat lying on the ground with a bullet hole through the crown. "Sometimes after riding into Washington in the small hours he would spend the rest of the night at the White House, writing or reading, and would ride back to the Soldiers' home when morning came, depressed in mood. Such depression was common enough, for Lincoln was incapable of taking much delight in victory or of feeling hatred for the enemy, and civil war was doubly distressing to him, since the enemies were his brothers. 'The war' he said in a speech during the last year of his life, 'has carried mourning to almost every home, until it can almost be said that the heavens are hung in black!'

Nor did the gloom lift when the end of the war finally came and Appomattox silenced the four-year clamor of the guns. For, as Lincoln looked back upon those four years, he could see naught but tragedy—personal as well as national. "Where, now, is Douglas, who had been so full of life and activity? Where is old friend Baker? Where are his little boys, witted and perished like half-open buds nipped by the frost? Death was grinning at him from every corner! Would history speak of him only as the Lord of Death; would history be justly entitled to give him such a name?"

Such are the thoughts which Ludwig puts in his mind as he enters Ford's theater that night of April 14. Then—the shot, the cry of "Sic semper tyrannis!" the scream of Mary Lincoln and in a little house across the street the next morning "he dies at seven o'clock; in a strange bed like a pilgrim, slain on Good Friday like a prophet." And the tragedy of Abraham Lincoln's whole life was summed up by his little son, Tad, who "when he stood beside the coffin in the White House, said 'Is father in heaven now? Yes? Then I am glad, for he was not really happy here.'"

Community Building

Small Towns to Become Centers of Industry

Not long ago the nation was stirred by the drift of population away from farms and rural areas into the great cities. Young men, attracted by the high wages paid by industry and what appeared to be the superior social and economic advantages of urban life, deserted the soil for the city.

In the past quarter-century rural America has made tremendous progress. Better schools, good roads, the automobile, telephone and radio have created a rural civilization greater than any in history.

Industrialists, attracted by such factors as lack of labor difficulties, low taxes and uncongested, pleasant living and working conditions, were barred from entry into the small town only because of lack of power.

Now, according to authorities, the smaller towns are on the road to industrial leadership of America and the countryside is staged for the next scene of our industrial progress. The drift of population has turned. At present the only pronounced gain in industrial wage earners is taking place in the country.

It is safe to say that many towns which are almost unknown today will be the great industrial centers of the future. The industrial revolution of the Eighteenth century apparently doomed rural progress—now the electric revolution of the Twentieth is reversing the process. —Longview (Wash.) Daily News.

Extensive Survey of North Carolina Roads

Reports from various fronts in the battle to reclaim and preserve our roadside beauties are constantly being received by the American Nature Association.

One of the most interesting developments is the inauguration of a demonstration survey by the National Council for the Protection of Roadside. This is the new name of the organization previously known as the National Committee for the Restriction of Outdoor Advertising, through which more than one hundred organizations joined to work in this common effort. North Carolina has been selected as the state for the survey, particularly on account of the progressive attitude of the highway department of the state, which has been doing effective work in roadside planting and beautification. The survey will be thorough and cover the entire state. Each highway of importance will be covered, mile by mile, and extensively photographed. A complete consideration will be given to the various phases of North Carolina's particular problems and a full report with recommendations will be made and published as a part of the demonstration. At least two months will be devoted to the study.

Renovate Where Possible

In some cases it might be necessary to raze an existing building in view of the fallacy of the belief that all that is old is good. In other cases it would be folly to do so because sometimes additional structural features and an architectural treatment are all that would be necessary to achieve a fine result. There lurk in some of our shabby streets, possibilities for the finest of banks, theaters, stores and office buildings, multiple garages, professional buildings and great beauty—in fact, all those elements contributory to civic excellence with which the architect conscientiously concerns himself and which, in conjunction with city planning he will eventually bring about.—Exchange.

Think Before Buying

Some things are essential in the selection of the place where you are going to have your home. Think of transportation, churches, schools and your neighbors. When you have decided to buy a lot or a home already built, buy it not for speculation or resale but for the specific purpose of owning a home. Let the idea of a home be the dominant thought. That will make it a safer purchase and bring greater assurance of happiness rather than grief. A two-apartment building is sometimes a safer and more conservative home than the proverbial bungalow.

Rubbish Pile a Menace

Sixty per cent of all persons burned to death met this tragic end in their homes. Approximately one-half of this number are children less than ten years of age. The majority of dwelling-house fires have their origin in cellars, attics and closets. Rubbish accumulation is generally the cause. Experience has demonstrated the fact that periodic and systematic inspection of all buildings for the elimination of fire and health dangers has materially improved the general outlook and safety of communities.

Drab Roof Departs

The day of the drab roof is gone—the roof that simply shuts out the rain and weather. True, the roof of a home must give protection against the elements. It must last. But as one of the most prominent architectural features of the home, the roof should also add much to its beauty.

Bride Tells Her Secret

"FOR a young bride of twenty-one to lose her vitality and pep is disastrous, almost a sacrilege," says Mrs. George E. Pillow, of Franklin, Va. "That, however," she continues, "is just what I did."

"I had only been married a few months to an athletic husband, who went everywhere and did everything. I tried to keep up with his pace, and simply collapsed under the strain. I never was really ill; just sallow-skinned, depressed, and lifeless. Swimming, dancing, golf, I just couldn't face them. When I began to lose my clear complexion, I was desperate.

"Then one day a girl friend came to pay me a visit. In the bottom of her little bag of clothes lay a crystal-clear bottle—Nujol! A short woman-to-woman talk—a telephone call to a neighboring drug store—and my future happiness was settled.

"That was a year ago. Now I too am never without Nujol, which has brightened and cleansed my body like a cake of pure soap. I eat, sleep, swim, and hike with the enthusiasm of a child. My complexion is all it used to be—and best of all—I am my husband's little pal again."

The wonderful thing about crystal-clear Nujol is that it is not a medicine; it contains no drugs—it cannot hurt even a baby. It is simply the normal internal lubrication which



Beauty, Charm, Clear Skin—How Can They be Won?

your body needs. Let Nujol clear the poisons out of your body (we all have them), and flood the sunshine of happiness into your life.

It sounds like a fairy tale, but millions of people have proved it. So can you. Get Nujol at any drug store—sold only in sealed packages, with the Nujol trademark. It costs but a few cents and it will make you feel like a million dollars!

Studying an Audience

"You are occasionally careless about your grammar."

"Not careless," answered Senator Sorghum, "only discreet. Out my way folks think that if you pay strict attention to grammar, you are trying to put on airs and act supercilious."

Not for Them

First Tramp—Say, pard, do you think airship passenger service will ever become practical?

Second Tramp—No; I don't see how gentlemen like us will be able to hang on.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Well!

Mother—Geraldine's boy friend seems sort of put out about something. You haven't said anything to him, have you?

Father—Not a word. As a matter of fact I haven't even seen him since I handed him the bill for reupholstering the sofa.

All the Better for It

"So your little boy wasn't really lost?" "No; we found him under the Saturday Transcript."

Many a man lends a hand only when it is empty.

Three Mothers Agree

When mother is tired, nervous or ill the whole home is upset. For her family's sake, every mother wants to be well and strong. These three women tell how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helps them to care for their families.



Mrs. H. Dolhonde, 6318 York St., New Orleans, Louisiana

"Before my last baby was born, I started taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I got such good results that I named her Catherine Lydia. I have six older children and five grandchildren, too. I am now taking the Vegetable Compound again because of my age. I eat and sleep better and I do all my housework, and my washing. I will do my best to answer letters."



Mrs. Harold Goodnow, 36 Cane St., Fitchburg, Massachusetts

"I cannot praise your medicine enough. After my baby came I was rundown. I had to go to bed often through the day. I took three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I felt like a different woman. If any mother has those tired feelings I advise her to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."



Mrs. Lloyd R. Blasing, 115 So. Ohio St., Anaheim, California

"After my baby came I was so nervous and tired that I felt miserable. One day a booklet was left at our door and after reading it I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I am now on my fourth bottle and I feel much stronger. It has helped me in every way and I feel sure that other women in rundown condition will pick up if they will only take a few bottles."

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S TEXT BOOK

64 pages of valuable information. Free to women.

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Lynn, Mass.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

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