

STORIES AND PICTURES FOR THE LITTLE ONES

The Story of "Honest Abe"



ABRAHAM LINCOLN was born February 12, 1809, in a little rough old log cabin in Kentucky. Here he lived until he was about 7 years old, when his father moved to Indiana.

Indiana they found to be a wild country and not much better than Kentucky to make a living in. They were very poor. They had miserable clothes, very little food and a wretched place to live in. Their house was made of logs, and had three sides covered—the fourth was left open, and so they were exposed to all kinds of weather.

Lincoln went to school but little, and his schoolhouse was very much different from yours. It was built of logs and its rough floor was of uneven boards cut with axes. It was heated by a large open fireplace, and the boys took turns to cut and carry in the wood for the fire. The teachers didn't know much and were very cross. They used to switch the children to make them learn. Lincoln was so anxious to learn that he soon knew more than the teachers.

He was very fond of reading, and would walk miles to get a book he

each yard of homespun, which was made by hand, he had to split 400 rails. As he was ever six feet tall, you can imagine that perhaps he wished he was not so tall, for he must split a good many rails before he could have his clothes.

In the next few years he did almost everything; he was clerk in a store, then kept a store in partnership with a man who cheated him, and so the business failed; but Lincoln worked for six years and paid all the debts, so that no one was loser. Then he was a Captain in the Blackhawk War (1832).

Postmaster, surveyor, honest lawyer, served a term in the Illinois Legislature, and in 1846 was elected a member of Congress.

At this time the Southern states held negroes as slaves, while the Northern ones did not, so that part of the states were called slave states and the others free states. Now, in the new territories some wanted slaves and others did not. Lincoln did not approve of slaveholding and made many speeches in different places, airing his views on the question and trying to make others see as he did.

In 1850 the anti-slavery men nominated the "Rail-splitter" or "Honest Abe" as President, and he was elected. After he was elected some of the Southern states felt that, as he was opposed to slavery, they should withdraw from the Union. The Northern states said the Union could not be divided. Before Lincoln was inaugurated seven states withdrew and formed the Confederate States of America. Later four more states joined them.

Lincoln would not acknowledge them as a government, and out of this question grew the Civil War. During the long years of fighting which followed, and which caused so much sorrow and desolation, Lincoln was greatly blamed. But he was so honest and wise that finally he won the respect of all.

When the war was over and people were trying to readjust themselves, Lincoln was shot by a slavery sympathizer as he was at the theater on April 4, 1865. When he died, the whole world mourned, for it felt that it had lost a true friend in "Honest Abe."

This Little Mouse Was Very Brave

ONCE upon a time a little gray mouse lived with its small, brown cousins in a warm nest made of soft old rags and bits of cotton.

The little brown mice laughed and made fun of the gray mouse because its fur was gray and not sleek and soft like theirs, but the little mouse didn't care, and only laughed and kept right on bringing home some dainty bits of cheese, pieces of sugar and anything he could find that he thought they would like.

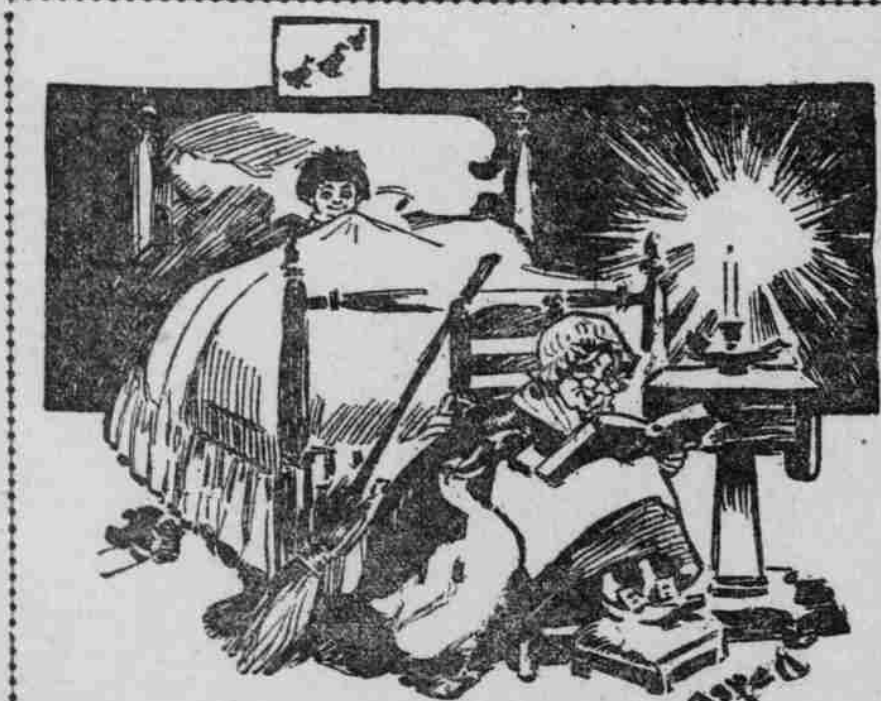
You see, he was older than his cousins and was allowed to go about

didn't have. But books were scarce, and the few he had he read so many times he must have known them by heart. The only books he had were the Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," "Aesop's Fables," "Life of Henry Clay" and a life of Washington. Anything he read or heard that he did not understand he would study and puzzle out when he was alone. He was never satisfied to let a subject drop until he understood it thoroughly.

When he was 15 years old he was sent to New Orleans in charge of a flatboat loaded with farm produce. This was a responsible trip, for it took a long time, as the boat was floated down the Ohio River until it joined the Mississippi, then down the Mississippi to New Orleans. The boatmen had to live on the boat for many weeks. They rowed the boat with long oars which took two or four men to move each of them. On this trip Lincoln got his first glimpse of the world.

When Lincoln was 21 years old his father decided to move the family to Illinois. When they got there Lincoln helped to build their log cabin and to split rails for the fences. He also split rails to pay for his clothes. Now, for

Grandmother Goose's Bed-Time Rhymes



Dear children, get your Mother Goose. And if you'll take the time, You'll find a poem within your book That's something like this rhyme.

I LIKE LITTLE PUSSY

I like little Pussy,
Her coat is so warm.
It's soft and it's glossy,
And just fits her form.

She uses her tail
As a muff for her feet;
And always she's cleaning
Her face to be neat.

by himself. They had often teased to go too, but their mother had never allowed them out of her sight, for she told them there was a great big animal called a cat that was always looking for little mice and would lie very quiet and not move even an eyelid until the little mouse was right close to its big paw, then it would reach out quick, grab the poor little thing and eat it all up.

One day they begged so hard to be allowed to go with their gray cousin and the little gray mouse begged, too, and said he would take care of them, that their mother said they could go but they must be very, very careful and watch out for the cat.

They promised, and off they started. What fun it was to run and scamper about. Their cousin showed them where he found the nice pieces of cheese, and they ate and ate.

All of a sudden the little gray mouse squeaked out, "Oh, run, run, the cat!" But the little mice were so frightened they couldn't remember which way to go and just ran round and round.

The gray mouse could have got away, for he had been there a great many times, but he wouldn't leave his little cousins. He ran straight for the hole and they scampered after him and the cat after them all.

The little gray mouse let them all get through, and then he started in, but too late. The cat's sharp paw was on his tail and held him fast. What should he do? Tug-tug—perhaps he could get away. Tug-tug—tug—and he was free, but half of his beautiful tail was gone.

How could he go home to his cousins now? It was bad enough to be gray, but gray and no tail; what should he do?

Just then he felt something soft and turned to see his brown cousins beside him.

They said: "Poor cousin, we will never laugh at you again, for you saved our lives and would not leave us even to save your own life, and we shall always love you, little gray mouse."

CAN YOU GUESS THIS?

Each child from far and near,
In this and every clime,
Has 20 faithful little friends
Attending him at each meal time.

When Mother Was a Little Girl

YOU want to hear about when I was a little girl? Why, my dear, so many things happened in those days it will take a long time to tell about them. We lived in a fine old house that had a great, wide hall in the middle, and the rooms were ever so much larger than we have now. In front of the house was a big garden that extended right down to a small river, which ran through many miles of beautiful country before it reached the sea.

Well, in this house there lived father and mother, brother and I and several servants. And dogs—why, there were ever so many of them! There were two beautiful Scotch collies. Their names were Collin and Donald, and they had come all the way from Scotland. Then there was Dash, a pretty, brown curly-haired spaniel.

My brother Fred used to go off hunting a great deal, and the dogs always went with him. Whenever he shot a wild duck and it fell into the river, no matter how cold the water was, Dash, who was as lively as a cricket, would always jump in after it.

Now, as I told you before, Collin and Donald were very handsome and they must have known it, for they wouldn't put themselves out nor try to please any one the least bit. They were just like some people, you know, who think they are only made to look at. So, of course, none of us were as fond of them as we were of poor, homely old Dingo.

Dingo came from nobody knows where. He just came along one day and stayed. We had such a large place it wouldn't have mattered if a dozen more had come, they would have been welcome and would always have found enough to eat. Dingo was very lean and comical looking. He was always hungry and always eating, and mother used to say that the more he ate the thinner he got.

He didn't know very much, but he had such big friendly eyes and always tried so hard to please that we came to love him very much. But I must not forget to tell you how he came by his name.

A friend of ours, named Dick Graham, had gone off to Australia to dig for gold. While he had some money and his father's estate added ours, he expected to get ever so much more. But dig as much as he would poor Dick could find no gold, so back he came with less money than when he started. And one day when he was called to see us he was so amused at seeing the homely stranger that he exclaimed:

"Wherever did you get the dingo?"

Now a dingo is a wild Australian dog and a very bad sort of fellow at that, while our poor dog wouldn't hurt a

called Dingo, and he must have thought

Bennie's Valentine

My precious dog, I love you so,
I'd like to eat you up.
But if I did, I couldn't have
My playful little pup.



that name as good as any other, for he always answered to it.

Some other time I will tell you lots of things about him, for he was the most interesting and amusing dog on the place, but one Christmas we had a big party. There was an immense turkey, and although every one had a pretty good appetite, there was plenty of turkey left. Mother intended to send it next day, with other things, to a poor family that lived some distance away.

So the remainder of the turkey was put in the pantry, but the door must have been left partly open, for early next morning mother was awakened by a scratch, scratch, scratching at her door, and when she got up and opened it what do you suppose she found?

Why Dingo with the turkey! He hadn't touched a particle of it, and it must have been hard work for him to carry it upstairs. Mother didn't mind, but just laughed and laughed, and poor Dingo seemed so disappointed because mother didn't praise him that he walked off and didn't come back until late in the afternoon.

A LESSON IN POLITENESS.

A number of children were coming home from school one rainy day. Some of the little girls who could not put their umbrellas up were helped by a little boy named Richard. One of the smallest girls fell into a mud puddle, and again Richard helped. He took hold of her little hands and pulled her up, and she came.

An older girl called Mary began to make fun of him and call him "miserable." Richard's face got very red, but he did not answer. Pretty soon Mary's umbrella blew away, and though she ran after it, she was not quick enough to catch it. Then Richard ran quickly and got her umbrella for her. Mary was sorry that she had laughed at him, and she said: "I am sorry I was so rude. I will act nicer after this." Richard tipped his cap and said: "All right, Mary."

SOME STORIES OF LINCOLN.

When Lincoln was a clerk in a store he sometimes made a mistake in the change or weight he gave the customer. When he would find that he had made such a mistake he couldn't rest until he had made the matter right and

would walk sometimes many miles to settle it.

When he was a lawyer he would never take the case of a person he knew to be wrong and he would never take pay from a poor person. Once a poor widow, who had been kind to him, hired him to plead for her son, who was to be tried for murder. At the trial it was proven that in a drunken quarrel the prisoner had killed the man. The witness against the prisoner said he had seen the murder by moonlight.

Lincoln proved, by an almanac, that there had been no moon on that particular night, and so his client was acquitted. Lincoln would take nothing but thanks from the mother.

Lincoln was kind and thoughtful even of the lowest beasts. Once when he had on a new suit of clothes he was driving along and came across a pig stuck in the mud. As he did not want to spoil his clothes he drove on, but could not help thinking of the poor pig. Finally when he had driven some distance he could not stand it any longer, and so turned back and pulled the pig out of the mud. Then he drove on with a lighter heart.

The Valentine That Tim Gave

TIM was a little newsboy, whose father was dead and whose mother was a cripple. He gave all the money he made to her and this, with the little she earned by knitting, was all they had to live on.

Tim had heard of St. Valentine's day and thought he would like to get a valentine for his mother, so he ran some errands and kept the extra money he made.

On St. Valentine's eve he had saved 25 cents. After he had sold his papers he walked down to a florist's to buy a geranium for his mother.

He thought this would cheer her more than anything else he could give her, for it would be something bright for her to look at and she would take pleasure in caring for it.

On his way to buy the flower he passed a bakery shop and in front of it he saw a little girl who was crying bitterly. She was thin and looked very cold and he asked her what the matter was. She turned to him and told him that she was hungry and wanted some of the bread in the window. She said her mother was sick and her father out of work and they had not had anything to eat all day.

Tim was beginning to tell her how sorry he was when he thought of the quarter he had for his mother's present. He took it out of his pocket, gave it to her, saying, "Buy some food with this," and ran off before she had time to thank him.

When he got home he told his mother of the surprise he had planned for her and of what he had done instead. His mother kissed him and said, "That is the true Valentine spirit; I would rather have my boy do a kind deed than receive a hundred Valentines."

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

It is not known just how the custom of sending valentines started, but many people think it was in memory of a kind and loving old monk who lived in the third century.

St. Valentine was an unselfish and kind man who spent his time and what money he had in doing good for others.

He was loved by the Christians, but hated by the pagans, and was finally put to death by order of the Emperor Claudius. This so grieved the good people of the time that they resolved to do something to perpetuate his memory. So each anniversary of his birth (February 14) they gave presents to the poor and to those they loved. From this people gradually drifted into the present habit of sending valentines.

SAYINGS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The Union must be preserved.
Gold is good in its place, but living patriotic men are better than gold.
Stand fast to the Union and the old flag.

I believe this Government cannot permanently endure half slave and half free.
This country with its institutions belongs to the people who inhabit it.

Let us have that faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.

I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S WORD PUZZLES.

1. Broad—road.
2. Price—rice.
3. Teach—each.
4. Steel—tool.
5. Bowl—owl.
6. Grace—rice.
7. Ship—hip.
8. Stone—tone.

My Faithful Little Cat



before I had time to close the door after me she slipped out. I knew that I would be safe there for mother thought I had done as she told me, and besides the cupboard was seldom opened.

Pretty soon I got tired of being in there, for it was very dark and lonely. I tried to open the door but could not. Then I began to cry but no one came. I tried to kick the door open but it was of no use. Then I began to get frightened and thought I would die in there and never see my mother any more. I wished I had done as she told me. Then I knew nothing more until I felt cold water on my face and heard some one say, "Now she's coming to."

It seems that Lucky, when she found I did not come out, at once started to mew and claw at the door, thinking I would open it. She kept this up so long that my father heard her. He came upstairs and chased her away, but she came back again and again until he thought he would see what was in the cupboard. There he found me in a heap on the floor, for I had fainted.

After this nothing was too good for the cat and she lived in great comfort. One day when she was old and could hardly drag herself around I was sitting in a big armchair, reading. She climbed into my lap and acted queerly, but as I was greatly interested in my story, I paid no attention to her. Then

Mother's Valentine

Oh Mother, dear
From east to west.
From north to south—
I love you best.

circus. I tried many times to dress her in my doll's clothes, but she did not like this and would always run away before I got her fully dressed. She looked very funny running down the street with the doll's clothes half on.

Every afternoon she waited at the front gate until I got home from school. She would run to meet me and rub against me and purr with delight when I took her up and petted her.

My mother did not like cats and Lucky seemed to know this for she kept out of the way in the daytime. But every night when we were in bed she would climb up a tall tree which grew by the house. One of the branches reached to my bedroom window. When she got out on this she would mew and scratch at the pane until I let her in.

One time my mother sent me on an errand which I did not want to do, so, instead of going I ran out the back door, slipped very quietly in the front door and ran upstairs into an old cupboard which was used as a kind of a storeroom. I took the cat with me but

she started to moan and suddenly she sprang into the air. As she fell she tried to turn to me but when she got to the ground she was dead.

We dug a little grave under the apple tree and wrapped her in a piece of pink silk and buried her. At the head of the grave we put a little board on which we wrote: "Here Lies Lucky, the Hero Cat, Who Once Saved Her Mistress' Life."

I was heartbroken at the loss of my pet and never had another cat I loved so much.

A LITTLE SNOW.

One morn' when little Nellie woke,
Snowflakes were floating round.
"O Mother, dear just look!" said she,
"There's sugar frosting on the ground."

ON VALENTINE'S MORNING.
"O dear me!" cried a little girl,
"Whatever shall I do?
The mail brought me a heart today,
And that makes me have two."

An Animal Who Spells His Own Name

He Spells It So Clearly That Even Though
He Runs We May Read, Doesn't He?



Harvey
Peane