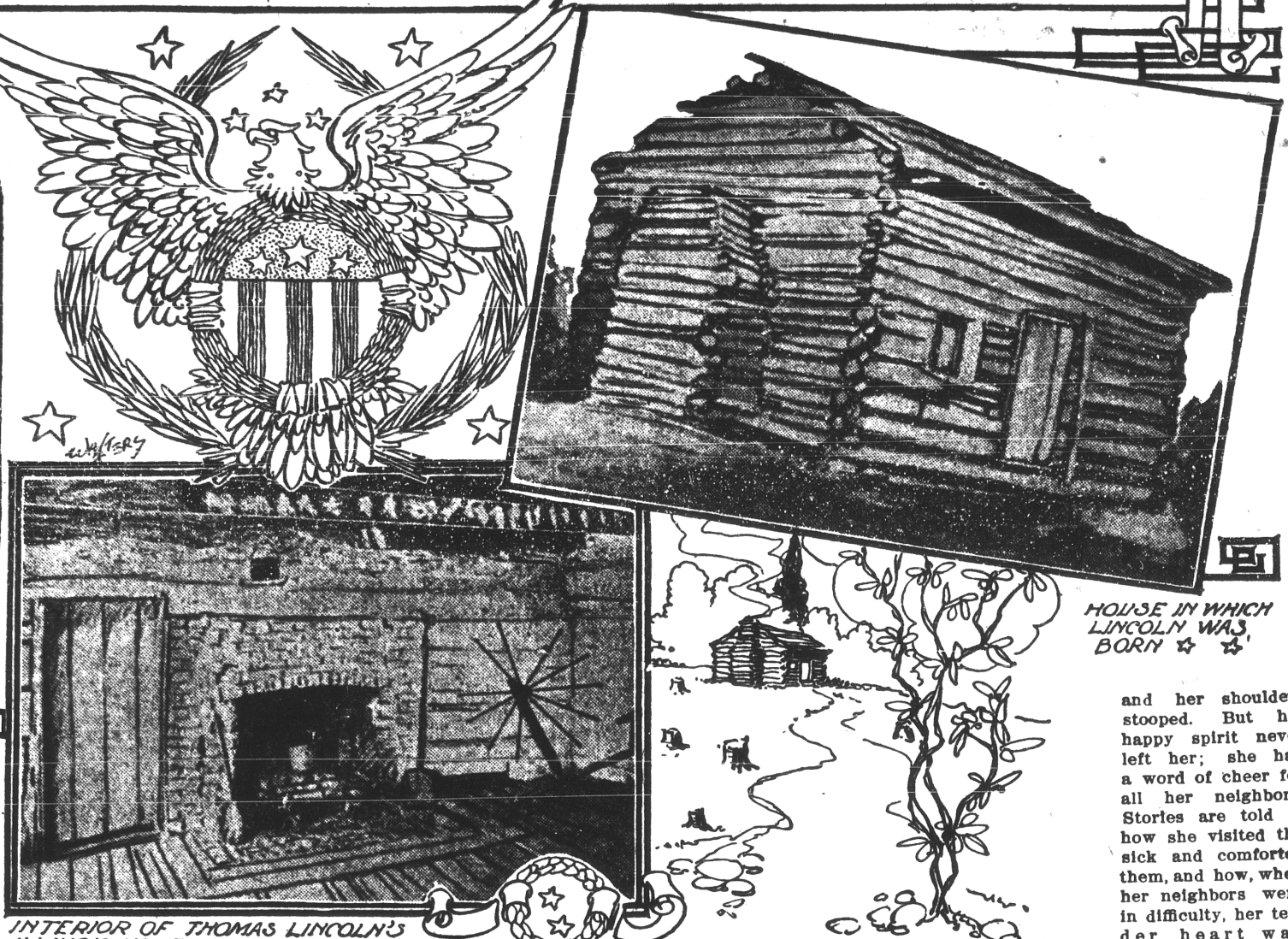


THE WOMAN WHO SHAPED A WONDERFUL CAREER



SARAH BUSH LINCOLN



INTERIOR OF THOMAS LINCOLN'S ILLINOIS HOME

THE history of every great man, declares a well-known writer, begins at his mother's knee. Behind every great endeavor and unselfish deed, every noble career of every illustrious man will be found a woman—the frail and gentle creature whose name, perhaps, remains obscure, but who began to teach him high thoughts and ideals and to slip the words of "Our Father, which art in heaven."

Abraham Lincoln's career began at the knee of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, his mother. It was she who taught him to read from an old Bible he came to know so well, who told him the stories in Aesop's fables and helped him to study the "Kentucky Perceptor."

It was she who taught him the letters of the alphabet and first trained his hand to scrawl them. It was she who instilled in him a hatred of slavery and by her own gentle loveliness inspired a regard and esteem for women which lasted throughout his life.

Nancy Hanks Lincoln, one of the great president's historians declares, was "stoop-shouldered, thin-breasted, sad—at times miserable," a gentle, kind, uncomplaining woman, whose life had been one of hard labor, with few enjoyments, and who died before her prime. This was Nancy Hanks Lincoln, who lay on her deathbed, tired and worn, her face wan, her thin, bony hands clasping those of a nine-year-old lad, whose deep-sunk eyes were filled with tears, and who, when he later became "a liberator of a race of men," declared: "All that I am or ever hope to be I owe to my mother. Blessings on her memory."

From his mother Lincoln once told his friend and law partner, William H. Herndon, he believed he inherited his power of analysis, his logic, his mental activity and his ambition. Her memory remained with him, one of the dearest things of his life—"a noble type of good, heroic womanhood."

Nancy Hanks was five years old when her parents sold their farm in Virginia and went pioneering westward toward Kentucky. Nancy was the youngest of a family of eight children. Her father was Joseph Hanks and her mother Nancy Shipley. Nancy was born February 5, 1784.

The journey westward was a perilous one, and it is said Nancy was stolen by Indians while her parents were on the way. Roads were bad; in fact, there was only a footpath through the wilderness, where passed the long procession of women and children on horseback, men trudging behind driving the caravans.

Picture to yourself the procession, described by Justice Robertson—"through privations incredible and perils thick, thousands of men, women and children came in successive caravans, forming continuous streams of human beings, horses, cattle and other domestic animals, moving onward along a lonely and homeless path to a wild and cheerless land."

"Cast your eyes back," he continues, "on that long procession of missionaries in the cause of civilization; behold the men on foot, with their trusty guns on their shoulders, driving stock and leading pack horses; and the women, some walking with palls on their heads, others riding with children in their laps and other children swung in baskets on horses, fastened to the tails of others going before; see them encamped at night, expecting to be massacred by Indians; behold them in the month of December, in that memorable season of unprecedented cold called the 'hard winter,' traveling two or three miles a day."

And imagine little Nancy Hanks, spindly-legged and golden-haired, shivering as she snuggled under blankets, pursuing the road of the pioneers. In the child who was to become the mother of Abraham Lincoln was now developed a courage and perseverance which was to be inherited and which afterward marked one of the greatest of men.

The family settled in Washington county, Ky., in winter. Hard work confronted them, even privation. Trees had to be felled, a log cabin built, and shelter erected for the stock. Little Nancy, with her sisters, Elizabeth and Polly, helped their mother, cooking and sewing and preparing the rude home, while the brothers, Charles, Joshua, William, Thomas and Joseph, went about with the father, clearing the land for cultivation in the spring. They hunted animals and fished in the cold

streams. And when spring came they dug the hard, stony ground and planted wheat and corn.

Thus four years passed—four years of hard toil and hard living—and then Joseph Hanks died. Not long afterward the mother, worn with toil, followed; the brothers and daughters married, and Nancy, left alone, was taken in by her Aunt Lucy—a sister of her mother, who had married Richard Berry. This home was a happy one and Nancy grew up, cheerful and pretty.

When Nancy's father died he left a will. It is still on the records of the Bardstown clerk's office, and as will be seen, Nancy was the proud heiress of one heifer, a pet called Pelly. The quaint will, which was probated May 14, 1793, runs:

"In the name of God, Amen. I, Joseph Hanks, of Nelson county, state of Kentucky, being of sound mind and memory, but weak in body and calling to mind the frailty of all human nature, do make and demise this my last will and testament in the manner and form following, to wit:

"Item: I give and bequeath unto my son Thomas one sorrel horse called Major. Item: I give and bequeath unto my son Joshua one gray mare Bonny. Item: I give and bequeath unto my son William one gray horse called Gilbert. Item: I give and bequeath unto my son Charles one roan horse called Tobe. Item: I give and bequeath unto my son Joseph one horse called Bald. Also the land whereon I now live containing one hundred and fifty acres.

"Item: I give and bequeath unto my daughter Elizabeth one heifer yearling called Gentle. Item: I give and bequeath unto my daughter Polly one heifer yearling called Lady. Item: I give and bequeath unto my daughter Nancy one heifer yearling called Pelly. Item: I give and bequeath unto my wife Nancy all and singular my whole estate during her life, afterward to be equally divided between all my children. It is also my wish and desire that the whole of the property first above bequeathed should be the property of my wife during her life."

Here, too, can be found a record of the seed which budded so nobly in Joseph Hanks' grandson. Joseph Hanks, unlike most of the pioneers, owned no slaves. When Nancy Hanks later married Thomas Lincoln they bought no slaves and never owned any.

Nancy's life while she lived with her Aunt Lucy was happy. She grew into a young miss of unusual beauty and became the belle of the countryside. She learned to read and write, and was considered exceptionally accomplished. When she married Thomas Lincoln she taught him to spell the letters of his name.

There are but few and meager descriptions of Nancy Hanks. One learns that she was slight of figure, that her hair was pale golden, almost flaxen, and her eyes were blue. Her wit was nimble.

Suitors thronged the parlor of Aunt Lucy's farm. But Nancy lost her heart to none; she laughed gaily at their protests, parried their importunate proposals with jest and was so good natured, so misanthropic and funny about it that all remained her friends.

Nancy often went to the farm of Joseph Hanks, at Elizabethtown, where she saw her cousin, Thomas Lincoln. Thomas was a carpenter, and if the records are true, the best in the country for many miles.

He not only hacked and hewed and chiseled wood with skill, but he did what none others had succeeded in doing—chiseled his way into the heart of Nancy.

Thomas Lincoln had a varied career. He was strong as an ox, temperate in his habits, an attendant at church and was bitterly opposed to slavery. Both he and Nancy agreed in that. The couple entered into a marriage bond on June 12, 1806. On June 14 the couple were married by a Methodist preacher, the Rev. Jesse Head, who besides being a clergyman, was an editor, country judge and carpenter.

And a wedding it was—with merrymaking and feasting. There were present the Mit-



THE LINCOLN HOME IN COLE'S COUNTY, ILL.

chells, Shipleys and Berrys, Nancy's cousins, relatives and friends from the country round about. In a pit near the house a great fire was built, over which a sheep was placed and barbecued. During the morning it roasted, covered by green boughs, and after the wedding it was cut and served for dinner. There were venison, too, and wild turkey and ducks. The wedding was remembered for years.

"There was no hint of future glory in the wedding or bringing home of Nancy Lincoln," wrote Nicolay and Hay. "All accounts represent her as a handsome young woman of twenty-three, of appearance and intellect superior to her lowly fortunes. She could read and write—a remarkable accomplishment in her circle—and even taught her husband to form the letters of his name. He had no such valuable wedding gift to bestow upon her; he brought her to a little house in Elizabethtown, where he and she and want dwelt together in fourteen feet square."

For two happy but needy years the couple lived in a log cabin on the banks of what was then known as Mill creek. Picture to yourself that home of the young bride—a single room, with a huge fireplace, where logs burned in winter; an iron pot suspended from a crane, rough chairs hewn by the carpenter husband; a bed made of rough trees from which the bark had not been removed, a spinning wheel by which the industrious wife sat and wove the material for clothing; a room lacking in comforts, typical of the pioneer cabins of those days, with an opening above into a loft, reached by a ladder, where things were stored.

There, one day in 1807, Nancy's first baby was born. It was a little girl, and was called Nancy, after the mother. Later the little girl's name was changed to Sarah. That was when Thomas Lincoln married his second wife, Sarah Bush.

Thomas Lincoln owned a farm near Buffalo, which he had bought in 1803. During the two years he lived on Mill creek he cultivated the farm, improving the ground, and there he moved the spring following the birth of Sarah. In their life of Lincoln Nicolay and Hay write: "Thomas Lincoln settled down in this dismal solitude to a deeper poverty than any of his name had ever known; and there, in the midst of the most unpromising circumstances, that ever witnessed the advent of a hero into this world, Abraham Lincoln was born on February 12, 1809."

The family, however, could not have been extremely destitute, for we are told, they had a cow and a calf, milk and butter and a feather bed. What wealth! When Abraham was four the family moved again—this time to a cabin, situated on Muldraugh's hill. There a third child was born, which died when a few months old.

Of the life of Nancy Lincoln at this time nothing has been written. Of his boyhood Lincoln himself seldom spoke. But one can imagine the patient woman alone and unassisted, performing the work of her household, tending the cows and milking them, making butter, cleaning the meagerly furnished cabin in which the family lived, cooking and spinning cloth of which she made the garments for her husband, little Sarah and Abe.

Nancy Lincoln's beauty faded; the roses fled from her cheeks, her body became wasted

and her shoulders stooped. But her happy spirit never left her; she had a word of cheer for all her neighbors. Stories are told of how she visited the sick and comforted them, and how, when her neighbors were in difficulty, her tender heart was moved and she helped them as best she could.

Her life was hard. But there was cause for joy in Nancy Lincoln's life. Little Abe was her constant delight. At night, when her work was over, she would open the "preceptor" book and teach the two children the letters of the alphabet. With what tenderness and love she must have watched them

they studied—so hard to memorize the A's, B's and C's—and with what dotting fondness she must have trained little Abe's tiny hand to trace the letters on a slate!

Dear Nancy Lincoln loved the Bible, and there were readings from the sacred book; there was told the old, old story. And these stories Lincoln never forgot. When, in after life, he electrified the world by his eloquence, his mastery of pure and perfect English and his tempestuous oratory, he retold the same stories—the stories he heard at his mother's knee.

Life was not prosperous with the father. He left Kentucky and went prospecting in Illinois, where he took up land on Little Pigeon creek, in Spencer county. And again the hard-worked wife was called upon to move her home. With their furniture packed in a wagon and their cow behind, the family started on their long pilgrimage in 1816. During the winter of 1816 and 1817 the family lived in a camp. The winter was rigorous.

Uncomplainingly the tender, gentle woman bore her lot, but her health slowly gave way, her face became more wan. A rough cabin was begun in the spring and life opened anew. Land was cleared. Thomas Lincoln piled his trade among the scattered inhabitants of the solitary region. They began to prosper. But the life had been too hard for the tender, loving wife and she sank under the burden.

One day in October, 1818, as she lay in her bed in the little cabin, she called her two children to her.

"She took the hands of Sarah and the thin, serious-faced boy. 'Be good to one another,' she said, brokenly, with infinite tenderness. Then she closed her eyes. The wonderful smile deepened. The sunlight faded into evening, and little Abe, leaving Sarah kneeling by the bed, crept away and climbed the pegs in the wall to the garret, where he flung himself on the mattress of leaves.

Night fell, and from the loft came a stifled sound of sobbing—sobbing repressed, checked, restrained, yet so poignant, so keen, so heart-forsaken that the father, returning home, paused hearing it, his heart sinking. He knew the sunlight of the boy's life had departed.

Many years afterward people wondered at the sorrow moulded indelibly on the face of Lincoln—like agony graven on a figure of stone. Before the next December Thomas Lincoln married Sarah Bush Johnston, a widow, who, it is said, had rejected him many years before.

In later years, when Lincoln, again shrouded in sorrow, sat by the bedside of his little son, Willie, who was dying, he cried in despair: "This is the hardest trial of my life. Why is it? Why is it?" A nurse who had lost her husband and children told him of her loss, adding, "But I trust in God. I rely upon his will." Lincoln shook his head sadly.

On the day of the funeral he asked the nurse and some friends to pray for him. "I will try to go to God with my sorrows," he said. "I wish I had that childlike faith you speak of. I trust God will give it to me."

Then his memory traveled back over the years and his first loss by death came to his mind. He told of his mother's confident belief in the wisdom of God. "I remember her prayers," he said in a low voice, "and they have always followed me. They have followed me all my life."

EXONERATE OIL CO.

PUBLISHER OF HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE
ZINE RETRACTS ACCUSATION
AGAINST STANDARD.

ARTICLE CAUSED LIBEL SUIT

Hampton's and Moffett Declare Upon
Investigation Oil Company Is Not
Connected With Sale of
Impure Candles.

New York.—In the matter of the libel suits brought by the Standard Oil company for \$250,000 damages against Hampton's Magazine and for \$100,000 damages against Cleveland Moffett, the former the publisher, and the latter the writer, of an article in the February issue of the magazine which defamed the company in connection with the sale of glucose and candy in Philadelphia, the following retractions have been signed in the office of Shearman & Sterling, the Standard Oil company's lawyers in the case, and have been issued from the company's offices at No. 26 Broadway:

"Hampton's Magazine, 66 West Thirty-fifth St., New York, Jan. 31, 1911.

"Standard Oil Company, 26 Broadway, New York.

"Dear Sirs: In the February issue of Hampton's Magazine there was published an article written by me, entitled, 'Cassidy and the Food Poisoners.' In that article I referred to the investigation of Mr. Cassidy, with respect to the manufacture and sale of impure candles in Philadelphia, and made the statement that your company manufactured and sold impure material which went into these candles and that, when the various dealers were arrested and fined, at the instance of Mr. Cassidy, your company paid the fines.

"Upon investigation I have ascertained that your company was in no way concerned with the transactions referred to and I hasten to retract in the fullest manner all charges made against your company and to express my sincere regret that I should have fallen into this serious error. Yours truly, Cleveland Moffett."

"Jan. 31, 1911.
"Standard Oil Company, New York City.

"Dear Sirs: Referring to foregoing letter of Mr. Cleveland Moffett to you, we beg to state that we are convinced that Mr. Moffett was in error in his statements with reference to your company. We greatly regret that these errors should have been made. It is the desire of Hampton's Magazine to be accurate and fair in all things. In our March number we will publish this letter and the foregoing letter of Mr. Moffett. Yours truly, Benj. B. Hampton, President, Broadway Magazine, Inc."

MUST TELL GRAFT STORY

Danville Judge Orders Prosecutor to
Answer All Questions Put by
Jury in Bribe Quiz.

Danville, Ill.—Judge Kimbrough in the circuit court handed down a decision in the case of City Attorney Jones, who declined to answer certain questions regarding vote selling and buying which the grand jury put to him.

The court instructed Jones to answer all questions. The opinion stated that, according to a decision of the Supreme court of the United States, a witness before the grand jury is immune from indictment. The court also held that the city election law is unconstitutional, which means that Jones cannot be questioned about happenings more than eighteen months ago.

This means that the investigation will continue until all the witnesses now summoned are examined. It is said that many indictments have been voted, but whether they are for vote selling is not known.

VOLCANO'S TOLL IS 700

Five Thousand Families in Philippines
Have Been Wholly Ruined
By Disaster.

Washington.—The eruption of Taal volcano and the accompanying disturbances in the Philippines killed 700 people in the town of Talisay, according to the report of the governor of Batangas province, which was called to the war department by Governor General Forbes of the Philippine islands.

The earthquake shocks continue, the governor general added. Five thousand families have been ruined by the disaster.

The Philippine authorities are face to face with the absolute necessity of adopting relief measures in order to avoid suffering, as the falling mud and lava destroyed the crops within a considerable radius of the volcano.

DECIES HONEYMOON IN EGYPT

Vivien Gould, After Wedding to English Lord, Will Take Trip to Africa.

New York.—It is announced that Lord and Lady Decies, the latter now Miss Vivien Gould, who are to be married February 7, will spend their honeymoon in Egypt. They will leave America February 18 by the Cunard liner Carmania. In Egypt they will spend a few days in Cairo and then visit notable points in upper Egypt.

Says Hornet Was Unarmed.
New Orleans.—That the gunboat Hornet, seized recently by the United States from Honduras revolutionists, has never been mounted with guns, is the statement made here by Otto Ahlborn, former chief engineer of the Hornet.

Refuse to Move Capital.
Carson, Nev.—By a tie vote, 20 to 20, the lower house of the Nevada legislature defeated a resolution to remove the capital from Carson to Winnemucca.

TELEPOST CUTS INTO BUSINESS OF MORSE RIVALS IN CHICAGO

IN FIGHT FOR CONTROL OF TELEGRAPH PATRONAGE GETS 800 OF LARGEST USERS OF OLD SYSTEM TO CHANGE TO AUTOMATIC LINES—CORPORATIONS ESTIMATE BIG SAVINGS.

Chicago: The fight that has been going on here for the last two months for control of the telegraph business between this city and the principal cities of Missouri, Nebraska, Indiana and Kentucky has reached an acute stage. The Telepost automatic telegraph company, which has been acting as pacemaker for its older rivals, with its 1000 words a minute service and maximum rates of one cent a word, regardless of time or distance, has considerably the best of it to date, as is shown by its acquisition of the patronage of more than 800 of the largest corporations, business houses and individual users of the wire, who have heretofore used the Morse system exclusively to the points reached by the competing lines. The latter estimate that the change will save them thousands of dollars a year. Computing its profit on every 25 cent message at 11 cents, the Telepost is in the unique position of being able to provide service to telegraph users from 40 to 100 per cent. cheaper than its competitors, with their slower and more expensive hand operating system and make money out of it.

TOO MUCH FOR THE CORPSE

Exhibition of Meanness That Galvanized the "Dead" Irishmen into Indignant Life.

"Don't be mean in your offerings," said T. P. O'Connor, in a plea in New York for the Irish cause. "The Irish can't stand meanness."

"No, no; the Irish can't stand meanness. Take O'Grady's case. You know, in Ireland, some 60 to 70 years ago, when a poor family lacked a coffin they made the corpse beg for it."

"This custom, alas! sometimes led to imposture. Thus, Thirsty O'Grady and his friends wanted money badly once, and O'Grady was assigned to act the corpse. So they laid him on a bier outside the door and they put a pewter plate beside him for the pennies."

"As O'Grady lay there, so still, with closed eyes, an old woman stopped and dropped sixpence into the plate. Then she began to take out change. A penny, twopenny, threepence she took out, and O'Grady couldn't stand such meanness. Corpse as he was, he said:

"Arrah, now, don't mind the change."—Washington Star.

SAGACIOUS FELINE.



The Lady—Surely, that is a rabbit The Cat—If she can make mistakes like that she ought to keep a restaurant.

It Wasn't a Fire.

The principal of one of the New York East Side night schools was enrolling a new pupil, who was tagged out in a suit of clothes so new that it hurt him. Just before the boy came in the principal had heard the sound of fire engines in the street.

"What is your name?" the principal asked the lad.

"Tom Dugan," was the reply. "Where was the fire, Tommy?" asked the principal as he wrote down the name. There was no reply; only a scowl!

"I say, where was the fire?" repeated the principal. "Don't get gay wit me," was the somewhat astonishing answer. "Dere wasn't no fire, see? I bought dis here suit and I paid seven-fifty for it."

RESULTS OF FOOD.

Health and Natural Conditions Come From Right Feeding.

Man, physically, should be like a perfectly regulated machine, each part working easily in its appropriate place. A slight derangement causes undue friction and wear, and frequently ruins the entire system.

A well-known educator of Boston found a way to keep the brain and the body in that harmonious co-operation which makes a joy of living.

"Two years ago," she writes, "being in a condition of nervous exhaustion, I resigned my position as teacher, which I had held for over 40 years. Since then the entire rest has, of course, been a benefit, but the use of Grape-Nuts has removed one great cause of illness in the past, namely, constipation, and its attendant evils."

"I generally make my entire breakfast on a raw egg beaten into four spoonfuls of Grape-Nuts, with a little hot milk or hot water added. I like it extremely, my food assimilates, and my bowels take care of themselves. I find my brain power and physical endurance much greater and I know that the use of the Grape-Nuts has contributed largely to this result."

"It is with feelings of gratitude that I write this testimonial, and trust it may be the means of aiding others in their search for health." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a Reason."

"Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest."

Women Need the Trivial

How Barren Would Be Most Feminine Life Were It Swept Clean of Trifles.

Marie Bashkirtseff's journal is full of laments that find an echo today in the wall of half the women who work. That young genius was furnished with a full complement of female relatives who did not work, and she suffered accordingly. "Marie! You are not go-

ing to work today! Why, we've planned to go shopping!" "Marie, put up your work now. We are going calling this afternoon." "Marie, you must not spend so much time over your easel. It is injuring your figure." "Marie, you must accompany your aunt. She is going to walk." And so on to the end of the story.

The old plaint of the literary wife who must wash the dishes before she

wrote a sonnet is becoming the cry of half the sex. "Deliver us from counting the wash. Save us from afternoon teas, preserve us from knitting and crochet work! So shall our souls grow and the realms of art, business and politics be ours to command."

It has often been observed that the forbearance of Providence is nowhere more beautifully exemplified than in the fact that certain hymns imploping the speedy death of the singer, have been sung so long without fatal results. Womanhood may still be grate-

ful that they are absolutely taken at their word. It is to be observed that Marie Bashkirtseff produced a number of fine canvases though she died at the age of twenty-five. "Woman's work is never done" is a cry that has been pessimistically answered, "Nor ever will be as long as she is a woman."

Does not the heart of the matter lie in the fact that darning is still more important to the normal female mind than art, business or politics? How barren of entertainment would most

feminine life be were it suddenly swept bare of the trivial! Nor, madam, is the trivial to be sneezed at. "The sum of life is in trifles," says the philosopher. But if women are to spend their lives in the pursuit of trifles, let them have the honesty to say, "Their importance is a sex habit of mind, and not a sex necessity."—New York Evening Sun.

The chief dealer in "spots and rots" in New York has been rounded up and punished.