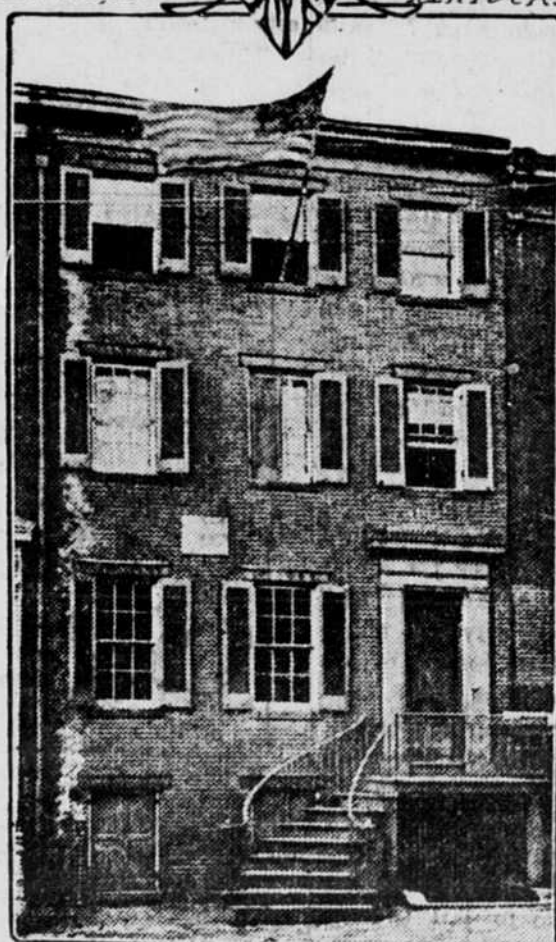


ST. GAUDENS' STATUE OF LINCOLN  
LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO

# HUMOROUS INCIDENTS in the LIFE of LINCOLN

BIRTHPLACE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN  
KENTUCKY

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

HOUSE WHERE LINCOLN DIED  
WASHINGTON

**I**T is difficult to think of Abe Lincoln, born in a small log cabin, surrounded by hardships and sorrows in early youth, who won success by hard struggling, and whose last years were full of the most serious problems that ever confronted any president, as a humorist. This is the more unusual because his countenance was extremely worn and sad looking, and his nature was so tender and sympathetic as to often make him appear melancholy. No man ever felt the responsibilities our nation had intrusted to his care so much as he did, and no president ever succeeded in acting according to popular opinion without being swayed by popular whims and caprices, better than did he. Though often completely weighed down by the cares and trials of the nation during the most critical period of its history, he succeeded in cheering himself, those about him and the people.

There are many charming and humorous stories intertwined with his early boyhood, several told by the colored mammy who worked for them. She says that he often sprawled himself out on the floor and worked to write his name. He was no more easily satisfied with these early efforts than with his later undertakings. But after he had worked and struggled and knew he had done his best, he got up and began to criticize his work. "Den he sez to me many a time, 'Look at that will you, Abraham Lincoln. Don't look a blamed bit like me.' And he'd stand an' study it a spell."

Though he did not mind hard work and while still a young boy could swing an ax with the ease of a grown man, he was happiest when he had a book near him. As his mammy says: "Seems to me now I never seen Abe after he was twelve that he didn't have a book some'er round. He'd put a book inside his shirt and fill his pockets with corn dodgers an' go off to plow or hoe. When noon came he'd set down under a tree an' read an' eat. An' when he come to the house at night he'd take a cheer back by the chimney, put his feet on the rung, set on his backbones and read."

"Aunt Sally'd never let the children pester him. She always said that Abe was goin' to be a great man some day and she wasn't goin' to have him hindered."

When Lincoln started out to make a living and a name for himself, he soon learned that life is not all sunshine for the boy or girl who must accomplish everything by their own hard conscientious effort and work. Though the situation often looked exceedingly dark and his work often resulted in failure, he had more friends to help him on than he at first knew. He was wonderfully strong. What exhausted other men seemed to act on him as a tonic. Once he was working in a small town where there was a man by the name of Armstrong. When a new man came to the place his strength and courage were sure to be tested with Armstrong. The newcomers were always put through this same ordeal, and Abe with the rest. Much to the surprise of both camps Armstrong was defeated. Everybody was of the opinion that Abe Lincoln was the best and strongest man that ever broke into the camp. To show that there was no pride and boast in this victory, he became a friend of the Armstrong family. Mrs. Armstrong soon grew so fond of him that she treated him as a relative, and the children loved to climb onto his knees and brush away the sadness from his face by hugs and kisses.

Abe Lincoln did not have to work long to discover that he was an exceedingly poor business man. One failure came after another. These showed the real strength and character of the man. He never complained nor fretted because success was not coming his way.

He was determined, however much luck turned against him, to be honest and keep his ledger clean. He often told his friends that he preferred to go without a square meal than to lose a night's rest disturbed by an annoyed conscience. The following story is one of the many illustrations that he lived up to this statement. It was while he was doing business as a merchant that a farmer's wife bought something of him which needed weighing and computation. She had come some miles from home. It was only after she left he discovered that he had overcharged her thirty cents, and he walked four miles to correct the mistake. A friend hearing of the incident joked with him about it, when the humorous Abe answered, "This is not a joke, but a serious matter. I know that this customer needs the thirty cents more than do I."

Though this sense of humor was natural to him, he realized when still a young boy that a pleasant way and a good joke do wonders for making life easier and sweeter. He loved to listen to a good joke and loved to tell one. He had a wonderful memory, and this helped him in making other

folks' stories his own. Good stories were so highly prized by him that he stored them away in his memory with jealous care, and used them as the occasion presented itself. As he himself said: "I believe that genuine humor is a plaster that heals many a wound. I remember a good story when I hear it, but I never invent anything original. I am only a retail dealer. A pinch of mental snuff."

When his friends complimented him on the way he looked or something he had done he loved to laugh it away with a joke, to show that he appreciated their friendship and still that he refused to be spoiled by flattery. The following is a story in point. One day a friend shook hands with him and said: "Mr. President, it is some time since I saw you in Illinois." "Yes," came the jovial answer. "I am about the same as the old horse who was put in a pasture to graze. A neighbor, seeing the horse after she had been there some time, said: 'Well, you put this horse in here to recuperate, but she looks now about the same as when you first put her in. She neither recuperates nor decays!' That's just about the way it is with me."

Two qualities kept him the same unassuming man after he was made president of the United States that he was when he began to make a career for himself. One was his sense of humor, which never allowed him to become self-conscious, and the other his wonderful faith in God and in his fellow men. His friends never hesitated to approach him to ask him a favor nor tell him a funny story. A friend says: "One day on board ship I showed him in Harper's Weekly a funny little rhyme which was so amusing that the president sat down and sprawled himself on the deck and said: 'Lend me your penknife.' I handed him the knife and he cut the piece from the paper, saying: 'Not a very dignified position for the president of the United States, but eminently comfortable for that purpose.'"

Music was another of his favorite recreations. He loved to hear the boys sing their songs in camp. He loved homely ballads and simple ditties. The greatest favor a friend or soldier could show him was to sing simple tunes. As one friend admits: "Often have I seen him in tears while I was rendering in my poor way a homely melody."

He found great delight in the laughter and pranks of children. He allowed his own boys great freedom in the White House. He often let their misdemeanors go unpunished because everything about children gave him recreation and pleasure. The keeper in the White House tells this story showing his love for children: "We were walking over to the war department. Just as we got to the door a nurse holding an infant and having another at her side got in our way. I took hold of the little tot gently and put her to one side so the president could pass."

"That's all right, that's all right," the president said, as though he was displeased that I had disturbed the child."

It was his sense of humor that enabled him to bear poverty lightly. Elegant surroundings did not appeal to him; he was as content in the log cabin where he was born as in the White House. The plainest suite pleased his tastes. Greediness of wealth was wholly unknown to him; if he was greedy about anything it was knowledge and nothing more. The following story is told about him and well proves this point. He was asked to give a lecture in the Illinois college for the library fund. When the lecture was over and the people passed out he went up to the librarian and said: "I notice that there are not many listeners here tonight; I don't think we made much on this lecture." In reply the official said: "When we pay for the rent of the hall, music and advertising and your compensation there will not be much left for the library." Mr. Lincoln replied: "Well, boys, be hopeful; pay me my railroad fare and the fifty cents that my supper cost me and you can have the rest."

This joviality was largely because he felt the sorrows and hardships that came to most men and women, and he did everything in his power to lighten their burden. As he said to a friend: "When I am dead I wish my friends to remember that I always pluck a thorn and plant a rose when possible."

He was beloved by thousands and thousands of people. Many who believed in slavery appreciated the grand character of the man. And it was his strong and courageous personality that converted thousands of men to believe that slavery was wrong. But no one loved him so well as the colored people, his words were always on their lips. An old colored man once said at a meeting in South Carolina: "Brederin, you don't know nosen what you're talkin' about. Now you just listen to me. Massa Linkin he's everywhere. He know eberyting. He walk de earf like de Lord."

When his soul was most troubled he would try and ease himself by a joke. There was so much sadness in his make-up that he found this the best safety-valve.

This sense of humor gave him wonderful faith and courage. He was one of the last to advocate drastic measures in deciding the slave question. But when once begun he never gave up hope. There were times when situations looked extremely dark, he could not see clearly which way was the best, but when his reason failed him his sublime faith guided him right. He believed that God would be on the side of the just and the right.

The Hon. George Curtis tells this story, which shows the man's sublime faith:

"One day I called on the president with a representative from congress. Mr. Lincoln received us in his office, the large room on the second floor. He was dressed in black and wore slippers. On a table at his side were maps and plans of the seat of war, and pins with blue and gray heads representing the positions of the soldiers on both sides."

"When we arose to leave he shook my hand with paternal kindness and said good-by with a paternal kindness and evident proud conviction. 'We shall beat them, my son; we shall beat them.' But the air and tone with which he said the words were so free from any unworthy feeling that the most resolute and confident of his opponents would have been deeply impressed." He believed in prayer, he believed it eased the troubled mind and soul, and changed failure to success as much as does a healthy sense of humor. One day General Sickles called on him and asked the president 'if he had not been anxious during the battle of Gettysburg?'

The president thought some minutes and then answered: "Yes, but I did not give up my faith. I went into my room one day and locked the door and got down on my knees and prayed to him mightily for victory at Gettysburg. I told him it was his war and our cause his cause, but that Frederickburg or Chancellorsville could not hold out another day. And then I made a solemn vow to Almighty God that if he would stand by our boys at Gettysburg I would stand by him, and he did, and I will."

It was this faith in God and in all his children that made Lincoln work, struggle and die to free the slaves. As he once told a friend, when he was making a trip from Louisville to St. Louis by boat, there was a dozen slaves on board, shackled together with irons, so they could not get away. He explained: "I knew that this was all wrong. God had never intended that any of his children should be shackled, and I knew the time would come when I should be given a part in freeing them."

These stories and humorous incidents help to analyze a character that might otherwise seem strange and inconsistent. Lincoln loved his Creator and humanity. He believed that with patience all things turned out right in the end, and that with humor and love the trials and hardships become easier and far more bearable.

## KINGDOM IS REAL

Jesus' Words Had Reference Not Only to a Condition of the Spirit.

No change in religious thought is more remarkable than that which has taken place in our interpretation of Jesus' oft repeated phrase, the "Kingdom of God." That the whole gospel of the Nazarene is contained in his idea of the "Kingdom" and the whole purpose of his life summed up in his prayer, "Thy Kingdom come," has long been understood, but not until our own day have we come to see just what was meant by this idea and this purpose.

In the past men have assumed that the "Kingdom of God" referred to a certain inward attitude of mind or condition of spirit. The word "Kingdom," it has been agreed, was used by the master in a figurative sense and was intended to apply to the inner and not the outer world, to things spiritual and not material. The establishment of the Kingdom meant the establishment of God's purpose in the hearts of men, and the coming of the Kingdom the transformation of the human soul from a state of depravity to one of grace. "The Kingdom of God is within you." This has been accepted in all ages as the final and perfect definition of the teaching.

Scope of the Kingdom.

Very recently, however, have men come to feel that, while Jesus undoubtedly meant this, he also meant much more than this. For what evidence is there, in our records of the Nazarene's career, that he meant to limit his idea of the Kingdom to the inward realm of the spirit? On the contrary, is there not abundant evidence, in what he said and did, that he meant very particularly that the Kingdom should cover the outward as well as the inward world, and work a revolution in society as well as in the soul? "In Jesus' conception," says Prof. Rudolf Eucken, the most eminent living exponent of spiritual idealism, "the 'Kingdom of God' is by no means merely an inner transformation, affecting only the heart and mind, and leaving the outer world in the same condition. Rather, historical research puts it beyond question that the new Kingdom means a visible order as well—that it aims at a complete change in the state of things. . . . Never in history has mankind been summoned to a greater revolution than here, where not this and that among the conditions but the totality of human existence is to be regenerated." Not "the Kingdom of God is within you," is the correct translation, but "the Kingdom of God is among you!"

Its Source in the Heart.

Here, in this extension of our understanding of the gospel of the Kingdom, is the greatest religious discovery of our age. The Kingdom of God is indeed "within" us, but it must not stay there. On the contrary, it must go out "among" our fellow men, and there transform the social order into a realm of perfect righteousness and peace. The Kingdom must have its source in the heart, which, to quote the great phrase of St. Augustine, "rests not until it rests in God;" but, like a river and not a stagnant pool, it must then flow out, to clothe with beauty the waste places of the earth. The Kingdom means the will of God "done on earth," which in turn means the establishment of justice among men. The betterment of living conditions, the establishment of just relations between employers and employees, the reduction of infant mortality, the protection of helpless old age, the alleviation of poverty, the conquest of disease, the furthering of knowledge, the "war against war"—all these things are the works of the Kingdom, and the men and women everywhere who are achieving these things are the servants of the Kingdom.

For the first time since the earliest days of Christianity the master's prayer, "Thy Kingdom come," is being little by little answered. And this for the reason that we understand that the Kingdom means, to quote Eucken once more, "a new order of the world and of life!"

Winning Souls for Christ.

Soul-saving is the chief business of the church. Superficially, many things short of actual, personal salvation as the goal of Christian work may be worth while; but essentially our best efforts are a dismal failure unless they result in bringing the unsaved into the kingdom. The work of the church is many-sided, and under modern conditions there must be diversity of operation in order to meet the needs of the hour. There is danger of devoting all interest and energy to a multiplicity of methods and measures without getting at the real kernel of things. It is possible to attract and engage the attention and interest of the general public and to get the crowd looking and coming our way without succeeding in getting real acceptance of Christ as a personal Savior. Yet this is the one thing needful.—Evangelical Messenger.

Power of Affirmation.

Declare your unity with divine mind, and through your generative word fill your nerves with energy and substance. Declare over and over, silently and aloud, until the very air pulsates, "I am energy; I am strength and power; I am filled and thrilled with omnipresent life and the vitality of God permeates every fiber of my being."—Unity.

## SYRUP OF FIGS FOR A CHILD'S BOWELS

It is cruel to force nauseating, harsh physic into a sick child.

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother insisted on — castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach, and that a teaspoonful given today saves a sick child tomorrow.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Adv.

## WRONG VIEWS OF MARRIAGE

Brooklyn Lawyer Tells of Some Popular Impressions That Are Entirely Erroneous.

Some persons believe, says Mr. Hugo Hirsh of the Brooklyn bar, in Case and Comment, that marriage can be entered into by any man or woman, regardless of age, race, relationship, or condition. But in this they are mistaken, for every state has its own peculiar laws regarding, limiting and circumscribing entrance into this relationship as the same may be affected by those provisions.

Some persons believe that fraud, force, duress, coercion, used for the purpose of bringing about marriage between man and woman, do not affect the legality of the relationship, but in this they are mistaken, because every state and territory has a law providing for the annulment of marriages caused by fraud, force, etc.

Some men believe that wives are chattels and may be beaten into submission. This is a grave error, for in many of the states such conduct is cause for an absolute divorce, and in nearly all of the states it is cause for a legal separation.

## GRANDMA USED SAGE TEA TO DARKEN HER GRAY HAIR

She Made Up a Mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to Bring Back Color, Gloss, Thickness.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray; also ends dandruff, itching scalp and stops falling hair. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get a large bottle of the famous old recipe for about 50 cents.

Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time, by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy.—Adv.

The Conqueror's Return.

Mr. Mouatt, born tired, also father of a large family, spent most of his married life in bed, while Mrs. Mouatt worked in the glass factory, just to keep things moving. One morning Mr. Mouatt became impregnated with the large idea of getting out of bed at last and offering his services to his country. On calling at Mrs. Mouatt's one day last week a lady found her in tears.

"Why, Mrs. Mouatt, what is the matter? Has your husband been wounded?"

"No, miss. (Loud sniffles.)"

"Well, dear me! I hope he has not been killed!"

"Oh, it's worse than that, miss! 'E's coming 'ome!'—Judge."

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU  
Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Stinging—Just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Heartless Prophetess.

"Harold says that after we are married he will want me to dress like a queen."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "And for a while he will be as proud as a king. After that he will grumble like a taxpayer."

Red Cross Ball Blue, made in America, therefore the best, delights the housewife. All good grocers. Adv.

Developing.

Irene—Don't you think that travel brings out all that is in one?

Ire—Yes; especially ocean travel.—Judge.

HOXIE'S CROUP REMEDY SAVES LIFE, suffering and money. No nausea. 50c.—Adv.

A child's cuteness or impudence depends on whether it belongs to you or to one of the neighbors.