



LINCOLN WAS EVER KIND TO HIS UNCLE AND ILLITERATE RELATIVES DENNIS' FAVORS, A COUSIN, WHO WAS FREQUENTLY BETRAYED BY LINCOLN



TAD LINCOLN AND HIS FATHER, MADE DURING LINCOLN'S FIRST TERM

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A HUNDRED years ago a little heart began to beat in a log hovel in the woods of Kentucky—a heart that was destined to swell with the hopes and throbs with the griefs of the greatest Nation on earth. But his mother never "knew." It is doubtful if Nancy Hanks Lincoln ever raised her eyes in hope—many a mother does hope against hope—that her son might become the first man in the neighborhood or Nation. There seemed to be nothing ahead of the poor, hard lot of her baby boy for Nancy Lincoln to ponder in her heart. She had been full content for him to grow up kind to his father and mother and sister and good to their backwoods neighbors, so few and far between. The little boy's father was a tough, hearty, well-meaning, restless, shiftless, thrifty man whom she had taught, after they were married, to serve his own name. In their crude and primitive way, Thomas and Nancy Lincoln were religious. Both believed in the heart life. They heard it spoken of at camp meetings as "experimental religion." Either would have been proud to have their son grow to be a local exhorter or a pioneer preacher. Whatever Abraham Lincoln lacked in his early life, he had true heart culture. His mother, in her humility, builded far better than she knew—a palace instead of a cabin—while she was teaching little Abe to be good and kind and true. She knew it not, but she gave her child the master-key to the grandest life of experimental religion ever lived by mortal man. No wonder the grateful son held such a mother in sacred and loving memory, exclaiming fervently: "All I am or hope to be I owe to my sainted mother."

Even the dull and barren days of Lincoln's childhood radiate with the warmth of his heart. He was happy with his sister, two years older, and she was always proud of her brother. Their mother sometimes read to them, at dusk, from the Bible, "The Pilgrim's Progress," and others of the very few books they had in those pioneer days. Little Abe, only five or six years old, would work hard and long to bring home spicewood bushes to make a pleasant odor and a brighter firelight while his mother read to them. The sweetness and light of those early memories remained with Lincoln always. Nicolay and Hay, his secretaries and biographers, mention a significant little story of the boy Lincoln's warmth of heart, which they give in Lincoln's own words. When asked if he could remember anything of the War of 1812, he replied: "Nothing but this. I had been fishing one day and caught a little fish which I was taking home. I met a soldier on the road, and, having been always told at home that we must be good to the soldiers, I gave him my fish."

The Helper of the Helpless.
From a child Abraham Lincoln was ever the champion of the helpless. His first "composition" in school was against cruelty to animals. Many stories are told of his defending the defenseless. One day, on finding some boys using a shingle in putting live coals on a terrapin's back, angry tears came into his eyes, and he snatched the shingle from the single-minded hands. With it he dashed the hot coals from the turtle's back and "preached against such cruelty, claiming that an ant's life is as sweet to it as ours is to us."

Later one cool night Abe and some companions found a man they knew lying drunk in a freezing mud puddle beside the road. The others said, "He has made his bed, now let him lie in it." But to Abe this seemed monstrous. The man was large and heavy, yet the youth carried the apparently lifeless body 30 rods to a deserted cabin, where he made a fire and warmed and nursed the man back to himself. Not long after this, while the family

were moving to Illinois, they found, after their heavy wagon, drawn by two yoke of oxen, had crossed an ice-filled stream, that they had left a little dog behind. It was late; to turn back with their clumsy team was out of the question. The rest were in favor of going on and leaving "the little nuisance" behind. But Abe could see the dog running up and down the opposite bank, yelping in distress. Long afterward, referring to this incident, Lincoln said: "I could not bear the idea of abandoning even a dog. Pulling off shoes and socks, I waded across the stream and triumphantly returned with the shivering animal under my arm. His frantic leaps of joy and other evidences of a dog's gratitude amply repaid me for all the exposure I had undergone." While he was a captain in the Black Hawk War, Lincoln risked his life by stepping in between the muskets of some soldiers about to shoot an old Indian as a spy. With flashing eyes he dared the crowd, saying: "Take it out of me, but you shall not touch this Indian!" He did this in spite of the prevalent belief that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian."

Lincoln was a knight errant in the cause of the lower orders of creation. Once, while riding along on the Eighth Circuit of Illinois, he and his law companions laughed at the plight of a poor pig helplessly stuck in the mud and squealing lustily. But the distress of the animal soon overcame Lincoln's keen sense of the ludicrous, and in spite of the jeers of his comrades, he went back to the porker's rescue, excusing himself by saying: "If that farmer lost his pig, the poor little children might have to go barefoot all winter!"

On another occasion his friends were annoyed and not a little amused to see him hitch his horse and catch two young birds fluttering on the ground in the edge of a grove and go hunting from tree to tree until he found the nest from which the two fledglings had fallen. An hour or so later, when he caught up with the friends, they laughed at his childish waste of time. "Gentlemen," said he, "you may laugh, but I couldn't have slept well tonight if I had not saved those birds. Their cries would have rung in my ears."

Lincoln could not see suffering anywhere without trying to relieve it. A Springfield woman used to tell of standing at her mother's gate, sobbing, because the hackman had failed to appear and take her and her trunk to the station for her first outing on a train. Mr. Lincoln came along just then and asked what was the matter. "Cheer up," said he, "and come along. We'll have to hurry!" He shouldered the trunk and strode away, while the little girl trotted after him, drying her eyes as she ran. He put the trunk and the girl on the train, told her to "have a good time" and kissed her good-by. "It was just like him!" exclaimed that little girl grown to womanhood. **His Kindness to His Relatives.** Lincoln's relatives were all illiterate ne'er-do-wells, but instead of avoiding them on this account, he seemed to feel that they needed his sympathy and help the more. During the great debates with Douglas, Lincoln arrived at Charleston, Ill., worn out with speaking and travel. It was stormy, and he needed the rest to fortify himself for the renewal of the struggle on the morrow. He prepared to go out from the comforts of the hotel to call on a relative of his stepmother's. His friends remonstrated, but he seemed surprised at such a suggestion, exclaiming: "Why aunt's heart would be broken if I should leave town without going to see her."

And he set out and walked several miles across the muddy prairie in the rain. After Lincoln's election to the Presidency an old woman, whom he called "Aunt Sally," came from New Salem to say good-bye to "Abe" before he "went to Washington to be President." The President-elect was standing in the room placed at his disposal in the old State Capitol talking with two men of National renown when the old woman entered, shy and embarrassed. He saw her at once and walked across the room to meet his old friend. Taking both her hands in his, he led her to the seat of honor and presented his distinguished visitors to her, putting her quite at ease by saying: "Gentlemen, this is a good old friend of mine. She can make the best flapjacks you ever tasted, for she has baked them for me many a time."

It was at New Salem, Ill., where he settled after striking out in life for himself, that Lincoln earned the name of "Honest Abe." Through the kindness of his heart he seemed to endear himself to everybody in the village. People talk sometimes of Lincoln's religion. He knew his Bible and believed in prayer and praise. But his belief was not formal; it was the heart religion which is expressed by the "Ancient Mariner":
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
It was a true index to his character that when no one hired him to work he did not allow himself to be idle. While staying with one of the neighbors, among whom he was always welcome, he would rock the cradle, play with the children, joke with the young folks and tell his best stories to the aged. It was said of him in practical paraphrase of the definition of "pura religion and undenied," that he used to "visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and—chop their wood!"

One of Lincoln's law partners once said of him: "Lincoln is a man of heart, eye, as gentle as a woman's and as tender—but he has a will as strong as iron." **"Great-Heart" in the White House.** Abraham Lincoln went to Washington a martyr at heart. He lived each day as if it were his last on earth. He had much before him which he hoped to be permitted to do. He found chaos everywhere—a panic of statecraft in the North, and an epidemic of anarchy in the South. The leading minds of the country seemed to have gone daff. They advocated the most hair-brained, foolhardy schemes. Seward, his greatest rival, now Secretary of State, actually proposed that Lincoln keep his hands off the helm and let him, Seward, steer the Ship of State. Chase, McMillen, and later Stanton, each felt that he and he alone, was divinely called to save the Union. They did not believe in their chief. The party which elected Lincoln looked on with misgivings. They felt that the people had been carried away by increasing enthusiasm; and that "The Rail-Splitter" had been washed up into the White House by a tidal wave of popular frenzy, like a stranded sea monster left high and dry and out of his natural element.

While Lincoln's subordinates insulted him by patronizing him. He knew to hide his time. He replied to Seward with the same masterful tenderness that he had addressed his stepbrother ten years earlier, when

John Johnston proposed his scheme that he sell his mother's land, including the quarter section that Lincoln had given her with his first \$909 fee—a scheme about as foolish and visionary as Seward's plan for getting up a war with England! Lincoln had practised ruling his own spirit and forgiving in advance; he had learned lessons in self-repression, self-denial and self-sacrifice while smarting under the sense of injustice done him by his father, who called him lazy and a fool, as he lay beside his wooden shovel trying to study in the flickering firelight, preparing for the pure pleasure of giving pleasure. There was something superhuman in Lincoln's charity. No mortal man ever possessed more absolutely the love that "suffereth long and is kind; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." Those about him comprehended his character the more slowly because of his stories. These were so unexpected and strange that people failed to grasp their deep import. When self-appointed delegations came to protest against this or to urge that the kindness of his heart always rescued the situation with a story. Ah, those stories! The sympathy in them was exquisite. Instead of containing a hidden sting, they were full of balm for the smart and wounds of his hearers. Men sometimes scoffed because Lincoln laughed while telling them. But he did not laugh so much at his own stories as with his hearers from the pure pleasure of giving pleasure. "If ever a face was illumined by the glowing heart behind it was Abraham Lincoln's. This was why women left his presence exclaiming:

NEW AMBASSADOR OF GREAT BRITAIN TO ITALY.
Sir Rennell Rodd.
NEW YORK, Jan. 22.—(Special.)—Sir Rennell Rodd is the new Ambassador of Great Britain to Italy. It is thought he will restore the good relations between the two countries which have been endangered by his predecessor. Italy has felt for many years that Great Britain did not send her best men to Rome and many incidents have occurred due to the stupidity of English Ambassadors which tended to estrange the two Governments.

After that last Cabinet meeting on the fatal April 14, 1865, Stanton remarked in devoted pride, to the Attorney-General, "Didn't our chief look grand today?" That very night the conquering chief became in fact what he had long been at heart—a martyr. The next morning, at 22 minutes after 7, when Lincoln's heart ceased to beat, it was Stanton—loyal, devoted, loving, heartbroken Stanton—who closed the dying eyes of Abraham Lincoln, and then turned away, his whole frame trem-

THE FAMOUS 'VOLT' BUST OF LINCOLN, MODELED FROM LIFE BETWEEN HIS NOMINATION FOR AND ELECTION TO THE PRESIDENCY
The bust of Lincoln, modeled from life between his nomination for and election to the Presidency, is a masterpiece of art. It shows Lincoln in a state of intense concentration, with his hand to his forehead, as if he were deep in thought. The bust is made of a dark material, possibly bronze or wood, and is set against a light background.

THE LOWLY BIRTHPLACE OF A GREAT HEART
The lowly birthplace of a great heart is a simple log cabin, built of rough-hewn logs. The interior is sparsely furnished, with a few wooden benches and a small table. The walls are made of the same logs, and the floor is of dirt. The lighting is dim, coming from a single window on the right side of the cabin.

ling with suppressed emotion, whispering tenderly: "He is the man for the ages!" **A Heart-Broken People.** The world stood aghast and the American people were stricken with grief. Even the Southern leaders suddenly realized that the South had lost its best friend in the North. As for the Northern people, they met on April 19 (Patriots' day) in their own places, in city and country, and "Wept with the passion of an angry grief" while the simple funeral services were being held in the White House. Twenty-five millions of men, women and children are estimated to have gathered all over the civilized world and sobbed out their sorrow over the death of the well-beloved President. Strong men, never known to weep over their own personal troubles and private griefs, broke down and cried like little children when they heard of the murder of Abraham Lincoln. But Abraham Lincoln did not become a multimillionaire in hearts at a single stroke. It was by no accident combination of events that the whole world wept at his death. He began by endeavoring himself to his own family and his few backwoods relations and neighbors. Then New Salem learned to love him as it never had loved any one else. So of Springfield and the Eighth Circuit of Illinois. When the supporters and claqueurs of Seward, Chase and Cameron came to the Chicago Convention they failed to comprehend Lincoln's strange popularity. They did not realize, in their perplexity, that they were contending against the "principality and powers" of Lincoln's all-inclusive heart. They laughed at the "rail-splitter" and sneered at his "coarse, clumsy jokes." Then they accounted for what they could not comprehend by calling him "a man of the people."

This was true, but in the highest, not in the lower sense. Lincoln was the man of heart—and the people recognized him as a man after their own hearts. That was why his popularity spread over the North like a prairie fire. It was the great wave of heart responding to heart that carried him to the White House. It was this that made him the object of much widespread love and loyalty. A large part of the patriotism of the soldiers was their love for Abraham Lincoln. He seemed to be the personification of their country, threatened and wronged. He meant more to the people than "Uncle Sam"—he was "Father Abraham." When President Lincoln reluctantly issued call after call for soldiers, and more and more soldiers, the people seemed never to tire of responding: "We are coming, Father Abraham, Three hundred thousand more." The soldiers said among themselves: "We care for us; he loves us!" and they cheerfully, gladly, even humorously to be like him—marched into the jaws of death for his dear sake. It was far different from the love Napoleon inspired in his troops, for their loyalty flagged and finally failed. It was Napoleon's selfish heartlessness that made him a colossal failure. It was Lincoln's self-giving heart which crowned his life with immortal success. From early boyhood he had lived his life a burning and shining illustration of his own words: "With malice toward none; with charity for all."

Lincoln's Love for "Little Tad." Mrs. Lincoln and "Little Tad" remained behind in the White House while the others

NUMEROUS INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES SHOWING THAT HIS GREATNESS LAY IN HIS TENDERHEARTEDNESS. THIS WONDERFUL POSSESSION GAVE HIM A PLACE AMONG THE WORLD'S IMMORTALS

A CHECK TO A CRIPPLED NEGRO THAT TELLS ITS OWN STORY OF LINCOLN'S TENDER HEART

ers of the household went on the sad and winding funeral journey to Springfield, Ill. Beside the long coffin of the President was the small casket of "Little Willie," who had died during the first year of his Presidency. Mr. Lincoln seldom spoke of Willie. Robert was away at Harvard College, and at the front, as one of General Grant's aides. Thus the President's wealth of love was lavished on Tad, "the pet of the Nation." The boy was passionately affectionate and his father's inseparable companion. A word from Mr. Lincoln would make him laugh gleefully or melt him into tears. In the grave Cabinet meetings, he played about, sometimes falling asleep on the floor or in his father's lap. He accompanied the President to Fort Monroe, and clung to his father's hand when Lincoln entered Richmond. While the President was making his last speech, from the northern portico of the White House, little Tad stood by, catching the leaves of his father's manuscript as they floated down to him. When they came too slowly to suit the boy, he demanded in a piping voice: "Papa-day, give me another paper." Tad's pet name for his father was "Papa-day." The little fellow had a nervous impediment in his speech and strangers could not well understand him. But his father understood his afflicted boy—every word. No matter who was in conference with the President nor what grave matters might be discussed by Seward, Stanton or Sumner, if little Tad made a remark his father's fond face bent blindly over him. Senators and secretaries were often annoyed by Tad's interruptions. All these things combined to intensify Lincoln's tenderness for his son. This passionate devotion was far more than mere doing indulgence.

Tad's Love for His Father. As for the boy himself, he did not care for any other playmate. One of Lincoln's life-guard has recorded the statement that the only times that President Lincoln ever seemed supremely and genuinely happy were while romping with Tad through the stately old rooms of the executive mansion, both whooping and yelling like wild Indians, playing horse or carrying the boy pigskin or on his shoulders. At such times Tad's small cup of joy was full and he could give no fully expression to it than by chuckling and shouting: "O Papa-day! Papa-day!" Where Tad had been the night of Lincoln's assassination no one knew exactly, but Thomas Pender, the faithful old doorkeeper at the White House, relates that the little boy came in at the basement door very late and clambered up the lower stairway with heartbroken cries of: "Tom! Tom! Tom! They've killed Papa-day! They've killed Papa-day!"

Poor little Tad was sad and lonely. He sorely missed his father. He would wander from room to room as if looking for some one. Many times a day he murmured: "O Papa-day! Where's my Papa-day? I'm tired of playing alone. I want to play 'together' again, a little while—just this once—please, Papa-day!" His loneliness seemed to haunt his dreams. An ever-watchful doorkeeper, or one of the life-guard, would lie down beside the little fellow and try to soothe and comfort him through the troubled nights. One moment he seemed in his dreams to be romping again with his great playfellow, gurgling and chuckling and crying out "O Papa-day—Papa-day!" Then the sense of his great sorrow pervaded his slumbers, and he would sob, "O Papa-day! Where's my Papa-day?" "Your papa's gone," whispered his wide-awake companion, brokenly—"gone to heaven!" The little boy listened and opened his eyes. "Do you think Papa-day's happy there?" he asked eagerly. "Yes, yes, I'm sure of it, Tadde, dear, your papa's happy now."

"O I'm glad, so glad!" sighed the little boy. "For Papa-day never was happy here." (Copyright, 1909, by Wayne Whitfield).

The Master.

(Harper's Bazar.)
I listened to his master be played;
A vital, living, throbbing thing, the bow
Swept o'er the strings, and melody had
every chord a
Joy, sorrow, fear and anguish and despair,
These were the chords he touched, and
every chord a
Was as a heart that breathed forth poignant
soul sound.
But when the master smote the chord of
love
Came one rapt cry, then silence, for what
To love's limitless bounds may give a
voice!