

**Five Minute Chats  
on Our Presidents**

By JAMES MORGAN

**A GREAT FRIEND**

- 1861—March 4, Abraham Lincoln inaugurated sixteenth president, age fifty-two.
- April 14, Fort Sumter surrendered.
- April 15, Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers.
- 1862—Sept. 22, emancipation proclamation.
- 1863—Nov. 19, Lincoln's Gettysburg address.
- 1864—Nov. 8, Re-elected president.
- 1865—April 14, shot by John Wilkes Booth.
- April 15, died, aged fifty-five.



Abraham Lincoln.

**Americanism**

By LEONARD WOOD

Of course mob violence is simply one form of anarchy; and anarchy is now as it always has been, the handmaiden and forerunner of tyranny.—Theodore Roosevelt: Letter to Governor Durbin of Indiana, August 6, 1903.

RECENTLY in Omaha there was a mob violence, growing out of race prejudice. The mob tried to set aside law, and as the absence of law is anarchy, anarchy prevailed temporarily in Omaha.

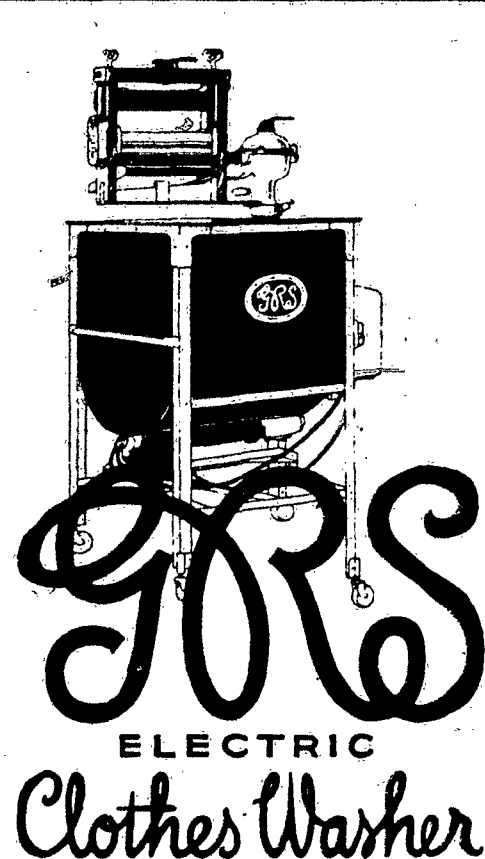
There have been many other cases of temporary mob rule in the United States, and everywhere anarchy ruled while the mob held the upper hand. There can be no order without law, no safety for the lives of men, women and children, nor safety for property. It is necessary, therefore, that the law should assert itself through its duly accredited agents at the moment that the rule of anarchy begins.

In Omaha order was restored through the agencies of the law and it was done without firing a shot. The great masses of citizens of an American community can be depended upon to stand straight for order.

In Theodore Roosevelt's letter to Governor Durbin, written at a time when there had been an attempt by a mob to override the law, he says that anarchy is now as it always has been the handmaiden or the forerunner of tyranny. Anarchy takes no thought either of proper restraint or of orderly procedure of any kind. In substance it is license and worse than license. It lets loose all the base passions of men and its sole end is the destruction of those things which make for good government. It has no substitute to offer for the things present, but has only to do with destruction.

The history of the world has shown that when an unbridled mob takes possession of the agencies of government, tyranny has prevailed during the mob rule, and then almost always has followed in another form the establishment of a despotic government. Despotism always are tyrants. The road from democracy to the worst form of anarchy leads through the field of anarchy, and while it is passing through the field it is in tyranny's territory.

Law and order, government under the Constitution and by the expressed will of the masses of the people—these are the handmaidens of liberty as anarchy is the handmaiden of tyranny.



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THE stone walls of the White House no more shut Lincoln in from his fellows, from their hopes and sorrows and pride, than did the unheaven logs behind which he shivered in the cabin home of his youth. One night he dreamed that he was in a crowd, when some one recognized him as the president and exclaimed in surprise: "He is a very common looking man." Whereupon he answered: "Friend, the Lord prefers common looking people. That is the reason he makes so many of them."

Lincoln liked people, and he always kept in touch with the mass. He did not have to take the word of politicians or newspapers about what the country was thinking. He went to the source.

As he finished his daily wrestle with senators and the big-wigs, he plunged with zest into what he called his "public opinion bath." Seated in his chair, with one leg thrown over its arm, he received the motley crowd that poured in through the wide open door of his office. Those who approached him in awe found themselves at ease in the presence of a friend, whose manner said to every one what he said in a speech to a regiment: "I happen temporarily to occupy this big White House. I am a living witness that any one of your children may look to come here as my father's child has."

The man fairly exhaled democracy, fraternity, equality. Frederick Douglass said that Lincoln was the only white man he ever met who did not show consciously or unconsciously that he recognized his color.

Sympathy flowed in a constant stream from its fountain in this great heart. A mother's tears, a baby's cry, a father's plea, a crutch or an empty

sleeve never failed to move Lincoln. "If he has no friend, I'll be his friend," he said as he stopped the shooting of a soldier, under sentence of a court-martial.

"My poor girl," he said to a woman who pleaded for the life of her soldier brother, "you have come here with no governor or senator or member of congress to speak in your cause; you seem honest and truthful and you don't wear hoops, and I'll be whipped if I don't pardon him."

Lincoln's office was almost his prison cell through four terrible years. The shouts of his two little boys at play always were welcome notes of joy to their care-worn father. He never objected to their noisily bursting in upon him, and often he joined the children in their boisterous games in the White House grounds.

In the dark days when the nation itself was at death's door, one of the boys died. For weeks the grieving father strove in vain to win a spirit of resignation, dropping his work for a day at a time and surrendering to his sorrow. Doubtless the fortitude he gained at last in that wrestle with himself became part of the heroic faith which lifted him above the general despair when the fortunes of the Union sank lowest.

After Willie's death, the other boy received a double share of paternal affection. Tad was in the habit of going to his father in the evening and making a report of all that had happened since morning, usually falling asleep in the midst of his prattle. Laying the little fellow on the floor by the side of his desk, Lincoln returned to his heavy tasks until his own long day was done, when he took his sleeping boy on his shoulder and carried him off to bed.

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