


.50

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Vol. 26 No. 16

FEB. 6, 1926

\$1.50 a Year



"How I Wrote The Lincoln Poem"

By EDWIN MARKHAM

The Truth About The Bixby Letter

By WM. E. BARTON
(Famous Lincoln Biographer)

Aviation from the Navy's Viewpoint

By Capt. W. S. PYE, U.S.N.

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH



BRIEFLY TOLD



Because Mohammed forbade reproductions of human beings, animals or plants in picture or plastic form, these decorations are absent in all Moslem architecture.

A pronghorned antelope can erect a patch of hair on its back into a fluffy white ball, which, shining in the sun, warns other antelope of impending danger.

Ex-President Harding, speaking at Seattle July 27, 1923, a short time before he died, said, "Fur farming will become as permanent a source of wealth as cotton in the South or corn in the Mid-West."

Though a retrieving game dog is a development of modern times, a Doctor Caius wrote in the sixteenth century of dogs that brought back the "boulds and arrows" that had missed the mark.

There were 22,766 accidents in Wisconsin last year, including that of a man who dislocated his toe by catching it in a bed sheet and that of 89 who bumped into doors or furniture.



The custom of wearing long thin shoes with pointed toes became so prevalent in the fifteenth century that Edward IV, in 1462, decreed that only an English lord should don footwear with points more than two inches long.

Johann Warcososky, a seventy-year-old great-grandfather, was fined the equivalent of 50 cents by a Vienna judge for beating his wife.

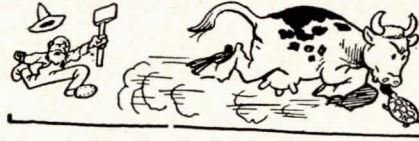
Retiring Grand Master Mitchell of the Masonic Lodge says that a man who doesn't vote becomes a man without a country.

Lady Purdue, a Purdue University hen hatched in 1916, laid her 1,341st egg on September 11, 1925.

George Bernard Shaw's popularity in Germany is so great that it has evoked a new brand of cigar, the G. B. S. It costs eight cents.

There are many shrines and little chapels along some Bavarian roads.

Arab geographers of the ninth century put south at the upper end of their maps.



A cow's tongue was bitten by a huge snapping turtle near Tuckahoe, New Jersey, recently. The turtle refused to release its hold until it had been killed.

An early instance of a strike occurred in England in 1679 when a company of framework knitters and makers of silk stockings agreed not to work for a month in order to keep up their prices.

Al Istakhri, writing in the tenth century, wrote, "The south end of the earth is the Sudan, which borders on no other country; its boundaries are the sea and the deserts."

Some weatherbeaten stone steps still remaining at the gateways of many old-fashioned country houses are relics of the roadless colonial era when the saddle horse was used by both sexes.

A sanctuary to Jupiter crowned nearly all of the Seven Hills of Rome.

Briar root for pipes has become so popular in this country that France is reaping a rich harvest from its exportation. In 1924 its value was 80,000,000 francs.

An American woman, without even a native gun bearer, went alone through the heart of Africa. She was sent by the Brooklyn museum on a social mission which proved highly successful and everywhere she went she received the confidence of the people.

Holland farmers and farmerettes row out to the cow pastures in canal boats at milking time.



A hybrid cross between a leopard and a jaguar in the zoo at Madison, Wisconsin, is larger than either of its parents.

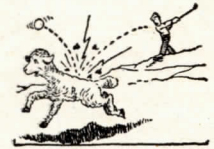
Because French miners brought from the wine districts of the South to the mines in Normandy could not accustom themselves to cider they returned home.

In A. D. 1000 the Norsemen established a republic in Greenland. The remains of their churches are to be seen today. This colony was the first to be established by white people anywhere in the Western Hemisphere.

While some scientists say plants can feel, others say they have brain power, in spite of the fact that no nervous system has been found in them.

Four lions that escaped from circus wagons and mingled with the crowd threw the populace of Jarnac, France, into a panic.

New Zealand farmers have golf courses in their sheep pastures and tennis courts on their lawns; furthermore, they take time to play.



There are 1,400 species of mosquitoes. Those that bite us are females. The males are vegetarian. A mosquito lays from 50 to 200 eggs at a time.

The largest lighthouse lens in the world is in Hawaii. It is nine feet in diameter.

The Louvre has the finest Egyptian collection in the world.

The first accounting was done by cutting notches in a stick. Then came two sticks called "tally," for both creditor and debtor. When the day of settlement came both sticks had to have the same number of notches. Tellers in banks were first known as tally officers.

Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, rejected a king and married a Roman citizen.

Cato was a prohibitionist. He drank nothing but water.

Certain plants under the action of ultra-violet ray will grow faster than in the sun.



The Essence of This Issue:

Mr. Ford's Page this week comments on Longfellow's line—"Learn to labor and to wait."

Just as we sat down to write these notes there came, from Wyoming, this letter, written in beautiful script:

"Dear Sir: Would you be good enough and prepare an extra fine spirited patriotic issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT for Lincoln's Birthday. I will order a subscription to Miss B— P—, as a token of my gratitude toward her, for her teaching me how to become a good American citizen. I have got my citizen papers on January fourth, 1926.

"Miss P— is teacher in naturalization and deserves to be highly praised by all the nations on earth for her kind words which she has for all applicants for citizenship; whether they are from England, or France, or Belgium, or Italy, or Poland, or Russia, or Germany, etc.

"Miss P— likes to encourage her pupils to learn by heart the Gettysburg Address of Abraham Lincoln and when then one of her pupils is able to recite it, her eyes glare like stars and she says: 'You see, he has said, "the world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here," but his words are not forgotten, and will never be forgotten.'

It was rather late notice, but fortunately the Lincoln issue was all ready when the letter came. Indeed, the letter came just in the nick of time to get into it. We are pleased to include this new American with the old Americans who are represented in this number.

You will find here this week much material of original authority, based on recent research work. It will undoubtedly be filed away in many homes and publication offices and libraries as a valuable addition to Lincolniana.

Did Lincoln ever write that letter to Mrs. Bixby? Yes—although no one knows where it is. Facts recently found by William E. Barton, noted Lincoln biographer, prove that Lincoln was misinformed when he wrote the missive; only two of Mrs. Bixby's sons were killed in battle, not five. The original letter, once believed to be at Oxford, was never there. (p. 6)

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

CONTENTS

"Lincoln, the Man of the People" - - - -	2
"How I Wrote the Lincoln Poem" - - - -	3
<i>Edwin Markham</i>	
Has America a Youth Movement? - - - -	5
<i>William L. Stidger</i>	
The Truth About the Bixby Letter - - - -	6
<i>William E. Barton</i>	
Lincoln's Premonitions of Death— <i>F. L. Black</i>	8
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - -	9
Editorials - - - - -	10
Aviation From the Navy's Viewpoint - - - -	12
<i>Captain W. S. Pye</i>	
"Burned Spuds"—How It Happened - - - -	14
<i>By S. G. Rubinow</i>	
The World HAS BEEN Reorganized - - - -	15
<i>By Observer</i>	
How Abraham Lincoln Looked - - - - -	16
<i>William E. Barton</i>	
"I Slept With Lincoln"— <i>Fred L. Holmes</i> - - -	23
A Dance a Week— <i>Badger Gavotte</i> - - - -	32

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN

Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer;
C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

Edwin Markham's "Lincoln" is recognized as probably the greatest poem ever written about the Emancipator. In his own inimitable style, Mr. Markham tells how the poem was conceived, and he interprets some of the more striking lines for us. (p. 3)

Lincoln's dreams—weird, fantastic and portentous. They came to him, he said, before every important event. Some believe that he knew death was near those last few days at Washington. As F. L. Black tells the story, it is hard to feel that

OUR COVER

The Lincoln bronze in the public square at Hodgenville, Kentucky, where Lincoln was born. This memorial is the only thing that lifts the horizon of the sleepy little village, which reminds one of the phrase, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?"

Lincoln was without some sense of his impending fate. (p. 8)

He slept with Lincoln 67 years ago, did Lucien S. Hanks, then a youth of twenty-one. Lincoln was restless and young Hanks didn't get much sleep until finally in the middle of the night he slipped away to a sofa in another room. (p. 23)

How did Lincoln really look? The contrast between two life masks, one made before he was President and the other after four years in office, is a tragedy in itself. (p. 16)

The "Youth Movement" in America, such as it is, is choked by its own loquacity. The Rev. William E. Stidger, trained and impartial observer, went to the Evanston meeting in really hopeful mood—but see how he came away! It's an amusing story. (p. 5)

"Burned Spuds," is the title of an article published in *The Country Gentleman* for February, portions of which are here reprinted. The article is by S. G. Rubinow, aide to Aaron Sapiro in the organization of exchanges in Maine and Minnesota which collapsed after a short life. (p. 14)

Read the first of a series on aviation by Captain W. S. Pye of the United States Navy. It is with the hope of informing our readers on the true status of the Nation's air defenses that we are printing the series. Captain Pye served during the war as Fleet Tactical Officer on the Staff of the Commander in Chief of the Fleet, and is at present a member of the joint Army and Navy Aeronautical Board. He is also a Gold Medalist of the United States Naval Institute. (p. 12)

"The Longest Paved Highway in the World," in the issue of January 2, was read with interest by thousands. Our good readers out in Oregon were disappointed to behold Mt. Rainier pointed out in a caption as Mt. Hood, and we hasten to state that Mt. Hood belongs to Oregon and that it is one of the most beautiful sights to be seen along the "longest paved highway."



Lincoln, the Man of the People

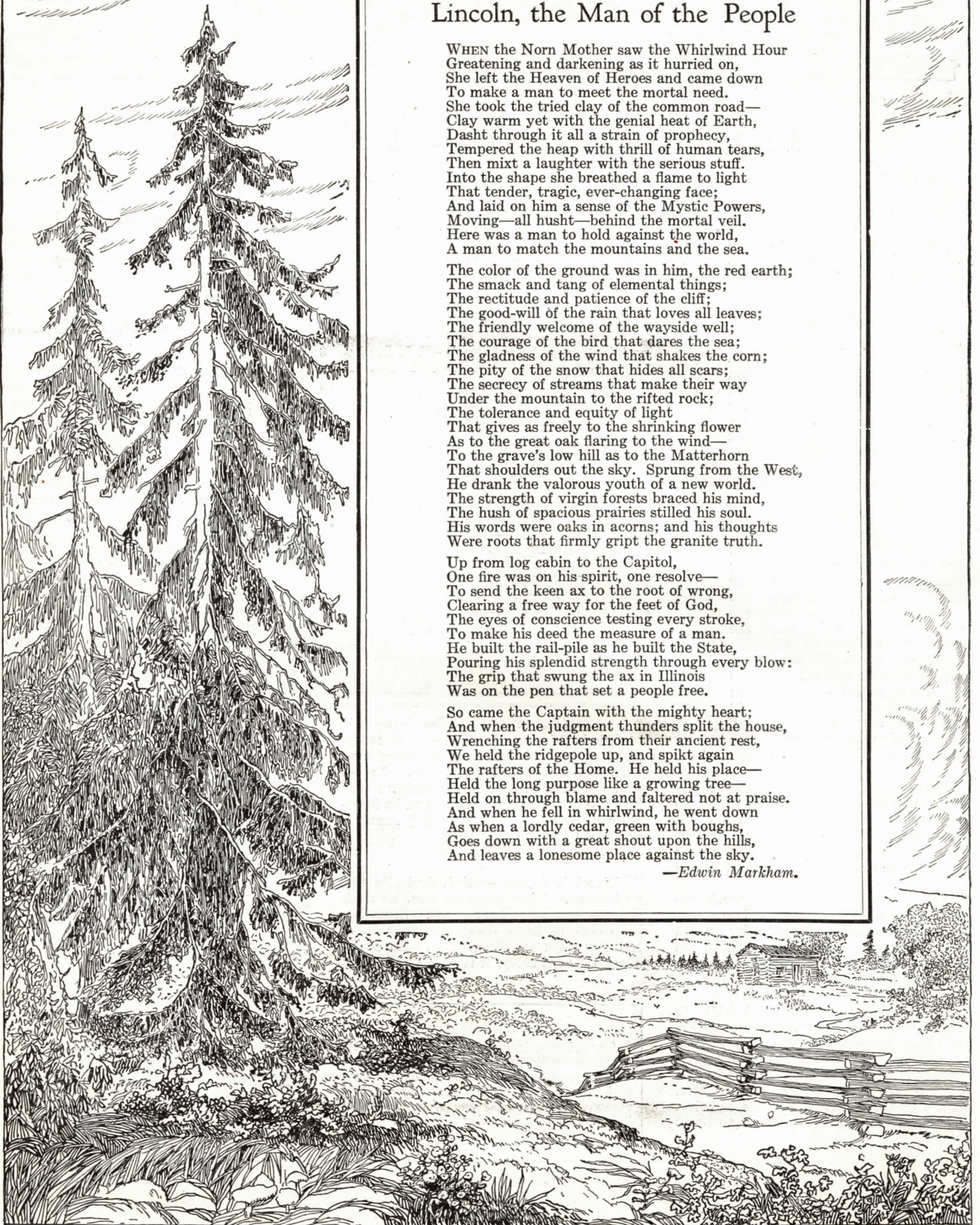
WHEN the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
 Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
 She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
 To make a man to meet the mortal need.
 She took the tried clay of the common road—
 Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
 Dasht through it all a strain of prophecy,
 Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears,
 Then mixt a laughter with the serious stuff.
 Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
 That tender, tragic, ever-changing face;
 And laid on him a sense of the Mystic Powers,
 Moving—all husht—behind the mortal veil.
 Here was a man to hold against the world,
 A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
 The smack and tang of elemental things;
 The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
 The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;
 The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
 The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
 The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
 The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
 The secrecy of streams that make their way
 Under the mountain to the rifted rock;
 The tolerance and equity of light
 That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
 As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
 To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
 That shoulders out the sky. Sprung from the West,
 He drank the valorous youth of a new world.
 The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
 The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
 His words were oaks in acorns; and his thoughts
 Were roots that firmly gript the granite truth.

Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
 One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
 To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
 Clearing a free way for the feet of God,
 The eyes of conscience testing every stroke,
 To make his deed the measure of a man.
 He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
 Pouring his splendid strength through every blow:
 The grip that swung the ax in Illinois
 Was on the pen that set a people free.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
 And when the judgment thunders split the house,
 Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
 We held the ridgepole up, and spikt again
 The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
 Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
 Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
 And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
 As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
 Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
 And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

—Edwin Markham.



HOW I WROTE "LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE"

By the Author, EDWIN MARKHAM

I AM frequently asked to give an account of the genesis of my three or four best-known poems. This is not an unreasonable request. And now THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is telling me that the story of the Lincoln poem will interest the American people. So I am giving it to THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, and this paper in turn will give it to the four winds of the world.

In 1900, I had left California and was making my home in New York City. "The Man With the Hoe" was sounding over the planet.

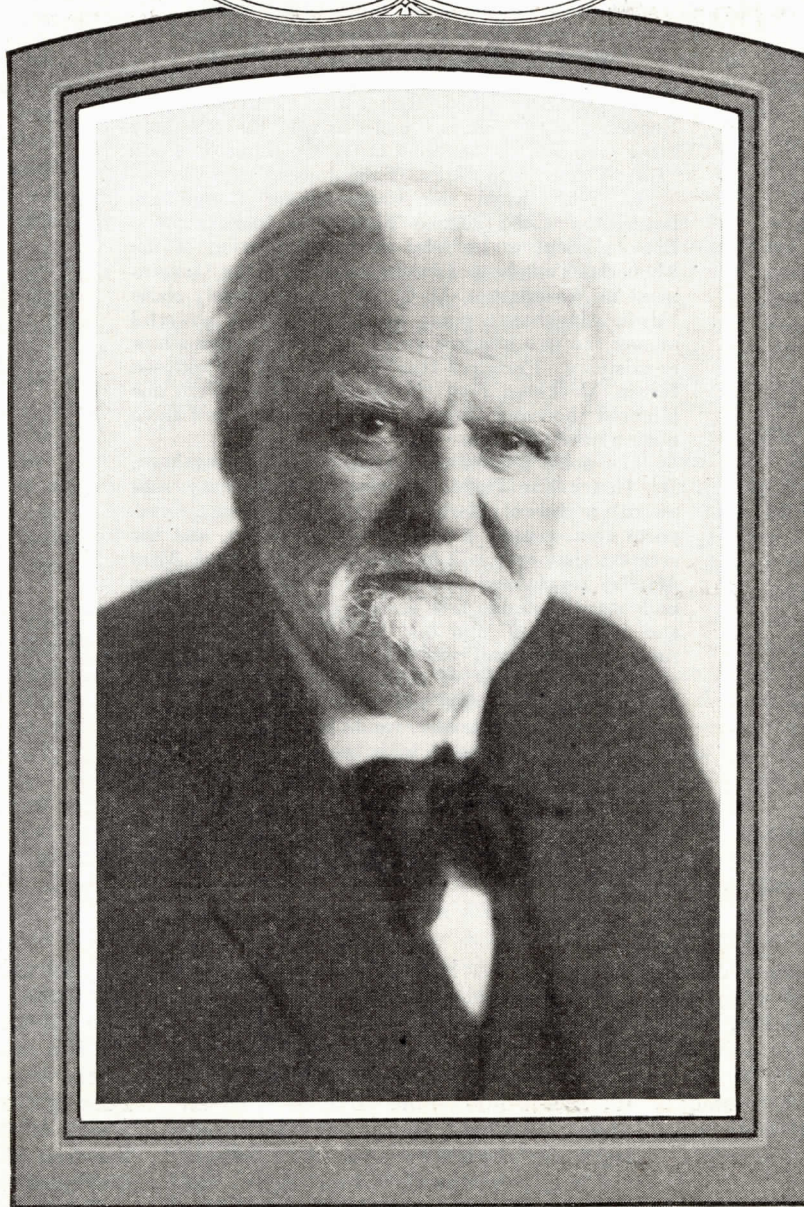
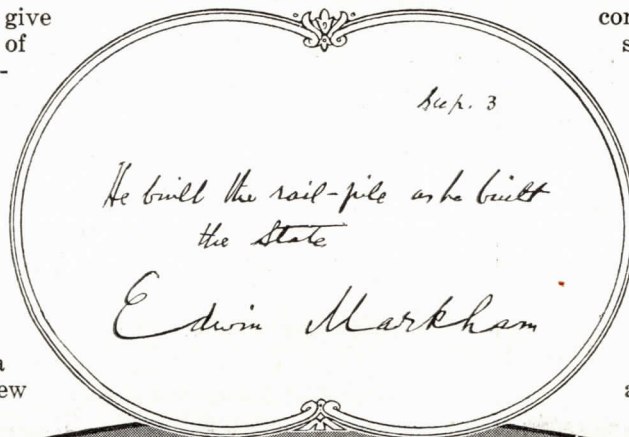
I shall never forget the club committee that extorted from me a promise to write the poem—nor ever forget the days and nights spent in the passion of creation—nor ever forget that last night when the whole poem flashed upon me like a sudden revelation. It was a night of exaltation and humility; for in the deep hours of that night I seemed to be touched by some rushing wing from the Invisible.

But what was my preparation for the task?

Why did I turn with passionate interest to the writing of the poem?

Many times in my career I have been entreated—with the promise of a fat purse—to write poems heroizing this or that public character.

But I have usually declined "the honor," because I have frequently felt these persons to be lacking in solid virtue, lacking in the unselfish support of great causes, lacking in the fine sympathies of humanity—so lacking that they did not stir my imagination, did not



conscience is the basis of my versified satire just completed, a poem which I call "The Profiteer, a Rollicking Rime of This Towering Time."

I am hoping that it will some day step forth into the glory of print.

It was altogether different at the sound of the name of Abraham Lincoln. At that sound, my heart leaped up, eager to pay homage to a man truly great. I was all afire with the idea.

Poetry is the daughter of God; and she rises into her high moments

only when she is stirred by the heroic virtues of men—their unselfish devotions, their noble ambitions, their lofty achievements. In her high moments, she comes keeping step with the music of humanity.

Why was Lincoln truly great? Not because he sat once in the presidential chair. The matter of importance is not the place a man fills, but how he fills it—not even the achievement of his life, but the spirit of his life.

A man in public life—if he looks on his office as a mere instrument to give him power and glory—is only an empty shell. But if he keeps his petty ego suppressed and looks on his office as a fortunate instrument to enable him to serve the people, to establish justice, to increase good will, then his office becomes an altar of righteousness, a hiding-place of the Almighty.

Lincoln belonged to this higher order of men. I was thinking of him, as well as of Cromwell, when I wrote these lines in my poem, "The Need of the Hour":

"What do we need to keep the nation whole,

To guard the pillars of the State? We need

excite my pen. Frequently they were mere time-servers, if not plain rogues.

An appeal to me to heroize a certain man who had risen to success without

The fine audacities of honest deed;
 The homely old integrities of soul;
 The swift temerities that take the
 part
 Of outcast right—the wisdom of the
 heart.
 We need the Cromwell fire to make us
 feel
 The common burden and the public
 trust
 To be a thing as sacred and august
 As the white vigil where the angels
 kneel.
 We need the faith to go a path un-
 trod,
 The power to be alone and vote with
 God."

In 1847, five years before my birth, my tall, broad-shouldered father was the captain of a train of covered wagons that journeyed toward Oregon and the sun-down seas, creeping out of the Abe Lincoln country, out of the awakening Middle West. Yes, even in that early day, my adventurous folk joined in the great historic march of the home-seekers, a march that rose to a new tide with the news of the wonders in the Far West, a march that was to end only on the ultimate shores of the continent.

Five years after I had left my own dug-out log cradle in our cabin in Oregon City, within sound of the white wind-blown falls of the Willamette—even in that early time, Lincoln's name began to be a household word in our pioneer circles.

My people—always non-conformists and "come-outers"—were abolitionists of course. So they followed with hot partisanship the famous Lincoln and Douglas debates in the late fifties, debates on the problem of extending slavery into the free states. A little later—having moved to California as a child—I frequently heard the heated shibboleths of the time and caught the spirit of the national struggle.

There was one word that swallowed up all other words—"copperhead." To be called a copperhead, a southern sympathizer, in those days, was to be ostracized, scorned, cast out, spat upon.

I remember also how breathlessly my courageous mother watched the eloquent Starr King swing California for the Union.

In 1861 and after—even in our hill-girdled cattle range in Central California—I was old enough to hear the immense reverberation of the Civil War; and always the name of Lincoln sounded through that battle thunder

as the deep hope-sustaining note of it all.

When the terrible brother-battles were over and I was old enough to read history, I began to be familiar with young Lincoln's early struggles and triumphs. I saw in his early fortunes a counterpart of my own. Back of him I saw hardy pioneer ancestors, all similar to my own, as pictured by my mother in friendly fireside talks. They were woodsmen and raftsmen and surveyors and trail-makers. And I saw young Lincoln in the wilderness, helping to build log cabins, helping to cultivate the hard, resisting soil, helping to hew down the ancient forests.

Here is the crashing climax of Edwin Markham's Lincoln poem:

"And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
 As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
 Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
 And leaves a lonesome place against the sky."

This has been called "the most impressive climax in English poetry." It is sometimes said that the only other climaxes of the same order are found in Poe's "Raven" and in Bryant's "Thanatopsis."

In 1922, when the Congressional Committee, headed by Chief Justice Taft, were looking for a Lincoln poem to be read at the dedication of the Memorial Temple to Lincoln erected by the Government in Washington, D. C., they unanimously chose Edwin Markham's poem as the one most powerful among the two hundred and fifty Lincoln poems now in existence. President Harding delivered the address: Edwin Markham read the poem. There were one hundred thousand listeners on the ground, and three million over the radio.

The poem has called out the highest encomiums. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, of Princeton University, said recently: "Edwin Markham's 'Lincoln' is the greatest poem ever written on the immortal martyr, and the greatest that ever will be written." *The Book News Monthly* proclaimed this opinion: "Edwin Markham undoubtedly stands first among contemporary poets; and his 'Lincoln' and his 'Man With the Hoe' will survive the rack and ruin of time."

These are a few of a thousand tributes; and as they are so remarkable and from authorities so high, we decided that our readers would be glad to have some of the details connected with the original writing of the Lincoln poem. Hence we prevailed on Edwin Markham to tell the story.

Soon I saw him as the tall, stalwart young rail-splitter, saw him in that rude cabin on the Sangamon in wild Illinois—in that cabin with its clay floor, its log walls sealed with mud, its one window-hole covered with an apron, its huge fireplace with its flickering blaze of hickory logs. And I could see young Abe sprawled out before the flaming chimney, pouring over his borrowed book or else ciphering on the smooth blade of his shovel.

At a later period, I saw him as lawyer, as politician, as President, always with his rugged yet glowing spirit,

always lighted with humor, always sensitive to justice, always pleading for human rights, always vibrant with a tender mercy, a noble compassion.

And now, in our own day, nearly seventy years after, Lincoln stands forth as the all-round man in our history, as the supreme man of the Republic.

And yet this immense personality had in him startling contrasts of experience. He won his path to place and power; and yet he lost precious and priceless things on the way—lost his wonder mother, Nancy Hanks, and his wonder sweetheart, Ann Rutledge.

There were in him also startling contrasts of character. He had moments of great jovialities, Olympian laughs—had moments also of gigantic glooms, Tartarian melancholies. In this regard, he was kindred to the great sons of genius, the great masters of literary expression—kindred to Shakespeare whose dramas sparkle with humor and yet also breathe forth the still sad music of humanity—kindred to Carlyle, whose prophetic pages shake with Rabelaisian laughs and also thunder with the prophecies of utter ruin for the world trampled by the blind hoofs of Mammon.

Lincoln never lost hold upon the practical: he saw that common sense is the highest of all revelations. Yet he joined the men—scattered over the ages—the men who carry an unworldly ideal, the men who have hearts of great compassion, the men who are eager to extend social justice, the men who are willing to suffer for a great cause, the men who are willing to take unprofitable risks for unpopular truths. They are the souls who are in touch with the Higher Power, with the One who watches.

These are the men who create in your breast the high poetic emotion. Hence at the name of Lincoln, my heart leaped singing; and for no recompense, only for my love of this lofty soul,

only for the joy of the doing, I promised the poem and plunged with passion into the task.

The call came at the end of 1899, at the end of the nineteenth century. Four grave and reverend seniors, from a rich exclusive New York City club, knocked at my door in Brooklyn, my first home in the crowded East.

I was told that their select company were about to have a Babylonian banquet at Delmonico's to celebrate the first Lincoln birthday anniversary in the twentieth century. The rail-splitter whose early rations

(Continued on page 26)

Has America a Youth Movement?

Or Is It Merely the Meanderings of a Contingent of Cane-Carrying Crusaders?

IS THERE a Youth Movement in America? Answer: There is not!

I interviewed a dozen of the keenest editorial and ministerial minds in the press group and the ministerial group at the Evanston Conference, and unanimously these men agreed that there is no actual Youth Movement in the United States.

Stanley High has stated the case for a Youth Movement in Europe, but he would be hard put to it to convince anybody that there is a Youth Movement in America.

Each year since the war the so-called Youth Movement of America has been diminishing in spirit and size.

At Louisville the Easter meeting was a tumultuous gathering, with most of the tumult over the protests of ex-soldiers against war.

The Indianapolis Conference was milder than the Louisville Conference, and the Evanston Conference was not so turbulent as the average meeting of a Ladies' Aid Society.

It was made up largely of Cane Carrying Crusaders, and not once did the flaming sword of righteous indignation over anything seem to be lifted.

About a thousand students were present and registered, with about three hundred registered non-combatants in the galleries. These non-combatants were largely made up of preachers, teachers, and the curious who like to travel during the holidays to any spot where something may be going on.

We non-combatants went with the idea that there would be something going on; that great international questions would be discussed with some glimmerings of intelligence; that racial questions would be faced frankly and handled with ungloved hands; that social questions would be met with intellectual honesty and sincerity; that family skeletons would be trotted out and dusted off in this annual gathering of the clan.

And, mentioning Klan—up to Tuesday evening it had not even been whispered. There was not as much frankness in the discussion of this question as one may find in the average annual church conference.

About the sanest thing that was said—and the frankest—was said by a Negro girl in these words: "We don't ask you white people for social equality. We don't even ask you to help us up. All we ask is that you will get out of our way

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

and let us help ourselves up!"

In fact the conference could well be classed as a Conference for the Conservation of Conservatism. The youth of our denominational colleges are suffering from three things, according to an innocent bystander who happens to be one of the most brilliant minds in America: "With ignorance of international affairs; with a lack of discipline; and with a conservatism that would be a shame to their elders."

Compared with either the Louisville or the Indianapolis meeting, this conference was mild and gentle. It would have stood unhitched. It might honestly have been called a "Horse and Wagon" Conference.

There was more talk about a young University of Michigan teacher who went on a hunger strike than there was about the World Court. I heard rumors all day Tuesday and Wednesday of this chap's devotion. He had the executive committee worried. One of the prime movers of the conference confessed to me that he hadn't slept one night for thinking about that Martyr who was on a hunger strike. He got me curiously interested in this heroic chap. I pictured to myself a pale, anemic, Lincoln-like fellow, devoted to an ideal.

Strange Reason for Going on a Hunger Strike I sought him out and found him to be a little round-bellied, temperamental boy born in Czecho-Slovakia, who looked like Humpty Dumpty—as fat as a cream puff, with enough superfluous fatty tissue to hibernate all winter. That chap could have gone on a hunger strike for weeks and never have known it. He had enough food stored up to last indefinitely.

When I asked him why he was going on his hunger strike and why he was burdening this harrassed executive committee and making them stay awake nights when world affairs demanded their immediate attention and unceasing devotion, he said: "They won't let me make a speech!"

"Are you a student?" I asked him. "No! I'm a teacher of engineering in the University of Michigan."

"Then you have no right to make a speech, for you are not a member of this conference."

"But when the committee sent out their invitations they said that anybody could make speeches, and I want to make a speech! I've just got to make a speech! I'll starve myself to death if they don't let me make my speech!"

Then the tears came into his eyes. That boy certainly did want to make

a speech. He was willing to starve in order to get a chance to make a speech.

So far as I have been able to discover, he did not make his speech and he did not starve. But there was more gossip in the lobbies, and more talk in the executive committee over this lad's hunger strike than there was over the question of capital and labor.

I even went so far as to take this boy to lunch, but he steadfastly refused to eat. He was in earnest about that desire to make a speech.

He was a symbol of the whole conference. Nearly everybody there had come with that same desire to make a speech. And—

The Four Whose Speech-Making Was Barred most of them made one. A few who were denied this privilege—about four out of the thousand delegates—expressed themselves in the lobbies. What they said was not highly complimentary to the committee that had charge of the speech-making, nor to those who actually made the speeches. In fact, I gathered from those devotional sessions in the lobbies that all the real speakers had been eliminated by the committee on oratory. These outcast orators, these eliminated elocutionists admitted to me and other curious onlookers that much priceless eloquence was being overlooked.

The only reason why more of them didn't go on hunger strikes was because my friend from Czecho-Slovakia thought of it first and it had lost its originality.

About the only persons who didn't make speeches at that conference were myself, the men who really sat behind the scenes to manipulate the lights and the smoke screens, and the janitor. And even the janitor broke over one afternoon when the session lasted until long past his mealtime, but his speech would not be fit to print in this pious paper.

The most momentous question settled at the conference was the decision of one speaker, shouting with a grand gesture of eloquence and a ring of renunciation: "Let's not scrap the Church!"

I felt greatly relieved at this. I looked in the newspapers the next day

to see if the reporters had caught its full significance. I expected to see a big black headline

across the front pages of the newspapers of the world: "YOUTH DECIDES NOT TO SCRAP THE CHURCH!" But they were not there! The speaker's magnanimous oratory, however, seemed to meet the unanimous approval of the students. I trembled (Concluded on page 31)

The Truth About the Bixby Letter

Dr. Barton Believes Lincoln Actually Wrote to Mrs. Bixby, But Thinks That Any Existing Copies Are Forgeries

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

THE letter of President Abraham Lincoln to Mrs. Lydia Bixby, of Boston, extending to her his own and the nation's sympathy in the loss of her five sons given in defense of the Union cause, stands alone in the history of the English language. When President Woodrow Wilson had occasion to write a letter of sympathy to the mothers of the American marines who were killed in the Vera Cruz affair, he conferred with Honorable Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, and both felt unequal to the occasion. By agreement Secretary Daniels, acting with consent and in the name of the President, sent to each of these mothers a copy of Lincoln's letter. Woodrow Wilson was no mean master of the English tongue, and had a just estimate of his own ability to say what needed to be said and say it well. But he confessed his own inadequacy in the presence of Lincoln's letter to Mrs. Bixby.

The question has recently been raised whether President Lincoln really wrote the letter, or whether it was a forgery. Several reasons are given for the doubt.

First, the original cannot be found. It was said to be in the collection of J. Pierpont Morgan, but it is not there. Several persons have claimed to own it, but on examination their copies prove to have been mechanical reproductions. It is affirmed in many quarters that the original is framed at Oxford University in England, either in the Bodleian Library or in Brasenose or Baliol College, but it is not there. Oxford wishes that it were there, and would give much to own it, but the university authorities are compelled to tell American tourists that they have never seen it. F. Lauriston Bullard, of the Boston *Herald*, was recently in Oxford, and his discovery that the Bixby letter was not where he had expected to find it has raised the question of its whereabouts. No answer has come to this inquiry. Lincoln's letter to general Joseph Hooker recently sold at auction for more than \$10,000. It would be worth \$25,000, probably, to any one who could find the Bixby letter in an attic trunk and who would be willing to part with it. But it cannot be found. Furthermore, the facsimiles vary

slightly from each other, and it is doubtful whether they could have been made from the same original.

I am asked to answer the questions raised in this matter, and I am glad to be able to do so.

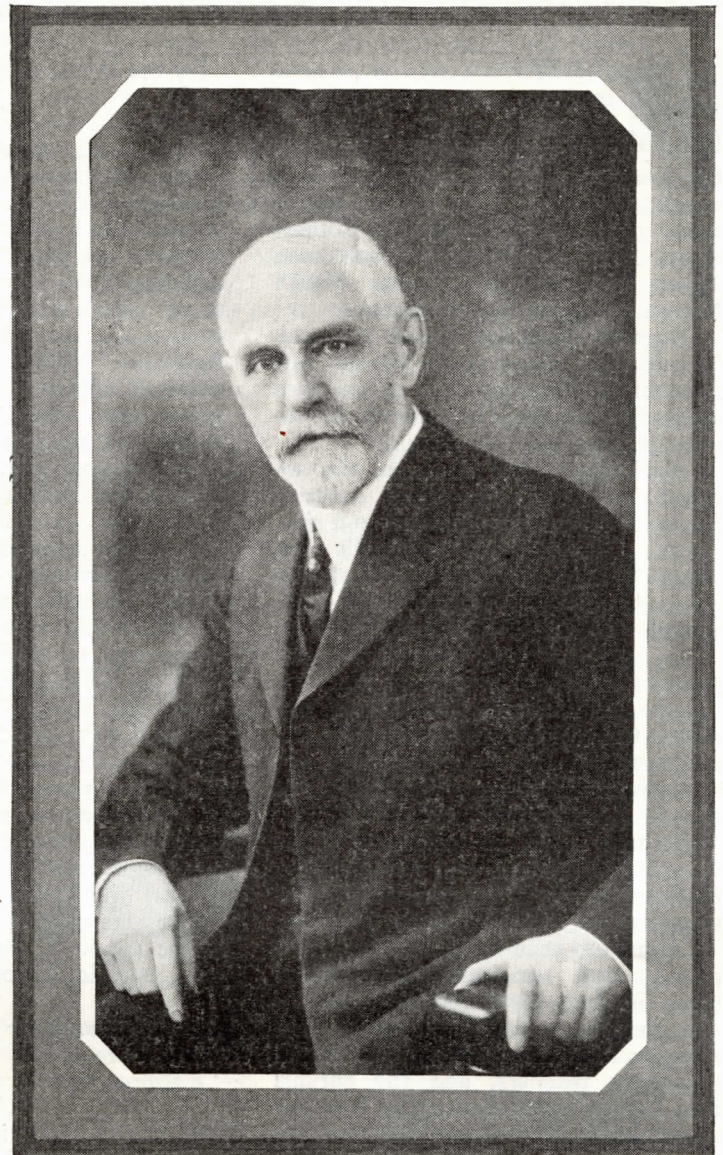
The text of the Lincoln letter to Mrs. Bixby is genuine. It is supported by a considerable amount of documentary evidence. It was written by request of Governor John A. Andrew, of Massachusetts, on a recommendation of Adjutant General William Schouler. I have examined all the correspondence in this case, and have photostat copies which are before me as I write.

Lincoln wrote the letter and the text was published in the Boston newspapers within a week after it was written.

I am sorry to say, however, that I am not convinced of the genuineness of any of the reproductions. I have increasing doubt whether any of them are genuine. The story of possible forgery here is an involved one, and my own first judgments have undergone marked change as the result of this investigation. Frankly, I doubt not only the present existence of the Bixby letter, but question seriously whether any of the pretended facsimile reproductions were made from a genuine original. I think them a forgery made for commercial purposes.

But the text of the letter is genuine. Lincoln actually wrote it.

The question does not end there. When I first looked into this matter a good many years ago, I made a rather shocking discovery. So far as I know, my *Life of Lincoln* is the only book that tells the truth about this letter,



William E. Barton, well-known authority on Lincolniana.

and in that the story is condensed.

Mrs. Bixby did not lose five sons in the Union Army. Lincoln was misinformed. If he had known the truth he would not have written the letter.

The information which Adjutant General Schouler furnished to Governor Andrew, and which Governor Andrew passed on to the War Department with the request that Lincoln write the letter to Mrs. Bixby, gave the following as the list of her sons, with their regiments and the dates of their death:

"1. Sergeant Charles N. Bixby, Company D, 20th Regiment Massachusetts Infantry, mustered in, July 26, 1862; killed at Fredericksburg, May 3, 1863.

"2. Corporal Henry C. Bixby, Company K, 32nd Regiment, mustered in, August 5, 1862; killed at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.

"3. Private Edward Bixby, recruit for 22nd Massachusetts Volunteers. 'He ran away from home, and was mustered in the field. He died of wounds at Folly Island, South Carolina.'

"4. Private Oliver C. Bixby, Company E, 58th Massachusetts Volunteers, mustered in, March 4, 1864; killed before Petersburg, July 30, 1864.

"5. Private George Way Bixby, Company C, 56th Massachusetts Volunteers, mustered in, March 19, 1864; killed before Petersburg, July 30, 1864."

This is the information on the basis of which President Lincoln acted.

Here are the facts:

Cromwell and Lydia Bixby were married at Hopkinton, Massachusetts, September 26, 1826. She was twenty-five years of age, having been born in 1801. They had six sons and three daughters. There is a bare possibility that there was a seventh son, but I think John Bixby a second cousin and not a brother. The children, in the order of their ages, beginning in 1827, were Susan, Oliver Cromwell, Henry Cromwell, Caroline E., George Way, Charles N., Edward, Anna L., and Andrew Parker. The last, born in 1849, was named for his maternal grandfather.

Cromwell Bixby died December 22, 1854, and is buried at Hopkinton.

Mrs. Bixby drifted into Boston, probably with two of her sons, who went there for employment. They were shoemakers, working for wages in the employ of a shoemaking establishment. Charles and Edward followed this calling; Oliver was a shoemaker, but sometimes called himself a mechanic. Henry, too, made shoes, and so did George. Oliver and George were married, George apparently not very happily. Oliver left at least two sons and a daughter and has grandchildren and great-grandchildren living near Wolfboro, New Hampshire, where their mother died in 1914.

Mrs. Bixby never owned a home in Boston but drifted from one lodging house to another. I find her in a new place almost every year and in some years she changed more than once. All of her homes given in the directory were in humble neighborhoods. Now and then she lived with her daughter Susan in Providence.

Bearing on the question of Mrs. Bixby's veracity, which, unfortunately, we are under necessity of raising, it must be recorded that a few days

The Lincoln Letter to Mrs. Bixby, of Boston.

DEAR MADAM: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

after September 17, 1862, Mrs. Bixby called at the office of the Adjutant General with a pitiful story. She said her son had been wounded in the Battle of Antietam, fought on that date, and was in a hospital either in Baltimore or Washington. She had no money to go to him. Adjutant General Schouler related this story, verbally it would seem, to Governor Andrew, and the governor, a most kind-hearted man, drew his check for forty dollars. So far as the record goes, she did not name the son. Of all her sons, only Charles N. was in the battle at Antietam, and

neither the casualty reports of the battle nor the monthly reports of his regiment, the 20th, indicate that he was wounded. The 32nd, to which Henry belonged, was at Antietam, but was not in the fight and suffered no reported casualties.

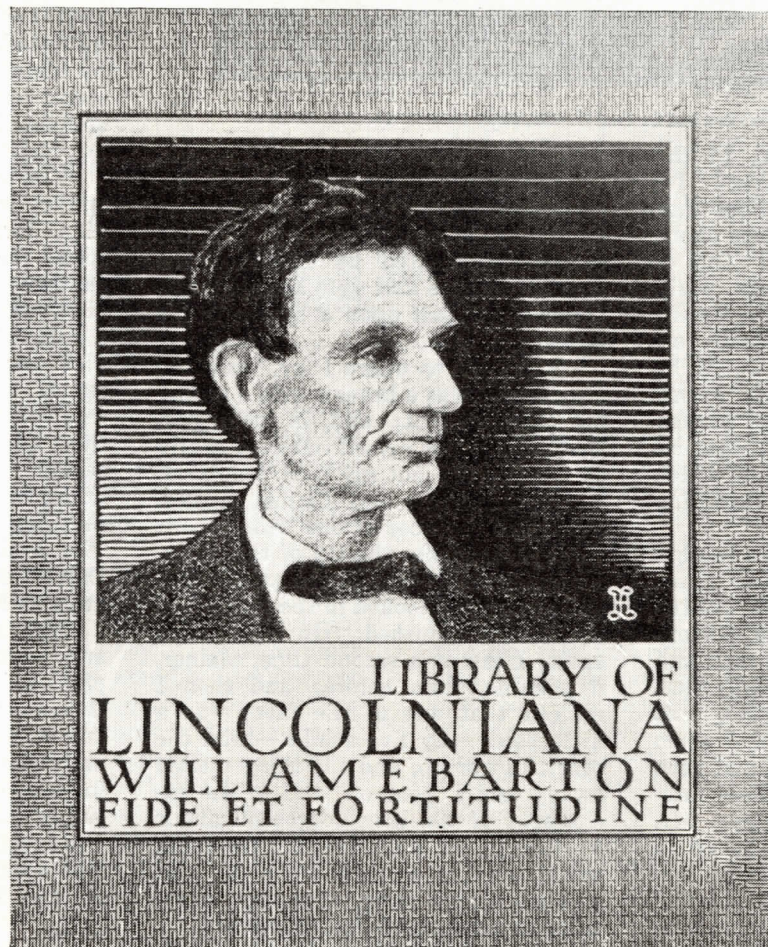
It may further be mentioned that when Mrs. Bixby first got her name in the Boston newspapers, she was receiving assistance "from the Churches and Christian women of Boston."

She may have believed that one of her sons was wounded. It is not certain that she intended to deceive. But I am afraid she did not return the governor's forty dollars.

In that year, 1864, Massachusetts was making a special effort to send a New England Thanksgiving dinner to every Massachusetts soldier. General Schouler wrote a letter for the Boston *Transcript* saying that, while this was well, the good people of Boston ought not to forget that there were families in Boston whose fathers or brothers or sons were in the army, and who were as much in need of Thanksgiving dinners as were the soldiers themselves. He spoke of one woman who had lost five sons, and hoped that she would receive not only a dinner but some coal.

On Thanksgiving morning he visited Mrs. Bixby in person, taking with him not only the dinner, and the order for coal, but a considerable sum in cash which had come in response to his appeal. How much money he had received we do not know, but the *Transcript*, following the matter up, reported that already Mrs. Bixby had been receiving assistance "from the Churches and Christian ladies of Boston." He took her a substantial sum in addition.

But he carried something else to her. It was a letter from the President of the United States, dated November 21, which was Monday, and which reached Schouler on Wednesday. Apparently he took time to copy it for the newspapers, for it appeared in the Boston *Transcript* on Friday afternoon, in the *Advertiser* and perhaps other papers next morning. In the December issue of the *Army and Navy Journal*, which was printed about the (Concluded on page 22)



Dr. Barton's Lincoln bookplate.

Lincoln's Premonitions of Death

Warned of Assassination,
Lincoln Dreamed of It

By F. L. BLACK



Wood block of Abraham Lincoln's face cut by Paul Honore, based on Volk's original life mask.

DID President Lincoln, in the weeks preceding April 14, 1865, have premonitions that his ship of destiny was about to set sail for unknown seas? One of his friends¹ states that from early youth, Mr. Lincoln had a presentiment that he would die a violent death, or, rather, that his final days would be marked by some great tragic event. Lincoln was a mystic, and was warned by so many to guard against assassination that it was often in his mind, which may explain his sometimes dreaming of it.

In many ways he was also a fatalist and refused consciously to worry about the time or manner of his death, yet the deep impression made on his subconscious mind by reading in his mail and hearing from friends almost daily that his assassination or abduction was being plotted had its effect, and when the gates of subconsciousness had been opened by sleep, out rushed these foreboding dreams. While neither Mr. Lincoln nor Mrs. Lincoln believed in dreams, they were both much impressed and haunted by some of the President's.² "It seems strange how much there is in the Bible about dreams," Mr. Lin-

coln was once heard to remark.

Just after his election in 1860, according to a story he told his secretary, John Hay, he was "tired out" with the excitement created by receiving the election returns and went home to rest, throwing himself upon a lounge in his room.

"Opposite to where I lay," said the President, "was a bureau with a swinging glass upon it; and, in looking in that glass, I saw myself reflected nearly at full length; but my face, I noticed, had two separate and distinct images, the tip of the nose of one being about three inches from the tip of the other. I was a little bothered, perhaps startled, and got up and looked in the glass; but the illusion vanished. On lying down again, I saw it a second time, plainer, if possible, than before; and then I noticed that one of the faces was a little paler—say five shades—than the other. I got up, and the thing melted away; and I went off, and in the excitement of the hour forgot all about it—nearly, but not quite, for the thing would once in a while come up, and give me a little pang, as though something uncomfortable had happened.

"When I went home, I told my wife about it: and a few days after I tried the experiment again, when, sure

enough, the thing came back again; but I never succeeded in bringing the ghost back after that, though I once tried very industriously to show it to my wife, who was worried about it somewhat. She thought it was 'a sign' that I was to be elected to a second term of office, and that the paleness of one of the faces was an omen that I should not see life through the last term."³

The White House has always been a magnet for crank reformers and paranoiacs of all types, and it is doubtful that there has ever been a President whose assassination was not threatened or attempted by some insane person. Mr. Lincoln had lived face to face with possible assassination since his first entrance into Washington as head of the nation, for soon after his election, threats were made that he would never be permitted to take the oath of office⁴ and on his way to Washington in February, 1861, for his first inauguration, he and his friends were warned at Philadelphia by Allan Pinkerton, then head of the secret service, that there was a plot to assassinate the President-elect when he reached Baltimore.

The leader in the assassination conspiracy was an Italian fanatic, Fernandino, formerly a barber at Barnum's Hotel, Baltimore, who advocated the assassination of Lincoln to prevent abolition and had gathered around him a circle of secessionist enthusiasts. The plot was discovered by secret service agents, who reported that Fernandino was willing to take any chances to kill Mr. Lincoln and had extravagantly stated, "I am destined to die, shrouded with glory, I shall immortalize myself by plunging a knife into Lincoln's heart." The deed was to be committed at the Calvert street railway station in Baltimore as Mr. Lincoln passed through.

Mr. Lincoln was told about the plot and induced secretly to change his plans so as to travel incognito through Baltimore in the middle of the night and on a different train than he originally intended. (Allan Pinkerton denies [p. 102] the truth of a story that has gained much currency that Mr. Lincoln was disguised in a Scotch cap and plaid.) The conspirators, warned by the news of the President's (Continued on page 28)

¹Alex K. McClure, *Yarns*, p. 497.
²"Rec.," Lamon, pp. 115, 117.

³*The Life of Abraham Lincoln From His Birth to His Inauguration as President*, by Ward H. Lamon, James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, 1872, pp. 476-7.
⁴*The Spy of the Rebellion*, Pinkerton, p. 45.



MR. FORD'S PAGE

PEOPLE used to talk a great deal about the means by which success may be earned; the emphasis now is on the fruits of success. Once a young man was willing to serve his apprenticeship at discipline and build up a capacity for usefulness; now the temptation is to think first of the pay. That is, where formerly the initial interest was in the individual's investment of energy, experience and industry, now it is in the dividends.

Longfellow's "learn to labor and to wait" seems slow to this generation. Still, there have been no substitutes found for learning, laboring and waiting. Knowledge, industry and the ripening of experience and judgment are still the inevitable elements of success. Where they exist, there is success.

Learn. Labor. Wait. The man who *knows* will always find more opportunity than the man who does not know. The man who *knows how* will always have a wider way than the man who has to be *told how*. The man who *knows why* will always be a peg above the man who only *knows how*. There is always something to know, whatever the job may be, always more to learn, for that is the way progress is made.

A small group of men were given work with which they were not familiar, and a man who *knows how and why* was put with them to give them all he knew. Did the group welcome this? Only a minority of them. The minority figured that this instruction was making them worth more and was costing them only the effort to learn; they were being enabled to increase their investment in themselves by a little attention. But the others felt that they were being somehow imposed on. They were paid to work not to learn, they said! And these are the men who most frequently look for "raises"!

It simply illustrates the low view men take of themselves. They want their pay to be "raised" but they do not want to elevate their inherent worth. If anyone told them that they were mere draft animals and not minds, they would be insulted; yet by refusing to conduct themselves as minds they simply emphasized their likeness to draft animals.

Not long ago a man went to speak to the younger students at a trade school which was provided by the industry concerned. The school was designed to permit men to rise from the degree of laborer to that of mechanic by teaching them what otherwise they

could only learn at cost of time and school fees. He asked one young fellow a question and the lad replied, "Oh, the company does this just to get more out of us." "But," said the man, "when you leave they don't take away from you what they have taught you, do they?"

Under the sway of that peculiar form of unprogressive philosophy which seeks to keep back the workers of the country, this lad failed to see that it was himself who was receiving most.

It is rather sad to see men victimized by this curious method of self-depreciation. Yet that is the stock-in-trade of most of the "labor" doctrine which is being preached today.

Learn. Labor. Wait. This combination cannot be beaten because it is rooted in natural law.

Labor is compulsory. All of us must do it. The only labor that is pitiable is that which proceeds without the accompaniment of learning. It is that kind of labor which spells drudgery. Drudgery is witless work, thoughtless toil. Drudgery does not spring from the job, but from the drudge who performs it.

When it comes to waiting, another element enters. Man does not comprise the universe but coöperates with it. When a farmer plants the seed, the matter is then largely out of his hand; the earth takes it up where he left off. Man has certain causes within his control, but when he has given the impulse it is taken up and carried to completion by forces be-

yond him. We utter the sound with our throat, but the air, as we say, carries it along to another's ear.

This is where man links up with the invisible forces to which are given various names, and of whose existence humanity has never harbored a collective doubt. There is, in the invisible universe, that which takes up what we initiate and fulfills it according to its kind. The seed of desire or faith or action sets forth on its processes under the care of universal law, and arrives at its destined development. Men are planting those seeds all the time. The man who is diligent in the planting of good seed will find after while that he always has something coming to fulfillment, to fruition. And as the period of waiting between is filled with labor, there is no fruitless waiting.

"Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

LEARNING, laboring and waiting are the ingredients of achievement. It is strange how reluctant men are to learn in connection with work. Yet it is only thus that work is made to yield its best and imperishable wage. Physical support is the immediate wage of work; mental and moral increase is the preferred profit; while what we call success is the increased capital by which life gains wider opportunity for usefulness. Waiting may better be named the period during which the causes which men set in motion are carried to completion by invisible forces. It is a period to be filled by more labor that continuous completions may fill the future years.

EDITORIALS

Lincoln

NO ONE can explain Lincoln. He came out of the invisible, walked up to his task, performed it, and went back into the invisible again. America will always have such a man in such a crisis. We cannot analyze such men but we know the soil in which they nourish their roots. It is the common soil of the earth and the common thought of the race. Nothing can be expected from asphalt and ephemeral "modernism." The one does not offer space enough, nor the other time enough. The majority of our people live far from both, in space and in spirit. They will give rootage to another such as Lincoln when the time of need, the time for his appearing, comes again.

The New Method

ONCE upon a time it was the people who had to be persuaded upon a great issue. Care was taken to give them the facts, the arguments, and observe their reactions. Nowadays the people may go hang. The focus of effort is the legislative assembly. The method is to raise such a racket in the vicinity of the legislature that it will believe the whole country has risen in demand for a certain measure. Woodrow Wilson had a habit which all President's would do well to cultivate: he used to go to his windows and look far across Washington, into The Country—into The United States. Recently the country's only interest in certain questions has been to inform the Government that the noise it hears is not made by The Country.

With a Capital "S"

"FLORIDA Society Chuckles Over Snub" reads the headline. It is a type of newspaper story that requires no effort to believe. It is so like Society! There is honor among thieves, there is charity among the poor, there is sincerity among plain folk, but Society has never claimed, has never been credited with even the elementary social virtues. There is nothing social about Society—it is anti-social as regards itself, and it represents the anti-social elements with reference to human society at large. Society is not a coterie of congenial souls; nor the natural assembly of the cultured; it is not the meeting-place of kindred tastes, purposes or principles. It is not in any

sense social. It is full of jealousy, dislike, resentment, vicious antagonisms, insincerity, vulgar ostentation and nervous apprehension. Of course Society will chuckle over a snub!—if someone else has courage enough to administer it. Those with courage enough to administer snubs for cause are not found in Society.

There is need for a new name for that crowd which meets around in one corner of the town and calls itself society with a capital "S." It is not society.

Holy Horror!

THE pot is calling the kettle black. The seller of \$1-(and more)-a-gallon gasoline calls the seller of \$1-a-pound rubber a robber. The dollar's worth of rubber lasts longer, is worth more, than the dollar's worth of gasoline; under dollar rubber the motor industry has flourished, but under dollar gasoline it is greatly restricted. Not that either of them can be defended. And we are not attempting to defend them. We take the position of the consumer that they are both always too high. But to see the United States, the home of gigantic monopoly, perform such contortions of agony over the one ewe monopolistic lamb of another country is rather wonderful. Let the cartoonist draw Gasoline, Aluminum and Cotton holding up their hands in holy horror over the goings on of Rubber.

Burglary and the Bible

HERE is one by the Rev. B. T. Cornell, that is worth pondering:

"Anyone would be foolish to contend that mere reading of the Bible in public schools would revolutionize the morals of the Nation overnight. It seems equally unwise to assert that it would make no improvement in a generation. The burglary insurance rate is:

\$12.00 a \$1000 in Boston

\$22.00 a \$1000 in New York

\$27.50 a \$1000 in Chicago

"Is there any connection between these figures and the fact that the Bible has been read daily in the public schools of Boston for 65 years, for 22 years in New York, and excluded for 30 years from the schools in Chicago?"

Supposing these statements to have been true at any time, they suggest a connection between private morality and public security.

The World Court and the People

WHATEVER may have occurred in the Senate before this editorial appears, certain things need to be said and will always be true. Propaganda for the World Court has proceeded unchallenged in this country for a long time. Unchallenged, because the public assumed that disposal of the question of our entering the League of Nations also disposed of the question of our entering the League's Court. In the Court we are under the Law of the League, and that was precisely what the United States did not want.

When, however, propaganda assumed that lack of challenge meant agreement, and Congress was besieged on this assumption, it became necessary to prevent misapprehension by taking up the issue. It is an issue whose statement cannot safely be left to pulpits and women's clubs. This reference is not made in disrespect, but in full knowledge of their susceptibility to unreliable propaganda.

It became necessary to state to the people that the terms of our entry into the Court were set up in the constitution of the Court itself and that platform promises or pulpit prophecies made no difference whatever. Better buy Florida real estate on the rosy say-so of the East Side faker than approve our entry into the World Court on the say-so of men and women whose only authorities are nice little pamphlets that give only half the facts and misstate most of those.

This call to the American people thoroughly to understand what they were doing before they acted has been denounced as everything that a propagandist can think of when cornered.

Anyone who wants the American people to bind themselves to an agreement they do not understand, and which if they did understand they would reject, should be honest enough to admit that this is precisely his purpose. Some feel that it is justifiable to trick the nation into the League. There is not an intelligent supporter of our entry into the World Court who does not know that it would represent our entry into the League by the back door. But he may feel that by sneaking us into the League, unbeknown even to ourselves, that he is doing good by stealth. This is a peculiar form of political immorality to be guarded against.

Now, there are two things which are pretty certain in the controversy. One is that when the people understand that the Court is the bait, hook, line and sinker of the League, they will stay out of it.

The other is, that if the Senate is pushed

into the League by the pressure of Big Business (for this matter has become largely the adopted child of international banking) the people will repudiate the Court upon the first occasion that it attempts to exercise its jurisdiction over the United States.

It may be that by the time this editorial appears in print the Court may have been shoved onto the country through the Senate. That will not at all affect the truth and timeliness of what is said here. It remains true whichever way events may fall. And the truth is this: that entry into the Court puts us under the Law of the League; and the first exercise of the Law of the League upon the United States or in the affairs of the Western Hemisphere will result in our repudiation of the Court.

Nothing so drastic as the exercise of the Court's power upon our affairs is contemplated, however. Therein lies the dishonesty of the whole matter. As a great power we shall be immune. We have taken care of that, largely, in the so-called "reservations" which are being insisted upon, but which do not legally reserve. There are no reservations in our adherence to the Constitution of the United States, and there can be no reservation in our adherence to the Constitution of the League of Nations. What is proposed is that we shall enter upon a relationship in which we are not sincere, the purpose of which is to further American financial exploitation of certain countries, although the ostensible reason is righteousness and peace.

There is only one contingency in which the Law of the League would be brought to bear on American affairs in a manner that would compel us to repudiate it, and that would be a desire on the part of the nations to place us in an impossible position where the League could declare us an outlaw nation and order the rest of the world to make economic and military war upon us. It is not inconceivable; it is not impossible. And our insincere entry into the Court would make us deserving of it. It is a possibility to which Americans should hesitate to subject their country.

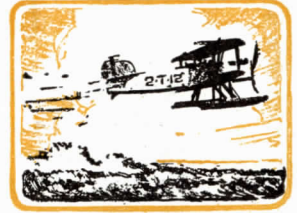
It is the belief of most thoughtful citizens that the question of the World Court should have as wide and thorough a discussion before the Nation as did Article X of the Covenant of the League of Nations. That is all that this paper is urging. Discussion among the people seems to have been abandoned in favor of paid propagandist pressure on the Senate.

Those who oppose discussion of the World Court by impartial minds thereby confess the weakness of their cause.

Aviation from the Navy's Viewpoint



Showing the Actual Relation Between
"Gadflies" and "Bulldogs" as Protectors



PART I.

By CAPTAIN W. S. PYE, U.S.N.

ILLUSTRATED WITH OFFICIAL PHOTO-
GRAPHS, U. S. NAVY.

DURING the last several years, especially during the periods in which Congress has been in session, an intensive publicity campaign has been conducted in our newspapers and periodicals with a view to impressing the people of the United States, first, with the importance of aircraft in the national defense, and, second, with the necessity of an Air Service independent of the Army and Navy and under a separate cabinet officer.

The authors of this publicity include many officers of the Army Air Service, a few naval aviators, and certain civilian interests identified with aircraft production. Most of these air enthusiasts are conscientious in their convictions as to the paramount importance of the aeronautical element of national defense and truly believe that the War and Navy departments are not devoting to aeronautics the funds, personnel, or consideration which it deserves.

Many of the more radical, through lack of knowledge or disregard of larger and more intricate problems involved in the conduct of war, have permitted themselves to be misled as to the value of an air force as an independent element of national defense by false reasoning from the extravagant claims for present and future performances of aircraft, and by the results of experiments in bombing ships, which experiments were of a purely tactical character.

Some of those who are most enthusiastic for an Independent Air Service would undoubtedly profit by its establishment. The creation of a new service would insure an increase in rank and pay for most of the officer

aviators who are supporting it, and the aircraft producers would be benefited by the increased expenditure for airplanes, which such service would immediately demand. In fairness to naval aviators, it should be stated that although they, too, might attain higher rank and pay in a new service, very few of them favor an Independent Air Service.

The proponents of the Independent Air Service would remove aviation from control of the Army and Navy and unite the Army Air Service and Naval Aviation under the control of this Independent Air Service.

The Navy has consistently opposed the formation of an Independent Air Service because it firmly believes that aircraft are of the greatest importance to the Navy and that an efficient naval air arm can be developed only as a part of the naval service. This active opposition to the Independent Air Service idea has caused its advocates to attack

the Navy, and in countering this attack the Navy has been placed in a position which, to many, has made it appear that the Navy is opposed to the development of aeronautics.

The Navy is not opposed to the fullest development of aircraft; in fact the United States Navy has developed aircraft to a greater extent than has any other navy. What the Navy is opposed to is an attempt to reduce its efficiency by wresting its aircraft from it, and an attempt to create distrust in the professional ability of the personnel of the existing agencies of national defense. An attack with such objectives is in itself a serious thing, but more serious when, as in this case, it is based on half-truths, misrepresentation, and fantastical claims.

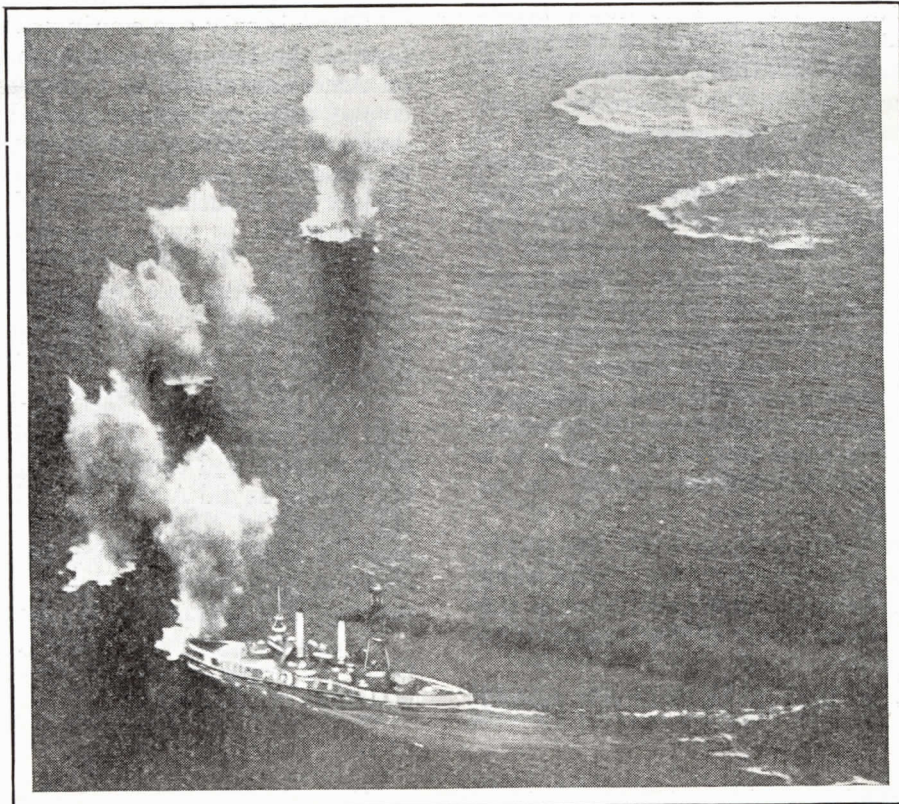
It is easy enough to criticise when no responsibility is attached.

In that part of their propaganda directed primarily against the Navy, the advocates of the Independent Air Service have endeavored to convince the public:

First—that the present and probable future development of aircraft has made the surface combatant ship obsolete.

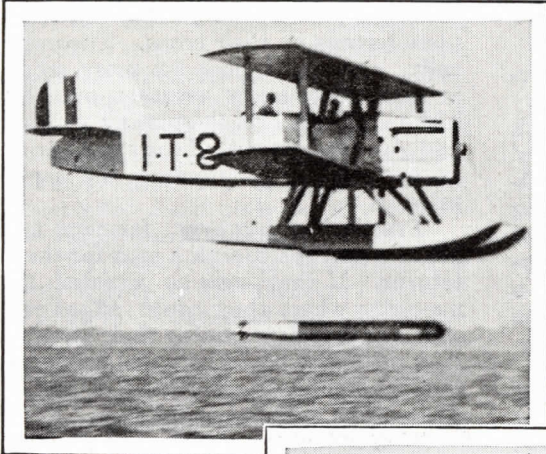
Second—that the Navy is not sympathetic to the fullest development and use of aircraft; is too conservative, and too much engrossed with ships to develop aircraft efficiently.

Third—to attain the greatest efficiency in national defense, there should be organized a combatant air service independent of the Army and Navy under a separate cabinet officer, and that the present Army Air Service and Naval air forces should be branches of this independent service temporarily assigned to duty with the Army and Navy.



Shell splashes, photographed during experimental firing at the former *Iowa* while operating under radio control.

For purposes of publicity, sensational statements are valuable. It is not strange, therefore, that in this publicity the public has been beguiled by fantastical claims for the present and future performances of aircraft, but it is regrettable that persons ostensibly concerned for the future of this nation should attempt to influence public



battleships. The conditions under which these vessels were attacked no more resembled war conditions than rifle target practice represents an infantry engagement. It was like lion shooting on a clear sunny day with the lion securely tied by each foot.

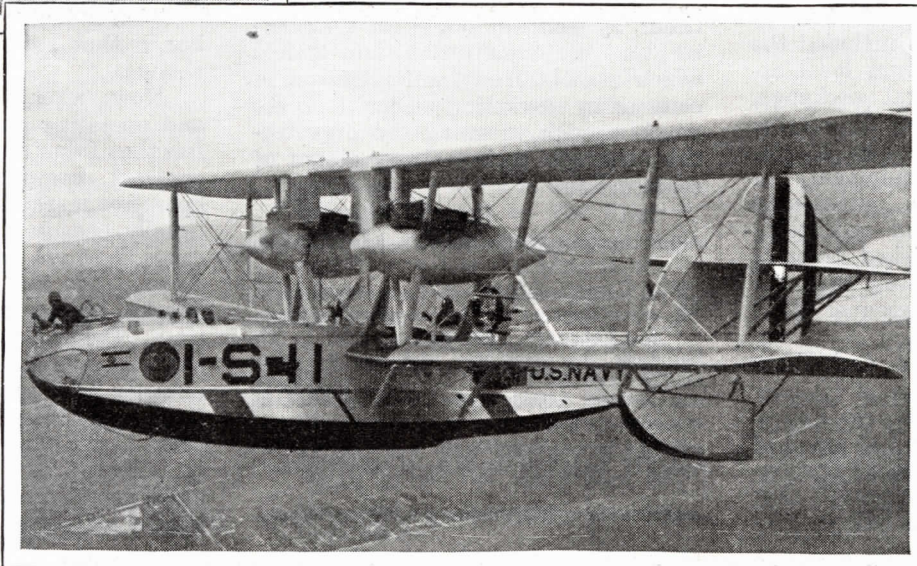
These experiments were designed to determine the material efficiency of existing aircraft and the effectiveness of existing aircraft bombs against steel plates in the forms of ships. The Navy had a dual object: to determine the effectiveness of the aircraft and their bombs; and to determine how naval construction could be improved to resist the explosive effect of bombs. The Air Service advocates had but one objective, namely, to sink the vessels quickly in order to create a public opinion favorable to aviation.

opinion by perverting the results of bombing tests, exhibiting motion pictures which give decidedly false impressions, and publishing statements which cannot be supported by reason or logic.

Clear perversion of the results of bombing tests against certain ex-German ships and obsolete American battleships is contained in articles which have been published in many of the leading newspapers and periodicals of the country.

Except for the accuracy tests with dummy bombs against the obsolete United States battleship *Iowa* operating under radio control, the bombing tests which have been conducted have involved no difficulties in the operation of aircraft. The Army planes were not allowed to participate in the *Iowa* tests, as the planes were required to go too far from land to make their participation practicable. The next experiments, in which the Army participated at the invitation of the Navy, consisted of attacks with bombs of various weights against ex-German war vessels. At a later date three obsolete American battleships were bombed, chiefly by the Army Air Service.

The vessels actually sunk by aircraft bombs were these ex-German war vessels (a submarine, a destroyer, a light cruiser, and a battleship), and the above-mentioned obsolete American



Three types of airplane mentioned in this article: Upper left—Navy torpedo plane photographed while launching a torpedo. Center—Late model scouting plane. Lower right—Division of navy fighting planes in formation.

The conditions of the experiments denied to these vessels all means of defense. The submarine could not submerge; the destroyer could not steam at high speed on varying courses; the light cruiser and battleships could not change course, use anti-aircraft batteries, or be supported by fighting planes for their protection. These vessels could have been sunk in less time by torpedoes fired from destroyers or submarines or even by mines towed against their sides by lowly tugs.

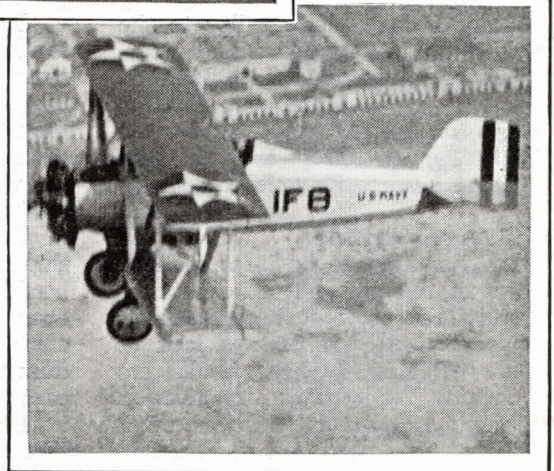
Furthermore, these vessels, if they had been actual enemy vessels, could have carried out their mission of controlling sea lines of communication without approaching the area within which the planes were capable of operating from a base on shore.

The *Frankfurt*, a light cruiser with very little armor protection, was one of

the ex-German vessels sunk. The attacks were made with the lighter bombs first in order to gain information of the damage sustained. Forty-six passages over the target were made by one or more planes either to drop bombs or obtain data for sights. The planes employed were nine Navy F5L, twelve Army Martin Bombers and five Navy Martin Bombers. A total of seventy-four bombs were dropped. Twelve direct hits and several hits close enough to have a mining effect sank the ship, 7 hours and 45 minutes after the first attack. Had the heavier bombs been used first, this time probably would have been less.

Although attention has been drawn to the absence of any possible means of defense, there is no intention to give the inference that vessels cannot be sunk by bombs from aircraft under war conditions. They can be, but the efficiency of such attacks will be very much less in war than in peace.

The motion pictures ostensibly representing the sinking of ex-German ships during the bombing experiments have been put together as cleverly as an animated cartoon, from scraps of filmstaken at various times and places. A false impression is created by the apparent continuity of the films.



These films, it appears to the Navy, have been prepared purely as propaganda by a certain group of air enthusiasts who desire to belittle the Navy before the public, and to convince the public that surface ships are no longer of any value. The spectacular sinking of these old ships serves a point in publicity for an Independent Air Service.

The films are mis- (Concluded on page 20)

"Burned Spuds"—How It Happened

When Cooperative Marketing Went Up in Smoke

TWO of the country's biggest and most important cooperative marketing ventures have gone up in smoke. In the ruins of the conflagration, among the debris, are the charred and unrecognizable remains of the plans, hopes and work of three years borne in the minds of a group of men who worked without pause day and night to construct their ideas into practical and profitable business adventures for the American potato grower.

When I completed the organization and incorporation of the Maine Potato Growers' Exchange in April, 1923, it represented an association of 3,100 growers, a tangible acreage of nearly 60,000 acres pledged to a five-year cooperative marketing program, an airtight legal structure that included the members, thirty-one district local association units, a central exchange, seven subsidiary warehousing corporations, warehouses, storage plants, grading and handling equipment, car linings, registered brands, nation-wide selling arrangements and marketing facilities, and a hand-picked body of trustees, governing boards and the strongest managing personnel that could be found.

What more could be desired to make for success?

At this writing the Maine Potato Growers' Exchange, after two years of operation, is in the process of liquidation. The adventure has proved that the plans of the organizers lacked three solid fundamentals.

Again, I must plead guilty to the charge of having organized and incorporated the Minnesota Potato Growers' Exchange. To that I must admit the fact that I was its general manager for its first and only year of operation.

Can the average business man or farmer appreciate what it means to construct one of these organizations?

Our problem was always lack of funds. In Maine, it is true, funds were not lacking for strictly organization purposes. A local organization called the Aroostook Federation of Farmers, a successful farmers' fertilizer-buying association, not only advanced me organization funds, but also loaned me its offices and its capable manager, Ray C. Gary, who later became the secretary-treasurer of the Maine Exchange.

In Minnesota, organization funds were borrowed from business men, bankers and railroad officials time and again, with no security or promise of repayment. When these borrowings were finally repaid the act so astonished

By S. G. RUBINOW

In *The Country Gentleman* for February. These excerpts published by permission.

the lenders that they turned the interest back to the Exchange.

These campaigns, starting with nothing and ending up in large farmers' corporations doing business in the millions, require funds for offices, mailing lists, postage, circular letters, house organs, salaries, travel expenses, equipment, meetings, conventions and a thousand and one different but necessary things.

A Large Number Failed to Pay Their Dues

I have heard it stated a number of times, by men who ought to know better, that the organization dues or fees which are obtained from members in commodity marketing associations are ample enough to swing the organizations through their primary stages of construction.

A notable article on farmer's cooperative appears in *The Country Gentleman* for February. Its author, Mr. S. G. Rubinow, was associated with Aaron Sapiro in the organization of several cooperative associations, among them the two potato associations named in the article. His experience and frankness are of value to students in search of the facts of cooperation.

Such fees usually range from three to ten dollars per contract. It must be remembered, however, that most of the so-called commodity associations have been organized in a period of acute agricultural depression when the farmers were supposed to be broke or at least not possessing any ready cash.

Fully one-half of Maine's membership failed to pay their five-dollar membership dues when they joined the Exchange. In Minnesota less than 3,000 out of the 14,000 members paid their dues when they signed the marketing contracts of their Exchange.

I have known times in the organization of the Minnesota Exchange when employes of the organization staff and I advanced money out of our own pockets to tide the campaign over. It's not the right way to build farmers' marketing associations.

Farmers should go into their own marketing exchanges not because they have nothing to lose by joining but because they believe that the movement is sound economically and because they want to gain something by joining.

But there were other factors that made for failure.

I don't believe any system of cooperative marketing will ever survive that makes it necessary for the farmers to wait a year before getting the complete returns on their crops. Theoretically, a seasonal pool for most crops is sound because it averages out the highs and lows of a fluctuating market and gives the growers of the same variety and quality of product the same price.

Practically, however, farmers are not in a position to wait a year for their returns. If they were so situated financially where they could afford to wait a year before getting their money, they probably would not need cooperative marketing to give them a larger share of the consumer's dollar.

That's factor number one of the bunch that helped burn up both Exchanges.

Now, after years of organization and operating experience I must confess that I don't believe in the iron-clad contract, compulsory method of cooperative marketing. People do things usually because they want to, not because they are compelled or forced to do so. You can't force deliveries and develop loyalty at one and the same time. Deliveries to a cooperative marketing association should come voluntarily because the members are getting more than the outsiders. The proof of the pudding is in the eating of it. Telling the members that their association is raising price levels for the benefit of outsiders doesn't create a cooperative spirit

Will Have to Be Revamped on Other Lines

or develop cooperative marketing. It kills it. It killed the Maine and Minnesota Exchanges.

The iron-clad contract method usually results in a membership that lies awake nights wondering how the contracts can be broken or in a membership that stays awake days breaching contracts.

It is true that the failures of the Minnesota and Maine Exchanges are bitter pills to swallow not only for the farmers but for those who organized the exchanges. But neither the farmers nor the rest of us must get discouraged. There is a valuable lesson in every failure, sometimes greater than in success.

The cooperative marketing movement is sound. It is practical. It can be made to succeed. It will have to be revamped along entirely different lines. The organizations will have to be formed on a voluntary basis, will have to start carefully and slowly, and grow and build from the ground up, until they reach the peaks of efficiency and performance.

The World HAS BEEN Reorganized

By Bankers! Here's How It Was Done in Dozens of Countries



THIS World Court proposition is only one phase of the activities of international bankers. In the *Washington Herald*, of December 30, Senator Beveridge was reported to have written a Senator who is in the forefront of the fight against the Court to the effect that *profits of more than \$500,000,000 by bankers and corporations which have loaned money to foreign nations will be made the instant the United States joins the World Court or the League of Nations.*

My opinion is that this amount is only a drop in the bucket. I think it will go far in excess of that. Beveridge probably refers only **A College Professor Does a World Job** to those bankers and corporations who are supposed to have headquarters in America. I think it will easily run into the billions, if we include bankers and corporations of various nations, that is, the international bankers.

I want to direct your attention to the reorganization of the world that has been going on since the Armistice.

The *Washington Star* for December 27 carried an account of the fact that one of the most important accomplishments of the administration of ex-president Arturo Alessandri was the formation of the *Central Bank of Chile* (Banco Central de Chile), now being organized on plans drawn up by Professor E. W. Kemmerer of Princeton. It goes on to say that Kemmerer financial mission has had little real sympathy from the politicians of Chile—that what it was able to establish in Chile in the *three months* the Commission was there was due to backing given by the army group that has dominated the Chilean affairs for a year. (Making over a country's finances in *three months* indicates not only a lot of outside power but a lot of inside knowledge.)

Forcing Federal Reserve Ideas on Chile "It is said, and generally believed, that the army leaders who were running affairs in Chile, although President Alessandri and his cabinet were nominally in control, told Professor Kemmerer to go as far as he liked in shaking up Chile's financial affairs and that he would be backed up.

"Politicians were not in high favor with the leaders of the armed forces, and the *carte blanche* given to Kemmerer made him a virtual dictator of Chile's financial affairs for the time being.

By OBSERVER

"It is apparent that Professor Kemmerer took the army leaders at their word. He soon discovered that they could and would make good their promises to support him over any objections the Cabinet might raise to his proposals. It was but short work for him to prepare plans for the new bank, which is fashioned after the one he organized for Colombia, with certain changes to fit peculiar Chilean conditions.

"One of the principal desires of the Commission was to keep the bank out of politics and the politicians out of the bank. When the Commission submitted its draft to President Alessandri and the Minister of Finance, disputes arose at once over some of the essential features. Alessandri requested Professor Kemmerer so to modify the plan as to place the appointment of the President, Vice President and General Manager of the bank in the hands of the President of the Republic.

"The Commission refused to modify its recommendations on these essentials, causing a deadlock which was broken immediately by the military party, which forced the acceptance of the plan as proposed by the Commission.

"The new institution will be a bank of issue and re-discount, and will have the general features of central banks established in other countries in recent years. While the State becomes a shareholder and furnishes part of the capital, it is in no sense a state bank but a quasi-public institution in which the general community is given representation."

This bank is chartered for fifty years. You will note that it is virtually the same thing as our Federal Reserve System here. We thought at one time that our government was going to be a shareholder in its "Federal" bank, but we find that the government has very little to do with it; it is a bankers' proposition pure and simple and almost entirely controlled by them. The beginning of the bank in Chile probably dates back more than three years ago when an item appeared in the *New York Times* for July 5, 1922, stating that Professor Kemmerer had arrived in Chile to study economic conditions.

Professor Kemmerer's record in *Who's Who* shows him as financial adviser in 1901-3 to the U. S. Philippine Commission; in 1917 financial adviser to the government of Mexico; in 1919 to the government of Guatemala; and the list then lengthens into what follows.

In the *New York Times* of February 9, 1923, there was a statement to the effect that Kemmerer was appointed on a committee by the *Colombian Government* to reorganize that country's finances and in the *New York Times* for October 9, 1923, is a statement that he resumed his duties at Princeton University after completing the work of reorganizing Colombian finances. In the *New York Times* of November 27, 1923, he describes the reorganization of Colombian finances by the American financial commission.

In the *New York Times* of January 5, 1924, we find that Kemmerer was appointed adviser to the American members of the committee investigating *German finances*.

In the *New York Times* for April 30, 1925, Kemmerer predicted the resumption of the gold standard in France, Italy, and Belgium, following England's action. The close relation between the Federal Reserve System and the Bank of London in the re-establishment of the gold standard in England is, of course, well known. Secretary Mellon's visit to London and the more recent visit of Benjamin Strong, of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, are also well known.

In the *New York Times* for October 3, 1924, is a statement that Kemmerer would investigate and advise the *Union of South Africa* on the re-establishment of the gold standard, and in the *New York Times* of May 19, 1925, we find that the Union of South Africa resumed the gold standard, effective at once. There are other places where Kemmerer has been but all the details are not this moment at hand.

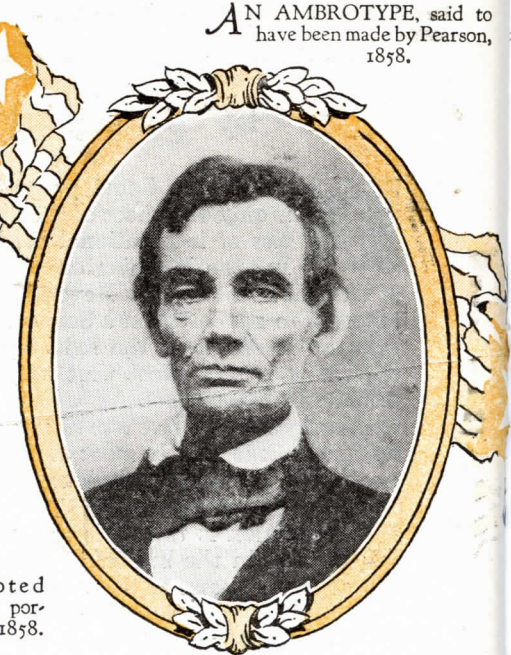
The latest thing I have is from the *Washington Herald*, December 20, 1925, where Kemmerer sails to aid *Poland*—financial expert to act as adviser to government in difficulties.

"New York, December 19. Dr. E. W. Kemmerer, of Princeton University, American expert on government finance, sailed for Poland on the *President Roosevelt* today. (Concluded on page 25)

EARLIEST known portrait of Lincoln—a daguerreotype in possession of Robert Lincoln, made about 1848.



THE noted Hesler portrait, made in 1858.



AN AMBROTYPE, said to have been made by Pearson, 1858.

How Abraham

ABRAM LINCOLN entered public life at a period when the daguerreotype was becoming popular in rural America. Beginning about the time he went to Congress he sat now and then for a portrait, and extending through the time of his debates with Douglas he had many pictures taken. During the Civil War a large number of photographs were made. Frederick Hill Meserve, of New York, has original photographs, or copies made therefrom, of not less than one hundred different sittings. After his nomination for the Presidency, Lincoln sat for several paintings, and there were made of him two life masks in plaster. The second of these, made by Clark Mills a few weeks before Lincoln's death, is so cadaverous, showing so painfully the deep lines of care and grief, that I do not like to look at it. The original is in the Smithsonian Institution, and I have a replica of it, made for me there; but it is more like a death mask than a life mask.

But the Volk life mask is a thing of power. It shows Lincoln as his features were in the spring of 1860 before he had undergone the arduous care of the Presidency. Unlike a photograph, which under time exposure shows the face as it is when the man has tried painfully to look as he is told to look, and his personality has gone somewhere else, the Volk mask shows the undeniable Lincoln. In this I have a personal interest and one which I hope the reader will share.

Leonard W. Volk was a pioneer sculptor in Chicago. That city had none too fine a sense of the value of sculpture even as late as 1893, when Lorado Taft began his most valuable and remarkably successful attempt to educate Chicago's taste in the products of the plastic arts. How Volk found

courage to start in this profession in the middle of the last century is a matter of some surprise, but he did it, and succeeded.

Volk was a relative or connection—I think a cousin by marriage—of Stephen A. Douglas, and Douglas, friend of education and the real founder of the University of Chicago, encouraged Volk and helped him to go to Rome for part of his education. In 1858, Volk made a life mask of Douglas, the mask being a means to an end, which was a statuette to be sold for campaign purposes. The Chicago Historical Society has the life mask, and I have one of the busts. In the Lincoln-Douglas campaign, Volk accompanied Douglas on his special train from Chicago to Springfield, and on that trip first met Lincoln. Seeing a possible sale for a similar statuette of Lincoln, he proposed that Lincoln should give him a series of sittings, which Lincoln promised to do when he should be in Chicago. In the *Century Magazine* for December, 1881, Mr. Volk told in interesting detail the story of Lincoln's visits to Volk's studio in the Portland Block, in the spring of 1860. It proved to be Lincoln's last visit to Chicago before his nomination, and the last case he tried before the United States Court—the famous Sand Bar case. Lincoln was in the city several days, and Volk made casts of his face and his chest.

America has two perfect life masks of her Presidents—Houdon's George Washington, and Volk's Lincoln. Although Volk did not realize it, he was a greater master of the mechanics of mask-making than he was a creative sculptor.

Truman H. Bartlett, for a genera-

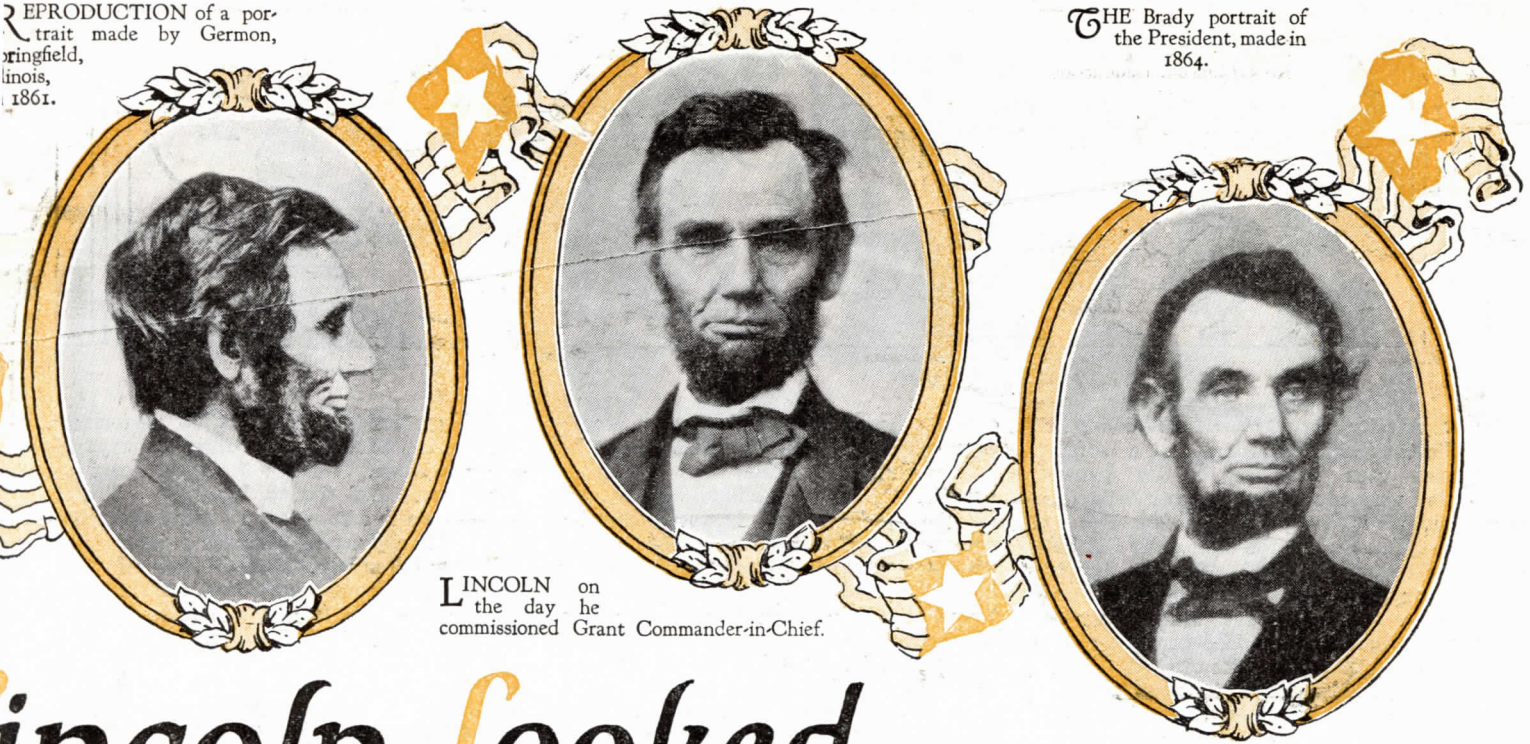
By

WILLIAM E.
BARTON



REPRODUCTION of a portrait made by Germon, Springfield, Illinois, 1861.

THE Brady portrait of the President, made in 1864.



LINCOLN on the day he commissioned Grant Commander-in-Chief.

Lincoln Looked



Bust of Abraham Lincoln from the Leonard W. Volk life mask.

tion a noted sculptor of Boston, made a statuette of Lincoln, which he criticized to me with great freedom. He made Lincoln's shoulders too broad and square, and his form too rigidly erect, so he said.

He first saw the Volk mask in Rome in 1871, Volk himself being then in that city. He asked Volk for a copy, but Volk refused it, and Bartlett did not like Volk very well. He wrote me in 1920:

"Volk had the marvelous good fortune to be connected with Lincoln at a moment of historic importance, but comprehended not the least shadow of what it all meant at any time. Making Lincoln's bust was to him simply a commonplace business, a hasty fact. His was a rapidly made bust, two weeks in the making. He needed the mask to accomplish quickly his scheme to sell the bust as political matter. He was strangely fortunate in making the mask when Lincoln's mind was alert with interest in the process, new to him, and curious as to the methods; hence firm of muscle and without emotion, a rare instance in Lincoln's life, of easily affected character. Volk was a sculptor of narrow sense in what his art implied. The whole event was one of those providential incidents that were so prominent in the life of Lincoln. Volk made at least two marble statues of Lincoln, both very bad, but as good as any other I know. While Volk made the mask as a help in making the bust, and had no just appreciation of the value of the mask itself, yet I must in justice say of Volk's bronze bust of Lincoln that I regard it as the best ever made. It is limited in the scope of its artistic skill, but an honest and sincere impression of Lincoln as Volk saw him;

and he saw Lincoln, by rare good fortune, as no other artist ever saw him."

A quarter century or so ago a group of men, who were interested in the preservation of Volk's original, purchased from him the first cast made in the mold taken from the living face of Lincoln, and also the first casts of the hands. The thirty-three subscribers included Augustus St. Gaudens, Richard Watson Gilder, Allen Thorndike Rice, S. Wier Mitchell, J. Q. A. Ward, and other men of note. They presented these casts, duly certified, to the Government of the United States, for deposit in the National Museum. Volk's affidavit was filed with these casts, the date being February 22, 1886. It was stipulated that no casts should be made from these for a period of twenty years, and the privilege of purchasing casts now is properly restricted. At the end of the twenty years the mold was found inferior and a new mold was made. I have the certificate of the Smithsonian that mine is the first cast of the living features of Lincoln made in the new mold.

I am fortunate also in another possession. Mr. Bartlett procured plaster casts of the hands and face after Volk's first refusal, and took them with him to Europe, where he had them cast in bronze by a noted Frenchman. I do not know how many casts Mr. Bartlett permitted to be made from this, not many, and the Massachusetts Historical Society has Bartlett's originals. But there was an earlier set in bronze, made by Volk himself, or under his direction. This was done in the foundry of the Hecla Ornamental Iron Company, using the original plaster models of Volk. The Hecla Company became the Hecla-Winslow Company of Chicago, and then the firm of Winslow Brothers, the Winslows being connected with the company (Concluded on page 31)

Chats with Office Callers



The Man from China dropped in The Office and remarked that a certain dispatch then appearing in the papers sounded very much like General Feng (he pronounced it "fung"). "It is an error to suppose that Feng is the tool of the Bolsheviks. It is true that he has Russian experts in his army; he would be foolish not to use such experts as he can get. But I think he knows enough about Bolshevism not to be misled by it. Feng, in spite of all that may be said, is a Christian in practice and principle, and that settles the question of Bolshevism. But we have to admit that Russia has made a better bid for Chinese confidence than America or Europe has. We have mostly talked, but Russia has done something. Russia came up to the scratch the first thing and voluntarily resigned all her Chinese concessions and all her claims to extraterritoriality—a long word which some would like to abbreviate to extrality. We can say what we please about Russia having done this with ulterior motives, but the fact that she has done it makes all talk seem very weak on the part of nations that have done nothing. There is no doubt that it is Bolshevism's policy to utilize centers of friction and disorder wherever it finds them. No use growing angry about it. Bolshevism is only acting with the most accurate consistency. It believes that the salvation of the world depends on the destruction of what it calls capitalistic governments, and whenever it sees enmity growing up against any established thing, it pitches in to increase it. That is perfectly logical. You can't blame Bolshevism for living up to its principles. You can blame yourselves for not understanding what those principles are. But Bolshevism will make no headway in China; the Chinese believe too much in government; I would say that they are biologically, intellectually and socially vastly the superior of the stock which offers refuge to the Bolshevik germ. They are really a superior people, these Chinese, as everyone who knows them will agree. And they are going to get what they demand in this trouble, and what they demand is right. Americans see it that way."

The Man from Chicago dropped into The Office. He said that he thought there should be some constructive work undertaken in favor of the coöperatives. I said we had printed a dozen articles by Huston Thompson embodying the essence of his very complete and interesting study of the coöperatives in Europe, and asked where a non-political coöperative authority could be found today. He said it would be hard to find such a one. "Still," said he, "there are some. But they are busy looking after their own coöperative fields. The men who can do are not always the men who can talk. The best argument for coöperative

organizations is an organization that is successful—for the farmers. If we only had men of ability who would start out with an honest determination to build up something for the benefit of the farmers instead of something for themselves, I feel that a great deal might be accomplished. But thus far the question has been largely in the hands of men who want votes or money. Financiers have actually shoved selected men into agricultural subjects with no other purpose in view than the political prestige that it would give these men as future candidates. And help for the farmer must be primarily non-political.

"Still, what can you expect? Help for all other kinds of business is political! Who used rate-fixing to help the railroads? The government did. Who fixes tariffs for the steel and sugar men? The government does. The farmer is forced to live among a lot of businesses which are raised to an artificial level by government protection or price-fixing. And the farmer asks why his level cannot be artificially raised too. Either we shall have to raise him, or quit raising the others. It is desirable, however, whatever we do, that we recognize the artificial character of what has been done. I believe in coöperation and I think it is a serious charge against business and financial men that they have regarded the farmer only as a source of revenue. It is a fact that he pays the highest and receives the lowest in every transaction he engages in."

The Old Choirmaster came into The Office. He had just made a European tour with a choir made up of rather ordinary people. He believes that the chorus is the best vehicle of the singing voice, except in the case of exceptional soloists. He made a remark that set me thinking, perhaps because it chimed in with something I had always felt but did not express; and perhaps did not express it because of that lurking cowardice which so many of us entertain—the fear of being thought uncultured by our more pretentious neighbors. Well, the Old Choirmaster said that he did not like quartets and had never heard a good one. As he had been hearing them for more than half a century, the remark is worth considering. I never heard a good quartet either. Because there is no such thing, I suppose—that is, no such thing as a quartet, in the sense of being a fourfold unity. I cannot recall a quartet, of the professional sort, which did not impress me as being four highly individualized singers attempting to perform in concert. There is a church in our city which boasts a famous male quartet, but its work is always quite painful to me. I get the impression of four singers each of whom regards the rest as in some way his accompanists. Now, in a chorus, it is different. There are no individuals; there is the human voice in compass

and perfection; there are no performers, there is performance. "Singing," says Sir Hugh Allen, "teaches the singer courage, and, combined singing, humility." That is it—there is a humility in a great chorus not found in a quartet. There is a tonal blend in a hundred which is not possible in four. Give me a hundred girls from the shops and a hundred men from the factories, under a plain teacher, and I will make the pomp of quartets look ridiculous. We run to individuals too much in this country. I wish every town had a symphony choir and every city fifty of them.

The Man from the [Next Room came in with some precious manuscripts from Revolutionary times in his hand. They were sermons preached before the Continental Congress in 1775 and 1776. Fast Day sermons, with reference to local strife and distresses, and rumors that Britain was hiring aliens to fight the Americans, and fears whether disunion among the colonies might not ensue. And with it all, the very familiar complaints that the people of that generation were not so good as those of the preceding one. The world, it seems, has been on the downward path a long time. In 1775 this divine was saying, as we read in his manuscript sermon:

"May it not also be justly said that ye ordinances of public worship & a strict observance of ye Sabbath is a crying Sin at this day & in part ye procuring cause of what we feel and fear? Our Fathers would not bear with such Prophanation of ye Sabbath as is now permitted . . ."

"Again, is it reasonable to suppose that there is so much real piety among us as there was among our Fathers in Proportion to the Numbers & ours? They discovered such a Regard for God as to leave their pleasant Habitations & come into a wilderness to serve him; but Such Zeal for God tis not probable is now to be found among the generality of ye inhabitants of this Land.

"Besides, how do Prophaneness, Intemperance, Pride and Covetousness prevail beyond what they ever did among the first Settlers in this Land. Were some of our pious fathers to rise from ye Dead & visit our populous towns & hear ye prophane oaths uttered by Some of our young men, & even by some Children, & see Drunkards gathered together to abuse themselves with what God designed for our Comfort, or reeling about our Streets: may we not suppose that they would be filled with the utmost astonishment & think themselves to be in Sodom rather than in New England?"

It is always a question whether the world is growing better or worse. There are even those who do not agree that increased morality means spiritual betterment. It may be that the world is neither better nor worse, but that there is a constant shifting of emphasis in life.

Lacq

Not a
paint
Not a
varnish

HOUSEHOLD LACQUEROID

—but an entirely new kind of household finish that dries to a rich, lustrous, wear-resisting surface in less than one-half hour. It is made in all colors for use on floors, furniture and woodwork.

Easy to Apply, Watch it Dry!



You can finish floors, inside or outside, with Lacq and walk on them in less than one-half hour. On any surfaces—floors of wood or concrete, or on stairways—you can get the most astonishing results with Lacq.



In less than one-half hour after it's finished, you can use this magazine rack. And you can finish chairs, tables, bedsteads, dressers, desks or any other pieces of furniture in the same quick and enduring way.



There's no long waiting for the finish to dry when you use Lacq. Woodwork in any room, window seats, built-in bookcases, or china cabinets, cupboards—in fact, any surface about your home—can be beautifully treated with Lacq.

There is only one *Lacq* —there is no substitute

TO DEALERS—because of its new and distinctive character, Lacq will have an immediate demand in your community. It represents the greatest opportunity for service to customers ever offered the paint and varnish trade. Write for the "Story of Lacq."



The latest achievement of our Research Laboratories is the final development of Lacq. This product promises to revolutionize the method of finishing household articles. The many years of constant study by our technical men have resulted in perfecting this discovery.

Adrian J. Jaffe
President

- | | |
|---|---------------|
| The Glidden Company | Cleveland |
| Heath & Milligan Mfg. Company | Chicago |
| Adams & Elting Company | Chicago |
| Campbell Paint & Varnish Company | St. Louis |
| T. L. Blood & Company | St. Paul |
| The American Paint Works | New Orleans |
| Twin City Varnish Company | St. Paul |
| The Forest City Paint & Varnish Company | Cleveland |
| The A. Wilhelm Company | Reading |
| Nubian Paint & Varnish Co. | Chicago |
| The Glidden Company of California | San Francisco |
| In Canada: The Glidden Co., Limited, | Toronto, Ont. |

Send for our new book, "The Garden of Color in Your Home."

Sent absolutely free together with a complete color chart that tells all about Lacq, and where and how to use it.

THE GLIDDEN COMPANIES
National Headquarters
Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me a copy of your new book and the Lacq Color Chart.

Name

Address

City..... State.....

DI-2-6

Aviation from the Navy's Viewpoint

(Concluded from page 13)

leading in that they do not show the complete course of events. There is no statement showing the chronology of events prior to the attack. There is no statement of the number of bombs dropped; or of the total time elapsing from the first attack to the actual sinking.

As an example, in the case of the *Ostfriesland* the ship is shown on the surface, next a group of planes appear and drop bombs, and then the ship is shown to turn over and slowly sink. The impression created is that the *Ostfriesland* was sunk by one attack in the course of a few minutes.

In this connection the *Ostfriesland* is featured as a modern ship, whereas she was constructed in 1911, had been out of commission for nearly three years, had had portions of her armor removed, and no attempt had been made to insure watertight integrity.

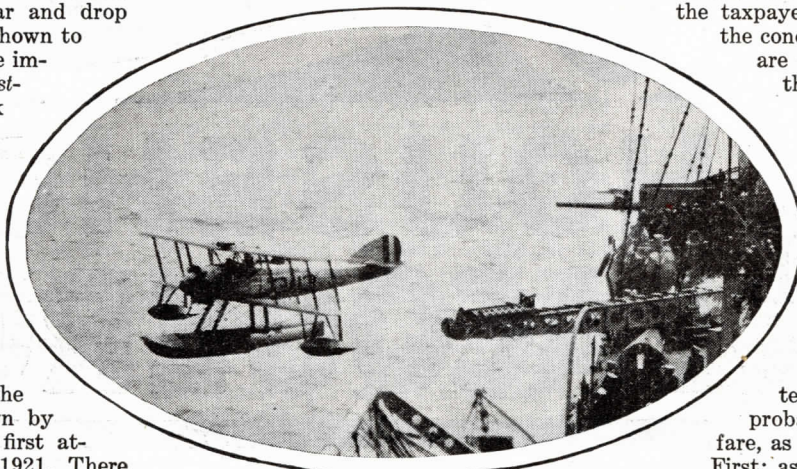
The facts in the case of the *Ostfriesland* bombing, as shown by official records, are: She was first attacked at 12:20 p. m., July 20, 1921. There were six attacks covering parts of two days. Sixty-four bombs were dropped, varying in weight from 230 pounds to 2,000 pounds. Eighteen direct hits were made, with others close enough to have a mining effect. Many of these bombs were dropped from altitudes as low as twelve hundred feet. The ship remained afloat about twenty-four hours after the attacks began until 12:40 p. m., on July 21, 1921, when she turned over and sank.

That portion of the motion picture showing the bombs falling was made at a different time, and is a picture of bombs being dropped from planes over land instead of over the *Ostfriesland*. Close observation will show the ground beginning to appear just before the cut-out is made.

From the results of the bombing experiments the air radicals conclude that as aircraft can sink battleships, and battleships cannot pursue and destroy aircraft, aircraft are superior to battleships in national defense. The reasoning in this is on a par with the following: gadflies can kill bulldogs; bulldogs cannot pursue and destroy gadflies; therefore, gadflies are better protectors than bulldogs.

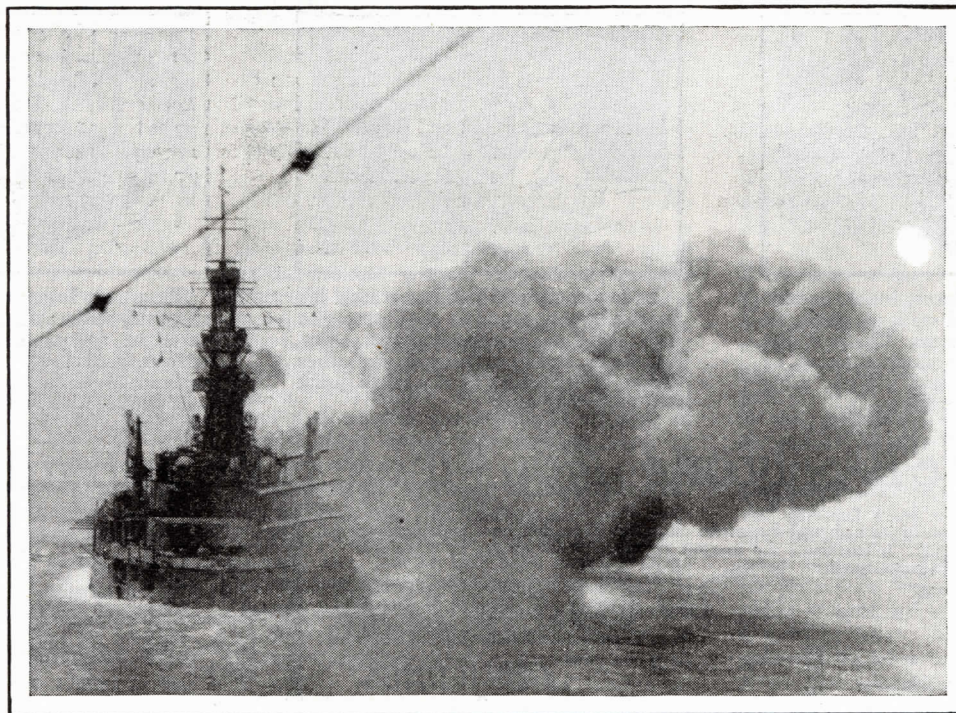
Air service advocates lay great stress on the fact that at present battleships cannot successfully defend themselves against air-

craft. Neither can they defend themselves against submarines or mines, but the destroyer and mine sweeper have proved an effective counter to the submarine and mine. The counter to bombing and torpedo planes probably is the fighting plane, assisted by more effective anti-aircraft batteries.



Seaplane leaving catapult on a ship.

In the conduct of war as in the industrial operations of peace, material must be provided and personnel trained to accomplish definite tasks. Aircraft have definite functions in the conduct of modern war. In the performance of these functions they are in-



United States battleship firing a salvo.

dispensable. But the greatest care must be exercised to prevent air enthusiasts from attempting to perform functions for which aircraft are not suitable, considering their limitations.

Unaware as the public has been of the false logic and misrepresentation contained

in the Independent Air Service propaganda, it apparently has been led to erroneous conclusions. The spectacular nature of aviation, its newness, and the veil of mystery with which it has been shrouded, appeal to the public. The appeal to economy made by the sight in motion pictures of a battleship being sunk by bombs from aircraft is also pleasing to the taxpayer. What the taxpayer does not understand is that the conditions of experimental bombing

are not the conditions of war, and that surface ships can exercise their power on the high seas without necessarily subjecting themselves to attack from shore-based aviation.

The Navy believes that aircraft have an indispensable function in national defense, but does not believe that the surface combatant ship is obsolete.

Aircraft have four uses which may be expressed in general terms, in order of their present probable importance in Naval warfare, as follows:

First: as an element of the "Service of Information," to obtain information concerning the enemy's strength, disposition, and movements. This operation is called "scouting."

Second: as an aid to the control of major-caliber gunfire, called "spotting."

Third: as an element of defensive power to prevent successful enemy scouting; to protect planes engaged in the control

of gunfire; and to assist in the protection of ships and bases against enemy torpedo and bombing planes.

Fourth: as an element of offensive power to destroy enemy aircraft, ships, bases, and personnel.

Within an area limited by the radius of action, and under favorable weather conditions, aircraft have no close rival in efficiency as an element of the "Service of Information."

Aircraft have greater speed than ships and consequently can cover greater areas of the sea in a short time. With favorable visibility conditions observers in aircraft, because of their increased altitude,

have a greater range of vision than observers in surface ships or submarines and, because of better perspective, can determine the composition and disposition of enemy forces with greater accuracy.

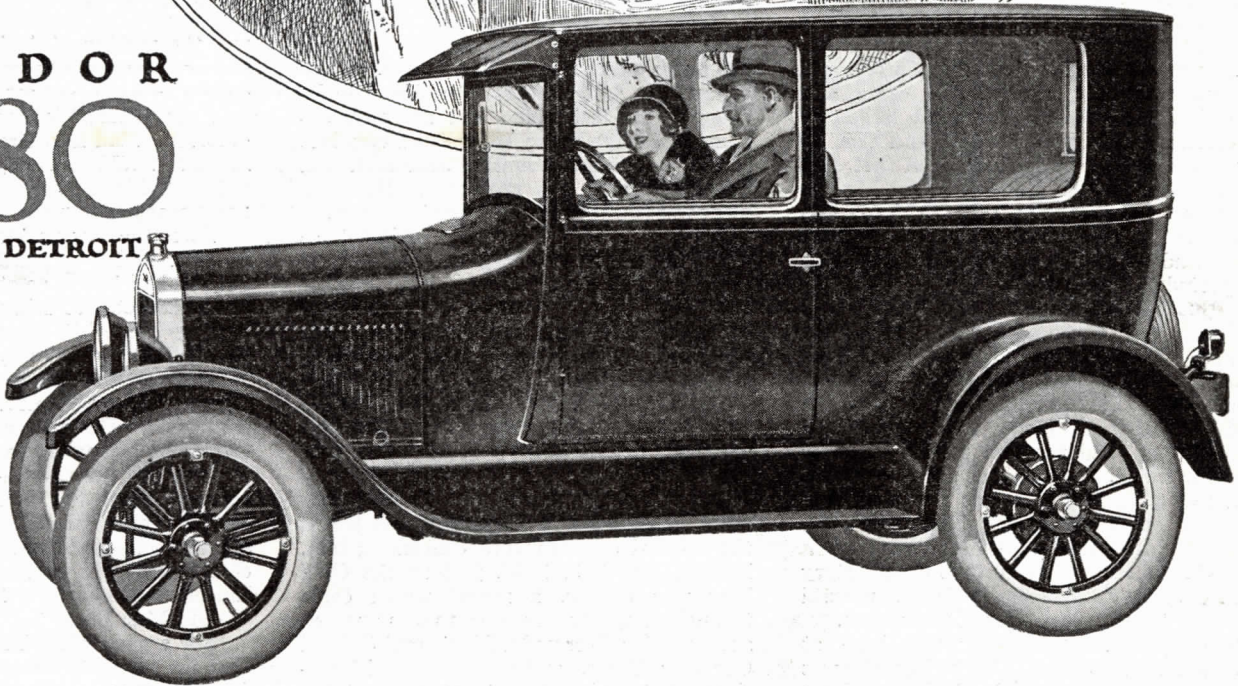
These uses will be taken up in detail in a subsequent article.

Ford



Testing Ford crankshaft for hardness on the Brinell instrument

TUDOR
\$580
E.O.B. DETROIT



Maintaining Quality Through Inspection and Re-inspection

The reliability for which Ford cars are famed everywhere is determined first by the quality of materials used and, second, by the high standard of workmanship. Only thus can the uninterrupted flow of Ford production go on, and the dependable performance every buyer of a Ford car expects, be assured.

re-inspections follow, to insure against carelessness or inaccuracy on the part of inspectors. Only thus can the uninterrupted flow of Ford production go on, and the dependable performance every buyer of a Ford car expects, be assured.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, Detroit, Michigan

RUNABOUT \$260, TOURING \$290, COUPE \$520, TUDOR SEDAN \$580, FORDOR SEDAN \$660
All prices f. o. b. Detroit

The Truth About the Bixby Letter

(Concluded from page 7)

first of the month, it appeared on the back page at the bottom of a column, and without a caption. Almost certainly Schouler gave the letter to all of them, sending it Friday morning with a little account of the success of the movement for the providing of dinners.

And it must have been Schouler who furnished another interesting item, and one which raises in my mind a persistent suspicion. I suspect that when he visited Mrs. Bixby he found one of her sons in uniform ready to eat his share of the Thanksgiving dinner. At any rate, the Boston papers went to him for a list of the five dead sons, and

Only Two of Mrs. Bixby's Sons Were Killed

he gave the same list he had sent to Washington. But the item as it appeared in the Boston papers contained this added piece of misinformation, that Mrs. Bixby had a sixth son, who had been wounded but not killed, and who was at Readville hospital, nine miles from Boston.

The only probable way in which it occurs to me that General Schouler could have learned about a son at Readville is in the fact that her son Henry, whom she had reported to have been killed at Gettysburg, had been sent North for discharge a few days before the receipt of this letter, and was discharged a few days afterward. I judge he had reached the camp and hospital at Readville, where the largest of Boston's camps was situated, and that he was well enough to eat turkey on that day, and that Schouler, learning about him, or possibly meeting him face to face, was satisfied with the explanation that this was a son additional to the five that had been reported to him as dead.

But this we know. Only two of Mrs. Bixby's five sons were killed in battle. Charles N. Bixby was killed at Fredericksburg, as she stated, and Oliver Cromwell Bixby was killed at Petersburg, just as she said. Henry C. Bixby was captured at Gettysburg, and the first report was that he was killed, but this was soon corrected. He was alive, and if he was not in sight of Boston on Thanksgiving Day, 1864, he rejoined his mother shortly afterward.

We are ready now to take up the story of Mrs. Bixby's five sons in detail. We will arrange them in the order of their birth.

Oliver Cromwell Bixby was born at Hopkinton, February 1, 1828. His wife was named Watie Roulett. He had a son by a former marriage, who, in September, 1864, was committed by the court to the guardianship of his grandmother, Lydia Bixby, the child being six years old. Watie went to her relatives at Wolfboro, New Hampshire, and was subsequently joined by her own two children, a son and daughter. Oliver enlisted in the 58th Massachusetts Infantry, as stated in the letter of Adjutant General Schouler, and was killed at Petersburg, probably in the Crater fight, July 30, 1864. His widow, Watie, drew a pension until her death in 1914. So far as he is concerned, there are no corrections to be made in Mrs. Bixby's list.

The War Record of the Bixby Brothers

Henry C. Bixby was born in Hopkinton, March 30, 1830. He enlisted in Company K, 32nd Massachusetts Infantry, and was captured at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863. He was imprisoned in Richmond, was soon

paroled and returned to the Union lines, and honorably discharged, December 19, 1864, less than a month after President Lincoln had written his letter. He may have been, at the very time of the writing of the Lincoln letter, in the camp or hospital at Readville, less than ten miles from Boston. He had been several months in the Union lines, and had had one twenty-five-day furlough since his discharge from prison. He resided after the war at Milford, Massachusetts, and died there November 8, 1876. His record is an honorable one but he did not lose his life in the service, nor is it easy to see how Mrs. Bixby could have thought him dead in October or November, 1864.

Charles N. Bixby was born in Hopkinton, February 8, 1833. At the outbreak of the war he would seem to have been his mother's chief support. His employer made oath that it was his weekly custom to pay his mother \$5 or \$6 of his \$9 wages. He was the first of the Bixby sons to enlist, and was mustered in, July 18, 1861, as a private in Company D, 20th Massachusetts. He was killed in the second battle of Fredericksburg, May 3, 1863, and his mother drew a pension based on her dependence on him.

George W. Bixby was born at Hopkinton, June 22, 1836. He was married. He ran away, according to Mrs. Bixby, and to conceal his whereabouts from his wife he dropped his last name and assumed the name of George Way. He enlisted very late in the war, when bounties were high and bounty-jumping was profitable. His regiment was the 56th Massachusetts, Company

Important Evidence in the Probate Record B. This regiment, as well as the 58th in which his brother Oliver was killed, was in the Crater fight at Petersburg, one regiment suffering eleven and the other thirteen casualties.

George Way Bixby was captured in the Crater fight at Petersburg, and was imprisoned at Salisbury, North Carolina. There, according to the testimony of a fellow prisoner, a member of his own regiment, he deserted to the enemy; and this is the original official record concerning him. But on March 8, 1865, just as the Civil War was ending, a report which came through an unknown source to an unnamed subordinate officer under Lieutenant Colonel Gardiner Tufts, state agent for Massachusetts at the hospital at Annapolis, stated that George Way Bixby had died in prison at Salisbury. The War Department in Washington, and the Adjutant General of Massachusetts were more than willing to believe the latter story. Indeed, when the possibility of mistakes is considered, both these departments are to be commended for their desire to give the benefit of the doubt to every soldier concerning whom there is a charge of this character unsupported by positive proof. So far as military records are concerned, this is all that is known.

But I have discovered important evidence in the Probate record at Worcester. An uncle of these five Bixby brothers died in 1878, and, being unmarried and the last survivor of his generation, his small estate went to his nephews and nieces. A sworn list of these had to be made up, and it shows George Way Bixby alive in Cuba. His brothers and sisters and first cousins

did not swear that he was alive in Cuba in 1878 if he had died in a Confederate prison in 1865.

The record that he deserted to the enemy is therefore presumably true and is the probable reason why he fled the country at the close of the war and did not return to claim his share in his uncle's small estate.

The quest of Edward Bixby has proved still more difficult. He was born in Hopkinton, July 13, 1843, and enlisted under his own name. Under that name he passed his medical examination. But before being sworn in, he obtained access to the muster roll and in the cramped space available wrote

Poor Homesick Boy! He Was Only Nineteen

the name "Arthur" before his real name Edward. As Arthur E. Bixby he served, first as a member of Company C, 14th Massachusetts Infantry, and then, by the renumbering and reassignment of the regiment, as of Company C, First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery. He deserted, May 28 or 29, 1862.

But are we sure he was the same man, and the son of Lydia Bixby?

Yes, we are sadly sure. I have found in Washington an affidavit of Lydia Bixby, widow of Cromwell, making oath that she was the mother of Arthur Edward Bixby, and declaring that he was under age and had enlisted without her consent.

Poor, homesick boy! He was only nineteen. Had he waited a little longer his mother would have got him out. The order for his discharge was issued, but he had already deserted.

After the war he took to sea, returning in 1871 and living with his mother. By 1878 he had become a strolling cigar maker, a man addicted to drink. He died in a poor lodging house in Chicago, at 114 Madison street, January 4, 1909, and was buried in Waldheim Cemetery by the Cigar Makers' Union. His grave is near that of the hanged anarchists. But not a soul in Chicago of those who attended the inquest, or of those who stood near while the undertaker's assistant read the burial service (for no minister was called), suspected that this scion of six generations of Puritans was one of the five sons of Mrs. Bixby to whom Lincoln wrote his letter.

Did Mrs. Bixby lie?

For a good while I made myself believe that she probably thought all her sons were dead. They were all absent when she said they were dead, and she may have believed it. But these men were all able to read and

Blundered, but It Was a Beautiful Blunder

write, and Henry and Edward were where they could reach their mother by mail. She also could write and did. They were not estranged from her and there is no reason to suppose that she was in total ignorance of the whereabouts of her boys. Charles and Oliver were dead, and George, after a record none too good, was and remained dead to her. Three sons were lost to her by the war.

Widows were abundant in 1864, and women were not few who had lost a son, some two sons, and a few as many as three. If Mrs. Bixby capitalized her sorrow and added to its sum total, she was not alone in her indulgence. Grief is often criminally selfish, and sometimes ordid. She was sixty-three years of age, (Concluded on page 23)

"I Slept With Lincoln"

Lucien S. Hanks' Nighttime Experience

By LUCIEN S. HANKS

REPORTED BY FRED L. HOLMES



bank, which was the first state bank organized in Wisconsin under the general banking law of 1852. In 1865 he was elected cashier and subsequently vice-president. In 1890 he was chosen president and held this position until his retirement in 1920.

* * *
By Lucien S. Hanks

Well do I remember, when as a youth of twenty-one, I first saw Abraham Lincoln—and tried to sleep with him. I could not forget the incident though I were to live to be the age of Methuselah. It is more than sixty-five years ago and yet the event is as indelibly imprinted upon my memory as it was the day of its occurrence.

It was in the autumn of 1859 at the home of my uncle, William M. Tallman, at Janesville, Wisconsin. I was staying there at the time with his son Edgar, a boy a year older than I, and visiting a good

deal with his sister "Gussie," about my own age. It was one year after the Lincoln-Douglas debates and Mr. Lincoln had come to Janesville, returning from the State Fair at Milwaukee, to speak on political issues of the day. As I now recall, it was his last visit to Wisconsin.

Mr. Lincoln was a guest at the Tallman home and I remember the impressions when I first met him. He was in the house talking with Mr. Tallman, a well-to-do and prominent lawyer of Southern Wisconsin. When I entered the room and saw him I thought to

myself, "What a homely cove he is," an expression the boys used at that time.

"This is Master Hanks," said Mr. Tallman in introducing me.

"Hanks! That's a name familiar to me, my boy," responded Mr. Lincoln. I did not understand what he meant by referring so intimately to the name of "Hanks," but I afterward learned that it was also the name of his mother's family. So far as I know, however, the two families were not related.

Probably it was because of his homely countenance that I remember so vividly his appearance. On that occasion Mr. Lincoln wore a black frock coat, dark stock tie, black vest, thick heavy boots with double soles and his feet were as big as an elephant's. He wore a black slouch hat. I do not know what he carried in the old-fashioned carpetbag he had with him, but one thing was a nightgown, which he wore that night when I tried to sleep with him. He was scrupulously clean in his personal habits and appearance.

There are some other incidents of that evening which I recall. Sometime after the introduction I remember that Aunt Emeline told me I would have to sleep on the sofa that night because of visitors. I had thought the remark had passed unnoticed by others. But when Mr. Lincoln got back from his speech that evening, he touched Aunt Emeline on the shoulder and said: "The boy and I will get along together all right; he and I will sleep together." He had evidently overheard what Aunt Emeline had said to me earlier in the evening.

Before the speech Mr. Lincoln visited with the entire family. During the early evening "Gussie" and her mother went into the parlor and "Gussie" sat down on the sofa. Soon Mr. Lincoln went into the parlor and I followed, because I wanted to be near the girl, she was so beautiful, and I was in love with my cousin. Mr. Lincoln

bowed to the mother and then sat down on the sofa, beside her.

"Now Miss Tallman, I want you to tell me about your beaux," he said.

"But I haven't any," she quickly responded.

"Are you sure you are telling me the truth?" asked Mr. Lincoln turning toward me with questioning eyes. What a moment that was to me!

In those days the Tallman home was one of the finest residences in Southern Wisconsin. It had been erected early in the fifties from pressed brick brought from Milwaukee. The rooms were large and the house was handsomely furnished. At one side of a wide hallway at the entrance were the sitting and dining rooms and

LUCIEN S. HANKS, who gave me this authorized statement of his reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, is now eighty-seven years of age. When I interviewed him in July, 1925, he was in good health and the marvel was the retentiveness of his memory on this and many other events of importance in which he was either an onlooker or a participant. He was born on May 8, 1838, at Hartford, Connecticut, and was educated at the Mount Washington Collegiate Institute of New York City.

Mr. Hanks met Mr. Lincoln at Janesville, Wisconsin, on his visit there October 1, 1859, following the day after his famous agricultural address at the Milwaukee State Fair. Hanks was a young man, but he was like a watchdog in the sun, with eyes half-shut, yet all observant. His statement of events which transpired assumes historical importance, because it brings to light some of the human traits of Lincoln. He was jolly in company with younger people; he was nervous after his speaking efforts and when he slept he was exceedingly restless.

After the incident related below, Mr. Hanks, in March, 1860, came to Madison and was appointed teller of the state



William A. Tallman home as it appeared at time of Lincoln's visit at Janesville, Wisconsin, 1859.

across the hall was a drawing-room, used only on occasions.

The evening of the visit, while we were chatting in the drawing-room, Mr. Lincoln faced the sitting room and I could see that he was interested in the next room. Finally he spoke what was in his mind.

"Mrs. Tallman, may we sit in the other room?" he asked. The suggestion pleased her. He evidently had the habit of making people feel at home with him. Soon it was time for the address.

Not being particularly interested in politics at that time I did not hear the speech. There was a dance in one of the neighboring houses and I went to that instead. It was about 11 o'clock when I came back. Lincoln had returned and was talking intently with Mr. Tallman. I went to bed—no one paid any attention to me.

I lay at the back of the bed, and believe that I went to sleep. Though I was awakened when Mr. Lincoln came in about midnight I pretended to be asleep. He undressed quickly and came to bed. For about ten or fifteen minutes he was quiet and apparently went right to sleep. He seemed very uneasy. Soon he gave vocal evidences of slumber. His body jerked and twitched spasmodically, and often he touched me. His long legs would be kicking around, the subconscious effect probably of his vigorous speech but an hour or two before. He and Mr. Tallman were strong abolitionists and perhaps their conversation before going to bed had made him nervous. He was very restless. There was simply no sleep whatever for me. I could stand it no longer. I slipped out of bed and went into the hall, where I slept on a sofa the remainder of the night. Lincoln never knew when I left.

In the morning a humorous incident occurred. At the end of the hall, near the stairway leading to the second floor, was a closet supplied with slippers. Everyone was expected to exchange his shoes for slippers before going to bed. By oversight Mr. Lincoln had not been informed of this custom and wore his boots to his room and then set them outside the door. Next morning he was late in coming down. It was nearing train time. Edgar was finally told to call him, but, as he started, Lincoln entered the sitting room. I can see him now. He was minus boots—his blue yarn stockings with white tips being plainly in evidence. Turning to Mrs. Tallman, he smilingly declared:

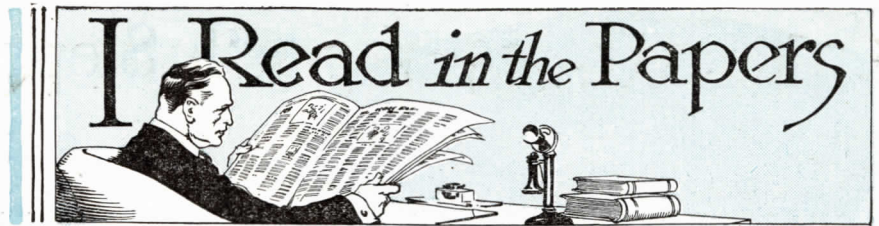
"I can't accuse you, but I have no boots."

Aunt Emeline was a bit mortified. Finding the boots at his door, the janitor had taken and cleaned them, but returned them to the downstairs closet. Lincoln sat down in the sitting room and pulled them on before the entire family.

I went by way of Washington in the autumn of 1863 to visit with Edgar Tallman and then on to my old home at Hartford, Connecticut. While in Washington I met President Lincoln on the street. I knew him the moment I saw him; he was such a homely looking fellow I could not forget him. President Lincoln apparently recognized me as someone he had seen before and stopped.

"I am Hanks, the fellow who tried to sleep with you," I said coming up and shaking his hand. Lincoln laughed, declared that he remembered the incident, and invited me to visit him. But I was in such a hurry to get back to my old home that I did not seize this opportunity.

I was shocked and pained less than two years after when I read in the papers that he had been cruelly assassinated.



—that the widely heralded propaganda that Quebec Province has obtained the bulk of the American automobile tourist travel because of the availability of liquor, thus depriving Ontario of the lucrative tourist business, is without foundation in fact. Figures compiled after the close of the 1925 tourist season showed that 1,342,742 American cars visited Ontario during that period as compared with but 236,103 American cars that went into Quebec. The Ontario Tourist Association has computed the expenditure of American Tourists in that province as about twenty-five million dollars and in Quebec slightly over fifteen millions; the length of stay of the cars was taken into consideration in this estimate. This would suggest that the American citizen and his family prefer prohibition to booze communities when touring Canada.

The International Jew in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set, \$1. The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

—that although it costs \$225 to send two motor truck loads of household goods from Binghamton, New York, to Paterson, New Jersey, as compared with but \$62 for a railroad carload, the trucks are obtaining so much business that the railroads have started an investigation. It develops that the \$62 rail rate is quite illusory. The railroads require many articles to be crated although the trucks do not and this crating may cost from \$75 to \$300 and then it costs an average of from \$45 to \$60 to have them hauled to the station and as much to have them delivered at the destination. Finally the movement of railroad cars is notoriously dilatory at times and the motor trucks are speedy and certain in their movements. Truck movements are directly to the place of destination—to the new doorstep. The *New York Commercial* demands that the railroads devise a method of safely shipping household goods uncrated and bluntly says that if the railroads do not pick up and deliver freight they will lose still more business of every kind.

—that Dr. H. Paul Douglass in a recent report upon "How Shall Country Youth Be Served" has made some significant declarations to the Institute of Social and Religious Research of which John R. Mott, the Y. M. C. A. chieftain, is chairman. Dr. Douglass, who also made the well-known Springfield and St. Louis church surveys, says that much of the so-called rural work carried on in this country by the national character-building agencies for youth is not rural at all. He found the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A., the Boy and Girl Scouts, the Campfire Girls and kindred organizations, were competing for prestige and support in many of the larger places while making

little or no effort to reach boys and girls of distinctly rural areas. Dr. Douglass is quite right in affirming that "the good of the boys and girls of America is the end and object of all the work—not the agencies nor their systems, nor their treasuries. The waste of divided effort, the social disaster of such situations constitutes an imperative argument for finding some better way." Perhaps the basic reason for this distressing situation is that America is so rich and the financial supporters of so many welfare organizations have obtained their money so easily and are so generous in their impulses that insufficient scrutiny has been given to the real value of various agencies. It is particularly discreditable, however, that the boys and girls of the country, the richest source of men and women of character and genius of all ages and all climes are being neglected by these organizations that purport to interest themselves in the rural field.

—that the Great Northern, Jim Hill's railroad, will construct what will be the longest railroad tunnel in America, a seven-and-three-quarter mile bore under the Cascade Mountains in Washington. Thus the new tunnel will be over a mile longer than the Moffat Tunnel that is being pierced through the Rockies in Colorado, and twice as long as the famous Connaught Tunnel of the Canadian Pacific. This undertaking will shorten the line more than seven miles, eliminating almost six complete circles of curvature in the track and more than six miles of snow sheds in a region where the total winter snowfall exceeds fifty-five feet. So that it will speedily pay for itself.

—that "Golden Rule" Nash, Cincinnati clothing manufacturer and philanthropist, presented a petition signed by himself and 1,500 of his employes for the parole of John Sydell, who is serving a sentence of 25 years in the state penitentiary for participating in a pay-roll robbery of the Nash Company four years ago.

Sydell has served about three and a half years of prison sentence. During Sydell's incarceration Mr. Nash has had Mrs. Sydell on his pay roll as, he explained, to "take care of her four children," who were left destitute.

Mr. Nash told Governor Donahey that he will give Sydell employment if he is paroled. Sydell was not an employe of the Nash Company at the time of the pay-roll robbery, which netted \$8,056. He is alleged to have planned the robbery, though not actually taking part in the holdup. He watched the proceedings from a point across the street, Mr. Nash said.

Mr. Nash said he was not asking for Sydell's pardon at this time, only a parole on which he may be released from prison to aid in caring for his family.

Both Prosecutor Bell and Judge Roettinger declared that it is their personal opinion that robbers and all holdup men ought to be compelled to serve in full their sentences. Neither has received any notice of the filing of the petitions, or of an application by Sydell for parole.

The World HAS BEEN Reorganized

(Concluded from page 15)

"Dr. Kemmerer was invited by the Polish Government, on suggestion of *Dillon, Read & Company*; in announcing his appointment the banks characterized it as a most important step in strengthening the Polish financial situation.

"Poland turned to the United States for a financial adviser, it is said, because most of its financing has been handled in this country and it was felt that America was in a position to give it most disinterested advice.

"Dr. Kemmerer established the *Philippine National Bank* and the *Colombia National Bank*.

"He assisted in drawing up the *Dawes plan* and in banking circles is regarded as author of the statutes of the new *German Reichsbank*."

If a growing theory is correct that *Dillon, Read & Company* maintains important connections with *Kuhn, Loeb & Company*, you can see this most important connection.

In the *Washington Star* of March 1, 1925, was an account that the bill authorizing the American loan was discussed in the Polish Diet on February 27, and that there were criticisms that the rate of interest was too high, and exceptions were taken to the guaranties of amortization of installments and interest which included both *railroad revenues and sugar duties*. It was argued that the tying up of these two sources of revenue would make it extremely difficult to contract for future loans as virtually all the guaranties Poland could give would be already engaged.

"Premier Grabski disclosed that under the \$50,000,000 loan contract with *Dillon, Read & Company* of New York, Poland had bound herself not to contract for any loan in the American market during the coming six months."

**Is It Dillon,
Read or Kuhn,
Loeb?**

In the *Washington Star* for March 10, 1925, was the following item: "Large shipments of gold to Germany, independent of the credits established by the sale of the \$110,000,000 American portion of the German reparations loan last fall, will be made within the next few weeks by the New York Federal Reserve Bank acting for the Reichsbank. The exports probably will aggregate \$50,000,000."

In the *Washington Star* of March 9, 1925, Seymour Parker Gilbert, agent general for reparations payments, is reported as indicating that during the first six months of operations of the Dawes plan, 570 million gold marks were paid by Germany. Against this amount the Agent General made payments of 454 million gold marks, leaving a cash balance on the Reichsbank of approximately 116 millions.

According to the *Washington Times* of March 11, 1925, there were \$152,500,000 of foreign securities sold in the United States during the month of February, 1925. The highest rate of interest was 8 per cent on an issue of \$35,000,000 of *Polish Government bonds*.

The *New York Times* for January 21, 1925, Paul M. Warburg is quoted as saying that the International Acceptance Bank Inc., felt justified in hoping a solid structure might rapidly spring up from the *foundation carefully laid* by the Dawes plan. "We may hope to see *king gold* bringing once more under his control the printing presses that had threatened to drown Europe in a flood of paper currency. *The battle in this regard was actually won when Austria, Germany and Hungary were once more placed on a gold basis.*" Evidently

**"King Gold
Will Win the
Battle"**

Warburg felt the importance of the Dawes plan and after expressing his expectations as to the pound sterling he remarked that France, Belgium and Italy probably would determine promptly the new levels on which to stabilize their respective exchanges.

Warburg was making this prediction as to France, Belgium and Italy about the twentieth of January, 1925, while in the *New York Times* for April 20, 1925, Professor E. W. Kemmerer was echoing the same sentiments.

The *Washington Star* of April 10, 1925: "The Federal Reserve Board last night made public the results of a survey on the gold situation throughout the world in 1924, which reveals improvement in the financial condition of world powers which have been seeking to re-establish a gold basis for currency." The article claims that various nations have been considerably improved by a return to the gold standard and "the Board also called attention to increases in reserves carried by other European banks of issue, *none of them more than five years old, which represent efforts to shake off the economic results of the World War.* Including that of the Reichsbank, these reserves aggregate almost \$400,000,000, representing a gain of \$193,000,000 in the last twelve months. The banks of issue covered in the figures are situated in *Germany, Eshonia, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, Russia, Lithuania, Latvia, Austria, Danzig, Hungary and Poland.* While omitting any reference to France, the Board called especial attention to the gold situation in *Australia, the Union of South Africa, and Argentina.*"

Is not this an interesting statement for the Federal Reserve Board to make in view of Professor Kemmerer's activities in these various countries?

**A Secret Dinner
with
Bolsheviks**

The *Washington Post* of May 1, 1925, printed an Associated Press dispatch to the effect that American bankers will help develop the Soviet gold field. It does not seem clear just what group of bankers it is, but there was a recent newspaper story of the meeting in New York between certain bankers, including *Dillon, Read & Company* and the Soviet representatives, which some thought looked toward the recognition of Russia. This dinner was conducted in the utmost secrecy at the Banker's Club, New York, and all information was refused to the American press. To learn the names of those who participated and what it was all about, the Associated Press was obliged to

have its Moscow bureau cable back to the United States the account that had been denied the American public but fully cabled to the Bolshevik press in Russia.

The *Washington Star* of June 2, 1925, contains a statement that the new \$45,000,000 Argentine loan offered by *J. P. Morgan & Company* and the *National City Company* was oversubscribed within an hour. Dr. A. C. Miller, member of the Federal Reserve Board, according to the *Washington Star*, May 24, 1925, lauded America's interest in helping Great Britain return to the gold standard. According to an account in the *Washington Star* June 2, 1925, finance minister De Stefani announced to the Italian Chamber of Deputies that *J. P. Morgan & Company* had granted a credit of \$50,000,000 to a consortium of Italian banks to be used to stabilize exchange. Thomas W. Lamont, of the firm of *Morgan*, is supposed to have visited Rome in April and talked the matter over and he confirmed the report of the loan from New York.

The Truth About the Bixby Letter

(Concluded from page 22)

in indigent circumstances. Her pension, I believe, was eight dollars a month. I shrink from asking how far she exaggerated her losses.

It remains only to tell the last of her story.

Sick unto death with Bright's disease, she went to Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, and died there October 27, 1878. She had bought two graves in the Maple Grove section of Mount Hope, a cemetery belonging to the city of Boston. The graves are numbered 423 and 424 and have no other mark. She lies in grave 423. So far as I am aware, no newspaper at the time commented on her death, or at that time linked her name with that of President Lincoln.

What did she do with Lincoln's letter?

Perhaps she left it behind in one of her many removals. Perhaps she sold it to the first person who offered her a dollar for it; and if so, it was probably purchased by some curious person who did not himself value it highly. It would be worth many thousands today, but it was not worth much to her. *She could not display it with two husky living sons in the room, whom the letter alleged to be dead.*

So far as we have any reliable information, the letter has never been seen since Thanksgiving morning in 1864, when Adjutant General William Schouler gave it to Mrs. Bixby.

President Lincoln blundered. Governor Andrew blundered. Adjutant General Schouler blundered. But it was a beautiful blunder. It grew out of a ready sympathy and a noble desire to comfort a poor widow in her heavy grief. It was a blunder, but I am glad it occurred.

And it is not a very light thing for a widow to lose three or even two sons.

How I Wrote "Lincoln, the Man of the People"

(Continued from page 4)

were slices of bacon and a hunk of corn-bread was now to be honored with a groaning banquet table at twenty dollars a plate. And that famous democrat and friend of the people, Senator Chauncey Depew, was to be the peerless toastmaster.

Would I have the grace and good will to write a Lincoln poem for the memorable occasion? I was assured that I had been "chosen by the club from all the living American poets for this illustrious honor."

Yes, I would be glad to pay my homage to greatness. Yet I told my callers that I had to go out lecture-reading, had to take an eagle-swing over the Middle West. But I would meditate upon the poem all the way, and would return in time to give three weeks to the composition.

I remember that I said: "Gentlemen, for Lincoln I have a deep love and reverence. I will wait patiently upon the Muse: if she gives the poem to me, I will give the poem to you. I cannot promise with certainty."

Immediately on my return from the lecture-readings, I entered my study, plunged into meditation. I visualized Lincoln in the dramatic moments of his life. But nothing came to me out of the Invisible. Yet two immortal lines from Wordsworth swam into my mind:

"The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream."

I crooned them over for an hour. Why this crooning? Simply in the hope of tuning the mind to a higher vibration, to that higher level where moved of old the consecrated soul of the great commoner. In that hour, two or three phrases flashed out of the cloud of the mind, but the poem did not take form. The day ended, with little or nothing accomplished.

The next day also opened and closed with no poem, nor part of a poem. On the morning of the third day I took down from a favorite shelf a volume of Emerson, and read his essay on the great President. It did not awaken a great emotion: it did not kindle the eye of the imagination. That day also crumbled into nothingness. The next afternoon the anxious committee called on me for news. I told them that the Muse had not yet handed the poem down out of her mystery, but that I was hopeful, courageous, full of faith.

Thus I kept on and on, pondering and waiting, determined not to yield an inch of ground to grim discouragement. Two weeks evaporated and were gone.

Two days now remained before the dawn of the great day, before the fall of the great night, when I must rise in my place and read my ode to Lincoln under the glowing candelabra and among the stately presences of the rich and exclusive club in Manhattan. There is something witching and creative about the night hours; so I determined to sit up that night. I did so: I watched the stars away, but the Muse did not descend to me out of her secret place.

Now only one more night remained. I slept all that day, and then began to watch away another night, the last night on the brink of the great banquet. At midnight, I opened my first volume, *The Man With the Hoe and Other Poems*, and turned to "The Desire of Nations," where I prophesy

the coming of the great social deliverer:

"He will arrive, our Counselor and Chief.
And with bleak faces lighted up will come
The earth-worn mothers from their martyrdom

To tell him of their grief.
And glad girls caroling from field and town
Will go to meet him with the labor-crown,
The new crown woven of the heading wheat.
And men will sit down at his sacred feet;
And he will say—the king—
'Come, let us live the poetry we sing!'"

I crooned these lines over, again and again. The heat of them penetrated me as a subtle fire, and seemed to dissolve the cold prose of the mind and to let into it the music of the spheres.

Out of this spherical music the Lincoln poem arose. For at two o'clock, the mystic hour of the morning, the deep hour when churchyards yawn and spirits walk abroad, in that mysterious hour the complete conception of the poem came to me—the conception of Lincoln as the providential man sent into the world for a great crisis of his people, for a great service to the race.

A creative idea flashed upon the long-waiting abyss of the mind. I saw that the Norn Mother, the Divine Mother, the Creative Mother of the universe, must descend into the earth from the Heaven of Heroes to mold this man—not to mold him out of the scarce porcelain from which She makes aristocrats and kings, but out of the tried clay of the common road, out of the clay from which She makes the common people. I saw also that this man of the solid and homely earth must have in him the dear and fondly remembered qualities of the old earth, the labor-place and the resting-place of the countless generations of men. He must have in him the color of the ground, the smack and tang of things, the rectitude of the cliff, the good will of the rain, the welcome of the wayside well, the courage of the bird, the gladness of the wind, the pity of the snow, the secrecy of subterranean streams, the tolerance of the light.

The poem had now leaped into its elemental form. I needed only to add a few details of the man's character, express his tragic ending, and the poem would be complete. In three hours the poem was finished, having been recopied three times, in my effort to revise and perfect the first draft. In another hour it was typewritten and on its way to the copyright office.

I soon fell into a tranquil slumber, and at six-thirty in the evening I was at Delmonico's with the poem that had been handed down to me out of the hushed mystery and wonder of the night.

Questions by W. L. S. :

My good author-friend, William L. Stidger, honors me with an ardent admiration for my Lincoln poem. At this moment, he flashes a few questions into this article for your eye, O patient and generous reader.

"I see, Sir Poet," cries my high-hearted friend, "an opportunity now to do a little psychoanalysis. I wish to search into your secret. I wish to find out for the readers of this article what memories inspired the striking figures and comparisons in your

poem. What suggested to you the great metaphor:

"The rectitude and patience
of the cliff?"

That figure, I answer, was suggested by a memory of my earliest boyhood. I was born under a great cliff in Oregon City: and the early memory that clings most tenaciously is the memory of that vast perpendicular rock soaring upward until it is lost in the clouds.

"Good, Mr. Poet, but what experience in the abyss of memories suggested the line:

"The good-will of the rain
that loves all leaves?"

That rose out of my memories of the Suisun Hills, when—while a cowboy on my mother's cattle range—I was caught frequently in some flurry of rain which scattered its bright drops on all the leaves of the trees on the encircling hills. The cedars and oaks and sycamores, all sparkling with raindrops—it was a memory never to be forgotten.

"And now, Poet, I must know about that touching line,

"The friendly welcome of the
wayside well."

You are wondering whether I had a memory of some wayside well when I wrote the line. I certainly did. It was a well that I had passed a thousand times in my boyhood on my way to Suisun City. It was an open well with a pulley and a rope and with moss-covered rocks. It was a friendly place, where thousands of travelers stopped on the long road to refresh themselves with the cool water.

"That is a beautiful memory, but I am now anxious to know what suggested that tremendous figure of speech in which you ascribe to Lincoln

"The courage of the bird that
dares the sea."

After leaving my mother's cattle range, I spent years in the Teachers' College in San Francisco; and I frequently journeyed out to the Cliff House, where I would watch the sea gulls flying out to sea. I felt the courage of their daring flight. I may have seen among the rest a stormy petrel taking its venturesome flight over the waste of whitening waves.

"Now, Poet, have the kindness to tell your readers the memory sources of some of the other lines, like

"The gladness of the wind
that shakes the corn."

The corn figure was another memory of my boyhood on my mother's farm in California. In those early days, I plowed and planted acres and acres of corn; and it was a great joy to note the tasseling of the stalks and to watch the sudden leap of the long sword-like leaves when the glad wind rushed over the green and happy fields. The beauty of the scene had thrilled my young heart a thousand times.

And now, good friend, you are wondering about

"The pity of the snow that
hides all scars";

and your curiosity is keen because you know we didn't have snow in the Suisun Hills. You are right; but later in life I was a superintendent of schools in the Sierras, where there was a yearly fall of snow. Strangely enough, that wild territory in El Dorado County was frightfully seamed and scarred by the miners in the early mining era. Sometimes a whole hillside was swept away by hydraulic power. Winter freshets also left their deep enduring scars. But the first fall of the snow covered these ugly reminders and all was beautiful again: all ugly features were hidden by the pity of the snow.

You are also curious about

"The secrecy of streams that
make their way
Beneath the mountain to the
rifted rock."

Many times in my early outdoor life I have come upon streams, which suddenly disappeared, ran underground for a mile or so, and then as suddenly reappeared. That picture rushed in upon my mind when I wished to tell of Lincoln's habit of holding his tongue, of keeping his own council. He could speak: he also had the power of silence.

You have another couplet in your mind:

"The strength of virgin forests
braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies
stilled his soul."

These lines also rose out of my memories. I lived all my days among the vigorous mountain forests of the West—among oaks and redwoods and cedars. The prairie figure was suggested by the memories of the long silent leagues of prairie that I saw in crossing the American continent.

"This is all excellent, Mr. Poet," cries my friend again, "but what news can you tell of that greatest figure of all, in the last four lines of the poem, where you describe Lincoln in his death as going down like a stricken tree on the high hills. That is unquestionably the greatest figure in American literature."

I am not responsible for your literary opinions, Mr. Critic, but I can with safety answer your question. This figure of the falling tree was suggested to me by a hundred experiences in my romantic boyhood. Many times when looking for lost cattle in the mountains a wild tempest suddenly shook the earth; and I would seek shelter under some live oak tree through whose dense leaves no rain can penetrate. On several of these occasions I have seen a mighty tree give way before the rushing hurricane, and fall with a great shout upon the hills; and whenever I passed that way again where the tree had fallen, I always saw "a lonesome place against the sky." Every tree on those mountains was my friend, was dear to my heart; so when one was hurled prostrate, I could not help but see with wistful heart the vacant place against the heavens.

In the first draft of the poem, this last line was not inserted. But Mrs. Markham—who was also a mountaineer and who had often seen these "lonesome places"—urged me to add the line, for she also had seen a tree fall near her childhood home, leaving a lonesome gap in the forest ranks.

Yes, Lincoln went down in tragic death, but he is even greater in his death than he ever was in his life. For he has risen to become the national ideal, the great spiritual power kindling a great people.

Medical Quacks of Other Days

EVER since prehistoric days there have been medical quacks. One of the strangest was Anton Mesmer. In Paris, he found prodigious vogue, especially among women. To enter his house was an impressive experience. He had assistants who were claimed to be able to transfer magnetism from their finger tips to patients. If a female patient were in a hysterical state, Mesmer himself, in his robe of silk embroidered with gold, and with his ivory wand, would stroke her eyebrows or her spine and calm her. The Queen of France commended Mesmerism and a pension of

twenty thousand francs was offered Mesmer if he could prove that he had made any discovery in medicine and would communicate it to the King's physicians.

Mesmer objected to the latter part of the offer and left Paris. Two royal commissions were then appointed, on one of which Benjamin Franklin was a member. After five months of experiment a report unfavorable to Mesmer was returned, after which Mesmer retired to the country, with a fortune amounting to 340,000 francs. He died in 1815, at the age of eighty-one.

THERE'S HISTORY EVERYWHERE IN THIS ADVENTURE LAND



In 1738, the French-Canadian, Pierre Gaultier de Varennes, sieur de la Verendrye, penetrated into today's Great Northern country, explored the Upper Missouri River and discovered the Rocky Mountains

FROM bold Verendrye to James J. Hill, the country traversed by the Great Northern has been steeped in valorous achievement. Come out and feel its spell.

See the amazing cities, the productive prairies, the extensive apple orchards, the tremendous mining and timbering enterprises, the great rivers and "shining mountains" of Glacier National Park and your own Northwest.

NEW ORIENTAL LIMITED

de luxe service—no extra fare

This newest and finest of Northwest trains, with its specially Pullman built all-steel cars and its many innovations in travel convenience, makes the trip through the historic Northwest most delightful at this time of year.

GREAT NORTHERN

"A Dependable Railway"

"See America
First"



New Oriental Limited westbound leaves New Chicago Union Station daily 11 p. m. via Burlington-Great Northern, St. Paul 11:25 a. m., Minneapolis 12:01 p. m. Eastbound leaves Tacoma daily 6:20 p. m., Seattle and Portland daily 8 p. m., Spokane daily 8 a. m.

MAIL COUPON

A. J. DICKINSON, Passenger Traffic Mgr., Room 712
Great Northern Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

I am contemplating a trip through the Northwest about..... Send me literature.

Name

Address

DI 2-6

Lincoln's Premonitions of Death

(Continued from page 8)



President Lincoln and his family.

safe arrival in Washington, sought safety in flight and were not apprehended. Mr. Lincoln always regretted his "secret passage" to Washington, for it was repugnant to a man of his high courage. He had agreed to the plan simply because all of his friends urged it as the best thing to do.⁵

Beginning with this plot Mr. Lincoln, according to his secretaries, Nicolay and Hay, was constantly subject to the threats of his enemies and the warnings of his friends.

"The threats came in every form; his mail was infested with brutal and vulgar menace, mostly anonymous, the expression of vile and cowardly minds. The warnings, not less numerous, were faithfully reported to him by zealous or nervous friends. Most of these communications received no notice.

"In cases where there seemed a ground for inquiry it was made, as carefully as possible, by the President's private secretary and by the War Department, but always without substantial result. Warnings that appeared to be most definite when they came to be examined proved too vague and confused for further attention. The President was too intelligent not to know he was in some danger. Madmen frequently made their way to the very door of the executive offices and sometimes into Mr. Lincoln's presence.⁶

⁵ *Yarns and Stories*, McClure, p. 487; also *Recollections*, by Ward Lamon, pp. 46-47.

⁶ *Abraham Lincoln, a History* by John G. Nicolay and John Hay, published by The Century Company, New York, 1890, Volume X—pp. 286-287.

continually in fear would be to die over and over."⁷

John Bigelow, Lincoln's second minister to France, stated in 1865 that he had three years before warned the Secretary of State of plots against the lives of northern statesmen, but that Mr. Seward deprecated the idea in the following terms:

"There is no doubt that from a period anterior to the breaking out of the insurrection, plots and conspiracies for purposes of assassination have been frequently formed and organized. And it is not unlikely that such an one as has been reported to you is now in agitation among the insurgents. If it be so, it need furnish no ground for anxiety. Assassination is not an American practice or habit, and one so vicious and so desperate cannot be engrafted into our political system. This conviction of mine has steadily gained strength since the Civil War began. Every day's experience confirms it. The President, during the heated season, occupies a country house near the Soldiers Home, two or three miles from the city. He goes to and from that place on horseback, night and morning, unguarded. I go there unattended at all hours, by daylight and moonlight, by starlight and without any light."⁸

⁷ *Abraham Lincoln, a History* by John G. Nicolay and John Hay. Vol. X—pp. 288-289.

⁸ *Retrospections of an Active Life* by John Bigelow, The Baker & Taylor Company, 1909. President Lincoln's Second Minister to France. Volume II, pp. 547-48.

"Although he freely discussed with the officials about him the possibilities of danger, he always considered them remote, as is the habit of men constitutionally brave, and positively refused to torment himself with precautions for his own safety. He would sum the matter up by saying that both friends and strangers must have daily access to him in all manner of ways and places; his life was therefore in reach of any one, sane or mad, who was ready to murder and be hanged for it; that he could not possibly guard against all danger unless he were to shut himself up in an iron box, in which condition he could scarcely perform the duties of a President; by the hand of a murderer he could die only once; to go

According to Ward Lamon, marshal of the District of Columbia,⁹ Mr. Lincoln made the Soldiers Home about three miles northwest of the White House his summer residence, but refused to have a military escort to and from this place saying that there wasn't the slightest occasion for such precaution. One morning, however, in August, 1862, the President reported that the night before, about 11 o'clock, when riding his horse alone on his way to the Home and near the entrance to the grounds, he was startled by the report of a rifle seemingly about fifty yards away which frightened the horse to such an extent that he finished the distance at breakneck speed. The President refused to believe that he was the target, although he acknowledged that he heard the bullet whistle near his head.

November 1, 1864, the United States Consul at Halifax wrote the Secretary of State as follows: "It is secretly asserted by secessionists here that plans have been formed and will be carried into execution by the rebels and their allies, for setting fire to the principal cities in the Northern States on the day of the Presidential Election."¹⁰

David Homer Bates, in charge of the War Department telegraph, says that vague rumors of a plot to kidnap or assassinate the President had previously reached the War Department, but had been given little credence until just about this time a photograph of Lincoln had been received by Mrs. Lincoln through the mail which showed red ink-spots on the shirt front, with a rope around the neck.

Ward Lamon, marshal of the District, became so distressed in December, 1864, at what seemed to him Mr. Lincoln's carelessness, that at 1:30 in the morning he wrote the President as follows:

"I regret that you do not appreciate what I have repeatedly said to you in regard to the proper police arrangements connected with your household and your own personal safety. You are in danger. I have nothing to ask, and I flatter myself that you will at least believe that I am honest. If, however, you have been impressed differently, do me and the country the justice to dispose at once of all suspected officers, and accept my resignation of the marshalship.

"I will give you further reasons which have impelled me to this course. Tonight, as you have done on several previous occasions, you went unattended to the theater. When I say unattended, I mean that you went alone with Charles Sumner and a foreign minister, neither of whom could defend himself against an assault from any able-bodied woman in this city. And you know, or ought to know, your life is sought after, and will be taken unless you and your friends are cautious."

During the last weeks of the war, President Lincoln saw Petersburg fall into the hands of Union troops. A few days later he entered Richmond. It was during this trip that Mrs. Lincoln says that she was driving one day with her husband along the banks of the James, when they passed a country graveyard. "It was a retired place, shaded by trees, and early spring flowers were opening on nearly every grave. It was so quiet and attractive that they

⁹ *Recollections Abe Lincoln*, p. 266.

¹⁰ *Lincoln in the Telegraph Office* by David Homer Bates, The Century Company, New York, 1907—pp. 296-297.

stopped the carriage and walked through it. Mr. Lincoln seemed thoughtful and impressed. He said, "Mary, you are younger than I. You will survive me. When I am gone, lay my remains in some quiet place like this."¹¹

On the return trip from Richmond to Washington, members of the party were much impressed by the tone and manner in which Mr. Lincoln read aloud, two or three times, a passage from *Macbeth*:

" . . . Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel,
nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further."

Possibly the most startling and gruesome of Mr. Lincoln's many dreams was one he had a few weeks before April 14, 1865, which so haunted him that after working ten days he reluctantly told Mrs. Lincoln and two or three others who were present. Later he referred to it in conversation with others.

"About ten days ago," said Mr. Lincoln, "I retired very late. I had been waiting for important dispatches from the front. I could not have been long in bed when I fell into a slumber, for I was weary. I soon began to dream. There seemed to be a deathlike stillness about me. Then I heard subdued sobs, as if a number of people were weeping. I thought I left my bed and wandered downstairs. There the silence was broken by the same pitiful sobbing, but the mourners were invisible. I went from room to room; no living person was in sight, but the same mournful sounds of distress met me as I passed along. It was light in all the rooms, every object was familiar to me; but where were all the people who were grieving as if their hearts would break? I was puzzled and alarmed. What could be the meaning of all this?"

"Determined to find the cause of a state of things so mysterious and so shocking, I kept on until I arrived at the East Room, which I entered. There I met with a sickening surprise. Before me was a catafalque, on which rested a corpse wrapped in funeral vestments. Around it were stationed soldiers who were acting as guards; and there was a throng of people, some gazing mournfully upon the corpse, whose face was covered, others weeping pitifully. 'Who is dead in the White House?' I demanded of one of the soldiers. 'The President,' was his answer; 'he was killed by an assassin!' Then came a loud burst of grief from the crowd, which awoke me from my dream. I slept no more that night; and although it was only a dream I have been strangely annoyed by it ever since."¹²

"Never since he had become convinced that the end of the war was near had Mr. Lincoln seemed to his friends more glad, more serene, than on the 14th of April. The morning was soft and sunny in Washington, and as the spring was early in 1865, the Judas-trees and the dogwood were blossoming on the hillsides, the willows were green along the Potomac, and in the parks and gardens the lilacs bloomed

—a day of promise and joy to which the whole town responded. Indeed, ever since the news of the fall of Richmond reached Washington the town had been indulging in an almost unbroken celebration, each new victory arousing a fresh outburst and rekindling enthusiasm. On the night of the 13th, there had been a splendid illumination, and on the 14th, the rejoicing went on. The suspension of the draft and the presence of Grant in town—come this time not to plan new campaigns, but to talk of peace and reconstruction—seemed to furnish special reason for celebrating."¹³

"The day was one of unusual enjoyment to Mr. Lincoln. His son, Robert, had returned from the field with General Grant, and the President spent an hour with the young captain in delighted conversation over the campaign. He denied himself generally to the throng of visitors, admitting only a few friends."¹⁴

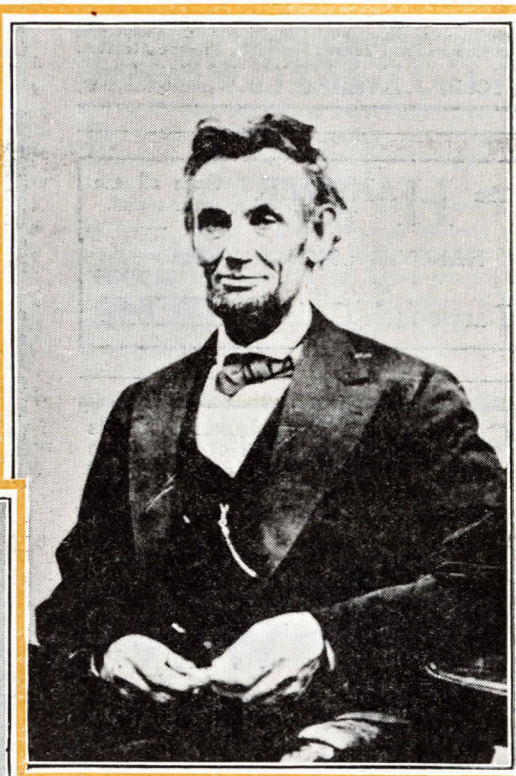
During the morning of the fourteenth, Mrs. Lincoln had accepted for herself and the President an invitation to attend a performance of *Our American Cousin* at Ford's Theater that night and had invited the Grants to be their guests. General and Mrs. Grant had not seen their children for some time and answered that if possible they wanted to take an afternoon train to Burlington, New Jersey, where the children were in school, but that if they remained in Washington for the night, they would gladly accept the invitation.

One of President Lincoln's last letters, written on the morn-

for the sake of his friends and the nation to guard his life and not expose it to assassination as he had by going to Richmond." Mr. Lincoln answered, "I intend to adopt the advice of my friends and use due precaution."¹⁵

At the last presidential cabinet meeting at 11 o'clock on the morning of April 14, "The conversation turning upon the subject of sleep, Mr. Lincoln remarked that a peculiar dream of the previous night was one that had recurred several times in his life—a vague sense of floating—floating away on some vast and indistinct expanse, toward an unknown shore. The dream itself was not so strange as the coincidence, that each of the previous recurrences had been followed by some important event or disaster.

"The usual comments were made by his auditors. One thought it was merely a matter of coincidences.



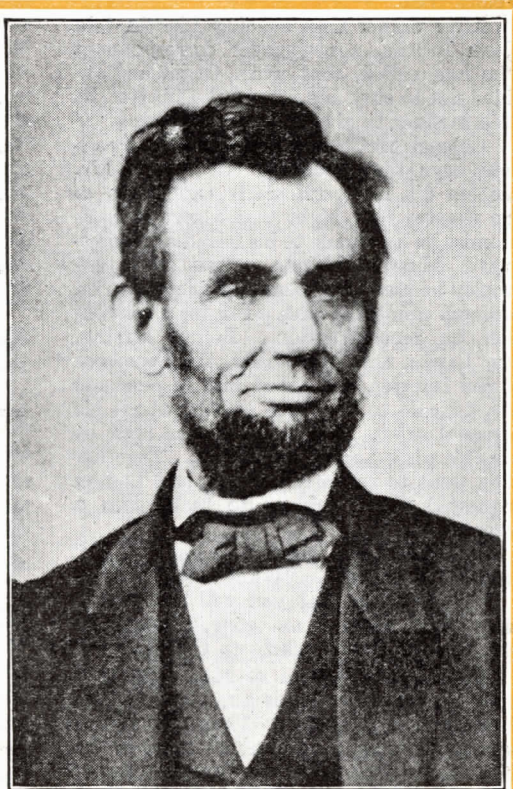
Above—Abraham Lincoln, as photographed five days before he was shot. By Alexander Gardner, Washington, April 9, 1865. Left—Another of Gardner's photographs of Lincoln, made November 8, 1863. These two pictures show in striking contrast the toll exacted from the President in only two years.

"Another laughingly remarked: 'At any rate it cannot presage a victory nor a defeat this time, for the war is over.'

"A third suggested: 'Perhaps at each of these periods there were possibilities of great change or disaster; and the vague feeling of uncertainty may have led to the dim vision in sleep.'

"'Perhaps,' said Mr. Lincoln, thoughtfully, 'perhaps that is the explanation.'"¹⁶

After the Cabinet meeting, the President took a drive with Mrs. Lincoln, expressing a wish that no one should accompany them. His heart was filled with a solemn joy, which awoke memories of the past to mingle with hopes for the future; and in this subdued moment he desired to be alone with the one who stood nearest to him in human relation-



ing of April 14, was to General Van Allen who had written "requesting him

¹¹*Life of Abraham Lincoln*, by Ida M. Tarbell, Lincoln History Society, New York, Vol. IV, p. 28.

¹²*Recollections of Lincoln*, by Ward Hill Lamon, edited by Dorothy Lamon Teillard, 1911, pp. 114-115.

¹³Ida Tarbell, Vol. IV, p. 29.

¹⁴*Abraham Lincoln, a History*, by Nicolay & Hay. The Century Company, New York, 1890. Vol. X, pp. 285-286.

¹⁵*Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln*, edited by Nicolay & Hay, Vol. XI, p. 94.

¹⁶*Seward at Washington*, by Frederick W. Seward. Derby & Miller, New York, 1891. Also McClure, and Nicolay & Hay, page 274.

CLASS 25¢ PINS
 BUY DIRECT FROM THE MAKER
CATALOG FREE
 Either pin shown made with any 3 letters and 2 figures 1 or 2 colors enamel. Silver plate 25¢ ea. \$2.50 doz. Sterling silver 40¢ ea. \$4.00 doz.
BASTIAN BROS. CO.
 644 Bastian Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.
 3490 2534


ATTENTION!

BUY Concord Yarns direct from manufacturer at a big saving. Spun from long combed wool. Write for free samples, many beautiful shades and heather mixtures. 50c per 4 oz. skein. \$2.00 per lb. Postage paid on all orders. Concord Worsted Mills (Dept. A.), W. Concord, N. H.

PATENTS TRADEMARKS COPYRIGHTS
 Write for our free Guide Books and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK" before disclosing inventions. Send model or sketch and description of your invention for our inspection and instructions free. Terms reasonable. Prompt attention.
Victor J. Evans & Co. 920 Ninth Street, Washington, D.C.

The **HANOVER INN** Open all the year round.
 HANOVER : N. H. GOLF
 at TENNIS
 Dartmouth College Saddle Horses

Secretary of Labor James J. Davis proposes enrollment of America's alien residents—read why in NEXT WEEK'S DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.



**Why—
is a
Moccasin
?**

The lightest—most durable—most comfortable footwear known.

Because it's made the Indian way, with smooth upper leather extending in one piece completely under the foot. This construction does away with need for the stiff, sharp-edged innersole, the welt and bottom filler found in ordinary shoes.

If your shoe store doesn't carry BASS MOCCASINS, write us direct for free catalog 1. It tells the moccasin story, illustrates the different styles for men, women and children.

Write for it now.

Shoe or Sporting Goods Dealers interested in carrying this profitable line should write immediately.

G. H. BASS & Co. Wilton, Me.
 Shoemakers since 1876

ship. In the course of their talk together, he said: "Mary, we have had a hard time of it since we came to Washington; but the war is over and with God's blessing we may hope for four years of peace and happiness, and then we will go back to Illinois and pass the rest of our lives in quiet."¹⁷

According to Colonel William H. Crook, one of President Lincoln's bodyguards, he accompanied the President during the afternoon of April 14 to the War Department. He stated that the President was unusually depressed and expressed his belief that he would be assassinated, but that if it were to be done, it would be impossible to prevent it, later adding that he would not attend the theater that night but for the fact that he was expected and his absence would disappoint the people.¹⁸

David Homer Bates claims, in *Lincoln in the Telegraph Office*, "that Stanton, the Secretary of War, having in mind the numerous threats of assassination which had come to his notice through secret service agents and otherwise, on the morning of the fourteenth, urged the President (p. 366) not to attend the theater that night."

To Mrs. Lincoln who suggested to the President that they decline the invitation to attend the theater that evening he answered that it was necessary for him to have a little rest, and by going to the theater he would escape the crowds of "overjoyed, excited people" who would visit him if he remained at the White House.¹⁹

General Grant, between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, having remained after the Cabinet meeting, was urged by the President to attend the theater with them that night, but Grant refused saying that he and Mrs. Grant had made arrangements to visit their children, and that Mrs. Grant was "desirous of leaving the city on the four o'clock train."²⁰

After dinner that evening Lincoln told Noah Brooks, a newspaper correspondent who had called, that when Grant had decided not to stay and attend the theater, he "felt inclined to give up the whole thing."²¹

Colonel McClure, a friend of the President, says that probably one reason Mr. Lincoln did not particularly care to go to the theater that night was a sort of half-promise he had made to his friend and bodyguard, Marshal Lamon. Two days previously he had sent Lamon to Richmond on business connected with a call for a convention on reconstruction. Before leaving, Mr. Lamon saw Mr. Usher, the Secretary of the Interior, and asked him to persuade Mr. Lincoln to use more caution about his personal safety, and to go out as little as possible while Lamon was absent. Together they went to see Mr. Lincoln, and Lamon requested the President to make him a promise.

"I think I can venture to say I will," agreed Mr. Lincoln. "What is it?"

"Promise me that you will not go out after night while I am gone," demanded Mr. Lamon, "particularly to the theater."

Mr. Lincoln turned to Mr. Usher and said: "Usher, this boy is a monomaniac on the subject of my safety. I can hear him or hear of his being around at all times in the night, to prevent somebody from murdering me. He thinks I shall be killed, and we

¹⁷*The Everyday Life of Lincoln*, by Francis F. Browne, published by N. D. Thompson Publishing Co., New York & St. Louis, 1886, p. 703. Also Nicolay & Hay, Vol. X, p. 286.

¹⁸*Through Five Administrations. Reminiscences of Colonel William H. Crook*, pp. 64-67, Harper & Brothers, N. Y., 1910.

¹⁹*Lincoln's Last Day*, by John W. Starr, Jr., Fredrick A. Stokes Co., pp. 19-20.

²⁰*Lincoln's Last Day*, Starr, pp. 34-35.

²¹Starr, *Lincoln's Last Day*—p. 57.

think he is going crazy. What does any one want to assassinate me for? If any one wants to do so, he can do it any day or night if he is ready to give his life for mine. It is nonsense."

Mr. Usher advised Mr. Lincoln that it would be well to heed Lamon's warning, as he was thrown among persons from whom he had better opportunities to learn about such matters than almost any one.

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln to Lamon, "I promise to do the best I can."²²

That from Abraham Lincoln the war had exacted a terrible toll in mental anguish, no matter how much he tried not to worry about its awful problems, is shown by the startling contrast between pictures taken of him in 1861, 1863, and 1865 and two life masks made of him, one in 1860, the other in the spring of 1865. St. Gaudens insisted at first that the second was a death mask. "The lines are set as if the living face, like the copy, had been in bronze; the nose is thin and lengthened by the emaciation of the cheeks; the mouth is fixed like that of an archaic statue—a look as of one on whom sorrow and care had done their worst without victory is on all the features; the whole expression is of unspeakable sadness and all-suffering strength."²³

In view of the President's many weird dreams and seeming premonitions it is not strange that "The Dream" by Lord Byron was among his favorite poems. To Ward Lamon²⁴ he often repeated:

"Sleep hath its own world,
 A boundary between the things misnamed
 Death and existence: Sleep hath its own world
 And a wide realm of wild reality.
 And dreams in their development have breath,
 And tears and tortures, and the touch of joy;
 They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
 They take a weight from off our waking toils,
 They do divide our being."

²²McClure, pp. 498-499. "Abe" *Lincoln Yarns and Stories, Recollections of Abraham Lincoln*, by Ward Hill Lamon, edited by Dorothy Lamon Teillard, 1911, pp. 280-281.

²³*Century Magazine*, November, 1890, p. 37. Also *Outcome of the Civil War*, by James Kendall Hosmer, in "The American Nation," Vol. 21, Harper & Brothers, pp. 249-250.

²⁴Rec.—Ward Lamon, p. 122.

The Dampest Spot

RAINFALL at a certain place in the Hawaiian Islands is said to be heavier than at any other spot in the world. For half a century the world's record for rainfall has been attributed to the town of Cherapunji, in India. This is in the foothills of the Himalaya, about 4,100 feet above sea level. The moist monsoons have condensed rapidly on being forced up the mountain sides and the rainfall at Cherapunji has averaged 426 inches a year. Now come those who dig into such things to find that on the summit of Mount Waialeale, 5,080 feet above the sea, the rainfall averages 476 inches, and that during 1914 and 1918 it jumped to 600 inches, which is, of course, nearly two inches a day. Two inches of rain is equivalent to 129,280 tons the square mile!

How Abraham Lincoln Looked

(Concluded from page 17)

under its former name. The head of the bronze department was a Frenchman named Jules Berchem. Winslow Brothers went heavily into munitions work during the World War, and when it ended closed out their bronze department. Being personally acquainted with the Winslows, I inquired what had become of their original bronze life mask and hands. They made search in their fireproof vault and found these invaluable articles, and very graciously presented them to me, together with the statement which I have summarized above. But my good fortune went further. I sought out Jules Berchem, of the American Art Bronze Company, and found that he has not only a set of molds of the face and hands, used by him for Volk in certain replicas which he caused to be made, but that he had also Volk's original pattern for the life-sized bust. Once a year on Lincoln's birthday, it became Mr. Berchem's pleasant custom to send me a bronze casting—first the right hand; a year later the left hand; a year later the life mask. And now I am to set up in my new Lincoln room a life-sized bust of Abraham Lincoln "Leonard Volk fecit 1860," the gift to me of Leonard Volk's friend, Jules Berchem.

No one has ever questioned the majesty of Volk's life mask. From 1785 when Jean Antoine Houdon made at Mount Vernon a perfect cast of the features of George Washington, the country waited until 1860 for a like perfect reproduction of the bony formation and muscular development of the face of a President. Richard Watson Gilder wrote a worthy poem about the cast of Lincoln's face, and Edmund Clarence Stedman wrote a noble piece of verse about Lincoln's hand that swung the ax and used the pen, and did both with regal power. Whoever makes a statue of Abraham Lincoln, whether in classic mold as did St. Gaudens, or in commonplace realism as did Barnard, or in friendly democracy as did Borglum, must have one quality in common with all the rest. They all must use the Volk life mask.

A Million-Dollar Cape

BEFORE the white man came out of his lands to the east of Hawaii and the yellow man journeyed east to reach it, the native Hawaiian got along in sweet content with the fauna and flora of his islands. Of things that flew he knew only three birds, the dove, the mamo and the o-o. The latter was a small black bird with a bright golden feather on each breast. The mamo were some brilliant red feathers.

Kings and chiefs wore capes and cloaks made from these feathers to show their rank. In the Honolulu museum there is kept in a steel vault a great golden feather cape that belonged to King Kamehameha the First, who flourished about the end of the eighteenth century. It took hundreds of thousands of feathers of birds that never had more than two of these particular feathers at a time, to make the cape, which reached from the shoulders to the knees of the wearer. The cape now is insured for a million dollars.

Has America a Youth Movement?

(Concluded from page 5)

to think what might have happened if they had decided to do away with the church entirely.

At the time the Evanston Conference was proceeding, another momentous student conference of the Methodist Church South was in session at Memphis. A preacher friend of mine was in attendance. There were five thousand registered students. They too attempted to decide one of the great world-shaking questions. They were discussing the "Amusement Question." Some Desperate Daniel asked whether Dancing might be Permitted in Churches.

A church official arose in the meeting—a Watch Dog of International Morals—patted that body of five thousand students patronizingly on their heads and said: "My boys and girls, you are now getting into deep water. There is a little book called the Methodist Discipline which settles that question, and I fear you are treading on dangerous ground. You had best not discuss that!"

Wow! "Boys and Girls!"

Which reminds me that the only real excitement of the Evanston Conference was when Dr. Ralph Diffendorfer of the Methodist Episcopal Foreign

Mission Board in answering a question from the platform, in a slightly patronizing

but friendly manner, said: "Now, my boy, just be calm!"

That "My Boy" was just like dropping a pile driver on a ton of dynamite, or playfully hammering a tube of nitroglycerin up against a brick building. There was an explosion.

The conference didn't like that "My Boy" phrase. It was old stuff. They had had enough of it. Would the speaker kindly take it back and tie it up in its Egean stall back in the past where it belonged? Would he please apologize to the conference for such a terrible insult? Would he please banish himself from the platform? And all this was said to one of the men who had made it financially possible for them to be there! But that crowd just wouldn't, and couldn't stand to be "My Boy'd!"

Except the Hunger Strike for the sake of the sacred rights of making a speech, the "My Boy" incident was the most talked-about incident of the conference. Mere matters like the World Court, the Racial Questions that confront the United States, and the question of Social Justice, were more or less subordinated to these two questions as to the inalienable right of every delegate to make a speech, and the question as to whether or not the men of forty years of age or over have any right to call college students "My Boy" in addressing them in a friendly gathering.

When these two questions were fully settled the time was up, the referee's whistle blew, the seconds wiped off the chests of the

participants, the Resolutions Committees played hob with War, Peace, the World Court, the Ku Klux Klan, Labor, Capital; a package of Wrigley chewing gum was distributed to each delegate as a fitting souvenir of the conference, and everybody took in the Loop in Chicago. They were somewhat prepared for this hilarious adventure into the regions of the Loop, because they had just been through

a series of Loop-the-Loops at the Oratorical Outing in Evanston.

Dr. Reinhold Neibuhr said in his speech: "There is a Youth Movement in Europe because Europe is bankrupt. There is no Youth Movement in America, in spite of the morning headlines, because America is rolling in wealth."

Which leads me to say, in conclusion, that the only enlightening moments on the set programs of this conference were those moments when some adult spoke.

If a thousand or more students from colleges all over America know and care as little about the great problems of life, and dare as little about them as this conference disclosed, it is a serious matter.

If this keeps on "we will be in the position of having perfectly wonderful places in which to say something and have nothing to say!" to use an expression of Dr. Hal Luceock.

Such was the conference held in one of the most beautiful church structures in America, the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Evanston, Illinois.

These students did not lack honesty of purpose. Most of them were in earnest and evidenced the deepest kind of sincerity. But, frankly, they did not know what they were talking about. Students who are isolated for four years from actual life and living cannot know. The professors themselves suffer from this isolation. These students were intelligent, they were enthusiastic, and Christian in their spirit. But it was plain to be seen that they were lost for facts.

Pure Coffee

without caffeine—not

Mock Coffee

Kaffee Hag is pure coffee with the caffeine taken out. It's a delightful blend—coffee at its best. All we remove is a tasteless drug. The flavor and aroma stay intact.

Caffeine is the drug which stunts coffee with so many. It forbids coffee to millions, including all children. It keeps people awake at night. Countless coffee lovers are driven to substitutes simply because of caffeine.

We open the pores and remove that caffeine, without altering the coffee taste. As a result, we bring you all coffee delights without the coffee harm. All the quick bracing effects remain. Yet one may drink it at any hour without stint.

Serve Kaffee Hag to those in your home who should avoid caffeine. Let them taste its delights. Send the coupon with a dime for a 10-cup package. Clip it now.



Mail This Today for 10-cup Sample; 10 cts.

KAFFEE HAG

1450 Davenport Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Name.....

Address.....

BADGER GAVOTTE

MM-96

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking and contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a triplet of eighth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

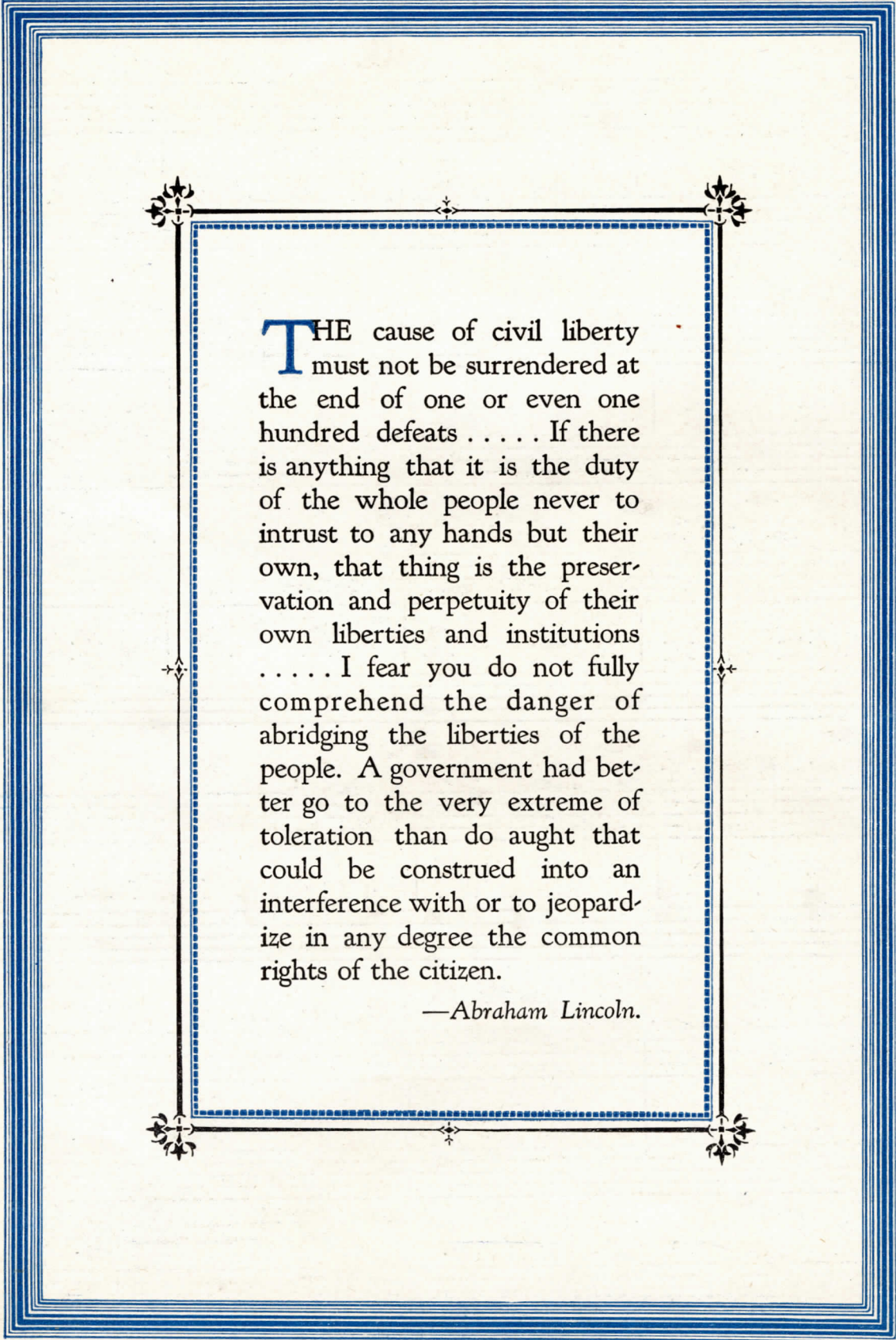
The second system continues the piece with two staves. The upper staff features a melodic line with various ornaments and a triplet of eighth notes. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

The third system shows a change in dynamics to *f* (forte) in the upper staff. The melody is more active with sixteenth-note patterns. The lower staff maintains the accompaniment.

The fourth system continues the melodic and accompanimental lines. The upper staff has a melodic line with some grace notes, and the lower staff provides a steady accompaniment.

The fifth system features a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The upper staff includes a trill (*tr*) and a grace note. The lower staff continues the accompaniment.

The sixth system concludes the piece. The upper staff has a trill (*tr*) and a grace note. The lower staff ends with a double bar line and the instruction *D.C.* (Da Capo). The key signature remains one flat.



THE cause of civil liberty must not be surrendered at the end of one or even one hundred defeats If there is anything that it is the duty of the whole people never to intrust to any hands but their own, that thing is the preservation and perpetuity of their own liberties and institutions I fear you do not fully comprehend the danger of abridging the liberties of the people. A government had better go to the very extreme of toleration than do aught that could be construed into an interference with or to jeopardize in any degree the common rights of the citizen.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*