The Hotel Clerk on Crusading

BY IRVING S. COBB

"WELL, I see our friends, the Crusaders are going after the ladies who smoke in public," said the Hotel Clerk.

"Just wot is a crusader?" asked the Head Bell Boy. "I hear of 'em very frequent here of late, but I ain't seen none as I knows of."

"It all depends on the period of history to which you refer," said the Hotel Clerk. "A matter of five or six hundred years ago, when the captains of industry used their Steel Preferred for making top clothes out of, instead of for investment purposes, a Crusader was a gentleman of haughty aspect who looked like a can of imported sardines when he had on his light-weight Summer armor, and like a kitchen range when he was wearing his Winter duds. He put on his vest with a stove lid and took off his socks with a can-opener. A set of screw-drivers was on every well-equipped dressing-table. If anything got the matter with his helmet or he forgot the combination of his shirt front, they had to send for the nearest locksmith. If he came home to his castle from a stag social of the Crusaders' Aid Society with a commodious medieval stew aboard, and tripped on the top step and fell downstairs, as he no doubt did, from time to time, he made a noise like a switch engine hitting a milk wagon. There was no chance for him to take off his shoes at the front door and slip in quietly. They wasn't that sort of shoes. They were more like the kind a horse wears. And so his lady wife would hear the hideous clamor ringing out on the 3 A. M. quiet and she'd arise and come out to the top of the landing and see him laying there flat on his portcullis, with his hands clasped across the donjon keep and ——"

"Wot's a portcullis?" asked the Head Bell Boy, breaking in.

"Never mind that," said the Hotel Clerk. "They have a different name for it these days. Anyway, I was telling you about the Crusader and not about the various points of interest in his anatomy.

"But he nearly always had a glorious finish. He departed to the Holy Lands and a Saracen junk dealer broke him up for scrap-iron; or else he fatally went a-jousting to a joust. A joust, Hops, was something like the modern football game, only milder. Sometimes they called it a tournament, but I like jöust better. It sounds more like what it was. He'd go up to the joust, as I told you, and he'd ride down the lists on his noble Percheron charger with his long and foolish spear set firmly in its socket and his Sunday suit rattling like a load of T-rails crossing a car track. And another chivalrous and gentle jouster would come loping out to meet him and commit safe-burglary on him with a steel-nose maul. So now he's buried in Westminster Abbey or some other favorite resort for American tourists, with a stone monument weighing eleven tons resting on his stomach; and dozens of the best families in Chicago and Troy, N. Y., named Watkins and Mulligan, are claiming descent from him and using his coat-of-arms on their canned beef and their dollar shirts. It ought to be glory enough for any Crusader, even if he's dead, to know that 80,000,000 packages of deviled ham and countless volumes of two-for-a-quarter collars are annually carrying his armorial crest as a trade-marke and doing well.

"But the modern Crusader, Hops, is a very different person. He doesn't dress up in any of the malleable metals unless you figure in his watchchain and amalgam fillings. He's usually a well-to-do middle-aged gentleman—although sometimes he's a lady—who makes it a business to make everybody else's business his business. He's prominent in reform campaigns and breakfast food testimonials. He generally starts out by furnishing literary contributions for the subscribers' column on the editorial pages of family newspapers. The next stage is when there's a mass-meeting to protest against something, and he sits on the stage with Anthony Comstock, Joseph Choate, R. Fulton Cutting and the other 200 honorary vice-presidents, and plays scenery. If it was a musical show, he'd be the chorus; being a mass-meeting, he's the honorary vice-president. It's not a hard job to fill if the subject has a sufficiently serious expression of countenance and a name that looks kind of impressive and wealthy when printed in small type.

"But after a bit he passes into the violent state. All of a sudden he rises up and emits an emotional shriek that Sarah Bernhardt would give any money to own and have under control. He's discovered that there ought to be a six-cylinder, 48-horse power crusade started right away to correct some hellish wrong that everybody thought was all right until he called their attention to it.

"If we've got plenty of good, live sensations at the time we are apt to give him the back-up signal. The papers print foolish pictures of him, and the voice of the public is heard advising him to return to the round-house and spin around a few times. When strangers begin to laugh at a young crusade, it's time for its friends to begin to weep for it. So our disappointed Crusader retires down a siding and becomes pessimistic and takes to reading Edwin Markham's poetry.

"But if he happens to usher his chubby, wrinkled, hairless, toothless little pink crusade into the world at a period when there's comparatively nothing doing, fine and nutritious! Presently he finds himself marching at the head of a procession composed of seven or eight million of his proud and admiring fellow-citizens and when he dies we take up a popular subscription and hire a home-talent sculptor to erect a statue in his memory, and future generations, as yet unborn, will come and look at it and wonder if anybody ever really had that kind of legs.

"I haven't been able yet to figure out what's liable to happen to the ambitious crusaders that put the rollers under this new crusade against women smoking in public. I never saw but one woman that smoked in public, and she smoked a pipe. She also dipped snuff, as I recollect, without attracting any marked attention.

"But she wasn't what you could call socially prominent, and maybe that made a difference. So I'm wondering what we'll do with the Anti-Smoke-Lady Crusade as it now stands. Will we mount it on the bandwagon or will we push it under the caboose? The gentlemen who are responsible for it are carrying on extensively. They are standing out on the snowy lawn all in a row with their heads thrown back and their ears flapping, baying freely in the general direction of the moon. And the lady in the said moon, she simply smiles that cold, unfathomable smile of hers, and rolls on. 'Tis a way she has.

"It seems like from what I can distinguish from their anguished outcry that the habit of smoking in public has become very common among the ladies of Europe, cheroots in England and meerchaums in Germany, I suppose, and any minute it's liable to spread to this fair land of ours, and devastate it, or something.

"Well, Hops, if you're asking me, let 'er spread. If the American woman should decide to smoke in public you might as well be a gentleman about it, and pass a light. Personally, I'd rather she'd chew tobacco, because it's a neater habit anyway, if you've got plenty of cuspidors handy, but if she wants to smoke in public I have a deep-seated suspicion, born of many years' experience, that she'll smoke in public and smoke freely. I shall endeavor to remain ca'm until I see her doing it, and after that I shall continue in the ca'm business at the old stand, corner of Ca'm street and Quietwood avenue.

"Anyway, there's one or two other crusades I'd like to do a little crusading for on my own account, first. Some of these days when I get around to it I'm going to start a crusade to buy a feather, a red feather, I think it'll be, to go on the hat of every little girl orphan in every orphan asylum in the world. I'll bet you I've seen 10,000 little girl orphans out marching in those parades that the people who run orphan asylums think an orphan thinks is fun, and never yet, Hops, have I seen one of those poor little things that had anything in her poor little straw hat except a brim and a crown. Thousands of little girl orphans' hats fairly crying out for feathers. Now, that's a crusade worth while, Hops."

"Got any other crusading up your sleeve?" inquired the head Bell Boy.

"Yes, I've got one that will instantly appeal to every man that ever woke up in the morning after a hard night and rang for ice water," said the Hotel Clerk. "I'm going to put striped rings on the ice water pitchers. At this writing, all hotel ice water pitchers are a pale, dead white. There's no cheer to them—they're gloomy and depressing in the extreme. They suggest marble slabs at a morgue.

"But paint a few purple and green rings around them and put a cluster of daffodils on the handle, and you've got something, the mere sight of which will invigorate a man that can't seem to think of anything that'll invigorate him except maybe suicide.

"And then, Hops, there's another thing I've got in mind—" but the patient and long-suffering Head Bell Boy had fled.

A—JOUSTING TO A JOUST"

"Take a dash of water cold
And a little leaven of prayer,
A little bit of sunshine gold
Dissolved in the morning air;
And then as a prime ingredient
A plenty of work thrown in,
But spice it all with essence of love
And a little whiff of play,
Let a wise old book and a glance above
Complete a well spent day."

—Selected.

F. MARION CRAWFORD
A FAVORITE AMERICAN NOVELIST

The House of the Vampire. By George Sylvester Viereck. Price, $1.25. Moffatt, Yard & Co., New York City.

For originality of conception and boldness of idea, this remarkable romance stands alone among the literary novelties of the season. Its horizon is big and so powerful is its realism that the reader is drawn as the magnet draws the metal. Yea—as the spider engulfs the fly.

You cannot expect to be amused by such a book—you are awed and follow a master. Mr. Viereck is already a poet of international reputation, and Edwin Markham has said: "It seems to me that George Sylvester Viereck has more force than any other living American poet." And "The House of the Vampire" is eminently the work of a poet. It is so steeped in art but whimsically impractical. The erotic style recalls Oscar Wilde or Robert Louis Stevenson, especially the latter in his "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

The house around which the story revolves is that of Reginald Clarke, New York City. Clarke is a literary man and professional conversation-maker. "Without stretch of the imagination one might have likened him to a Roman cardinal of the days of the Borgias, who had miraculously stepped forth from the time-stained canvas and slipped into the twentieth century evening clothes." He was remembered in New York drawing rooms as the man who had "brought to perfection the art of talking." A picture of his studio:

> A satyr on the mantelpiece whispered secrets into the ears of Saint Cecilia. The argent limbs of Antinous brushed against the garments of Mono Lisa. And from a corner a little rococo lady peered coquettish at the grey image of an Egyptian sphinx. There was the picture of Napoleon facing the image of the Crucified. Above all, in the semi-darkness, artificially produced by heavy draperies, towered two busts.

Clarke, as the master-genl, is a vampire who possesses the uncanny faculty of stealing other people's unspoken thoughts. When other poets and dramatists plan their masterpieces,' Clarke by a sort of mesmeric power swiftly transfers these thoughts as his own, leaving the victims a legacy of ill-health. Some lose their reason. Among the latter is one Ernest Fielding, poet and dramatist. Clarke's pet argument was that a man's genius is commensurate with his ability of absorbing from life the elements essential to his artistic completion—that Balzac, who possessed that power to a remarkable degree—drew his material from life and books, each time reshaping it with a master-hand. "Shakespeare took his colors from many palettes," went on Clarke. "Who was he? What education did he have? None. And yet we find in his work the wisdom of Bacon, Sir Walter Raleigh's fancies and discoveries, and Marlowe's verbal thunders."

At first, Clarke seeks to conceal the fact from his victim that he is mentally robbing him. Fielding lives in the vampire-house, and by means of a secret door, Clarke enters the young man's room and then— "Hardly had Fielding closed his eyes when again that horrible nightmare—no longer a nightmare—tormented him. Again he felt the pointed delicate fingers carefully feeling their way along the innumerable tangled threads of nerve-matter that lead to the innermost recesses of self. A subconscious something strove to arouse him, and he felt the fingers softly withdrawn."

Suddenly, Fielding, after one of Clarke's nocturnal visits, bursts into the vampire's room and cries: "Thief! Vampire! You are an embezzler of the mind, strutting through life in borrowed and stolen plumes." Clarke at last admits the truth, saying:

> It is through me that the best in you shall survive, even as the obscure Elizabethans live in him of Avon. Shakespeare absorbed what was great in little men—a greatness that otherwise would have perished—and gave it a setting, a life. Self-love has never entered into my actions. I am careless of personal fame. As I stand before you, I am Homer, I am Shakespeare. Men have doubted in each incarnation my individual existence. . . . . I care not. I have a mission. I am a servant of the Lord. I am the vessel that bears the Host.

Then the vampire destroys another victim, and the telling of it is powerfully drawn. It is like a tragedy on a stage with real actors present. A shudder. And it is gone.

Virginie, by Ernest Oldmeadow. The McClure Company, New York City.

At first sight, the title of this novel mentally suggests what is known as the "Frenchy" type, with weak doses of love and sugar, to taste—and then stir again. Nothing of the sort. Mr. Oldmeadow has written a strong, pulsing story, with a really original plot and treatment, a story that even F. Marion Crawford or Booth Tarkington might be proud to own up to. Nothing so new, so delightfully fresh—in the true sense of that expression—has appeared for ever so long. Mr. Oldmeadow has made good, and his bound to popularity ought to begin now.

The story takes the reader to England and France, the hero being one Lionel Barrison, a young, well-to-do English landed proprietor, and with a courage and morality of the Sir Galahad order. Of course, when the book opens, he is unmarried and is visited by an adventurer named Canuto who asks the loan of $20 and offers as security a wax figure cased in ice, the work of an Italian artist, the subject being a study in "Fame Asleep." At least, that is Canuto's proposition, and after the money is given him he leaves the figure in pawn, promising to call for it afterward. Left to his own devices, Barrison finds a book which Canuto had left, in which the statement is made that Barrison had better thaw the "figure," as the ice really enclosed the body of a partially frozen young woman. Minute directions are given in the book how to revive the interesting subject. The girl awakens and it is evident she has been drugged, as she is unable to even remember her name or where she came from. Because she has forgotten everything, she is called Lethe.

Barrison lives in a house all by himself, and he falls in love with his strange guest, but her emotion for him is purely platonic. The two are persecuted by Canuto, and a series of strange adventures occur, some of them possessing an "Arabian Nights" tinge. How the girl was drugged and partially cased in glass and ice, and with a due regard for the ethics of propriety, was placed in Barrison's care, and gets a new name, Virginie, is all slowly and skilfully unfolded. The end is like a lightning flash—it is so sudden.

What is it? Ah, that wouldn't be fair. Read the story.

In Pursuit of Priscilla. By E. S. Field. Illustrated. Price, 50 cents. Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

A delicious candy from candy land and one of the cleverest bits of dialogue published in recent years. "In Pursuit of Priscilla" is a love comedy, somewhat after the bright fashion of Anthony Hope's "Dolly Dialogues," but the book under review isn't English. It is very American, and pictures altogether a different kind of people than those met with between the covers of Hope's tales of fiction.

This dainty bit of elegant nonsense needs a quiet hour in your favorite room at home, with assorted chocolates or an unusually fine cigar to complete a treat. Mr. Field gives evidence of sparkling wit and rapid, catching repartee. He tells the love story of "Billy" Cartwright and Miss Priscilla Crookshank, who are of the multi-millionaire or idle-rich class of New York City. Of course, Mr. Cartwright possesses a Limousine automobile and from the picture of him opposite page 102 he appears to be the clean-shaven, stalwart-looking, well-dressed aristocrat so common nowadays in society novels of 1907-08. The girl in the case is a delightful chatterbox and appears to be drawn after the Christy idea. A Boston terrier named Nipper adds to the comedy.

The climax arrives when Priscilla escapes her other adorers and tells Billy that she is going to sail for Europe. He calls for her with his auto and agrees to take her to the wharf, but instead stops in front of a church and says: "We're to be married."

"We're not."

"I've got the marriage license in my pocket," I said.

"Billy, this is outrageous. I won't be married—so there."

"You might as well," I said.

"But I haven't any clothes."

"I have oceans of money, Priscilla."

"And my passage is bought and paid for. I've got one of the nicest suites on the boat."

"The very nicest has been reserved for W. P. Cartwright and wife," I returned. "Hurry, dear."

It is easy to see the end of such a determined lover, and the pursuit of Priscilla ends in her unconditional surrender. The illustrations by Will Grefe are worth while. An ideal gift for "her."

The Black Bag. By Louis Joseph Vance. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

It did not need the assurance on the fly-leaf to convince the observant reader that the author of "The Black Bag" also wrote "The Brass Bowl."

In the two novels, a cursory examination of the opening chapters of each shows the unmistakable style of Louis Joseph Vance. "The Black Bag" is another rapid-action, feverishly exciting story of adventure, in which confidence men engaged in smuggling diamonds from England to this country weave most of the plot.

There's no half-way house here—you have to read on to the end. The hero is Philip Kirkwood, a San Francisco painter who is stranded in London, and the girl in the case is Miss Dorothy Calendar. Mr. Vance very skillfully draws the "Hooligans" and other cheap types of London life.

Dr. Ellen. By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins. Illustrated. The Baker & Taylor Company, New York City.

A woman's story for thoughtful, educated women. Its locale is in the California Sierras, and the tale revolves around Dr. Ellen Chantry-Roderick, whose first husband was killed by a car, as she stood near a window and saw the fatality. From a sense of duty to her sister Ruth, whose health was weak, she sacrificed ease, and retired to a mountain village, where she became esteemed as the woman-doctor. Her medical rival was Dr. Pocock, and how she obliterates him is a very enjoyable portion of the story. Then Philip Amsden, architect, comes into this lonely woman's life, and the climax is a highly dramatic one. Rory Dorn, horse-breaker, is worth knowing—the portrait of this strong young woman is so original and Western.

Ifs of History, by Joseph Edgar Chamberlin. Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia.

What would have happened had Aristides won the Athenian election over Themistocles; had Buchanan enforced the law in November, 1861; had the Confederates marched on Washington, D. C., after the first battle of Bull Run; had George Washington insisted on gratifying his early ambition to be a midshipman in the British Navy; had the Spanish Armada sailed at the hour at first appointed; had the Moors won the battle of Tours? And so forth, in the realm of speculation. Mr. Chamberlin is very clever at this sort of dainty fancy, and has written a most entertaining book which ought to specially commend itself to students busying themselves about serious history. The general reader will also be attracted. Mr. Chamberlin is the literary editor of the New York Evening Mail.

The Boy Geologist. By Professor E. J. Houston. Price, $1. Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

A worthy and educative contribution to juvenile fiction. It's a boy's story picturing life in a big boarding school near Philadelphia, where two leaders are sketched, one a boy geologist and his chum a chemist. Professor Houston is emeritus professor of physical geography and natural philosophy in the Central High School of Philadelphia; professor of physics in the Franklin Institute, and has served two terms as president of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. His new novel has a healthy, invigorating tone.

True Manhood, by James, Cardinal Gibbons. Dooey Book Shop Company, Baltimore, Md.

A little volume of good counsel, and only extending to 38 pages. Strange number. The basis of the message was given in an address by Cardinal Gibbons to the graduating class of Worcester University at its commencement exercises, in 1907. It is singularly free from indiscriminate attacks on all and sundry, and is dignified and character building. Just the wise advice that any young man ought to absorb, without regard to denominational lines. For the prelate who gives the advice knows what he is talking about!

Jingles of a Jester. By Charles T. Grilley. Illustrated. Price, $1. Pearson Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Forty-two pleasantly sounding poems of the up-to-date newspaper and magazine kind. They show ability and keen humor. Two of the best in the collection are "A Department Store Ditty" and "When Mah Lady Yawns." One verse of the latter:

Th' fus' gal that ah coh'ted—
Ouah ma'dge it was thwa'ted,
Because ah was so green ah didn' know
When she yawned it was behoovin'
Dat dis dahkey should be movin'.
Twell at las' she says: "Fo' Lawd's sake, niggah, go!"

The New Mayor. by Albert Payson Terhune. 25 cents. J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company New York City.

Founded on George Broadhurst's successful play "The Man of the Hour," which was recently performed in this city to admiring audiences. It's a story of American politics and graft, and then more graft. Vastly entertaining. The city it is said to picture is a conjunction of Minneapolis and Philadelphia.

J. M. QUENTIN.

IN LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP.

John Burrough has written a book of essays entitled "Leaf and Tendril," which will be issued early this spring, together with "Literature and the American College," by Professor Irving Babbitt, of Harvard, and also a volume of George S. Wasson's shore and beach stories, appropriately named "The Rote."

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Rex Beach has finished his second novel, and is planning a third. "The Spoilers" was the first novel Mr. Beach ever wrote. It is still a best seller, and on tour as a play.

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A review of Max Nordau's "Degeneration," written by George Bernard Shaw in 1895, under title, "The Sanity of Art," is to be published for the first time in book form in New York in a few days. It has been subject to Mr. Shaw's own revisions, and with a new preface that he has written it will make a volume of about a hundred pages.

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At the request of the late Dr. Watson's family, Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll is preparing a memoir of the author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." Dr. Nicoll is very desirous to obtain the use of any letters in the possession of American friends of Dr. Watson, and he asks that such letters be sent to Dr. Watson's publishers, Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. They will not be sent to England, but will be immediately copied and carefully returned to their owners.

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Charles M. Skinner, for 22 years on the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Eagle staff, recently died at his country home in Vermont. In addition to his newspaper work, Mr. Skinner wrote a number of books concerning American folk-lore, in which he was especially interested. These volumes—"American Myths and Legends," "Myths and Legends Beyond Our Borders," "Myths and Legends of Our New Possessions" and "Myths and Legends of Our Own Land"—were all published in Philadelphia and enjoyed considerable popularity. He was also the author of several nature books.

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Francis Marion Crawford is a novelist who may be described as passing his time alternately between Italy and this country, with the balance in favor of Italy. Born at Bagni de Lucca, Italy, August 2, 1854, Crawford was educated at St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.; Cambridge, England; Heidelberg, Germany, and Harvard Universities. He has also traveled extensively in India and an Oriental atmosphere is noticed in many of his novels. Among his better-known novels are: "A Roman Singer," "Zoraster," "Khaled," "The Witch of Prague," "The Children of the King," "In the Palace of the King," "Via Crucis," etc. His version of the story of Beatrice Cenci, which recently began in the Century, is attracting much favorable comment. In his leisure hours, Mr. Crawford turns to navigation for recreation, and holds professional master's certificates from the Association of American Shipmasters and United States Marine Board.

American's Advance Guard in Art

Continued From Page Four.

creek bottom when he was 6 years old and who never saw a bit of statuary until he was 16; Daniel C. French, whose "The Minute Man of Concord," in plaster cast decorates countless American mantels; Frederick Macmonnies, creator of the famous fountain at the Chicago World's Fair and the Bacchants, which caused Boston to have a nine-days moral spasm; and Gutzon Borglum, a late comer, whose angels for the Cathedral of St. John, the Divine in New York were turned down by the ecclesiastical judges because they were ladies.

But none of his fellow sculptors in the vanguard has had a more dramatic or picturesque career than Karl Bitter.

Born in Vienna, Bitter was drafted into the Austrian army when he was 19. A lieutenant so ill-treated him that he deserted and fled to Germany, where he worked for a short time for Kaifsack, the sculptor. He took ship for this country when he learned that the Austrian Government was preparing to extradite him. As soon as he landed here he took out his first citizen's papers and then hunted out a job as a skilled workman with a firm of architectural decorators in New York City. He was 22 when he started his New World career.

He had been here only a few months when the competition for the design for the famous $200,000 bronze doors of Trinity Church was announced. Bitter decided to enter the competition. When this fact became known among his fellow workmen they laughed to think that he, a workman, should aspire so high. But the laugh was on them when the announcement was made that Bitter had won the prize. Since that eventful day he has been one of America's foremost sculptors.

Seven years after Bitter had landed in America there came to him, practically on bended knee, the lieutenant who had so harshly treated him in the Austrian army. He was starving; he could get nothing to do; would the great Herr Bitter take him into his employ? And Bitter, the American citizen, took his old taskmaster into his service as his man servant.

LINCOLN'S LOG CABIN

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE

dents sprang to mold our destiny for good."

Among the many other fine eulogies which came, as it were, impromptu, the last sentence from Mark Twain's has already become classic. "The Government," he said, "is spending millions every year on agricultural colleges and model farms to teach the art of raising more corn and squashes. In the present political, moral and social atmosphere of the American people there is nothing in that line that can compare with this little model farm that raised a Man."

Rescued the Log Cabin.

It was considered of primary importance that the original cabin be secured and Mr. Pierce, general manager of the association, first traced it to Nashville, where several years ago, a Methodist minister had the logs on exhibit. At that time several propositions were made for utilizing the farm, one to erect thereon a home for decrepit ex-slaves; another to establish a home for Confederate soldiers or for widows and orphans. But all these plans ended in talk and interest completely died until Mr. Pierce discovered the cabin in a warehouse cellar at Stamford, Conn. The speculator who had purchased it in Nashville was holding out for a ransom.

And now began the genuine Lincoln renaissance. Kentucky sent five stalwart militiamen—Captain Neville S. Bullitt, Lieutenant W. S. Gorin, Sergeant Green, Corporal Harry T. Fisher and Private J. P. Bagley—as guard of honor to conduct the homely relic back to its original site. Bullitt's father was a gallant officer under the famous Confederate raider, General Morgan; the other guards were also descendants of "Heroes in Gray," and it was not the least inspiring sight to note with what zeal and reverence these men protected an Abraham Lincoln souvenir.

Baltimore, Harrisburg, Pittsburg and Indianapolis vied with one another in doing homage to a pile of logs transported on a freight car; and when Louisville was reached a vast concourse of Southerners turned out to hear Henry Watterson's speech, in which he portrayed Lincoln as one of "God's anointed," chosen for a great purpose, and rightly sustained through its working out into its fulfillment; then, after having been vouchsafed a vision of the promised land, taken, like Moses, into his reward of undying fame and eternal glory.

Lincoln and Caesar.

It may, possibly, be out of place to contrast Abraham Lincoln with Julius Caesar, excepting that they were both protagonists in a stupendous civil war, and yet one cannot help recalling how the Roman behaved after he had triumphed over Pompeii. Three hundred elephants, bearing torches, led the parade. Immediately preceding Caesar was carried a banner with the Gallic legend, "I came, I saw, I conquered." A million dollars was spent in the festival.

When Lincoln made his immortal speech at Gettysburg he left the rostrum unapplauded. It is related that next day he met on the street a lad, weeping bitterly because his brother was sick unto death. Mr. Lincoln accompanied the unhappy boy home; held the hands of the dying brother who, breathing his last, said he died happier for meeting the man who could speak so nobly. He had read the President's speech. Mr. Lincoln declared that this was tribute enough for him.

"I unite in my descent the sacred majesty of kings and the divine majesty of gods," declared Caesar.

"It is a great piece of folly to try to attempt to make anything out of me or my early life," answered Lincoln, when some one asked him for an autobiography. "It can all be condensed into a single sentence, and that sentence you will find in Gray's "Elegy": 'The short and simple annals of the poor.' That's my life, and that's all you or anyone else can make of it."

The full force of this comes when one looks at that rude little one-room cabin with a huge outside chimney, a single window and a rude door swung on leather hinges. "I was born there," wrote Lincoln when pressed for some account of himself by the Hon. J. W. Fell, "on February 12, 1809. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families, second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my 10th year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams, and others in Macon County, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky about 1781. A year or two later he was killed by Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham, and the like.

Lincoln's Boyhood.

"My father grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my 8th year. We reached our new home about the time the state came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so-called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond readin,' writin' and cipherin,' to the rule of three. If a straggler, supposed to understand Latin, happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course, when I came of age I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read and write and cipher, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this stock of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity. I was reared to farm work, which I continued till I was 22."

Until a few years since there were old men living near Rock Spring Farm, as the Lincoln place used to be called, who played with "Abe" and learned the 'A B C's with him. One of these was accustomed to relate how he and Abe fell in the creek which adjoins the Lincoln farm as they were out hunting partridges one Sunday. Lincoln was almost drowned when his companion pulled him ashore with a pole. "I rolled and pounded him in good earnest," was the narrative. "Then I got him by the arms and shook him, the water pouring out his mouth. After a while he came to and then a new difficulty confronted us. We knew that if our mothers discovered our wet clothes it would mean a good whipping. So, as it was June, the sun very warm, we stripped, dried our clothes on the rocks about us. We promised never to tell the story, and I never did until after Lincoln's tragic death."

The Kentucky lad of those pioneer days wore tanned deer skin breeches, home-made moccasins, coon skin caps, linsey-woolsey shirts. Like others, Thomas Lincoln and his wife, who was Nancy Hanks, raised their own corn, dried their own fruit, hunted their own game, raised their own pork and beef. No doubt Thomas Lincoln made Abraham's cradle. Nancy Lincoln spun the cloth for his first garments. At the age of 7 little Abe helped his mother make soap, carried water from the spring, whose delicious waters still flow; worked on the turnpike that bisects the farm; hauled grain to the old mill, which was but recently torn down.

It was the man born in such lowly conditions, contrasting, oh, how strangely, with the extravagance of today, who could say when North and South were at each other's throats: "We are not enemies, but friends. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave, to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

In proportion to population New York State thus far leads the van in contributions to the Lincoln Farm Memorial. Next comes Massachusetts, then Pennsylvania; Boston has given more than Philadelphia or Brooklyn. Philadelphia has doubled Pittsburg's donation. Pittsburg is ahead of Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati or St. Louis. Of the Southern cities Baltimore is in the lead. Nearly every city and village in America is represented. Gifts of 25 cents, the least amount received, far predominating. The total cost will be over $400,000, of which one-fourth has now been contributed.