

An Interview With President Lincoln

By F. A. MITCHEL

The fiftieth anniversary of the tragedy that deprived a nation of its best and at the same time made a martyr will soon be here. Those who lived during Mr. Lincoln's time remember him as well for that kindness, that humorous pathos, which characterized him as for the marvelousadroitness with which he steered the ship of state through the turbulent waters of four years of war. His assassination was one of the most tragic events of the world's history.

It was away back in the autumn of 1900. I was then twenty years old, had been graduated from one of the large eastern colleges and had selected journalism for a profession. When asked what was my vocation I did not reply "I am a reporter," but "journalism." From this it is to be inferred that I had a high opinion of the news paper business and a correspondingly high opinion of my own attributes, being in so called a calling.

My work was with a Chicago news paper, and some time after Abraham Lincoln's election to the presidency of the United States I was directed by the managing editor to go to Springfield, see Mr. Lincoln, if possible, and get an interview. I arrived in Springfield in the morning and in the afternoon went to Mr. Lincoln's home. I was surprised at being admitted with out any ceremony whatever and was ushered into a living room, wherein sat the next president in a rocking chair. There were two little boys, his sons, with him, the one sitting on his shoulder, maintaining his position by his grip with both hands on the president's hair.

The other boy was climbing up behind with a view to dislodge his brother's seat and to effect a similar judgment on the other shoulder.

Mr. Lincoln was restrained from rising with one boy on his shoulder and another holding on to his coat collar. He excused himself for not doing so and put out his hand in a very friendly way. But he made no move to stop the boys from their athletic amuse ment. This did not seem to me quite in keeping with his dignity as the coming chief executive of a great nation—to me, a journalistic representa tive of a great newspaper. However, I repressed my feelings and began the interview, first drawing forth with as much importance as I could assume a notebook in which to lay down those remarkable facts which the president elect would announce through me to the nation.

"Mr. Lincoln," I said, "I shall be much obliged to you if you will give me the names of such members of your cabinet as you may have decided upon, if any, and what policy you intend to pursue, if you have settled upon a policy."

Mr. Lincoln looked at me in so kind ly, so fatherly a way that I believed he would give me such information as would enable me to astonish the world.

"I shall be glad," he said, "to do anything for you in my power."

"Have you settled on your cabinet, Mr. Lincoln?"

"Oh, yes. Every member has been decided upon."

"And your policy?"

"That has been determined too."

"There was something in his eyes that puzzled me."

"Would you have any objection to giving them to me?"

"None whatever. You are welcome to it all. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to give."

He was trying to put his hands in his pocket—a somewhat difficult mat ter with a boy on each shoulder main taining him to draw forth something, but not finding what he wanted, he con tinued:

"The truth is that a list of my cabi net and an outline of my policy are in that desk over there, and I have lost the key."

I cast a quick glance at his eye and saw a merry spark in it, while the cor ners of his mouth were quirked up. I took in the situation at once. Shut ting my notebook, I arose and, abash ed, was about to withdraw when he stopped me.

"Sit down, young man," he said. "Per haps I may give you some other points that are not looked up and the key lost. You have come all the way from Chicago for this, and if you go back empty handed they won't like it. There may be something I can say to help you out."

He proceeded to tell me humorous incidents of the election that had given him the presidency and other items that would not lodge him in any par ticular course, all of which I took down verbatim. When he had finished he shook off the boys and, rising—I thought that he would surely go through the ceiling—put out his great broad hand and with another of his kindly smiles bade me adieu, hoping that I would satisfy my journal's hun gry maw.

That is more than half a century ago. The world now knows what it did not know then—the wise patience of Abraham Lincoln. But what has fixed that wisdom and patience in the hearts of the people is that kindness which the immense burden resting upon him never prevented his exercis ing, whether it was to a soldier's wid ewe or to considering a deserter's mes sage asking clemency.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Miss Adele Blood of New York is planning to establish a national American theater.

Mme. Blanche Zachearie de Barait, famous in America and Europe for her learning, has founded a cultural center in Havana, whose influence is international.

Miss Antoinette Vonasek, the only licensed woman fireman in New York, has been firing a boiler in one of the public schools, but the board recently ordered her to give up her position for fear her clothes would take fire.

Frau Stella von Turman, on whom the emperor of Austria has conferred the Order of Francis Joseph, is the first woman to be so honored. She is the wife of Colonel von Turman, whom she followed to the front, taking her place in the trenches, where she is said to have fought with distinction. She is a splendid shot and a remarkable horsewoman.

British Bits.

At Cambridge university 2000 out of 8,500 undergraduates have gone or are going to the war.

Although England and Scotland produce the finest mutton in the world they do not grow enough to supply their own needs.

Wood, the plant from which ancient Britains made a famous blue dye, still is cultivated for that purpose in some portions of England.

A British naval man is "allowed" four religions—Church of England, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian and Wesleyan. To one or another of these he must conform.

At Waterford, Ireland, noted for its glass, the whitewashing of the solid ly built stone gateposts to match the white cottages in the country parts is an annual event and takes place in May.

BRIGHT BRIEFS.

The fish is usually the biggest part of the fish.

Are those resolutions you made on New Year's day still going?

We are often reminded that so called common sense is uncommon.

It's much better to be up and doing than to be down and being done.

Since the sinking of so many ships the sea level must have risen a bit.

The average self made man never gives his wife the credit for the plans she draws.

One enemy will generally do more to make a man talked about than a dozen friends.

"Cotton is in great demand in Eu rope," says a cable message. What kind—absorbent?

The cheerful loser stunts in most cases an indication that the loser in tends to get it back again.

If horses could speak they would ad vocate the erection of a heroic monu ment in honor of the man who invent ed motor trucks.

The twelve-year-old New York girl heading a robber gang seems to have misinterpreted the saying, "A little child shall lead them."

Now a medical professor warns that when you are feeling specially good, look out, because something is wrong. Thus there is no escape.

Isn't it great to be neutral? Mines have sunk eight Swedish, five Nor wegian, six Danish and three Dutch ships. Scandinavia should get a Nobel peace prize.

Fashion Frills.

The notion that girls dress to keep warm was discarded long ago.—Detroit Free Press.

If the American dictators of style decree the exile of a garment so sensi ble and popular as the shirt waist, let us have peace in Europe—and Paris styles.—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

The fashions next spring, so they say, are to be reminiscent of the gowns that our grandmothers wore, but no body is ready to promise that the new styles can be bought at prices reminis cent of grandfather's pocketbook.—Boston Globe.

Waves of Water.

The Dead sea, in Palestine, is drying up rapidly.

At the narrowest point the strait of Gibraltar is about fifteen miles wide.

According to the most expert statis ticians, the Atlantic ocean has an area of 24,536,000 square miles.

It is stated that the famous Tugela river, in South Africa, on one occasion rose forty feet during a single night, owing to thunderstorms on the moun tains.

The Royal Box.

King Alfonso of Spain now has two daughters and four sons.

Emperor William of Germany is said to have heavy investments in the United States.

Queen Victoria of Spain easily takes the first place as the best dressed roy al lady in Europe.

The sultan of Turkey is Mohammed V., who succeeded his deposed brother, Sultan Abdul Hamid II.

PITH AND POINT.

Poverty has taken many a hard fall out of ambition.

Opportunity seldom knocks at the door of a "knocker."

Has that new leaf you turned over on Jan. 1 been soiled yet?

You can't make both ends meet by stretching your imagination.

No really big man allows his head to outgrow the rest of his anatomy.

It's all right to be a man with one idea, provided the idea is big enough.

Do not unburden your imaginary troubles on those who may have rea son.

The race is not always to the swift. The faster a man runs in debt the more he gets behind.

It's difficult to convince old bach elors that love and common sense have anything in common.

Every normal girl passes through a period when she wishes her name were Celeste or something of the kind.

No matter how soon this war ends, it should be able to keep the moving picture shows going for the next cen tury.

With both sides playing the shell game in the European war, it is hard er than ever to guess where to find the little "p" that stands for peace.

Przemysl attracted so much ortho dox attention that the more recent ly presented beauties of Przasnysz have been shamefully neglected.

At present Europe is not worried by complaints of American tourists about tips and big hotel bills, but she does not seem any better satisfied than when they resounded in every city.

The Writers.

Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" were the composition of his later years. They were begun in his fifty-fourth year and finished in his sixty-first.

A small creature with a mass of waving golden hair, with dimpled cheeks and expressive eyes, almost childlike at first glance, but with im mense reserves of energy—that is Marie Corelli.

Edmund Gosse, about to retire from the librarianship of the house of lords under the superannuation rule, was ap pointed in 1904. Apart from his posi tion as house of lords librarian Mr. Gosse is well known for his varied and scholarly literary works.

Animal Oddities.

Bees eat twenty pounds of honey in making a pound of wax.

An elephant's skin when tanned is usually over an inch thick.

Most of the cats in Liberia are of a bright red tint, and they are very conspicuous in the moonlight.

The rabbit in the field is almost indistinguishable from its surroundings, but the instant it starts to run its presence is betrayed by its white tail.

Sperm whales are the richest prize of the ocean, yielding spermaceti from the cavities in their heads, ivory from their lower jaws and rich yellow oil from their sides.

Train and Track.

The Pennsylvania railroad has ordered its Altoona shops to build 1,000 all steel cars.

During the past five years the South African railways have used a million or more new ties.

Italian state railways last year re ceived \$110,514,489 and paid out \$111,268,854. They are valued at \$1,334,928,118.

In Holland the fastest trains make only forty miles an hour. The ground is inclined to be soft and yielding, wherefore it is unsafe to use very heavy engines drawing trains at a high speed.

Town Topics.

Chicago is to have the largest grain elevator in the world, which gives that city another big building for the sharp ers there to sell to farmer visitors.—St. Joseph Gazette.

Has it ever occurred to any one what a splendid refuge the Boston subway would make in the event of the city being bombarded by a hos tile fleet?—Boston Herald.

Paris and London ought not to be so scared. More bombs were exploded in New York in the past year than in both of them together. And New York is pretty calm about it.—Philadelphia Press.

Current Comment.

Do your Easter shopping early.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The "water wagon," once a joke, has become a political issue.—Washington Star.

Congress might accomplish consid erably more—and in less time—if there were a stiff fine for all speeches which didn't say anything.—Chicago Herald.

Wellesley college has added \$2,430,000 to its endowment during the last fourteen months. That is a feminist educational feat quite worthy of any mere masculine institution of the high er learning.—New York World.

A VALUABLE DOG

By MARTHA V. MONROE

When Stephen Yardley returned from Europe he brought a dog with him. The animal was evidently not of a breed that would enable him to take a prize in a dog show, and since Yardley was rich and always had the best that money could buy there was some curiosity among his friends to know why the beast had taken his fancy. This was enhanced by noticing that Yardley led the dog down the gangway himself and on leaving the dock took him with him into the car.

"What did you pay for him?" asked a friend.

"Five thousand dollars."

"Five thousand dollars?"

"Yes, and ten thousand wouldn't buy him."

"There must be something about him that is not discernible to the eye. What is it?"

"I'll tell you. I was in Paris when the great European war broke out. In deed, for the past few years I've been more in Paris than at home. Well, you know we Americans in Paris organized an American corps to join in the dis pute between the allies and Germans, I enlisted—why I don't exactly know. The United States remained neutral, and I suppose we should have remain ed neutral, but we didn't. We went into it the way most men volunteer in war time—to be in the excitement.

"Anyway, we formed a corps and after a certain amount of training were marched to the front. You re member that there was a lot of fighting in a wood near the center of the line. I was fighting one day in the wood when we suddenly came upon a lot of Germans, and a lively scrimmage fol lowed. Our fellows were driven back, and I, shot in the body, was left on the field. The Germans didn't know that they had licked us or, fearing an ambush or something, retreated.

"Well, there I was, deserted by friend and foe, left to bleed to death in a wood. Night came on, and the horror and loneliness were enough to kill a man without his dying of a wound. Fortunately the cold weather had not yet come on, and I didn't suffer with the cold. It was a relief to see the day coming, for it brought a hope that there would be more fighting in the wood and I would be within the lines of either one side or the other.

"But the firing that began with dawn seemed to recede rather than approach. I had nothing to sustain me either of food or drink. I crawled to ward the nearest dead body—a Ger man—and tried to find some sustenance on him, but there was neither a crust of bread nor a swallow of water. I crawled on a little farther to a dead Frenchman and found some bread and a flask of wine.

"If it hadn't been for these I would have perished, for I lay there all that day and another night. I had stuffed a part of my shirt into my wound, and it choked off the bleeding, but I didn't dare draw a long breath for fear of starting the hemorrhage again. While I was intent on myself and my dread ful condition incidents about me were ever present. The birds that had been frightened away by the firing returned and were filling in the branches above me. Insects were buzzing, attending to their daily affairs, un mindful that a human being was gradually sinking to death.

"Finally I fell into a stupor. I didn't know whether it was night or day and I didn't care. I heard a distant boom ing, but that was going on all the while. I heard the bark of a dog and had I been in a better condition might have especially noticed it. The bark sounding nearer, I made an effort to arouse myself. When it was close by me I opened my eyes and there was the dog looking at me and barking.

"Pretty soon he scampered off, bark ing as he ran, then I could hear him drawing nearer again. But I was too weak to take much notice of him. He was gone so long that I forgot all about him. But after awhile I heard his bark again far away, but drawing nearer. The next thing I knew I felt a hand on my wrist. Opening my eyes, there was a man with a red cross on his arm kneeling beside me.

"As soon as he knew that I lived he gave a call, and assistance came. I was put on a stretcher and carried to the rear, where I was placed in a hos pital and received proper attention.

"As soon as I got well enough to think of anything except myself I asked about the dog that had saved me. I was told that he was one of the dogs that had been trained to hunt for the wounded. He had gone off into the wood where I lay and had come back barking and indicating that he wished to be followed. A man was sent with him and found me very near death's door. Probably another hour without attention would have finished me.

"I asked to see the dog, and he was brought in to me. When I offered to buy him I was told that the Red Cross dogs were not for sale. Then I agreed to subscribe \$1,000 to the Red Cross fund in exchange for him. My offer did not produce any effect till I raised it to \$5,000. Then by some hocus pocus the Red Cross managers got around the selling of one of their dogs for money, and my offer was accepted.

"And now you know why I have brought home a dog that originally was bought for perhaps \$5 or \$10, hav ing paid \$5,000 for him."

And Yardley hugged his pet.

SIRES AND SONS.

George Arnsberger, sixty-six, of Bal timore is an enthusiastic ball player.

Albert Sidney Burleson, the postmas ter general, is the most consistent and persistent moving picture fan in Wash ington.

Tod Slocane, who in peace times runs a little saloon in Paris, is driving auto mobiles to and from the front for the French Red Cross.

Sergeant Major William Brewen, whom General Joffre has decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor is a member of the Connaught rang ers and has served in the British army for nineteen years.

Harry Thornton Moore, imperial Per sian consul for San Francisco, has been notified that he has been decorated by Shah Ahmad Shah Kadjar with a civil and military insignia of unique rank having been made knight companion of the Order of the Lion and Sun.

Auguste Lumiere, who, it is an nounced in Paris, has discovered and perfected a system of anti-typhoid in oculation by means of a dry powder in capsules, which are practicable on the firing line, devoted his earlier stud ies to photography, in which he made color work possible. He then took up chemistry and bacteriology.

Echoes of the War.

The "glory of war" is another ex ploded myth.—Washington Star.

Having proved that they are not mollycoddles, the European soldiers should be sent back home to prove that their rulers are not destitute of common sense.—Chicago News.

The German government, according to our consul general, has limited the use of food grains in brewing and dis tillation. So the evidence piles up that this is a sober as well as a sobering war.—New York World.

Let us trust that in 1915 Yesta, the goddess of domesticity; Hermes, the god of trade; Athena, the goddess of wisdom, and Vulcan, the god of in dustry, will replace Mars in the man dane scheme.—Chicago Herald.

Flippant Flings.

"Adam never lived," says an eastern church paper. This will be a great shock to Eve when she learns it.—De troit Free Press.

On account of the high cost of feath ers the old practice of tarring and feathering has been generally discon tinued.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

The plan for the popular election of postmasters would doubtless work well until a postmaster had to handle a large batch of his opponent's campaign circulars.—New York Sun.

There would seem to be nothing left for the khedive now but to do the "Nile glide" in rauderville or get the agency for a reliable brand of Egyptian cigarettes.—Boston Transcript.

Short Stories.

In the market of Lassa opium is said to be sold for its weight in silver. Japan is considering a plan to bridge the Shimonoseki strait at a cost ex ceeding \$10,000,000.

Women in Norway are now repre sented in every profession except the priesthood and the army.

Successful experiments in inoculat ing cattle against rinderpest have been made in the Philippines. In four months 1,236 animals were treated, and only six died.

There is to be a shortage of goats skins from central Mexico for at least two years to come because of the fact that breeding stock and young goats had been taken for food.

SHORT AND SHARP.

No man has to look very far to find fault.

The aeroplane in war has become a shooting star.

The chief medicine some people take for a cold is advice.

New Year's resolutions are really old ones with the rust rubbed off.

In after years a barefaced lie grows whiskers and becomes a tradition.

Bagdad is to have a street railway. Shades of Sindbad and Al Raschid!

We should all do something to make other people happy even if it is only to let them alone.

It is well to remember that a lot of things that we worry about are not going to happen.

The struggle for aerial supremacy ex plains the ancient conundrum answer, "The higher the feller."

The people who are always harping on one string are generally out of tune with the rest of the world.

If Uncle Sam can steer through with out a row in this time of a great row epidemic his place in history will be envied by all other nations.

It is said that new counterfeit ten dollar notes bearing the name of a New York bank are excellent imitations. This may be good advertising, but we doubt it.

An Ohio man who is reported to be trying to raise chickens with shorter legs is pursuing a vain ambition. The true motive in this enterprise is to raise chickens that are all breast.

Stars in the Daytime.

"Where are the stars in the day time?" a child asked, and the wise man said:

"The stars in the daytime are just where they are at night, and if some thing could be put over the sun we should see them again. Something is put over the sun sometimes, for the moon comes in the way, so that for a time he cannot be seen, even though it is daytime and there are no clouds in the sky. When that happens one of the most wonderful things in the world is to see the stars 'come out again.' They were there all the time, shining as brightly as ever, but the sun is so very much brighter to us, because he is so very much nearer to us, that we could not see them.

"When you are listening to thunder or to a cannon you do not hear the quiet sound of your own breathing, al though the thunder is far away and the breathing is near, and just as the great noise swallows up the little sound so the great light of the sun swallows up the little light of the stars."—Kansas City Star.

The Falklands.

Buried in banks of fog, drenched in drizzling rains, swept by bitter winds from the Antarctic, the Falkland Is lands are surely the most dismal of Great Britain's family of organized col onies. The rain ceases only when the wind blows the fiercest, the fog hangs low and heavy except when the gales whip it to shreds. It is a treeless land, part barren rocks and part grassy slopes. A day of sunshine is a rare joy. Tierra del Fuego is its nearest neigh bor. The people, some 2,000 in number, are sturdy descendants of Scotch im migrants, and the sheep that browse on the eternally damp hills are their only source of revenue. Yet there is a capital, a government and a governor duly appointed by the crown and sent to suffer virtual exile for a time among the moist shepherds of the antipodes.

The Falkland Islands appeal to the imagination as the remotest, loneliest and least desirable of all lands inhabited by Europeans.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Conscription.

With the exception of the one occa sion in 1863, when the quotas of the states did not fill up as rapidly as de sired, there has been no conscription in the United States. The draft riot in New York was the outcome of this conscription, and, as it happened, the muster rolls were filled in the mean time without need of the men origi nally drafted.

Conscription was ruthless at one time in England. The worst form of conscription was employed in connection with recruiting the navy in Nel son's time. No one was safe from at tack by the redoubtable press gangs, and the victories of this glorious epoch of England's history were won in part by men who often kicked and bit and tussled to break away from the gangs that hurried them into the navy.—New York Sun.

Harder Than Diamonds.

Although the diamond is generally regarded as the hardest of all sub stances, it is a fact that there is a sub stance even harder. This is a metal known as tantalum, a rare metal, al though not one of the rarest. Just how hard it is may be imagined when it is mentioned that a thin sheet of it was once placed under a diamond drill worked day and night for three days. The only effect was a slight indenta tion in the tantalum and the wearing out of the diamond. Tantalum is very difficult to produce, but when it can be obtained in sufficient quantities it will be an exceedingly useful substance. Among its other uses it will be em ployed to cut diamonds and to make filaments for electric lamps. It is one of the few substances that are hard without being brittle.

The "Death Watch."

The so called "death watch," with its mysterious ticking at night time, is due to nothing more serious than the furniture beetle. The larva of this insect burrows in the furniture, making the pin holes which are often to be seen in old furniture. It is three years in its pupa condition and at length be comes a little brown insect with a great talent for shamming death, so that it is not very much observed. These beetles often strike the wood of their galleries with their heads, and so produce a ticking sound which is a call to the mate.

Slightly Sarcastic.

"I am convinced that in many re spects I resemble George Washington," said the pompous man.

"It seems unfair," replied Miss Cayenne, "that an accident of chronology should have placed you at such a dis advantage. Merely because Wash ington was born first people say you resemble him instead of saying he resem bles you. It really seems unfair!"—Washington Star.

Canadian Provinces.

The areas of the nine Canadian prov inces in square miles are: Quebec, 706,834; Ontario, 407,252; British Colum bia, 377,000; Alberta, 273,540; Sas katchewan, 259,650; Manitoba, 251,882; New Brunswick, 27,988; Nova Scotia, 21,428, and Prince Edward Island, 2,184.

Magnetic Mountains.

The mountains of Porto Rico are so magnetic that they attract surveyors' plumb lines, and it has been found that some old surveys are incorrect by half a mile or more.

It's a Great School.

Daily life is a university; the home is a college; the office, the factory, the farm are high schools, each with more courses than any university can offer.