



OUTSIDE the window the snow came steadily down in great soft flakes, while inside the hickory fire-blazed in the wide chimney, now and then throwing out sparks across the hearth rug where Teddy Truesdale lay, with Keep, the curly haired colt.

"Holidays is awful stupid," said the little boy presently, "if people won't let you go out or make snow-balls or anything. An' the big boys is out. I'd rather learn lessons than stay in the house."

"Do you know what holiday this is?" asked Grandpa Halsey, who was reading near the window.

"Just Lincoln's Birthday," answered the little boy, carelessly, "and he wasn't anything but President. Presidents happen most any day. Wish I was at school."

Grandpa Halsey smiled as he laid down his book. "Presidents may happen every day," he said, "but Lincolns don't. Let me tell you some-

possession of the rude sketch. He was never too busy, this great hearted man, to do a kind thing, however small it seemed.

"Even when he was a boy he was always on the side of the 'under dog,' as we say, and sympathized with all suffering, for he had known so much of it in his own life. He was very poor, you know, and had to work early and late and hard for the barest livelihood. What would you think of living in a cabin where the wind whistled through the chinks, rough leather hinged boards took the place of window sashes, and, when visitors came, which happened only a few times in the year, raw potatoes were pared and washed and handed around for refreshments? The family were too poor to afford anything else."

"Lincoln himself never had any stockings until he was nearly a man grown. Rough cowhide boots, deer-skin leggings and coonskin cap were the best his boyhood ever knew. For plus he used the long thorns of the haw and bean locust, and his coffee was made of rye bread crusts."

"But 'Young Abe,' as he was called in those days, was as ambitious as he was poor. He would walk miles and miles after his hard day's work was over to borrow some book—a grammar or an arithmetic or a history—which he had heard of some neighbor possessing. Then he would read and re-read and study it, until he had mastered every word, sitting up far into the night to work out examples by the light of the pinewood fire. Paper was too expensive in those days for a boy as poor as Lincoln to think of owning any, and slates were unheard of where he lived. But he used smooth boards instead, and bits of charcoal for pencils, planing the boards off when the sides were all covered with figures."

"Do you think you would ever want to learn enough to take so much trouble?"

Teddy shook his curly head soberly. He was very much interested by this time, and one or two of the other children, who had run in out of the snow to get warm, had also stopped to listen to grandpa's story.

"Often, too," the old man went on, "they could not get their meal ground at a mill, and 'Young Abe' would have to grind all the corn, ear after ear, on a big iron grater, something like those we use for nutmegs now. The only bed he had in those days was one made of big slabs hewn from trees and covered with hay or straw, and he paid for his first suit of 'blue jeans' at the rate of '400 rails a yard.'"



MRS. LINCOLN.
(From a War-time Picture.)

thing about him, and then I think you'll be glad to have him remembered by a holiday, even if he does keep you in the house."

Teddy was interested at once. "Tell me 'bout when he was a little boy," he said.

"Very well," answered grandpa, "though I didn't know him then. The first time I ever saw him I went with a number of friends to Washington to consult the President about a certain man for an office in our State. But we all had to wait until the great man had finished a picture he was drawing for the little daughter of one of the laboring people about the White House. He had started to put her down from his knee when our party was announced, but she begged so hard to have him finish 'just that one doggie,' that he smilingly said he hoped we wouldn't care, and sent the little maiden away happy in the



Lincoln's Happiest Days.
Abraham Lincoln often said in after years that the days at the rock spring farm near Hodgenville were the happiest of his life, for they were his only play days. After the family left there and moved into Indiana he, though only nine years old, began to work on the farm. There he became a rail splitter, using his moments of rest in the work of study. After the day's labor he studied by firelight.

Reply to an Office Seeker.
An office seeker once claimed that he had made Lincoln President. "You made me President, did you?" said Lincoln, with a twinkle in his eye.

"I think I did," said the applicant.

"Then a precious mess you've got me into, that's all," replied the President, and closed the discussion. Very much crestfallen the applicant departed and afterward wrote apologies.



Grandpa Talks About Lincoln.

"But I thought Presidents had lots of money," spoke up one of grandpa's listeners. "How could he ever get to be President when he was so poor?"

"I think what really made Lincoln the sort of man that was most needed just at that time for President of our big country," grandpa answered, "was his simple truthfulness. Even when he was a little boy, living in the shadow of 'Blue Ball' and 'Shiny Mountain,' in his old Kentucky home, his word could always be depended on. Once when he was clerking in a store he made a mistake of a few

built up the character of the rough country boy into that of the man whom a whole nation could trust at a time when everything looked dark.

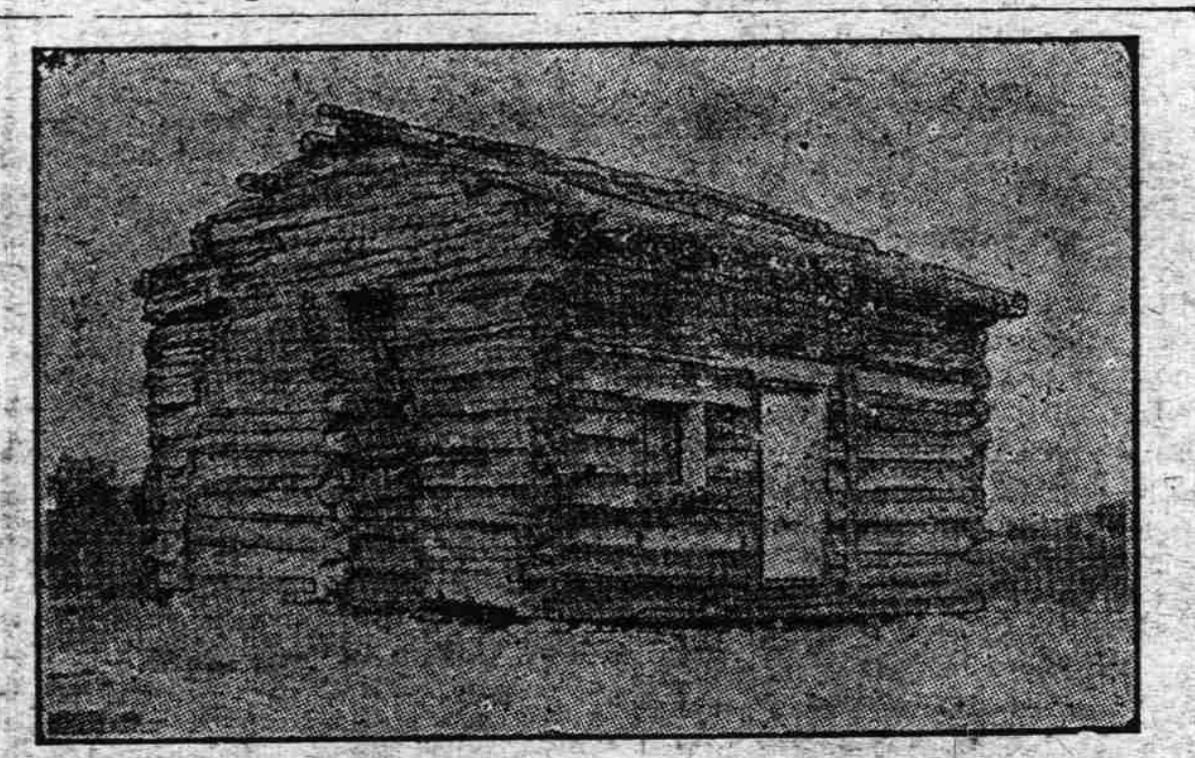
"Lincoln's habit of thoroughness even as a little boy helped him more than anything else in the responsibilities and important affairs of his later life. No matter what he did, whether sweeping floors or planting corn or studying lessons, he always went to the root of things, and did them thoroughly, leaving no loose ends to trip up later on. Afterward, in his public speaking, he often won the day over an opponent just because he had thoroughly mastered every detail of the subject on which they were to speak. The many disappointments, too, which Abraham Lincoln's early life had known made him always very kind and courteous to others who were struggling, and he never let his discouragements keep him from trying once more. Over and again, his business ventures failed, and he was many times defeated for political offices before he filled that at the head of this big country of ours. But each time he failed he learned something that was of use to him in his next effort. He used to say that he would never have known how to be President if he hadn't had to learn so often and over how not to be many other things."

"The sadness and poverty of his own boyhood, too, made him very gentle and indulgent with all children. He was never impatient with them, no matter what they did, or too tired or busy to give them a pleasure. In fact, now I come to think of it, Lincoln was perhaps more of a children's President than any we have had, and there is no holiday children ought to be happier to have than the one that marks his birthday."



The Old Millstone, Used by Lincoln, Now a Doorstep on the Old Kentucky Farm.

cents in giving an old woman her change. Neither he nor the woman noticed it at the time, but that night, when Lincoln was going over the accounts, he discovered the error. Fearing his customer might need the money he walked several miles to her cottage to return the amount before he went to bed. If any one found him out in the wrong he was always ready to admit it, which is often, you know, about the hardest thing a boy, or even a man, has to do. All these seem little things, but it was just such little things that day by day



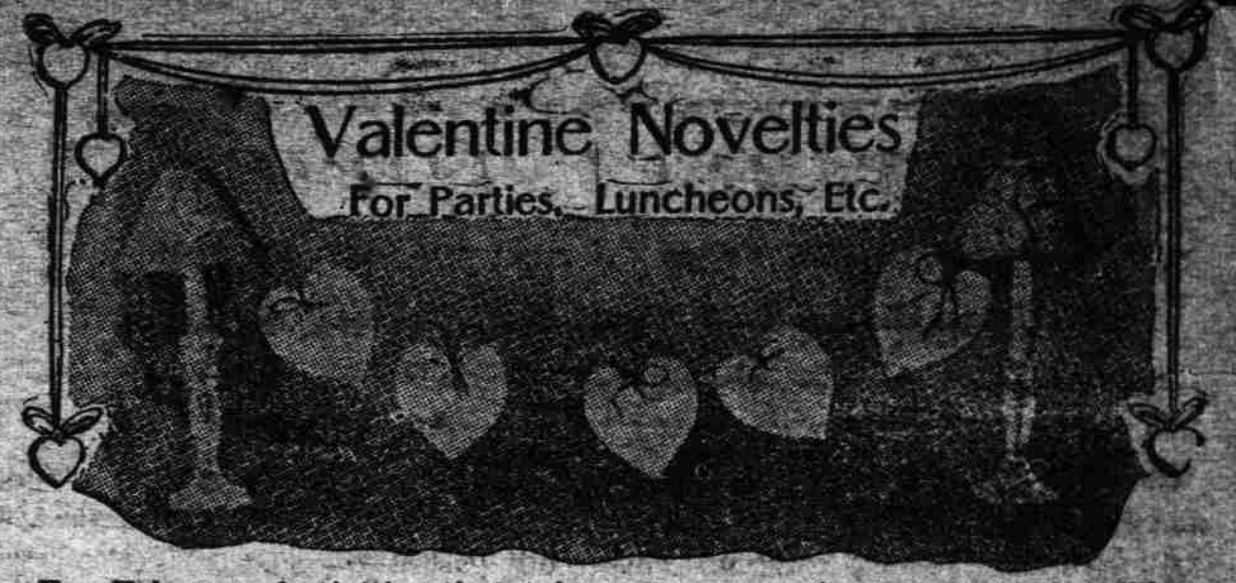
This cabin, in which Lincoln was born, was removed from Kentucky several years ago for exposition purposes. It is to be restored to its original place by the Lincoln Farm Association.

A Bucket Drowned Cow.
In Linn County a cow was drowned in a gallon bucket. The cow put her nose into the bucket, which contained salt, and got the bucket firmly wedged on her muzzle. Being unable to free herself she went to a pond and plunged her nose in over the bucket, which filled with water and drowned her. She is dead, although it can hardly be said that she sicked the bucket.—Kansas City Journal.

His Apt Retort.
When there was considerable grumbling about the delay in forwarding to the troops the money due them, a Western paymaster was introduced at a public reception.

"Being here, Mr. Lincoln," said he, "I thought I would call and pay my respects."

"From the complaints of the soldier," responded the President, "I guess that is about all any of you do pay."

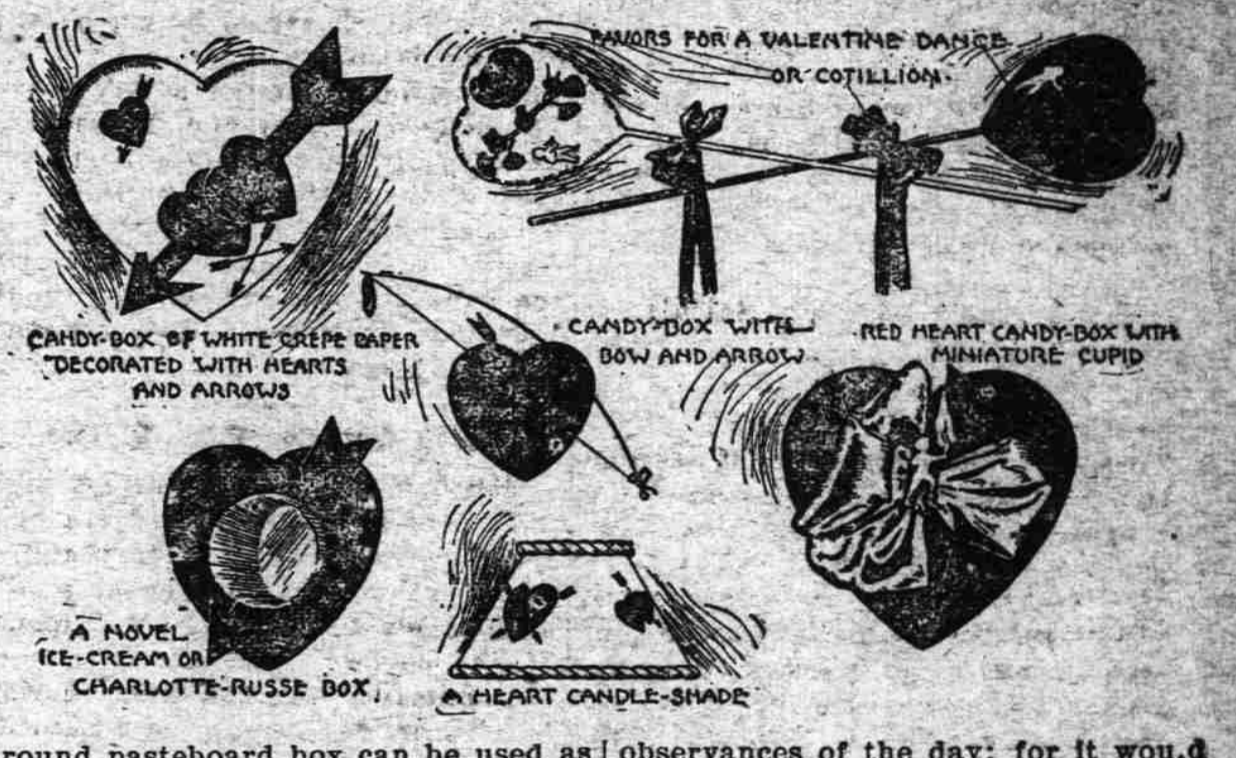


For February festivities that take place on or near the fourteenth of the month, there are this year a host of charming novelties. The old-fashioned valentines are, of course, out of date for everybody but children, yet the sentiment of the day still lingers in the hearts and darts and pasteboard Cupids used on the new candy-boxes. What, for instance, could be a prettier remembrance for any young man to give his "best girl," or even a young woman for whom he had no particular regard but to whose family he was indebted for invitations to dinner or tea, dances or other functions of the season, than one of these candy-boxes? Two different styles are shown on this page—one covered with bright-red paper and decorated with a big bow of red ribbon, having in the centre Cupid himself, with his bow and arrows; the other simpler, but just as effective, covered with white crepe paper and decorated with a gilt arrow pierced through two hearts. If these boxes are wanted for souvenirs at luncheons or parties they can easily be made at home by a clever girl, for the crepe paper is very simple to manipulate. The heart-shaped pasteboard boxes can be bought ready-made at most stationery stores, and the hearts and arrows cut out of red and gold paper respectively, declares McCall's Magazine.

Even easier to make is the little round box shown at the top of the left-hand corner of this group. Any

of paste, and a twist of baby ribbon. The white ice cream basket is made in exactly the same way, with the substitution of white paper for red and a little pasteboard Cupid stuck on the handle in place of the heart and arrow. The favors for a valentine dance, children's party or cotillion are simply fancy paper hearts fastened on slender sticks, wound with paper and decorated with ribbon streamers. The candle shade makes a most effective table decoration. It is of white paper, decorated with red hearts and gold arrows, and the top and bottom of the shade are finished with twists of the paper touched up with gold paint.

St. Valentine's Day was originally the day dedicated to the incoming of spring. The Romans kept it in honor of Pan and Juno, and the festival, which lasted several days, was called "Lupericalia." The early Christian church, desiring to effect a change in this much-abused feast, very adroitly reconstituted the old practice of the lottery of lovers' names. In place of the names of real youths and maidens, whose appellations, written on slips of paper, were drawn by the young people of the time, the church substituted the names of the saints. The idea had its own beauty, and the notion of dedication was thus preserved in a more spiritual sense than in the old Roman festival. This feast, and not the existence of the real St. Valentine, is the origin of the gallant



round pasteboard box can be used as a foundation for this. It is covered with white crepe paper and a big red heart pasted in the centre. It adds to the appearance if the edges of the box are touched up with a line of gold paint, as shown in our illustration.

observances of the day; for it would be very hard to say which of the three early Christian bishops so named the 14th of February is intended to commemorate.

For serving refreshments at a valentine party there is nothing more effective than heart and arrow ice cream or charlotte russe boxes, and the best thing about them is that they can be so easily and quickly made. Buy some rather thin bright-red pasteboard at a stationery store, and also a sheet of white pasteboard. Then get some of the ordinary pleated paper cases that are used for charlotte russe, bisquit glace, etc. An arrow is cut out of the white pasteboard, painted gold or covered with gilt paper and pasted across the large heart that has just been cut from the red pasteboard. A circle is then cut out of the heart, through arrow and all, the ice cream box inserted in the opening and held in place with a little paste.

Some St. Valentine "Don'ts."
Remember that you want to enjoy the St. Valentine party, as well as your guests; therefore observe these rules:

Don't fret and worry every hour of the preceding day until you are nervous and sensitive to everything that goes wrong.

Don't rush your games too close on each other's heels. Young people like to talk.

Don't seem to be making an effort to entertain them at every moment. Suggest the games when the talking grows a little less spirited.

The paper baskets can be even more quickly made, the foundation being the same sort of pleated paper case. In making the red paper basket, this is given a handle formed of wire, with red crepe paper twisted around it and a heart and arrow pasted at the top. The paper itself is simply covered with a frill of red paper, held in place by just a touch

That Little Valentine Boy.
His other name is Cupid. That is what the old Romans called him. He had still another name given him by the early Greeks, Eros. But whatever he may be called, he is the same jolly little sprite that you paint, draw or paste on your valentines as the love fairy.

He looks very harmless with his chubby-baby cheeks and his loving eyes. But look at him closely and you will find in those eyes sparks of mischief glinting through the love, like points of mica in a quartz rock.



A Modern Custom.
Frequently it happens that the modern valentine is sent by men as an expression of courtesy or to show appreciation of social favors received. For this purpose a pot of growing flowers, a daintily bound volume, a basket of glazed or tropical fruit or bon-bons in elaborate receptacles of satin, porcelain or crystal, are all welcome tokens to most women, who gracefully accept them in the same spirit in which they were sent.

In Shakespeare's Day.
In Shakespeare's time there was a practice of greeting the person met by saying, "Good morning, 'tis Valentine's Day," and the one who made the salutation first was entitled to a present. At this time the element of choice appears to have joined forces with chance, for it is written that divers young persons contrived to accidentally see each other before they saw anybody else on the morning of St. Valentine's Day.