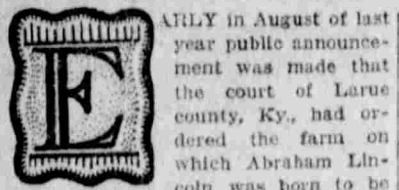


Lincoln's Birthplace to Be Made a National Park



EARLY in August of last year public announcement was made that the court of Larue county, Ky., had ordered the farm on which Abraham Lincoln was born to be sold at auction. The sale was advertised for Aug. 23 from the courthouse steps at Hodgenville, the county town, a sleepy Kentucky village of less than a thousand inhabitants. The notice was published widely as a news item, but little newspaper comment was made at the time. Here and there some rural journalist wrote briefly, but feelingly, of the associations connected with the place, but no one suggested a feasible plan for its preservation.

There were several schemes, however, for the acquisition of the property. Some of them were commercial in their nature. One contemplated the exploitation of the birthplace of the great emancipator as an advertisement for a Kentucky whisky distilling establishment. So confident was the distilling company that it would encounter no opposition to its enterprising intention that it had already provided itself with a stock of labels bearing the inscription "Lincoln Birthplace Whisky." John Wanamaker, the millionaire merchant prince of New York and Philadelphia, once made an effort to obtain possession of the property, but was not able to secure a clear title. A bill was at one time introduced into the Kentucky legislature providing for the purchase of the property by the state, but was neglected and failed to pass. At one time a project was under way to convert the old homestead into a home for decrepit ex-slaves, but nothing came of it. All efforts of the local newspapers to secure congressional attention failed.

A century has passed since Thomas Lincoln, the father of the great president, laid claim to this Blue Grass State farm of 110 acres. Until recently it has had but three owners. The elder Lincoln sold it to a family named Creal. It remained in their hands for over seventy years. Then it became the property of A. W. Donnell, a wealthy owner of a group of restaurants, who paid \$3,000 for it. He began to improve the place, but financial reverses overtook him and all improvement was abandoned. A few years ago the farm passed into the control of the Rev. J. W. Bingham, a Methodist minister, who had the logs of the old cabin taken to Nashville for exhibition. Finally the cabin was sold to an itinerant showman, who carried it about the country as a traveling show. It has recently become the property of the Lincoln Farm association.

When the day for the sale of the old place by public outcry arrived there was not a remarkable influx of prospective buyers to Hodgenville. When at the appointed time the commissioner made his appearance on the courthouse steps he could have numbered the group of bidders on the fingers of his right hand. There was a Grand Army veteran from Wisconsin who was authorized to bid as high as \$2,500 and no higher. A northern newspaper man lost all further interest when the bidding reached \$3,000. A New York lawyer saw no possibility in the place beyond \$3,200. A Louisville agent for the distillery firm that had invested in the labels stopped bidding at \$2,500, and the property was knocked down to the representative of Robert J. Collier of New York city, who has organized and incorporated under the laws of Kentucky an association known as the Lincoln Farm association, whose object is the development of the Lincoln birthplace farm into a national park.

During each succeeding year that has

elapsed since the tragic end of that life which contributed so largely to the advance of the past century, the appreciation of the American people for Lincoln's character and deeds has been enlarging constantly. It is strange, indeed, that in all these years there has been born no national movement to preserve and beautify the birthplace of such an original genius as was the great war president. No one may assert without the risk of speedy confutation that the Americans are an ungrateful people, that they are not inclined to make much of deeds that have contributed to the memories of those who have wrought them. It is not ingratitude, it is not forgetfulness; it is, rather, the slowness of initiative that characterizes a great composite body. It was for the same reason that Washington had been at rest half a century before the historic significance centered at Mount Vernon came to be generally realized and steps were taken to preserve the hallowed spot as one of the nation's most cherished heritages.

making himself miserable for her sake, and she resented and married him long before he had learned his trade. And so, happy and penniless, the Lincolns went to live in a shed which stood in one of the back alleys of Elizabeth town. It was a sorry home and nothing less than the light of love could have made it habitable. It was about fourteen feet square, almost bare of

almost destitute of timber and covered with a growth of weeds and low growing bushes. It was not a first class farming country, and Lincoln's farm was the poorest in the neighborhood. As a kindly offset to its sterility the new home of the Lincolns was rather picturesque. The surface was rolling, and there were numerous streams and springs. One of the latter bubbled from

most popular man in his neighborhood. His vagrant boyhood and youth had laid the foundation of an inexhaustible store of anecdotes, which he was willing at all times and in all places to share generously. He dispensed his stock cleverly, too, and was recognized as a born story teller. Next to tramping the woods and whipping the streams he liked nothing better than to be the center of an admiring and applauding group of listeners to his tales. He was a Democrat in politics—a Jackson Democrat. His unswerving fidelity to that form of political expression was the one great instance of his constancy. It was not so in religion; theologically, he was nothing at all times and on occasions an adherent of widely differing forms of belief—a Free Will Baptist in Kentucky, a Presbyterian in Indiana, a Disciple in Illinois.

In that humble cabin, the logs of which were stored so long in a showman's cellar, the illustrious Lincoln was born, Feb. 12, 1809. The family remained in that rather desolate home until the boy was four years

learned also to be somewhat chary of his opinions in the presence of his wife, who had come to depend on her own judgment in matters which concerned the welfare of her family.

But this young Kentucky lad was not all plodder and bookworm. Robust and active and curious about the world, he was no stranger to the endless delights afforded by the pioneer life about him. He was the most successful young hunter in the vicinity and a leader in all of the youthful pranks and practical jokes. He was a general favorite and had inherited his father's talent for story telling to such a degree that he was welcome everywhere. It may be said, indeed, that this one inheritance was absolutely all that the elder Lincoln ever bequeathed to his son. In every other respect Abraham was as unlike his father as one of the same blood could be. There was not the slightest physical likeness between them. Thomas was comparatively short and stout, his face round and full, his eyes gray and his nose large and protuberant. His son was his physical antithesis, but he was the possessor of even a more keenly attuned sense of the humorous.

Illustrative of the rugged and sometimes perilous boyhood passed by young Lincoln in these Kentucky wilds is the following story related by one of his early associates:

"Abe and I were great friends and spent a good deal of time together in the woods and down at the creek. One day we concluded to cross the creek in search of some partridges which Abe had seen the day before. The creek was swollen by a recent rain and in crossing it by means of a narrow log Abe made a misstep and fell into the water with a splash. Neither of us could swim a stroke. I don't know why, but we had never learned. I was almost paralyzed with terror, for I saw that Abe could not climb on to the log, but finally I managed to get a pole and held it out to Abe, who grabbed it and held on until I had pulled him to the shore. Abe was full of water and just about done for. I pounded him and shook him and turned him on his face. The water poured out of his mouth, but he finally came round. Then a new and almost equally terrible necessity faced us. Our clothing was drenched and would furnish our mothers with the evidence that would justify a sound drubbing. We were wet from head to foot, and our minds to escape the impending danger. It was a warm day in June, and we stripped ourselves and spread the soaked garments in the hot sun. While they were drying we entered into a solemn compact never to speak of the affair to anybody."

And most pathetic of all were the final words of the aged relative:

"I never did speak of it until after Lincoln's death."

Lincoln's death referred to the period of his life passed in Kentucky. The lives of his father and mother and the history and status of the family previous to its settlement in Indiana were topics never introduced by him and when suggested by others in his presence always were met by significant reserve. To all solicitations for particulars concerning his early life he was accustomed to reply that it was not of sufficient interest to warrant mention; that "the short and simple annals of the poor" would tell the tale. He seemed to be impressed morbidly with the dire poverty of his boyhood, its lack of romantic and heroic environment, and was far more ready to discuss the events which dated from the family flitting from Kentucky, which occurred when he was eight years of age.

Still, Abraham Lincoln was heard to say, after he became president: "When the war is over I should like very much to visit my old Kentucky home. I remember the old home very well."

EDGAR K. WEBB.



Ninety-nine years ago—on June 10, 1806, to be accurate—Thomas Lincoln and Nancy, his wife, went to settle on this farm which still in time become a national park. They had been married about two years and had been living in a poor shanty at Elizabeth town, where their little girl, Nancy, was born. At that time Thomas Lincoln was a typical Kentucky "poor white." Physically, he was a tremendous success, but his natural endowment stopped right there. He was idle, thriftless, miserably poverty stricken, a fair hunter and an inveterate rover. He was shrewd and brave enough and when once his remarkably docile and almost womanly peaceable disposition could be induced to exert an effort he was a dangerous man to meet in a rough and tumble fight.

But he lacked almost everything that makes for success. His passion for roving was so intense that he could scarcely content himself in any one locality long enough to become familiar with it. It was the same with whatever he attempted to do. He could not stick long enough at any employment to gain a working knowledge of it, and he was restless and unhappy beneath the restraints of labor. Just before his marriage he undertook to learn the carpenter's trade. Nancy Hanks, the young woman who became his wife, refused to smile upon a lover who was unprompted with some means of earning a livelihood and to win her Thomas tried to become a carpenter. But the prudent Nancy was very fond of the good looking young fellow who was

household fittings and quite unfit for a human dwelling place. It had served as a slaughter house and as a stable and had been subject to frequent removal from place to place. So, when Thomas became so inexpressibly weary of his ungenial trade that he abandoned it in disgust it is not likely that Nancy regretted his instability in this particular case. She had probably had enough of the hovel by that time.

Thomas believed that he could succeed much better as a farmer, and Nancy was convinced that such might be the case. So the couple and their

was not paid for; that much is known. The Lincolns had no money to pay for anything, and so of most things they went destitute.

Averse to exercise as he was, Thomas Lincoln was obliged to construct a shelter on his land, and this he did, with the help of his scarcely more energetic neighbors—the typical log cabin of the Kentucky "poor white." It was a one room structure with a huge mud and stick chimney on the outside, a single small window and a rude door swung on leather hinges. The farm itself was

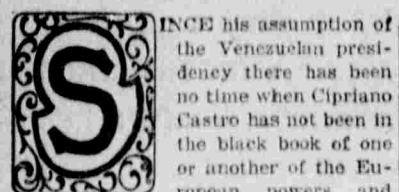
the earth and formed a large and translucent pool close beside the log cabin. Since there was little to be obtained from the soil Thomas resumed cheerfully his old and favorite occupation of doing as little as possible and doing that little under protest. Now and then he was induced by some neighbor to work a few hours at his despised trade, but as long as there were fish in the streams and game in the bush he could not be depended on.

And all this is the worst, the very worst, that can ever be said of the father of Abraham Lincoln. He was the

of age and then removed to a place of far greater possibilities. Four years in one locality was a great record for the boy's nomadic father. It came from necessity and not from choice. The new home was situated on Knob creek, a beautiful stream about six miles from the county seat. It was far superior in its agricultural possibilities to the old place, and the prospect was so attractive that Thomas Lincoln was inspired with a burst of enthusiasm that led him to plant six acres of corn, about the most ambitious feat he had ever attempted.

As soon as Abraham Lincoln could talk his mother taught him to read. Long before he had reached the age at which most children penetrate the mysteries of the alphabet the future president had learned everything his mother could teach him and was reaching out eagerly for more. His thirst for knowledge was a consuming passion, and by the light of spicedwood torches he extracted all that he could gather from the few books that were to be obtained in the neighborhood. His precocity and devotion to study were known to most of the residents of Larue county, few of whom had traveled far upon the road that he had begun so bravely. It is not at all probable that Thomas Lincoln was convinced that his young son was beginning life in the most profitable way. He had no education himself, could neither read nor write until long after his marriage, and made no secret of his preference for muscle over mind. He was too indolent, however, to interpose active opposition, and he had

Dictator Castro's Latest Row With a European Nation



SINCE his assumption of the Venezuelan presidency there has been no time when Cipriano Castro has not been in the black book of one or another of the European powers and sometimes he seems to be in all of them and also in that of the United States. His most recent and most audacious exercise of absolutism has been directed against France in the person of M. Olivier Taigny, the French republic's charge d'affaires at Caracas. Although the whole matter is strongly suggestive of opera bouffe, it has been taken seriously by the French government, which has sent a fleet to Venezuelan waters.

The latest international squabble seems to have originated over Castro's attempt to get indemnity from the French cable company on the ground that the officials of the latter aided the Matos revolutionists. He demanded a peace offering of \$35,000 a year, and because it was refused began immediately to make it unpleasant in every way he could devise, and he is an adept at such devising. The French charge entered a protest. Castro checkmated the presumptions M. Taigny by declaring that he had no standing in Venezuela. All of the resident ministers attempted to remonstrate with the frate president and advised him to proceed a trifle less precipitately. He declined to profit by their friendly admonitions and continued to make it exceedingly disagreeable for French interests in Venezuela.

M. Taigny, on his part, maintained a dignified attitude of protest and waited for something to turn up. Castro performed marvels in the way of making trouble both for the charge and for the cable company, as a grand final coup cutting the cables. M. Taigny's position grew less tenable every moment. The climax came when one day the charge boarded the incoming French steamer Martinique in order to secure his dispatches. When he attempted to land, the astonished Frenchman was informed by the customs officials that he would not be permitted to return to Venezuelan soil; that his excellency the president had so decreed. M. Taigny had no alternative but to sail on the

Martinique to Curacao, thence taking another steamer to New York and from that port to France.

The career of Cipriano Castro, the man who has thus flouted his defiance in the face of the second naval power in the world, is a story of constant warfare.

in the dungeons under Maracabo's fort or else exiled in Europe and the States. The autocrat was once a military leader in the Venezuelan state of Los Andes, one day he appeared as a delegate in the hall of congress at Caracas, wear-

them on his desk. This was the entrance into public life of a man who conquered a country with a handful of mulattoes and who has since provided many sleepless nights for the diplomats of the world.

the most talented statesman that the southern continent has produced. It was he who gave to Venezuela the proud distinction of being one of the foremost republics in Spanish America. Patriot he was undoubtedly, but he ruled like

capable. He was vastly more respected than was his successor, Ignacio Andrade, who, according to the Venezuelans, was "too much of a coward to steal." Castro displays all of the objectionable qualities of his predecessor, with few of their redeeming characteristics. His accession to the presidency was the natural result of a system of venality in politics that the republic itself had created, and his administration probably marks the lowest level that the country has ever reached. He was born forty-six years ago in the state of Los Andes, a section as remote from Caracas as is the region of the Rocky mountains from Washington. His father was an innkeeper and dealer in mules, and Cipriano was a fearless rider and a stubborn fighter at an early age. He was also an ambitious youngster and put himself at the head of a band of juvenile rough riders that were of service to him in after years.

Castro first came to the front in the Crepus revolution, when he supported the government and defeated the revolutionists in so many battles that he was called the "conqueror never conquered." Nevertheless, Crespo succeeded in overturning the government, and Castro went into exile. He went first to Curacao, but soon settled on a ranch in Colombia, where he remained seven years in wait for the opportunity which he knew would come. Then he organized a movement against Andrade and eventually marched into Caracas at the head of his Andean army prepared to assume the dictatorship.

Castro's first step was to dispense with the services of the Venezuelan congress, substituting martial law. He has never had much use for the congress. He permits it to assemble on rare occasions, but never gives it an opportunity to take the initiative in any important matter. His control of the machinery of justice is absolute. According to the Venezuelan constitution, a president may not succeed himself. At the end of the term of six years he must retire to private life. Some of Castro's predecessors continued in power by means of puppets, creatures of their own who ruled only in name. Castro was not willing to resign the power even nominally and to dodge the law he invented the office of provisional governor, which enables him to hold over indefinitely.

The dictator's disagreements with the various governments of Europe and with the United States are ancient history. His dealings with the representatives of foreign powers have been so insolently reckless and so regardless of consequences that it is one of the mysteries of diplomacy that he is permitted to continue them. His safety has been in the fact that so many nations have conflicting interests in Venezuela. Castro understands perfectly that if he can continue his game of playing one against another he may affront all with impunity. When he will make some false move in this delicate game remains to be seen.

JOHN E. CHAMBERS.

THE PORTLAND VASE.

Just 300 years ago the Constable of Castile was sent to England to conclude a treaty between Spain and England, and at a banquet given in his honor James I. presented him with "three large goblets, one of them very ancient, and enameled with portraits of saints." It is this cup which is now in the British museum. It is believed to have been made about 1350, and from the time the constable took it to Spain up to 1883 it remained in a Spanish convent. The convent being financially embarrassed, it was dispatched to Paris for sale, the price being \$2,400. No one would buy it, many looking on it with suspicion, but eventually Baron Pichon, a great French collector, bought it at its value in gold, \$1,200. Investigations followed, its authenticity was proved, and King Edward—then Prince of Wales—chancing to be in Paris inspected it, and greatly admired it, and in due course it came to England again.

In the same room that contains this cup is to be found the famous Portland vase, another of England's most treasured possessions. Of dark blue glass, measuring ten inches in height, its value is estimated at many thousand pounds. In 1630 it was discovered in a sepulcher near Rome, and is believed to have contained the ashes of the Emperor Severus, who perished in the revolt in Gaul in A. D. 235. For over a hundred years after its discovery it remained in the possession of the family of Pope Urban VIII, when misfortune caused them to part with it to James Eyles, the antiquarian.

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There are 740,000 cows in Switzerland. They average 625 gallons of milk a year a cow, a total of 462,500,000 gallons, valued at \$44,000,000. Forty-two per cent is used for home consumption and the rest for condensed milk, cheese and butter.

HOME AND ABROAD.

In Sonora, Mexico, alone about \$40,000,000 of American money is now invested.

Great Britain will take part in the coming colonial exposition at Marseilles.

Finland has a larger percentage of wooded area in comparison with its total surface than any other European country. It leads with 51.2 per cent.

Reports from China indicate that there is a revival of the demand in England and the United States for Chinese teas.

During a hunting expedition near Lake Nyassa, central Africa, a Mr. L.

Deuse came upon a large herd of elephants and, firing two shots, killed two of the animals.

Of the 702,147 deaths recorded in Prussia in 1904, 69,326 were caused by tuberculosis and 54,815 by pneumonia.

By building 550,000 tons of shipping the Clyde has broken its previous yearly record of 517,000 tons in 1902.

The Danube flows through countries

in which fifty-two languages and dialects are spoken. It is 2,000 miles in length and bears on its current four-fifths of the commerce of eastern Europe.

The only important effect the preference has developed in favor of British manufactures has been to overload Canada with British textiles and to make the once fairly prosperous Cana-

dian textile industry almost a thing of the past. No new capital is now being invested in producing textile goods in Canada.

One Irish industry flourishes, that of lion breeding. In the zoological gardens, Phoenix park, Dublin, in the last few years over 200 cubs have been raised there.

A governess in Germany named Kath-

Schmidt wrote her name in a visitors' book of a hotel just below the signatures of the king of Saxony and two princesses, and she is now being prosecuted for leze majesty.

The Irish language is now being taught in 3,500 schools in Ireland.

The area devoted to corn in Kansas in 1905 was 6,799,755 acres, an increase over that of 1904 of 305,597 acres, or 4.7

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