

A Man for the Ages

A Story of the Builders of Democracy

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ABE, THE FIGHTER.

Synopsis.—Samson and Sarah Traylor, with their two children, Joshua and Fetsey, travel by wagon in the summer of 1841 from their home in Vergennes, Vt., to the West, the land of plenty. Their destination is the country of the Sangamon, in Illinois. At Niagara Falls they meet a party of immigrants, among them a youth named John McNeil, who also decides to go to the Sangamon country. All of the party suffer from fever and ague. Sarah's ministrations save the life of a youth, Harry Needles, in the last stages of fever, and he accompanies the Traylor family. They reach New Salem, Illinois, and are welcomed by young Abe Lincoln. The Traylor family is introduced to everyone and decide to settle at New Salem. Among their first acquaintances are Jack Kelso and his pretty sixteen-year-old daughter Bim. Samson and Abe cut timber for the Traylor cabin. John McNeil arrives.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

The logs for the new house were ready two days after the cutting began. Martin Waddell and Samuel Hill sent teams to haul them. John Cameron and Peter Lukins had brought the window sash and some clapboards from Beardstown in a small flatboat. Then came the day of the raising—a clear, warm day early in September. All the men from the village and the near farms gathered to help make a home for the newcomers. Samson and Jack Kelso went out for a hunt after the cutting and brought in a fat buck and many grouse for the bee dinner, to which every woman of the neighborhood made a contribution of cake or pie or cookies or doughnuts.

"What will be my part?" Samson had inquired of Kelso.

"Nothing but a jug of whisky and a kind word and a house warming," Kelso had answered.

They notched and bored the logs and made pins to bind them and cut those that were to go around the fireplace and window spaces. Strong, willing and well-trained hands heaved and fitted the logs together. Alexander Ferguson lined the fireplace with a curious mortar made of clay in which he mixed grass for a binder. This mortar he rolled into layers called "strats," each eight inches long and three inches thick. Then he laid them against the logs and held them in place with a woven network of stocks. The first fire—a slow one—baked the clay into a rigid stone-like sheath inside the logs and presently the sticks were burned away. The women had cooked the meats by an open fire and spread the dinner on a table of rough boards resting on poles set in crotches. At noon one of them sounded a conch shell. Then with shouts of joy the men hurried to the fireside and for a moment there was a great spluttering over the wash basins. Before they ate, every man except Abe and Samson took a pull at the jug—long or short—to quote a phrase of the time.

It was a cheerful company that sat down upon the grass around the table with loaded plates. Their food had its extra seasoning of merry jests and loud laughter. Sarah was a little shocked at the forthright directness of their eating, no knives or forks or napkins being needed in that process. Having eaten, washed and packed away their dishes the women went home at two. Before they had gone Samson's ears caught a thunder of horses' feet in the distance. Looking in its direction he saw a cloud of dust in the road and a band of horsemen riding toward them at full speed. Abe came to him and said:

"I see the boys from Clary's Grove are coming. If they get mean, let me deal with 'em. It's my responsibility I wouldn't wonder if they had some of Offut's whisky with them."

The boys arrived in a cloud of dust and a chorus of Indian whoops and dismounted and hobbled their horses. They came toward the workers, led by burly Jack Armstrong, a stalwart, hard-faced blacksmith of about twenty-two with broad, heavy shoulders, whose name has gone into history. They had been drinking some but no one of them was in the least degree off his balance. They scuffled around the jug for a moment in perfect good nature and then Abe and Mrs. Waddell provided them with the best remnants of the dinner. They were rather noisy. Soon they went up on the roof to help with the rafters and the clapboarding. They worked well a few minutes and suddenly they came scrambling down for another pull at the jug. They were out for a spree and Abe knew it and knew further that they had reached the limit of discretion.

"Boys, there are ladies here and ye've got to be careful," he said. "Let's stick to the job till four o'clock. Then we'll knock off for refreshments."

The young revelers gathered in a group and began to whisper together. Samson writes that it became evident to them they were going to make trouble of some kind.

"We had left the children at Rutledge's in the care of Ann. I want to

Sarah and told her she had better go on and see if they were all right.

"Don't you get in any fight," she said, which shows that the women knew what was in the air.

"Sarah led the way and the others followed her."

Those big, brawny fellows from the Grove when they got merry were looking always for a chance to get mad at some man and turn him into a plaything. A chance had come to get mad and they were going to make the most of it. They began to growl with resentment. Some were wiggling their leader, Jack Armstrong, to fight Abe. One of them ran to his horse and brought a bottle from his saddle bag. It began passing from mouth to mouth. Jack Armstrong got the bottle before it was half emptied, drained it and flung it high in the air. Another called him a hog and grappled him around the waist and there was a desperate struggle which ended quickly. Armstrong got a hold on the neck of his assailant and choked him until he let go. This was not enough for the sturdy bully of Clary's Grove. He seized his follower and flung him so roughly on the ground that the latter lay for a moment stunned. Armstrong had got his blood warm and was now ready for action. With a wild whoop he threw off his coat, unbuttoned his right shirt-sleeve and rolled it to the shoulder and declared in a loud voice, as he swung his arm in the air, that he could "out jump, out hop, out run, throw down, drag out an' lick any man in New Salem."

In a letter to his father Samson writes:

"Abe was working at my elbow. I saw him drop his hammer and get up and make for the ladder. I knew something was going to happen and I followed him. In a minute everyone was off the roof and out of the building. I guess they knew what was coming. The big lad stood there swinging his arm and yelling like an Injun. It was a big arm and muscled and corded up some, but I guess if I'd shoved the calico off mine and held it up he'd pulled down his sleeve. I didn't know just how good a man Abe was and I was kind o' scared for a minute. I never found it so hard work to do nothin' as I did then. Honest, my hands kind o' ached. I wanted to go an' cuff that feller's ears an' grab hold o' him an' toss him over the ridge pole. Abe went right up to him an' said:

"Jack, you ain't half so bad or half so cordy as ye think ye are. You say you can throw down any man here. I reckon I'll have to show ye that you're mistaken. I'll rouse with ye. We're friends an' we won't talk about lickin' each other. Let's have a friendly rattle."

"In a second the two men were locked together. Armstrong had lunged at Abe with a yell. There was no friendship in the way he took hold. He was going to do all the damage he could in any way he could. Half

"I'm sorry that I had to hurt you," he said. "You get on to your horse and go home."

"Abe, you're a better man than me," said the bully, as he offered his hand to Abe. "I'll do anything you say."

So the Clary's Grove gang was conquered. They were to make more trouble but not again were they to imperil the foundations of law and order in the little community of New Salem. As they were starting away Bap McNeil turned to Harry Needles and shouted: "I'll git even with you yet—your stab-sided son of a dog."

That is not exactly what he said but it is near enough.

CHAPTER V.

In Which the Character of Bim Kelso Flashes Out in a Strange Adventure That Begins the Weaving of a Long Thread of Romance.

The shell of the cabin was finished that day. Its puncheon floor was in place but its upper floor was to be laid when the boards were ready. Its two doors were yet to be made and hung, its five windows to be fitted and made fast, its walls to be chinked with clay mortar. Samson and Harry stayed that evening after the rest were gone, smoothing the puncheon floor. They made a few nails at the forge after supper and went over to Abe's store about nine. Two of the Clary's Grove gang who had tarried in the village sat in the gloom of its little veranda apparently asleep. Doctor Allen, Jack Kelso, Alexander Ferguson and Martin Waddell were sitting by its fireside while Abe sat on the counter with his legs hanging off.

"I'm sorry we had to have trouble," Samson remarked. "It's the only spot on the day. I'll never forget the kindness of the people of New Salem."

"The raising bee is a most significant thing," said Kelso. "Democracy tends to universal friendship—each works for the crowd and the crowd for each, and there are no favorites. Every community is like the thousand friends of Thebes. Most of its units stand together for the common good—for justice, law and honor. The schools are spinning strands of democracy out of all this European wool. Railroads are to pick them up and weave them into one great fabric. By and by we shall see the ten million friends of America standing together as did the thousand friends of Thebes."

"It's a great thought," said Abe.

"No man can estimate the size of that mighty phalanx of friendship all trained in one school," Kelso went on. "Two years ago the Encyclopedia Britannica figured that the population of the United States in 1905 would be 108,000,000 people, and in 1906, 672,000,000. Wealth, power, science, literature, all follow in the train of light and numbers. The causes which moved the sceptre of civilization from the Euphrates to western Europe will carry it from the latter to the new world."

"They say that electricity and the development of the steam engine are going to make all men think alike," said Abe. "If that's so democracy and liberty will spread over the earth. I reckon we are near the greatest years in history. It is a privilege to be alive."

"And young," Doctor Allen added.

"Young! What a God's blessed thing is that!" said Kelso. "Abe, have ye learned 'The Cotter's Saturday Night'?"

"Not yet. It's a heavy hog to hold, but I'll get a grip on an ear and a hind leg and lift it out o' the pen before long. You see."

"Don't fail to do that. It will be a help and joy to ye."

"Old Kirkham is a hard master," said Abe. "I hear his bell ringing every time I get a minute's leisure. I'm nigh through with him. Now I want to study rhetoric."

"Only schoolmasters study rhetoric," Kelso declared. "A real poet or a real

orator is born with all the rhetoric he needs. Rhetoric is a steed for a light load under the saddle, but he's too warm blooded for the harness. He was for the day of the plumed knight—not for these times. No man of sense would use a prancing horse on a plow or a stone boat. A good plow horse is a beautiful thing. The play of his muscles, the power of his stride are poetry to me, but when he tries to put on style he is ridiculous. That suggests what rhetoric is apt to do to the untrained intellect. If you've anything to say or write, head straight across the field and keep your eye on the furrow."

In the last diary of Samson Henry Traylor is this entry:

"I went to Gettysburg with the President today and sat near him when he spoke. Mr. Everett addressed the crowd for an hour or so. As Kelso would say 'He rode the prancing steed of Rhetoric.' My old friend went straight across the field. When he finished, the field, plowed and harrowed and fertilized by war, had been sowed for all time. The spring's work was done and well done."

At a quarter of ten the doctor rose and said:

"We're keeping Abe from his sleep and wearing the night away with philosophy. I'm going home."

"I came over to see if you could find a man to help me tomorrow," Samson said to Abe. "Harry is going over to do the chinking alone. I want a man to help me on the whipsaw while I cut some boards for the upper flooring."

"I'll help you myself," Abe proposed.

"I reckon I'll close the store tomorrow unless Jack will tend it."

"You can count on me," said Jack.

"I'm short of sleep anyhow and a day of rest will do me good."

Abe went with his friends to the door beyond which the two boys from Clary's Grove sat as if sound asleep. It is probable, however, that they had heard what Samson had said to Abe.

Next morning Abe and Samson set out for the woods soon after daylight.

"I like that boy Harry," said Abe.

"I reckon he's got good stuff in him. The way he landed on Bap McNeil was a caution. I like to see a feller come right up to the scratch, without an invitation just in the nick o' time, as he did. That boy is a likely young colt—strong and limber and well put together and broad between the eyes."

"An' gentle as a kitten," Samson added. "There never was a better face on a boy or a better heart behind it. We like him."

"Yes, sir. He's a well topped young tree—straight and sound and good timber. Looks as if that little girl o' Jack's was terribly took up with him. I don't wonder."

"What kind of a girl is she?" Samson asked.

"Awful shy since the arrow hit her. She don't know what it means yet. She'll get used to that, I reckon. She's a good girl and smart as a steel trap."

Harry Needles went whistling up the road toward the new house with sickle, hoe and trowel. As he passed the Kelso cabin he whistled the tune of "Sweet Nightingale." It had haunted his mind since he had heard it in the woods. He whistled as loudly as ever he could and looked at the windows. Before he had passed, Bim's face looked out at him with a smile and her hand flickered back of the panes and he waved his to her. His heart beat fast as he hurried along.

"I'm not so very young," he said to himself. "I wish I hadn't put on these old clothes. Mrs. Traylor is an awful nice woman but she's determined to make me look like a plow horse. I don't see why she couldn't let me wear decent clothes."

Sarah had enjoyed mothering the boy. His health had returned. His cheeks were ruddy, his dark eyes clear and bright, his tall form erect and sturdy.

He had helped Alexander Ferguson with the making of the fireplace and knew how to mix the mortar. He worked with a will, for his heart was in the new home. It was a fine September morning. The far reaches of the great, grassy plain were dimmed with haze. It was a vast, flowery wilderness, waving and murmuring in the breeze like an ocean. How long those acres, sown by the winds of heaven, had waited for the plowman now arrived!

"You go 'way from here or I'll kill you dead."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Derivation of April.

Authorities on derivation of words state that the word April, the name of our fourth month, was derived from the Latin verb, "aperio," I open, and that the month was so named because it is the time when the buds of trees and flowers open. "If this were the case, it would make April singular among the months, for the names of none of the rest, as designated in Latin, have any reference to natural conditions or circumstances."

SIMPLE DOTTED SWISS, PRINTED VOILES FOR THE LITTLE GIRLS



THE flapper and her younger sister never look better than in the days of summertime, when simple dotted swiss, printed voiles and sprightly organdies clothe them in the fine sheer cottons so well suited to youth. Everybody, from the little lady of three to her grandmother, is wearing these materials, and they are universally becoming; but youth is at its prettiest in them. They are very simply made for the younger girls, and this simplicity accounts for a great part of their charm, but sheer fabrics are lovely color mediums, and all the flowerlike tints and tones we love appear in this year's cottons.

At the left of the picture above, the little girl of eight or so appears in a light blue dotted swiss. It has a baby waist with square neck opening finished with a frill of blue organdie, and three-quarter sleeves finished with a double frill of it. There is a panel of organdie set in the front of the bodice with a wide hemstitched tuck across it. The girdle is also made of organdie and there are small bows of organdie at each side of it. The skirt hem is hemstitched.

Printed voile is shown in so many beautiful color combinations that every young girl may find the tint that pleases her most; printed dots or squares on a white ground are popular and make up well with either white or colored organdie. The dress pictured is in lavender and white, with wide sash of white organdie. The vestee of organdie has insertions of narrow val lace set in stripes, and the elbow sleeves are finished with a band of it. But the special glory and dignity of this frock is revealed in the wide shawl collar of organdie which makes the difference between the dress of a young girl and that of her small sister.

SASH FOR SUMMER WEAR IS NARROW TO SUIT OCCASION



THE sash is one of those items of dress whose sole mission is to be ornamental. We have it with us this summer in many developments, from narrow girdles with floating ends that are mere finishing touches of color, to gorgeous affairs made of brilliant brocaded ribbons, that dominate the costume. The dress becomes a background for these pretentious accessories when they are made of such splendid stuff.

On midsummer dresses of sheer materials sashes are often made of the same fabric as the dress, and occasionally, narrow ribbon is used with these fabric sashes. Girdles of fabric finished with bows and long ends of narrow ribbon make a happy combination, but the handsomest and dressiest sashes remain, as they always have been, of ribbons. Three of them are illustrated here, found among the simpler designs, for sashes have been much elaborated by combining ribbons of different colors in them and by ribbon flowers and ornaments. The broad Egyptian sash, tied in front and held by some sort of jewelry, is seen on some of the smart imported models. The spirited sash at the left of the

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