

Abraham Lincoln

By W. D. Lamb

Next Thursday, February 12th, is Lincoln's birthday. In thousands of towns and in private homes, millions will talk of him, recount his deeds, repeat his sayings, and take inspiration from his teachings and struggles.

The writer recently saw, framed, hanging on a parlor wall, the following words in bold, blackfaced type:

"Lincoln, the greatest human in all history, the gentlest memory of our world. Measured in dollars and cents, a failure; but weighed in common sense, honesty, manliness and worth, a world's standard."

Educated in the school of poverty, faced with hardship, this ungainly circuit rider appeared grotesque and inconsequential. But golden opportunity demanded a man; and, singling out this plodder, crowned him with the laurels of a nation's gratitude.

Impregnated as he was with fire divine, we reverently say, not well but nobly done, thou great and honest Abe. More books have appeared about Lincoln than about any other man mentioned in history. Lincoln, in speech, in story, in verse has been a favorite theme with orators and authors for the past fifty years—and the end is not

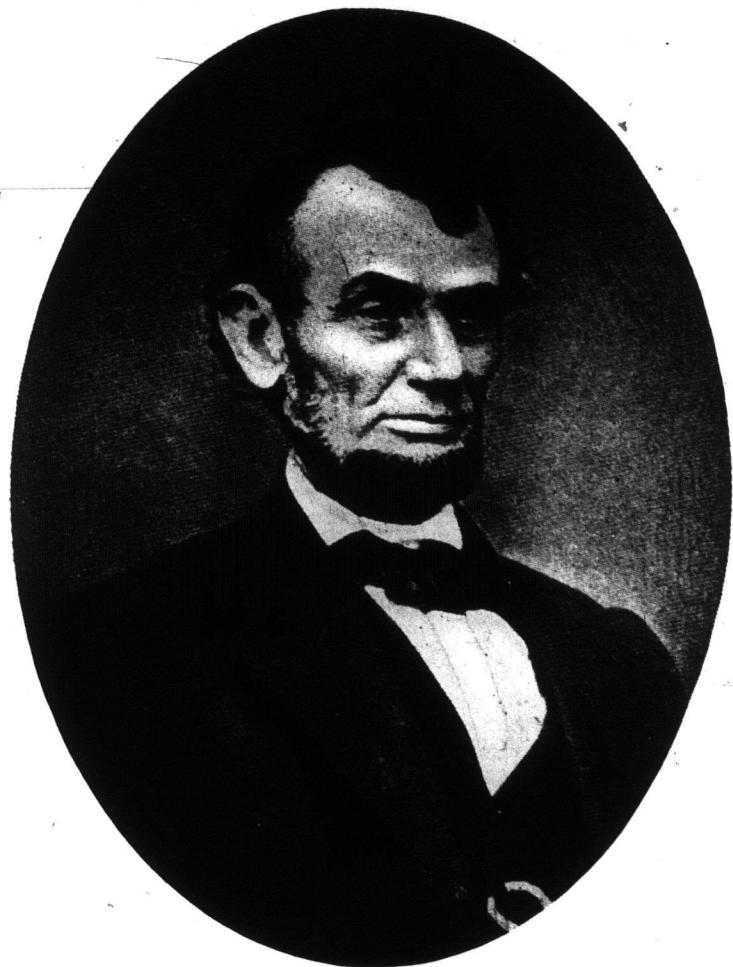
with all outward circumstances against him, speaks volumes for his talents, his character, his industry, as well as for the political institutions which were always his proudest boast.

Statues of him have recently been erected in London and in Manchester, England. His latest biographer is Lord Charnwood; an Englishman, and yet, in England, during his term as president, the aristocracy never seemed tired of lampooning and ridiculing him in both verse and cartoon.

"Among the mourners at his head and feet, say, scurrile jester, is there room for you?" Such was the remorse of one of his critics after his sudden taking off.

His first inaugural address, delivered when surrounded by spies and traitors, is really a remarkable state paper. It closed with an appeal to the hearts of the Southern unionists in these fatherly words:

"I am loth to close. We are not enemies but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained it must not break the bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone, all over



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

yet. We now have Lincoln on the stage, the play by John Drinkwater, so that millions both in America and Europe are by this means being introduced to this great character.

Many a person now nearing sixty can look back to his childhood days and recall the Lincoln pictures hanging on the walls of the old home. Lincoln's assassination, the crowded theatre, the smoke of the pistol, the assassin standing on the stage brandishing aloft his long dirk knife before the wondering audience and uttering the words, "The South is avenged," then disappearing as suddenly as the people were thunderstruck. Or Lincoln breathing his last, surrounded by statesmen, his wife near the head of the bed, sobbing, her handkerchief to her face, and Secretary of State Stanton uttering the memorable words, "Now he belongs to the ages."

Or the funeral procession, a thousand miles long—Washington to Springfield—scenes along the route—who, of two generations ago, is not familiar with such pictures? Some will even remember how "mother cried all day when she heard Lincoln had been shot."

He was the sixteenth president of the United States, and though born in poverty in the backwoods of Kentucky, that he attained to such a proud position

this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when touched again, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

At that time the Toronto Globe, of which Hon. George Brown, a Liberal leader, and one of the Fathers of Confederation, described this address as of a "tawdry, corrupt school boy style." Such was the contempt in which Lincoln was held by the aristocrats of the world. Because he was born under humble circumstances, had no schooling, but inured to hardship, pinching times and a struggle to make ends meet, he was considered altogether out of place at the head of the government of one of the rising nations of the world.

But recently, one of the Toronto dailies, in trying to spread the spirit that should prevail after our great European War, begins to carry at the head of its editorial columns, the following words of Lincoln's second inaugural:

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nations' wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the

Continued on page 20



"Nine in Ten Are Underfed"

Late statistics show that average food cost, since 1914, has risen 85 per cent.

A Chicago Board of Health authority is quoted as stating that, on this account, nine folks in ten are being underfed.

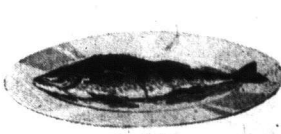
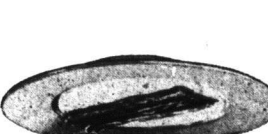
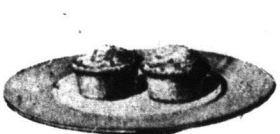
That is Unnecessary

Study the facts below. Foods are commonly measured by energy units, by calories. A man must have 3,000 calories daily, else he is underfed.

In meat, eggs, fish, etc., those 3,000 calories cost about \$1.50. Most folks can't afford that. In Quaker Oats 3,000 calories cost 16½ cents.

Note these facts about some necessary foods, based on prices at this writing:

Compare These Costs

		
QUAKER OATS costs 1 cent per big dish, or 5½ cents per 1,000 calories.	MEATS 1 cent per bite, or 45 cents per 1,000 calories.	FISH 1 cent per bite, or 50 cents per 1,000 calories.
		
EGGS 70c per 1,000 calories.	BACON 1 cent per slice	MUFFINS 1 cent each
		
POTATOES 1 cent each.	CUSTARD 4 cents per serving	PEAS 54c per 1,000 calories

Note that meat, eggs, fish, etc., average nine times Quaker Oats cost for the same calory value.

Yet the oat is the supreme food. It is almost a complete food. It costs but one cent for a big dish. And folks who eat it are not underfed.

We don't urge living on Quaker Oats alone, but make it your basic breakfast.

Quaker Oats

World Famous for Its Flavor

Quaker Oats has won a world-wide fame through its exquisite flavor. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. Yet it costs no extra price.

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