

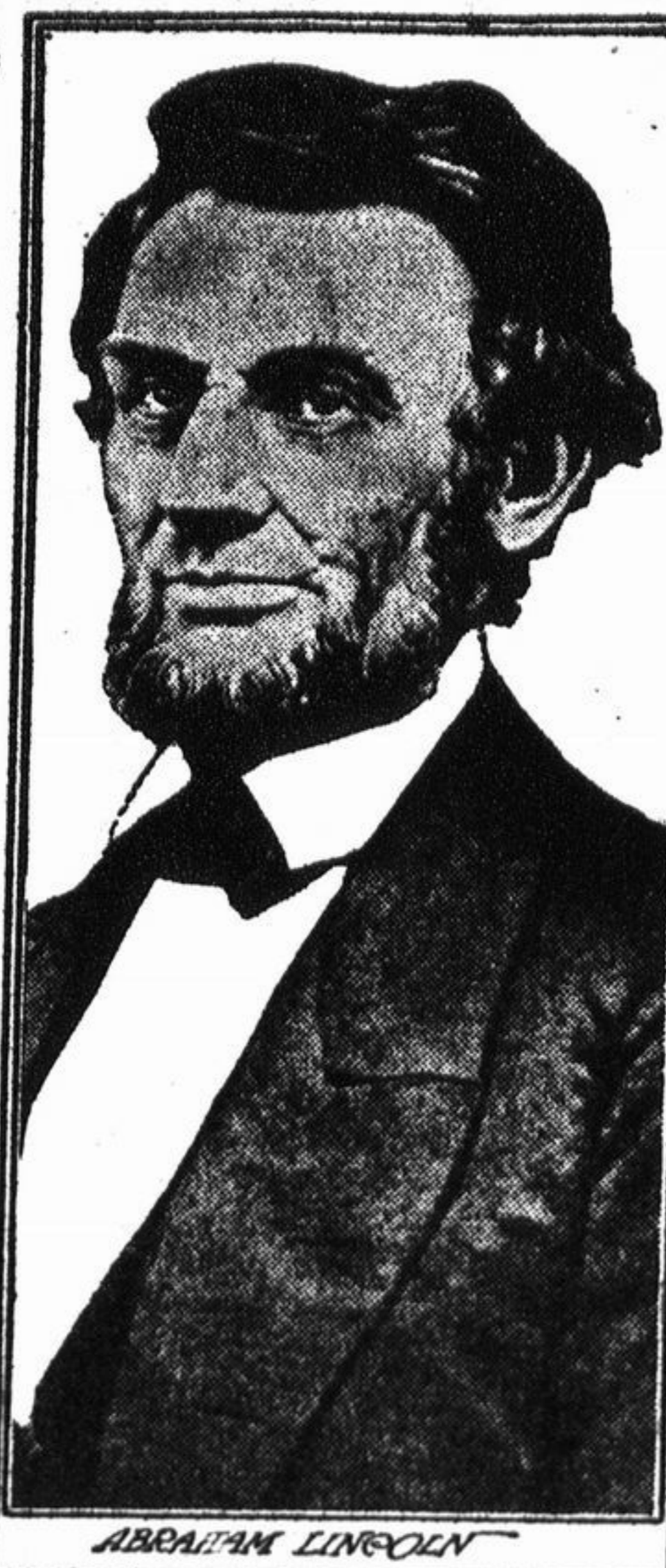
HUMOROUS INCIDENTS in the LIFE of LINCOLN



ST. GAUDENS' STATUE OF LINCOLN LINCOLN PARK CHICAGO



BIRTHPLACE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN NOLIN GREEN KENTUCKY



ABRAHAM LINCOLN



MULCH THE STRAWBERRY BED

Winter Protection is Important Point Often Overlooked and Neglected—Straw is Good.

(By M. N. EDGERTON.)

A point in strawberry culture more often overlooked and neglected than any other is that of winter protection.

Briefly stated, the reason for mulching is this: Strawberry plants are injured by the alternate freezing and thawing incident to the winter and spring months.

Freezing expands the moisture of the soil. This slightly raises the surface of the ground, which, in turn, exerts a lifting force upon the plant. The root system being held in a frozen soil, some of the finer roots and rootlets are broken. Upon the thawing of the soil, its surface settles to its original position, but not so the plant.

A continued repetition of this process often leaves the crown of the



If You Want This Result Next Spring Mulch This Winter.

plant protruding an inch or more above the surface, the broken ends of its roots exposed to view. Plants are often thus killed outright or left practically worthless.

Now, it is commonly supposed that the injury mentioned above is the only one to which strawberry plants are subject, when left unprotected. If this were true, then it would not be necessary to apply the mulch until spring, during which time the greater share of alternate thawing and freezing takes place, and not all on these soils which do not honeycomb under the influence of frost.

Nevertheless, the more familiar we become with the strawberry plant and its habits and conditions that exist where the plant grows wild, the more firmly are we convinced that this is an erroneous view.

There is a general lack in the essential information necessary to form a correct idea in regard to the matter.

By nature and habit, the strawberry plant is an evergreen. Unlike the bush fruits, it does not ripen its vegetative growth and cast its leaves with the coming of autumn, but will, if given protection, remain green, in a dormant state, waiting for the coming of spring, when it may again take up the process of life.

Leaves that come out bright and green will begin work in the spring where they left off in the fall.

On the other hand, if the leaves and crown of the plant are left exposed to winter sunshine, the moisture in the leaves will evaporate, and as connection between root and leaf is cut off because of the frozen soil, the leaves shrivel and die.

Plants with leaves practically dead, will often put forth new leaves in the spring, but such plants never show the vigor of those given protection.

As to the material for mulching, anything that will shade the plant and ground from the sun will answer the purpose. Generally speaking, the coarser and freer from weeds and grass seeds, the better.

The most satisfactory job of mulching we ever did was with marsh hay applied before the ground had frozen. Any kind of straw is good for the purpose, but trouble is likely to come with it, because of the seeds of grasses and weeds.

Corn stalks will answer the purpose, and admirably so, if shredded. Pulp from cane mills may be used; also the leaves from forest trees.

As a means of retarding the season of fruiting, the mulch should be applied while the ground is frozen or covered with snow. With such purpose in view, it is often advantageous to apply a light covering early in the season and a second, heavy application after the ground has become frozen or covered deeply with snow.

Under favorable conditions, the fruiting period may be delayed from a week to ten days.

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 come 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: "Broderin', you don't know nosen what you're talkin' about. Now you just listen to me. Massa Linkin he's everywhere. He know eberything. He walk de eark 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 his mighty 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 be come easier and far more bearable.



HOUSE WHERE LINCOLN DIED WASHINGTON

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 decupates!' 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 misdeeds 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 one 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 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 weighted 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 see 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 backbone and read."

"Aunt Sairy'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 idea 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 sense of humor, and this sense of humor was making other

Delicate Intimation.
"I'll show them I can do more things than sit on a stool and look pretty."
"Come to think of it, you can sit on a stool."

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Out of the Frying Pan.
David Starr Jordan, at a peace meeting at the Hotel Astor in New York, said to a reporter:

"Half the world at war, and the counsel we are getting is that we must arm more heavily. That counsel reminds me of the African king.

"An African king feasted a white explorer royally. Then, at the end of the feast, 300 girls were led forward. 'Choose from among these 300,' said the king, 'a wife.'

"But the explorer blushed and stammered: 'Oh, but if I took one, then the remaining 299 would be jealous.' 'That is easily remedied,' the king answered. 'Take all.'

The silos are being built underground extensively through the western part of the United States.

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Nowadays deaths due to weak kidneys are 72% more common than 20 years ago, according to the census. Overwork and worry are the causes. The kidneys can't keep up, and a slight kidney weakness is usually neglected.

If you have backache or urinary disorders, don't mistake the cause. Fight the danger. More care as to diet, habits, etc., and the use of Doan's Kidney Pills ought to bring quick relief.

An Illinois Case

Mrs. Narcissa Waggoner, Missouri Ave., Carleville, Ill., says: "For ten years I had terrible backache and headaches along with dizzy and nervous spells. I was restless and nervous, and during one attack was unconscious. Doctors said that nothing could be done. The first box of Doan's Kidney Pills helped me and six boxes cured me. I now feel stronger than I have for years."

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Neuralgia

There is no need to suffer the annoying, excruciating pain of neuralgia; Sloan's Liniment laid on gently will soothe the aching head like magic. Don't delay. Try it at once.

Here What Others Say
"I have been an sufferer with Neuralgia for several years and have tried different Liniments, but Sloan's Liniment is the best Liniment for Neuralgia on earth. I have tried it successfully; it has never failed."—F. H. Williams, August, Ark.
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