

NATIONAL HIGHWAY AS A MEMORIAL TO LINCOLN

SEVEN MILLION DOLLAR ROAD FROM WASHINGTON TO GETTYSBURG TO BE A GRATEFUL NATION'S OFFERING AT THE CENTENARY OF LINCOLN'S BIRTH.

MOST novel of memorials, a tribute in honor of Abraham Lincoln, has just been proposed by Representative Daniel Lafean.

Mr. Lafean has ready for presentation to the next Congress a bill appropriating \$7,000,000 for a roadway between Washington and the battlefield of Gettysburg.

The proposed highway will begin at the White House and will go straight to the historic scene of struggle that virtually decided the Civil War, since it established the fact that the war would thereafter be fought mainly in the seceding states, the Confederacy having failed in its aim of invading the enemy's territory.

The project is a most ambitious one, but it has the support of so many distinguished men that it is hard to see how it can fail of passage.

The time selected for its introduction into Congress could not have been more appropriate, for on February 12 next will be celebrated the 100th anniversary of the man who saved the Republic.

In the mighty monument that towers over the whole country for miles the Nation's capital has a proper and beautiful memorial of the founder of his country, but it has often been pointed out that there is no memorial of Lincoln equally worthy, and that one should be put through.

Excepting perhaps only Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, which saw the promulgation of the Declaration, there is no spot to which Americans turn with such reverence as to the battlefield where for three terrible Summer days Lee and Meade struggled, while North and South alike tremulously awaited the outcome.

Many who took part in the conflict are still living, and a still greater number of men and women little more than past middle age will tell how as children they knelt praying on the streets of Philadelphia, only a two days' march from the battlefield, and fearing that next tidings would tell of Confederate victory and the certainty that in 48 hours the city would be in the hands of the enemy.

But the name of Lincoln himself is attached to the battlefield with a sentiment far beyond what results from the fact that he was the chief executive of the country when was fought there the battle on whose issue hung the outcome of the war.

The immortal speech delivered at Gettysburg in sacrifice of the brave dead buried there from the first has been known as "Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech."

A great judge of literature has referred to this simply-phrased little address of the war President as:

"The greatest speech of any time in any tongue."

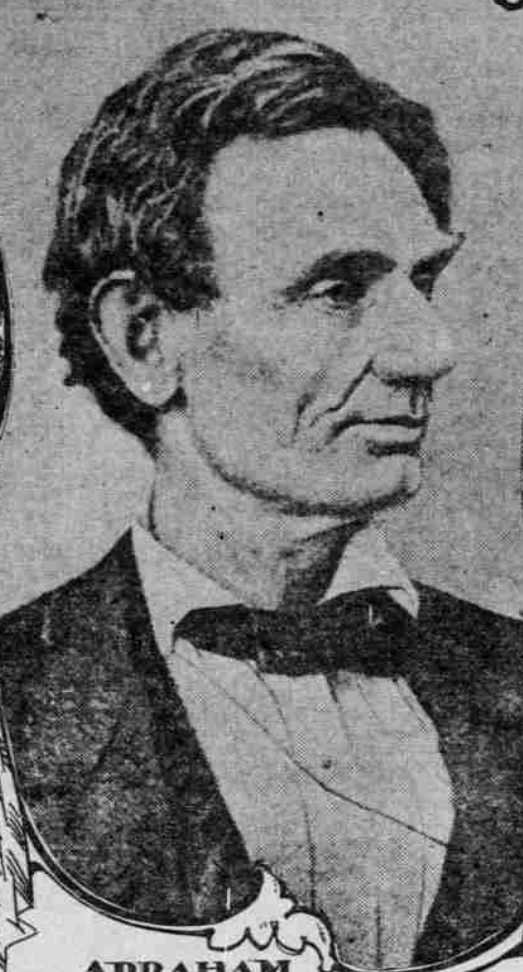
Its simple eloquence did not reach the audience in full measure on the day it was delivered, for the big crowd was more attracted by the showy oratorics of Edward Everett, who was the orator of the day.

Lincoln was there merely because he was the President of the United States. He was not looked for on an oration, and he made no preparation. It was not until he had taken his train for Gettysburg that he had a chance to turn his busy mind from the many cares that oppressed it in order to get ready a few words in which to address his fellow citizens.

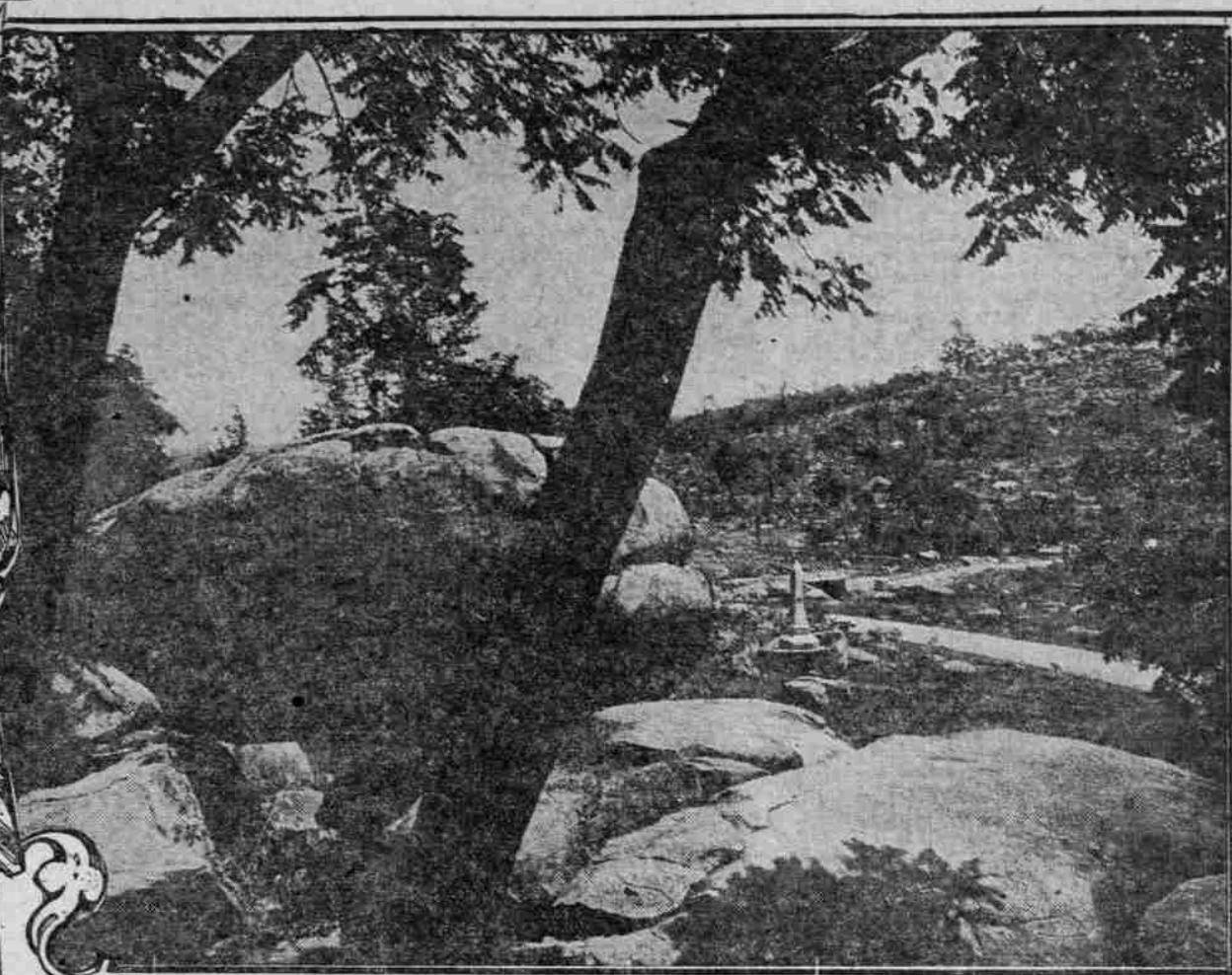
Taking an envelope and a stubby little



Lafean of York, Penn.
Who will introduce a bill in the Pennsylvania Legislature asking for an appropriation of \$7,000,000 for a highway to commemorate the 100th birthday of Abraham Lincoln.



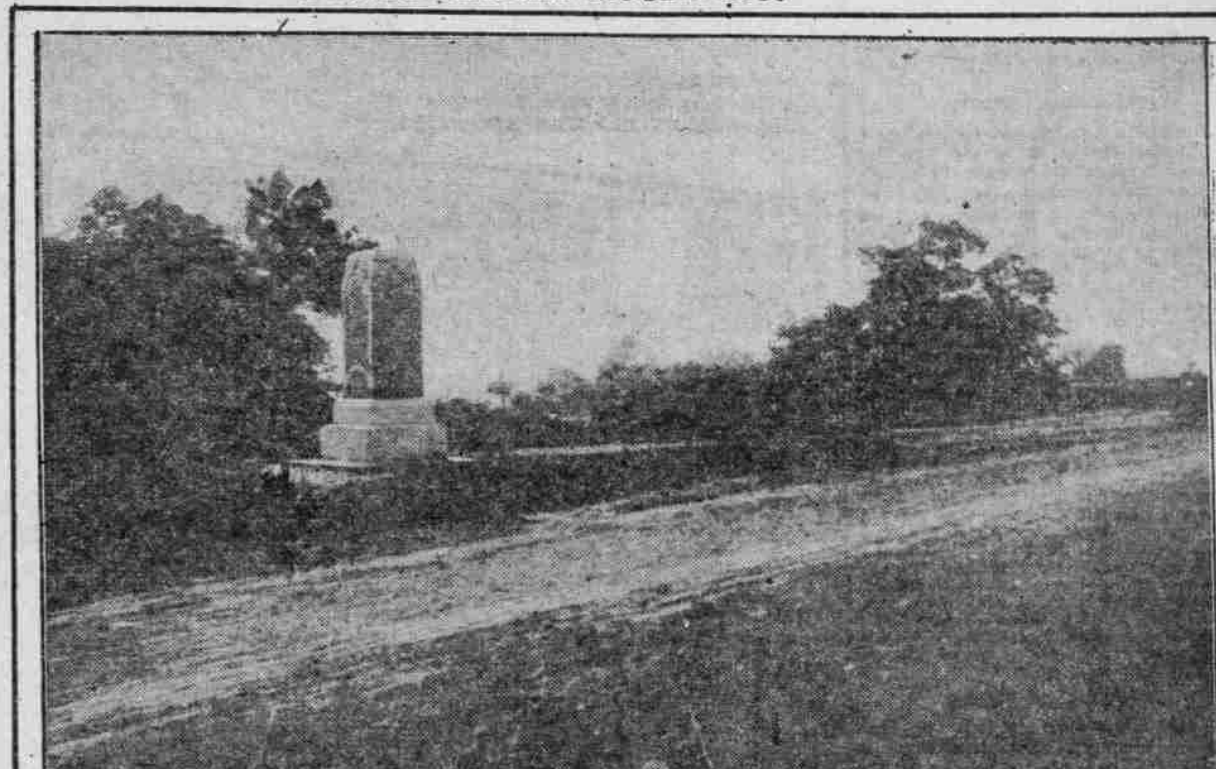
ABRAHAM LINCOLN



VIEW FROM DEVIL'S DEN, ACROSS THE VALLEY OF DEATH TOWARD LITTLE ROUND TOP.



WHERE THE PROPOSED HIGHWAY WILL JOIN HANCOCK AVE. GETTYSBURG PENNA.



HIGH WATER MARK, SHOWING MONUMENTS OF THE 72ND AND 106TH PENNA. VOLUNTEERS.

pencil from his pocket, he wrote out the passage beginning "Four score years and ten—"

The public wildly welcomed the great leader, but his little speech passed comparatively unnoticed, while the flowing periods of Mr. Everett were hailed as something magnificent.

But time brings its revenges. Today not one sentence from Everett's oration is remembered, while nothing in the English language is much better known than Lincoln's concluding phrase:

"That government of the people, for the people and by the people, shall not perish from the earth."

More and more every year Gettysburg becomes a place of pilgrimage. It is a field that it is impossible to traverse without feeling the greatness of the deeds there accomplished.

Guides who have mastered every detail of the struggle are constantly on hand to show the visitor over the field, to point out the places of special interest, and to explain the movements of the various Generals and the men under them.

The mention of points like Cemetery Hill, Bloody Angle, the stone wall, Round Top, etc., have in them a thrill, but to be able to stand in these very places, to see the direction in which the attacking troops came, is to get such a real realization of the struggle as no amount of book reading could ever convey.

But in spite of the great interest in the most notable battle of the war, it is a fact that Gettysburg is a difficult place to reach. From New York and Philadelphia, for example, the most familiar method is to go through York, but all

the railroads leading to it are slow, and the trip in the Summer time, the proper time to go in order to see the field in the condition it was during the battle, is long and wearying, considering the comparatively short distance to be covered.

Undoubtedly the presence of good roads would make an automobile trip the ideal way to make the pilgrimage to Gettysburg. This is already the favorite way of going to it from Philadelphia and New York. During the greater part of the way these roads are all that could be asked, and the ride is delightful.

But the roads from Washington to Gettysburg are far from being up to the mark, and the automobile ride in this direction, especially going through Maryland, is a continuous struggle.

Representative Lafean's proposed

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Through Mr. McCleary the Abraham Lincoln Memorial Association, of which he is a foremost member, has heartily commended the project. President Roosevelt, Senator Knox and other leading men are in accord and Mr. Knox has agreed to take charge of the bill when it is reported to the Senate.

MOVING INTO THEIR FIRST SUMMER COTTAGE

Varied Experiences of Mr. and Mrs. Smithkins in a House That the Husband Rented.

GOOD news, Martha, announced Mr. Thomas Smithkins as he came home one June evening and found his wife awaiting him on the piazza.

"What is it, Thomas?" she asked, smiling.

"I've rented a cottage for the Summer!"

The smile faded from Mrs. Smithkins's face.

"Rented a cottage without consulting ME?" she inquired.

"Why—of you know, my dear," said her husband, "you suggested it yourself and the agent told me that he had already given the refusal of it to 12 people and if I didn't take it now it might be gone before I had another chance. It's got nine rooms, and—"

"Did it occur to you, Thomas," said his better half, "that if 12 people had had the refusal of the cottage, and no one had taken it, the demand for it was not very great?"

"Well, no, Martha; but it has nine—"

"So you said before. Is there a bath-room?"

"I didn't ask."

"Humph! Is there gas?"

"I think—er—that is, I don't know."

"Is there anything you do know about it?"

Mr. Smithkins was beginning to grow irritated.

"It's near Bristol," he said shortly. "It's got nine rooms. It's yellow, with green blinds—"

"Yellow with green blinds?" almost screamed Mrs. Smithkins.

"That's what I said," returned he. "You act as if I'd said sky-blue with pink blinds."

"It's almost as bad," she murmured. "It has a wide piazza around three sides, a kitchen with a cook stove in it—"

"Remarkable thing for a kitchen to have," commented Mrs. Smithkins, sarcastically. "And since you haven't

seen it, how do you happen to be able to describe it?"

"The agent told me."

"Thomas," said his wife: "for a man with the reputation of being a good business man, you are the limit!"

Mrs. Smithkins turned red. "I don't often use such language," she said, "but that is the only word I can think of."

Smithkins controlled himself by a strong effort.

"You may occupy the cottage or not as you see fit," he told his wife. "The rent is paid for a month in advance. I'll have nothing more to do with it. I work my fingers to the bone trying to please you and this is the way you take it!"

"Of course, we'll move down, my dear," said Mrs. Smithkins, soothingly. "I spoke hastily. But I do want to see the place and decide what furniture to take and all that."

"Well," said Mr. Smithkins, somewhat mollified, "we'll go down tomorrow and see what is to be done. The children will like it, anyway."

There were four children in the family, the eldest a son, 15 years old, then two girls, twelve and ten, and a young gentleman of four, commonly called the baby.

Mr. and Mrs. Smithkins went down as they planned. When the lady saw the cottage she smiled. "Why, Thomas," she said, "yellow and green! It's buff, and the dark green goes well with it."

"I'm glad you like it," replied her husband.

The cottage stood on a bluff overlooking the bay, about 200 yards distant from the water. There was a well on the premises, an outhouse which could be used for storage purposes, and the place as a whole was outwardly attractive.

Inside there was a good deal of dust and there was no bath-room.

"What shall we do for bathing facilities?" despairingly asked Mrs. Smithkins.

"There's a little water in the bay," returned Mr. Smithkins, waving his hand in the direction of the bay.

"We can't bathe the baby in the bay," said his wife, "and even if we should bathe him and took baths ourselves we'd be crusted with salt."

"There's the well and you can get a tin tub."

"Nice thing to bathe a baby in, ice-cold well water."

"It's possible to heat it."

"I presume you'd be willing to let the baby go without his bath."

"Occasionally, yes. It seems to me he's washed too frequently."

"Oh, don't be silly. We must decide what furniture to take when we move down. There are four rooms up-stairs, two in front and two in the back. The twins can have one of the front rooms, you and I with the baby the other. We can put Tom in the larger of the other two and let Eliza have the smaller."

"Will our dusky queen condescend to come and cook for us in these wilds?"

"I asked Eliza last year if she would be willing to come into the country, and she said she would."

"Now, Martha," said Mr. Smithkins, "you make a list of the things we shall want and I'll look it over and see if I can think of anything more." And Mr. Smithkins sat on the steps of the piazza and smoked while his wife went through the cottage armed with a pencil and a bit of paper. At the end of half an hour she announced that her list was complete, and handed it to her husband. He glanced through it.

"Good heavens, Martha!" he exclaimed. "we're not going to live here for the rest of our lives! My idea was to take what furniture we absolutely needed; not to set up an establishment."

"We absolutely need everything on that list."

"Nonsense! Here, for instance, you have four beds, including our large dou-

ble brass affair. We don't want anything like that. Cots are good enough."

"Thomas, I shall not sleep on a cot. You know perfectly well what happened the last time I tried."

"I do," replied her husband brutally. "You fell out on the floor and yelled bloody murder! But you can have Tom's single bed and cots will do for the rest of us."

"Two chifferners," he went on. "One is more than enough. I am trying to impress upon you, my dear, that we are not at a fashionable seaside resort, but that we are trying to get close to nature by roughing it to the extent of wearing old clothes and living out of doors most of the time. We can keep what we need in trunks and closets."

"You know best, of course, what Eliza needs in the way of kitchen utensils, although it looks as if she intended to feed an army. Personally I am quite content to eat off ordinary tinware instead of our most expensive china, which I see you intend to take, and in my humble way I should suggest that we use plain plated tableware instead of solid silver. We can store that in safe deposit."

"Curtains, rug, piano—why this miserliness in the way of pianos? Why not have two or three scattered about to make the cottage look cosy and homelike?"

"The twins ought to keep up their music," said Mrs. Smithkins.

"Three months without their music will do them more good," returned her husband. "But to resume. We don't want rugs and curtains. Matting is quite good enough, and some muslin things on the bedroom windows will constitute a genteel sufficiency in the matter of curtains. Tables, chairs, lamps, those are all right—pictures—we are not opening an art gallery, my dear, and bedroom sets."

During his comments Mr. Smithkins

had been crossing out all the things he deemed unnecessary and he gave back the list to his wife with about half of it marked off. She examined it. Then she said:

"Very well, Thomas. If you want your wife and family to go about like a lot of naked savages and live like Italian mill-hands we are helpless. I'm surprised you didn't suggest bathing suits for a regular costume. Possibly I went too far in suggesting bedroom sets. We might go down to the pump in the morning and perform our ablutions, incidentally freezing the baby."

"There is no use quarrelling over it," observed Mr. Smithkins, "but you must remember that it is expensive to transport furniture, and if we took everything you regard as indispensable it would cost an immense sum for freight. We'd better go home and begin packing tomorrow."

On their return to the city that day the children of the family were told of the plans for the Summer, of which they strongly approved. They spread the news all over the neighborhood so thoroughly that the next morning when Mrs. Smithkins, with the aid of an expert packer and a carpenter, was beginning the majority of the matrons in the vicinity dropped in to advise her as to what to take.

In spite of advice Mrs. Smithkins followed pretty closely her list as revised by her husband, but she could not resist the temptation of adding a few gimcracks, trinkets and other things calculated to soften the asperities of the simple life. From time to time the children appeared with various toys, from a small express cart to a doll's house, and insisted that they be packed with the rest of the household goods.

Eliza seemed pleased with the change, which struck her mistress as somewhat strange until she heard the cook lady

explaining to a friend that "day is a number of cullid gemmen at Bristol," after which she wondered no more.

While the packing went on at one end of the line the cottage was being swept and garnished at the other. Smithkins ordered and had sent to the cottage an immense tin tub as a pleasant surprise for his wife and had also purchased some piazza chairs and had them freshly painted a dark green.

The packing was done at last, and the packing cases sent away. Then a discussion arose as to the number of trunks. Mrs. Smithkins said that as they were supposed to live in trunks most of the time, eight was the minimum number. Smithkins said that as they were not going to live after the manner of the Newport cottagers, four was a maximum, but his wife showed symptoms of tears so he compromised on six.

Then they went down to their cottage. All the packing cases had been dumped on the piazza, and some of them had been opened. Smithkins got a man from the village and set to work to get things into shape. After three hours hard labor he succeeded in getting out and setting up the cots and the bed. He sat down to rest in one of the piazza chairs and stuck to it when he got up, spilling a suit of clothes.

The family ate at the village inn and slept in the cottage that night, being nearly devoured by mosquitoes, as they had forgotten to bring any nets. The next day the expert packer was sent for to unpack, and he gave illustrations of his ability in smashing dishes and lamps. The cook stove would not work, so they continued to board at the village, and as all the lamps were broken they went to bed, as they had done the night before, by candle light, soothed by the song of the glad mosquito.

Two days later the stove was in working order, the children were forbidden

to go near the water or to sit in the piazza chairs, and the family began to enjoy the simple life according to the cottage ideal. Every day Mrs. Smithkins would find that something quite indispensable had been left at the house, and every night Smithkins would take the train from the city with his arms full of packages of all shapes and descriptions.

At other times an expressman would arrive with a chair or table, crated, and deposit it on the piazza, and another piece of furniture would be added to the store. Once or twice Smithkins had to stay in town over night, and the third time it happened he said to his wife the next day:

"Martha, our house seems very empty. We must have taken much more furniture than we thought we did."

"Well, my dear," replied his wife, "you insisted on having your favorite easy chair. I had to have my sewing table and some things for the bedroom, and you know we sent a few pieces to the storage warehouse."

Smithkins took a day off in town and an inventory of the furniture left in the town house. He found the piano, all the drawing-room furniture, the heavy brass beds and a few tables, too large to be conveniently moved. Everything else had drifted, little by little, to the cottage, was there to stay for the Summer, and, as was afterward decided, part of the Autumn. The next year when the cottage project was discussed they had solved the problem. One set of Summer furniture with a few, strictly a few, indispensables from the town house, and that was all.

And now the Smithkinses go down the bay every season, wise in the knowledge of what constitutes comfort in a Summer cottage.

There are others.