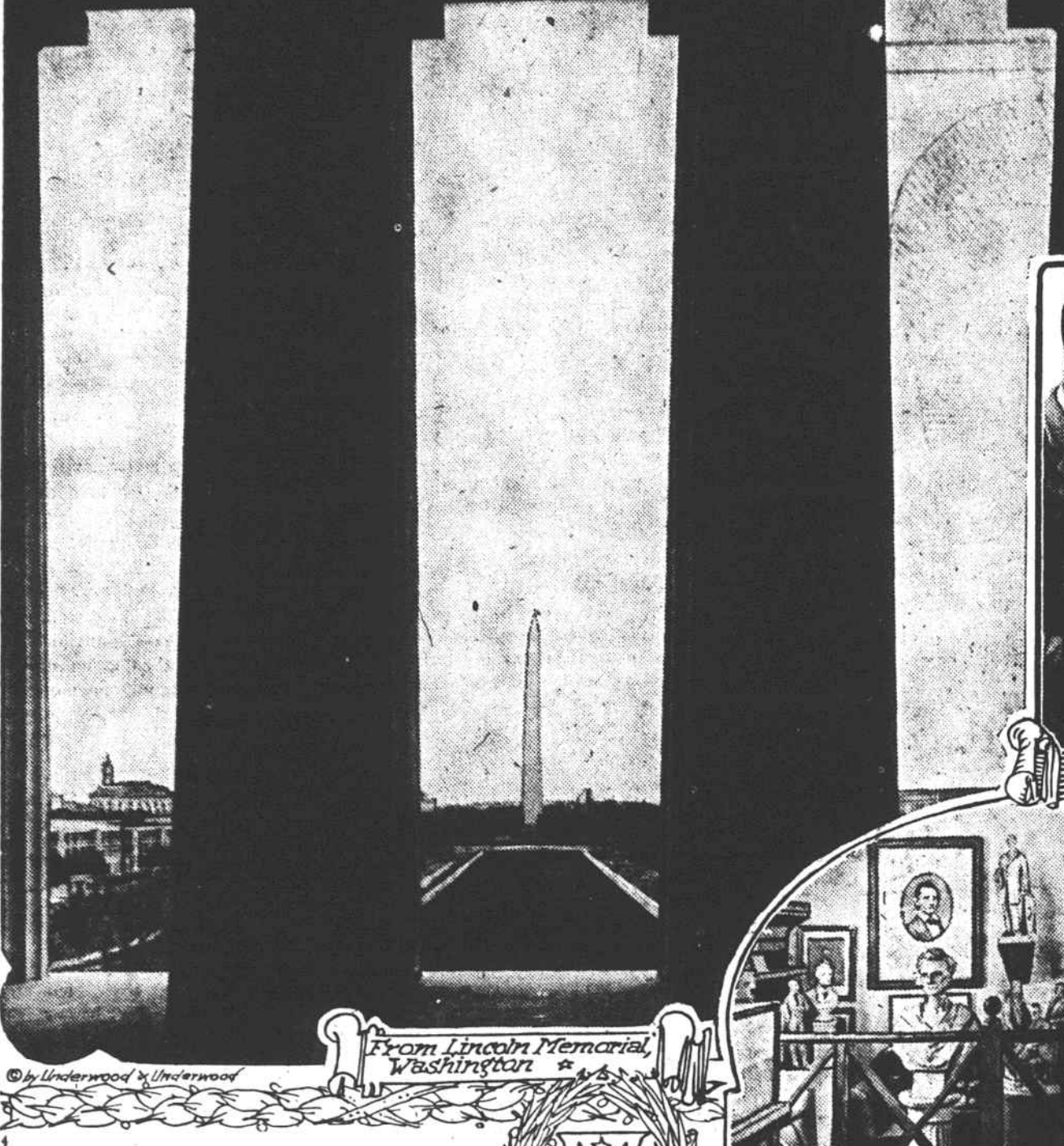


LINCOLNIANA



From Lincoln Memorial, Washington

By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN

WITH the coming of February 12 each year sees the celebration of Lincoln's birthday with increasing fervor. It is true, in one sense, that no new thing can be said of Abraham Lincoln. It is two generations since it was said over his deathbed, "Now he belongs to the ages." As has been well said in

the National House of Representatives: There is no new thing to be said of Lincoln. There is no new thing to be said of the mountains, or of the sea, or of the stars. The years go their way, but the same old mountains lift their granite shoulders above the drifting clouds, and the same mysterious sea beats upon the shore, and the same silent stars keep holy vigil above a tired world. But to mountain and sea and star men turn forever in unwearying homage. And thus, with Lincoln, for he was mountain in grandeur of spirit; he was sea in under voice of mystic loneliness; he was star in steadfast purity of purpose and of service. And he, too, abides. The years go their way, but with the name of Lincoln childhood still learns to voice a patriot's devotion, and with the name of Lincoln tears are called from old men's eyes, and there is no new thing to be said of him. But while the republic endures, upon whose altar he laid his great mind and heart, while liberty is cherished, while civic virtue and service and sacrifice are honored in the earth, the name of Lincoln will be spoken in undying love by the sons of men.

But from another viewpoint it is not true. For between celebrations of that birthday all the world is studying Lincoln, filling in details of his life and career, making new estimates of his character, writing books on him, searching for relics of him, telling the familiar stories that he told and hailing new ones, listening to aged men who knew him, increasing its appreciation of him.

Verily, of Lincolniana there is no end. And this is as it should be. For the world never saw a greater man than Abraham Lincoln. No man ever deserved better of his country. America rejoices in him as a man entirely American. But the world has long since taken him to its heart as an ornament to the human race. Though for many a year the great earth has laid wreaths on his sarcophagus, he is a living personality in the minds of men. And anything new about him is received with eagerness. For his principles are acknowledged to be the only principles upon which a democracy can safely be based. There is nothing more important, therefore, than to know what kind of a man he was.

One new thing at least is this: There has begun a pilgrimage by Young America to that most sacred of all the many Lincoln Shrines, his home at Springfield and the tomb where rests his sacred clay. In the closing days of last year 1,850 school children from 22 towns in southwestern Iowa and northwestern Missouri united in a pilgrimage to Springfield, and laid a wreath on his sarcophagus. Next, boy scouts from Chicago made this pilgrimage. This year will see many such pilgrimages by young crusaders for national welfare, eager to gain vision and strength from actual contact with these Lincoln Shrines.

Yes; there are many Lincoln Shrines. The most magnificent—and the world holds no finer memorial to man—is the Lincoln Memorial at Washington. The striking photograph reproduced herewith is taken from the portico of this Washington memorial. In the distance is the Washington monument. Thus the one photograph shows both the memorial to the "Father of His Country" and the memorial to the "Savior of His Country."

Who was the greater, Washington or Lincoln? The world has ceased to debate the much-vexed question. Washington led the Colonial Armies to victory in the Revolution, helped to write the Constitution and was our first President. It is enough to say that all which Washington had fought for and gained was in imminent danger of destruction when Lincoln was called by his country to defend them—and successfully defended them.

Is the nation to own the Oldroyd collection of 3,000 Lincoln relics, shown herewith in part in one of the rooms of the historic house in which Lin-

coln died? Resolutions are pending in both houses of congress for its purchase for \$50,000. The government owns this house—in Tenth street, between E and F streets.

Osborn H. Oldroyd has reached his eighty-first year. Since he was a news agent seventeen years old in Mount Vernon, Ohio, he has been a Lincoln collector. Prints, books, photographs, furniture, wearing apparel, letters, medals, life masks, busts, sermons, funeral marches and what not he has secured and put into this house.

He has had many offers from private citizens. Henry Ford offered \$50,000, with the condition that he could remove the collection. Another rich man, a New Yorker who wished to present the collection to his alma mater, offered \$125,000.

"No," said Mr. Oldroyd, "I'll wait a little longer and see whether Congressman Rathbone's resolution for purchase by the government passes. If it does not, I must consider the private offers. At eighty-one a man knows he has not many more days, and the family must be left comfortable."

"But ever since this collection began to assume proportions and became important it has been my dream that the United States would ultimately own it. I wanted it to become the nation's possession. I don't want it to be broken up or removed from this house, where, of all places on earth, it ought to be."

Lincoln died upon the bed of Thomas Proctor, who in 1822 was an inmate of St. Barnabas' home, Gbessonia, Pa. On Lincoln's birthday that year he said:

"When I was in my early 20s I met and became a confidential friend of Abraham Lincoln. I was given a position in the War department and the bureau of returns. I read and studied law under Lincoln's personal direction. He frequently shared my room, in which there were two beds. State secrets were imparted and talked over with me there."

Because of the rare privilege and intimacy between the President and me, a friend of mine present at the theater when Lincoln was shot directed that the President be carried to my room, which was across the street from the Ford theater. I inhaled Lincoln's last breath.

I was immediately sent for and arrived as they were placing my beloved friend upon my bed. I remained with him throughout the entire night. His head was resting on my right arm and elbow when he expired. I have often felt that I

What is believed to be a new story of Abraham Lincoln is told in a letter received by President Coolidge from Rev. E. E. Tyson, a Methodist minister of Atlantic City, N. J.

At the time of the Civil war Mr. Tyson, then a boy of twelve, was a messenger boy in the War department. He is familiar with the old Washington of war times, but his Lincoln story concerns an experience of an older brother. The story as told in the letter received by President Coolidge follows:

"He (Rev. Mr. Tyson's brother) was seventeen years old when working at his painter's trade out in Illinois. Having been laid aside from work by a felon on one of his fingers he boarded a train going to Springfield. As he entered the crowded train with his satchel in one hand, his other arm in a sling, a gentleman looking like a farmer, seated on a short seat near the water tank, noticed him and said:

"I guess there is room for two on this seat."

"Thanking him, my brother sat down beside him. He offered my brother a paper to read, but the latter said:

"Thank you, I am nursing a felon on my finger and do not care to read just now."

"They fell into conversation upon the leading topic of the day, the campaign for the Presidency between Lincoln and Douglas. My brother expressed the opinion that 'Abe' would be elected. "Why so?" asked the other.

"I've been reading a book which portrays the political and social condition well, and I think the sympathies of the people are with Lincoln."

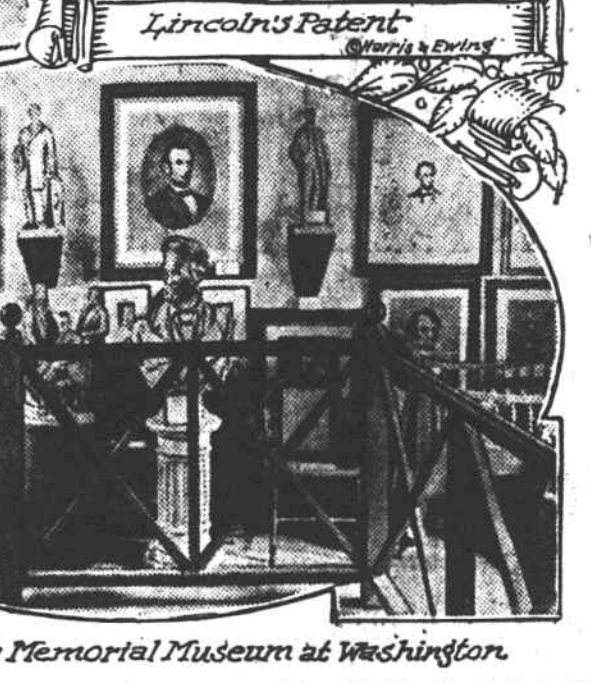
"Upon reaching Springfield the stranger kindly carried my brother's satchel off the train."

"I'd like to find a moderate-priced boarding house for a while," said my brother.

"Well, there is one near where I live; I'll point it out to you."

"The stranger still carrying the satchel, they finally reached the gate leading to the boarding house. As he set the satchel down inside the gate, he said:

"There comes Mrs. Smith, who keeps this boarding house. Mrs. Smith, here is a young friend of mine whom I met on the train. He has a felon, and I thought you might know something to do for it. He wishes to stop with you for awhile till he gets able to go to



Lincoln Memorial Museum at Washington

work again. And then he said, 'Good-by.' But my brother said, 'Sir, you have been very kind to me, and I would like to know your name before we part.'

"Well, I'm that Abe Lincoln you have been thinking would be elected. I live down here a short distance; come see me. I have a law office uptown; drop in when you can, read the papers and make yourself at home."

"Thanking him again, he said, 'I believe you will certainly be elected, Mr. Lincoln.'"

The letter goes on to tell how Lincoln met young Tyson at church and took him home to dinner. Upon being mustered out, after three years' service, Tyson met Lincoln on the street in Washington. Thereupon Lincoln called him by name, examined his war record and again took him home to dinner. Tyson saw Lincoln once more—in his coffin.

Did you know that Lincoln was an inventor? Officials of the department of history of the Smithsonian Institution the other day came across the model of an invention by Lincoln. It bears the label, "Improvement in method of lifting vessels over shoals, May 22, 1849."

This patent was the result of an experience, in 1831, at the beginning of that voyage down the Mississippi which was fated to have an immense influence upon his whole life. Lincoln and several of his friends built a flatboat for Denton Offutt at Sangamontown, which has disappeared from the map of Illinois. The boat was loaded with pork in barrels, corn and hogs for New Orleans. April 19 they reached New Salem, a place destined to be an important spot in the career of Lincoln. There the boatmen met with an unexpected obstacle. The boat stuck on the mill-dam of James Rutledge. He was the father of Lincoln's love, Ann Rutledge, whose death nearly drove the future statesman to insanity. And there the boat hung for a day and a night, with no prospect of release.

Finally, under Lincoln's direction, some of the cargo was transferred to another boat. Then the barrels of pork were rolled forward. Still the boat stuck. Then Lincoln got an auger and bored a hole in the bottom of the after part, letting out a lot of water that had leaked in. Then the boat slid over the dam.

Lincoln and his flatboat floated safely down the Sangamon and the Illinois. On the Mississippi they made brief stops at Memphis, Vicksburg and Natchez. They reached New Orleans early in May. It was then that Lincoln conceived his hatred for slavery—the only thing he ever did hate—that played so important a part in his career. As one of his companions said, "Slavery ran the iron into him then and there." It was a slave auction that most excited his anger. Lincoln, so the story goes, bade his companions follow him, saying: "Boys, let's get away from this. If I get a chance to hit that thing, I'll hit it hard."

Remember that Lincoln's election to the Presidency hinged on his deliberate question to Douglas in the historic "Freeport Debates" of 1858: "Can the people of a United States territory, in any lawful way, against the wish of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits prior to the formation of a state constitution?"

Douglas answered "Yes" and won the senatorship. And two years later Douglas lost the Presidency, just as Lincoln had foreseen and predicted.

Lincoln made no blunders regarding slavery. He saw that through the Union only could it be abolished. And January 1, 1863, when the time was ripe, he signed the Emancipation Proclamation.

New Idea Is Tractor That Walks Like Man

A full-sized tractor that walks has been invented by a Moravian. Instead of rear wheels, the vehicle is equipped with a pair of legs and moves either forward or backward. In front are two wheels that are used for steering purposes. The car travels at the speed of a galloping horse, but it can be made to go faster by increasing the length of the legs, says Popular Science Monthly. Like other types of wheel-

less cars, the new vehicle is mainly intended for traction on otherwise impracticable ground, especially for agricultural purposes. While a wheel drive has to deal with all obstacles found on the ground, the walking drive only strikes about 20 per cent of those actually existing. It also will draw a plow with three blades fitted with runners, so as to pass over the most impracticable ground. The mechanical

legs move quite as smoothly as those of a living animal and readily pass any obstacle that is encountered. Recently a German inventor produced a walking automobile. Instead of wheels, this queer vehicle has four legs, which propel it over all kinds of places inaccessible to the ordinary car. It is run by a motor.

High-Calibered Gun

The editor of a Kansas paper states that he borrowed a Winchester rifle recently, and started up the street to

deliver the weapon to its owner. The delinquent subscribers got it into their heads that he was on the warpath and everyone he met insisted on paying what he owed him. One man wiped out a debt of 10 years' standing. On his return to his office he found a load of hay, 15 bushels of corn, 10 bushels of apples, 22 bushels of potatoes, a cord of wood and a barrel of turpentine that had been brought in. All the country editors are now trying to borrow Winchester—Publishers' Review.

Boy Sees His Own Funeral

Parents Return From the Cemetery to Find Him Alive.

Atlanta, Ga.—A freckled-faced boy, whose cheeks are streaked with perspiration, or maybe it is tears, stands in the center of a throng of mourners who have just returned from laying his body to rest in the family plot.

He wears a pleading expression, as if attending one's own funeral on foot was something to be forgiven for.

Directly in front of the lad stand his father, a big man in somber black; near is a woman who has lifted her mourning veil and is gazing at the boy's drooping shoulders out of eyes in which hope and fear are mingled. An aged man placed a trembling, questioning hand on the boy's arm. A second of tense silence and then the father speaks:

"Johnnie, where the devil have you been?"

That's exactly what he asked, even if the soil from the newly made grave for "Johnnie" still clung to his shoes.

John W. Hinton is a lad of fifteen. But, despite his youth, he has seen that which millions of men have failed to see—he has watched his own funeral train on its way to the grave.

And having been an onlooker at the last dread rites solemnized in his own honor, John is none the worse for one of the most singular experiences that ever befell a human being; one that is still talked of and marveled at in Atlanta, Ga., where John lives.

How It Happened.

How Johnnie Hinton came to be mourned for dead by his family and friends as the result of a marvelous physical similarity and of another boy's desire to promote a trivial love affair; how he was supposed to have been the central figure at an elaborate funeral, and how he "came back to life" involves a weird combination of coincidences.

This strange case of mistaken identity is an actual event in the lives of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Hinton of 115 Pulliam street, Atlanta, and their error was shared by no fewer than 800 relatives and playmates who knew John Hinton intimately, but who fell victim to the amazing physical similarity.

A short time ago young Hinton disappeared from his home in Atlanta. In view of the fact that on former oc-

casions he had left home for short visits to relatives without giving notice of his departure, his parents at first entertained no anxiety over his absence.

But as days went by and no news was received from him, Mr. and Mrs. Hinton grew apprehensive and appealed to the Atlanta police.

The search had been on for two or three days when authorities at Cartersville, Ga., telegraphed that a boy who answered to the description of young Hinton had been killed by a train near that city. In the same accident a youthful companion of the slain boy had been injured.

Mr. and Mrs. Hinton and Mrs. Hinton's father, J. C. Cox, made a flying trip to the scene of the accident. They were conducted to the morgue, where lay the body. The shrouding sheet was removed from the form of the youth, and the mother, the father and the grandfather gazed in an agony of anticipation.

"It's Johnnie," whispered Mrs. Hinton at the first glance, and tender hands supported her as she poured out her grief.

"My son, my son," was all that the father said, but the few words carried a bitter load of sorrow and the tall man's body was convulsed with racking sobs.

Grandfather Cox at first thought there might be a mistake, but even he was convinced when a scar similar to one on Johnnie's forehead was noted. He gave up arguing that they should wait until the other boy injured in the accident was able to talk more. This lad had said the dead boy was a stranger he had met a day or so before.

The funeral was arranged to take place in the Hinton burial ground near Bogart, Ga., and there the body was taken by the mourning family and friends.

A hearse awaited the body at Bogart, and as it started on its journey to the cemetery, Johnnie arrived, but too late to overtake it.

He had left home to visit a cousin who lived 20 miles from Bogart in a rural community, intending to be gone two or three days. But he found his surroundings unusually pleasant and had lingered without notifying his parents of his whereabouts.

No newspapers came to the house, and he and his cousin's family were ignorant of the search that was being prosecuted for him and of the mistaken identification of the dead boy

Back From the Dead.

When there standing at the head of their automobile they saw a boy—son—the boy whom they thought had only a few moments before signed to the tomb.

Imagine the scene that ensued. The frightened central figure of the recent funeral wasn't able to say how such a set of circumstances had just experienced might easily be decreed by fate, but he himself with loudly protesting the veracity of his claims to exist were not of a nature to be questioned.

Horace Singletary, the 12-year-old youth, had recovered, and under questioning revealed why he had cleared up the mystery earlier.

The boy who was killed was his Harris, his chum, and the runaway to see the world. Singletary was in love with Harris and after the accident he was to be held responsible for the runaway and consequently would "queered" with Miss Harris. Singletary kept quiet, hoping that the boy in identity would never be known. Johnnie blasted his hopes by coming back from the dead.

Jobless Sleep in Church Pews



Urban Ledoux, better known as "Mr. Zero," is helping the jobless men of New York again, feeding them free and finding sleeping quarters for some of them in the Camp Memorial Congregational church.

NORTH AMERICAN BEASTS WERE KILLED BY BLIGHT

Professor Stauffer Refuses to Believe That Prehistoric Mammoths Died of Natural Causes.

Minneapolis, Minn. — Mammoths and mastodons, numbering thousands, which once roamed the western plains of America, penetrating to Alaska and as far east as New York, died under the blight of some mysterious power of nature, something that the science of man has not yet been able to discover, according to Prof. Clinton B. Stauffer, geologist at the University of Minnesota.

Not only the elephants of North America, but the horse and the fierce saber-toothed tiger, his early contemporaries, died and vanished in a way that has not been explained.

Three natural assumptions, that they died because of climatic changes; that their proper food vanished, or

that man slew them must all be abandoned, Doctor Stauffer declares.

"At least some of these creatures lived into post-glacial times when the climate was much what it is now, and all could stand temperatures even colder than those of the modern age," says Doctor Stauffer. In the stomach of a mammoth found frozen in Siberia, where he had died, was a meal of vegetation such as still grows. He was the same type of animal that lived in North America.

"Primitive man lived when these creatures did, but with his small numbers and crude weapons, he stood as much in danger of them as they did of him. He did not slaughter them as his successors did the bison."

"The only modern parallel for such a disappearance in North America is that of the passenger pigeons. Man slaughtered these by the million, but it has never been established that this

earnage alone caused their extinction."

Doctor Stauffer inclines to believe that a pestilence caused the appearance of the mammoth, tiger, horse, although he sees no reason why all should have succumbed to the disease, nor does he think they passed at the same time. But he did all live at the same time and vanished, possibly 100,000 years ago.

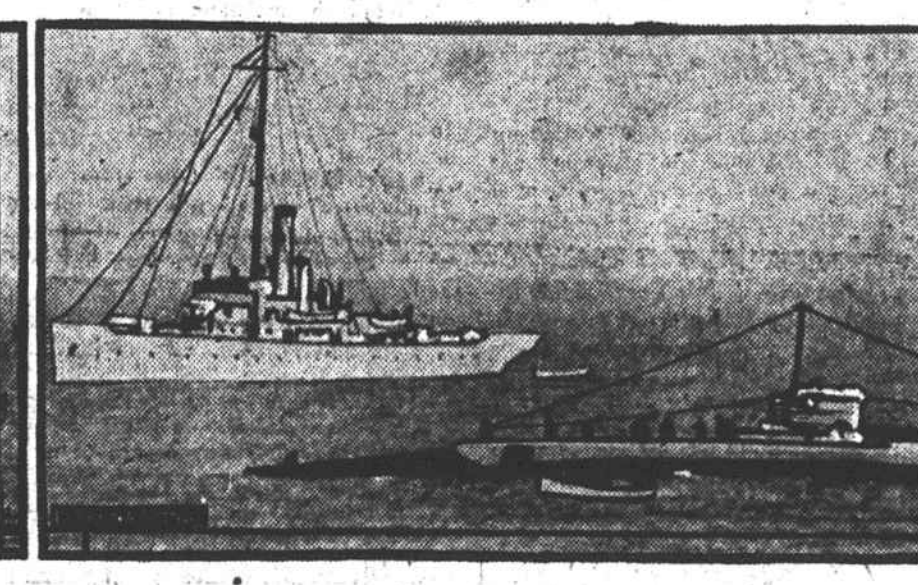
The horse alone repopulated North America after being exterminated by Spanish invaders in the Sixteenth century. He then proceeded to breed greatly.

Since last summer when the discovery of several Jeffersonian elephants in Minnesota was reported by geologists, the number has increased thirty. Formerly only about a dozen number had been known in Minnesota.

Certainly Not Hygienic

A quaint, but rather unhygienic way among Russian peasants in the way of salutation—one kiss on the lips and three on each cheek.

Submarine Fast on a Sandbar Near Cape Cod

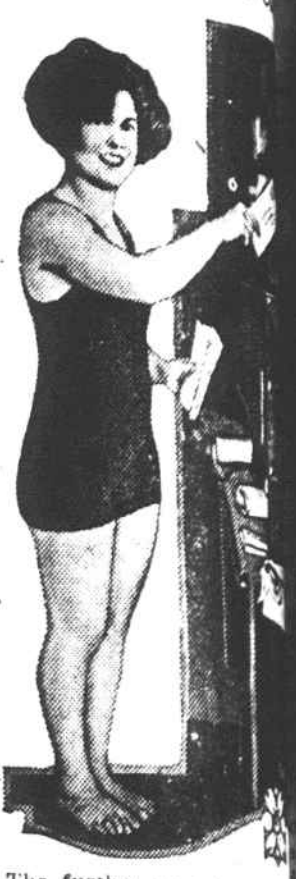


United States submarine S-09 hard aground on a sand bar near Cape Cod, with the United States cutter USS Acushnet standing by. Repeated efforts to pull the undersea vessel off the bar were made in vain.

Work was resumed recently in a British gold mine after a lapse of 7,700 years.

All judges and barristers are referred to, in British courts as "learned."

TRYING TO KEEP



The further one gets from the center, the hotter it is, and this is the way of the world, Brooklyn, N. Y., as stated by a man at Palm Beach, south of the city.

Starts Mad Ride

Informed that his father had been killed at Bogart within a few days, a boy commandeered a train and rode on a mad ride over the roads in the hope that he might arrive in time to halt the funeral train in this he was disappointed, he drove down the last leg of the little town he saw the train at the station and witnessed the funeral train move solemnly to the burial grounds.

Thus it happened that Mrs. Hinton and Mrs. Hinton's father, J. C. Cox, made a flying trip to the scene of the accident. They were conducted to the morgue, where lay the body of their slain son—alive and well—impersonating their return to the station, the travel-stained and intensely over the realization that his family were suffering under the thought that they were large body.

The impressive services were at the graveside, Mr. and Mrs. Hinton and Mr. Cox drove slowly back to the station to catch the train to Atlanta. Bowed with their grief, they reached the station and started to dismount—

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