

# LINCOLN'S TILTS WITH CUPID



One of the President's Few Smiling Moods

Mrs. Lincoln Dressed for the First Inaugural Ceremonies

**THIS** great man loved three women at different periods. The first died. The second rejected his proposal. The third he married. His biographers say he was a queer lover.

**A**BRAM LINCOLN was a lover, but he was an unusual lover just as he was unusual in every other way. His first recorded affair of the heart, an emotion deeper than the calf love of half-grown youth, came when he was twenty-two years old and clerking in a store at New Salem, Ill. Ann Rutledge, tavernkeeper's daughter, was the girl.

The second affair came when he was about twenty-six. It began as a joke, after Lincoln had become a lawyer and was practicing at Springfield, but it caused him untold worry—because the girl, Mary Owens, was fat and he didn't want to marry her. The third affair "took." That is, Mary Todd became Abraham Lincoln's wife, when he was thirty-three years old.

When he was a youth in the wilds of southern Indiana, Lincoln had his sentimental vaporings, one of which appealed so strongly to his sense of romance that he wanted to write a story about it. This vaporing was the kind most of us have along about the time the down on our upper lip begins to toughen.

It is doubtful if Ann Rutledge ever loved Lincoln. She simply appreciated his sympathy and affection—she had been flitted by James McNeill, who tired of her and went East to escape his obligation. Her father, James Rutledge, one of the founders of New Salem, kept a tavern, and there Lincoln went to board when in 1831 he left his home and became clerk in a store there.

At breakfast, dinner and supper he sat by the side of the tavernkeeper's daughter. He was twenty-two; she was less than twenty. She was sad of heart and he tried to cheer her. Lincoln's sympathy ripened into deep affection, but the girl was faithful for more than a year to the memory of McNeill.

Even if the girl had been willing, Lincoln was in no position to marry. He was very poor. He was one of the first to volunteer in the Black Hawk war. When the war was ended he returned to New Salem, ran for the legislature and was defeated. His financial condition was so muddled at this time that he seriously contemplated becoming a blacksmith in order to make a living. An opportunity came to him to get an interest in a store without putting up any real money. He was a wretched storekeeper and his partner was no better. The business did not flourish, but his courtship did. And Ann Rutledge sat at night on the tavern steps or walked along the roads around the little settlement. They were young and youth is the age of glamour. Lincoln was beginning to think of a career as a lawyer. He believed he would be able in a year or two to support a wife. Ann could not forget McNeill, but the devotion of Lincoln prevailed and she consented to marry him.

The summer of their engagement was the happiest, perhaps, in all of Lincoln's life. Ann Rutledge was beautiful in face and figure and charming in every way. She was not tall and was rather delicate. At times when she would become a little weary, Lincoln, whose strength was unusual, delighted in taking her up in his arms and carrying her as if she were a child.

With their engagement everything seemed to brighten for Lincoln. He was appointed postmaster, he began to make a little money doing survey work, and in the fall he was elected to the legislature.

The young couple decided to get married in the spring. Ann, anxious to complete her education, decided to go to Jacksonville to attend an academy there during the winter. Meanwhile, Lincoln went to Springfield to attend the session of the legislature, continue his law studies and prepare for his admission to the bar in the spring.

He was in Springfield when he got a message that nearly broke his heart. Ann Rutledge was dead. At the academy she contracted a fever and died in a few days. Lincoln was predisposed to melancholia. The death of the woman he loved so much almost upset his reason. He never fully recovered from his grief.

Ann Rutledge had been dead two or three years when Lincoln became engaged again. In Springfield there lived a Mrs. Able, with whom he was well acquainted. She had a sister, Mary Owens of Kentucky, who visited Springfield for a short time and to whom Lincoln had been introduced. Mary Owens was bright, clever and buxom. She returned to Kentucky and Lincoln probably forgot her. But one day Mrs. Able informed him that she was going to Kentucky and then, in a spirit of banter, she said to Lincoln:

"I'll bring Mary back if you'll agree to marry her."

"Marry her? I'd be delighted," said Lincoln. Mrs. Able went away and a month or so later she was in Springfield again and she had her sister with her.

Lincoln went to call. When he saw Mary Owens he gasped. The girl had grown enormously. She had become outrageously fat.

"Well, I've brought her back for you to marry according to promise," said Mrs. Able.

She was joking, but Lincoln wasn't sure whether it was a jest or whether she was serious and was cloaking her feelings in the light manner in which she spoke. He called regularly upon Miss Owens and paid to her all the attention he thought an engaged man should. It was not pleasant, however, for she was enormous in size. To make the situation still more absurd, he was very tall and very thin. The contrast between the two was enough to make any person smile, no matter how gloomy he might be.

Lincoln worried greatly over the situation. He felt that he was in honor bound to marry the lady, but he dreaded the taking of such a step. But while Lincoln had due regard for the sanctity of his promise, implied or otherwise, he tried hard to make Miss Owens understand that he was not a desirable partner for life. He wrote to her some of the queerest love letters that perhaps any man ever penned. He told her over and over again what a miserable life she would have with him. In one of them he said:

"I am afraid you would not be satisfied. There is a great deal of flourishing about in carriages here in Springfield, which it would be your doom to see without sharing. You would have to be poor without the means of hiding your poverty. Do you believe you could bear that patiently?"

Another time he wrote to her:

"I know I should be much happier with you than the way I am, provided I saw no signs of discontent in you. What you have said to me may have been in the way of jest, or I may have misunderstood it. If so, then let it be forgotten; if otherwise, I wish you would think seriously before you decide. What I have said I would most positively abide by, provided you wish it. My opinion is that you had better not do it. You have not been accustomed to hardship and it may be more serious than you now imagine. I know you are capable of thinking concretely on any subject and if you deliberate maturely upon this before you decide, then I am willing to abide your decision."

**Lovers' Tears and Quarrels.** Evidently Miss Owens had some spirit. She sent a reply to one of his letters that stunned him. She rejected him incontinently, and she piqued his pride in doing it, for she told him that he was "deficient in those links which make up the chain of a woman's happiness."

You would not think of Lincoln as a dancing man, yet he did at times indulge in that pastime. There are some records extant in proof of this. They take the form of cotillion notices printed at the time he was thirty years old and a little before his meeting with Mary Todd.

Like Mary Owens, Mary Todd was a Kentuckian, and, like Mary Owens, she had a sister.

**LINCOLN'S TRUE KINDLINESS.** Mrs. Amanda Kuhn died some months ago in Philadelphia at the age of eighty-four. During the Civil war her husband was wounded and she went to the hospital at Washington with her only baby to nurse him. He recovered, but she stayed to nurse others. There Lincoln saw her and was deeply impressed with the woman's devotion to the needs of the injured. Her baby attracted him, and, realizing that the child was a burden and anxiety to the loyal nurse, he arranged for its care in the White House while the mother was busy in the hospital. That was like him. It is merely another story of the many that mark Lincoln as the biggest man the modern world has known.

In Springfield. Her sister was the wife of Ninian W. Edwards, one of the most prominent men of Springfield. Miss Todd was bright, witty, highly educated, ambitious, and at once became the belle of Springfield. Few young women have had more great men suitors for their hand than had Miss Todd within one month of her arrival. Among those who paid ardent attention to her were Stephen A. Douglas, James Shields, who later was senator from three states and who made a glorious record in three wars; Abraham Lincoln, and a dozen others.

The Edwards family protested against Miss Todd's partiality for Lincoln. They thought his family was plebeian; they thought, too, he was too grave a man. But Miss Todd loved Lincoln and they became engaged.

They were not altogether happy in their engagement. Miss Todd was jealous and exacting. She loved balls and parties, frivolities of all sorts that are so dear to women. Lincoln did not care much for those things and was shockingly thoughtless and inattentive for an engaged man. When there was some merrymaking, if he didn't want to go, he didn't think she'd care. She, however, thought it a slight. She complained that he neglected her. Then, to make him feel bad about it, she would go with Shields or with Douglas. There were tears, reproaches, quarrels. They would make up and fall out again.

All this had a very bad effect upon Lincoln. He became extremely morbid. He began to search his soul to answer the question as to whether or not he would make the woman's life unhappy. They were to have been married on January 1, 1842. Something happened and the wedding did not take place. There was a story, which was credited to W. H. Herndon, that Lincoln failed to appear, but this has been pronounced untrue by those who ought to know. It is more likely that one of their many quarrels led to the break between them.

Some of Lincoln's letters written about this time disclose his sufferings. In one of them he says:

"I am now the most miserable man living. If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family there would not be one cheerful face on earth. Whether I shall ever be better I cannot tell. I fear I shall not. To remain as I am is impossible."

**Reconciliation and Marriage.** One of his friends in Kentucky invited him there in the hope of cheering him up. He had a hard time arousing Lincoln from his melancholia, but he finally succeeded in a manner he never expected. The friend fell in love himself and began to feel qualms as to whether he would make his beloved happy. He became so miserable over his doubt in this regard that Lincoln tried to cheer him up, and in trying to cheer his friend, Lincoln cheered up himself.

When Lincoln returned to Illinois he was much better. He and Miss Todd met and there was a reconciliation.

On November 4, following, Lincoln and Mary Todd were married. While the marriage ceremony was being performed one of the greatest storms in the history of Springfield was raging.

"Did you ever write out a story in your mind?" Lincoln once asked a friend. "I did when I was a young fellow. One day a wagon with a lady and two girls and a man broke down near us, and while they were fixing up they cooked in our kitchen. The woman had books and read us stories, and they were the first of the kind I ever had heard. I took a great fancy to one of the girls, and when they were gone I thought of her a great deal, and one day when I was sitting out in the sun by the house I wrote out a story in my mind.

"I thought I took my father's horse and followed the wagon, and finally I found it, and they were surprised to see me. I talked with the girl and persuaded her to elope with me; and that night I put her on the horse and we started off across the prairie. After several hours we came to a camp, and when we rode up we found it was the one we had left a few hours before, and we went in.

"The next night we tried again, and the same thing happened—the horse came back to the same place; and then we concluded that we ought not to elope. I stayed until I had persuaded her father to give her to me. I always meant to write that story out and publish it, and I began once, but I concluded it was not much of a story. But I think that was the beginning of love with me."

# WHO'S WHO—AND WHEREFORE

## SMILING PRINCE FROM HAWAII



A prince by royal proclamation sits in the United States house of representatives. He is J. Kihio Kalaniana'ole, delegate to congress from Hawaii. He is a cousin of the late King Kalakaua and Queen Liliuokalani, and during their reign was a member of the interior department of Hawaii.

During the roll call of the house laughter usually ripples through the galleries when the clerk in measured tones calls the name of the gentleman from Hawaii, but it is never indulged in by fellow members, who have learned to consider him a prince of good fellows as well as one of royal degree.

Always happy, always smiling, always smoking—that's the prince, who, because of his affability and rotundity, is sometimes called "Cupid" among his intimates in the house cloakroom. His eyes are always twinkling, his smile is ever present, his cigarette leaves a constant trail of smoke behind him.

There is nothing superficial or useless about his urbanity. By it the prince manages to interest representatives from Kansas to Maine in his island, with the result that Hawaii is usually up for attention whenever Kalaniana'ole feels called upon to act.

Congressmen and friends of Kalaniana'ole address him as "Prince," just the same as childhood intimates might say "Hello, Mike." It is remarkable how democratic "prince" can sound when applied with familiarity.

## AT LAST HE IS A PEER

Gibed at for years by Americans because he abandoned the land of his birth and became a citizen of Great Britain, William Waldorf Astor placidly went his way, hobnobbing with royalty and nobility and drawing his income from the vast estates accumulated by his ancestors in the United States. Now, at last, he has achieved his ambition, for the king of England has made him a peer. He has been created a baron and has taken the title of Baron Astor of Hever Castle. This is the first time an American-born man has been raised to the British peerage, and it is presumably the result of Astor's lavish contributions to the British war relief funds. He always has been a liberal contributor when money was being raised in England for any national purpose.



William Waldorf Astor was born in New York in 1848, the son of John Jacob Astor. In 1878 he married Miss Mary Dahlgren. He has two sons and a daughter. He was a member of the New York state legislature twice and was American minister to Italy from 1882 to 1885. Four years later he left the United States to live in England, becoming a naturalized Englishman. His daughters-in-law are the Langhorne sisters, famous for their beauty.

## J. M. C. SMITH'S LITTLE JOKE



J. M. C. Smith, representative from Michigan, is not by any means a frivolous man, but he does enjoy a joke now and then. Not long after he entered congress he "put one over" on the folks in the White House. One of the president's secretaries called the Michigan man at his office and requested him to come to the White House at twelve o'clock to see Mr. William Taft on a matter of moment.

Smith suspected that the matter was something he didn't wish to declare himself on just then, so he said: "Yes, indeed; that's an opportune hour. I have a couple of friends here visiting me and we'll all drop around and just stay for lunch." Then he hung up the receiver.

The Tafts weren't expecting company that day, and like as not didn't have a thing in the house, and the idea of two or three extra plates on the table caused great commotion. Happily, however, it was simply Smith's way of being comical, and he had no idea of going to the White House at all.

In his younger days Smith was a carpenter, and afterwards a lawyer. When he was trying his first law case a lawyer on the other side made a motion for a new trial. "Second the motion," said Smith.

## FITZGERALD'S WICKED SIMIAN

This is the story of Representative Fitzgerald of New York and a ringtail squaler whose wickedness has made the congressman the defendant in a suit for \$1,000 damages.

Representative Fitzgerald didn't know much about ringtail squalers until two years ago, when somebody made him a present of the animal with which this story deals while Mr. Fitzgerald was on a visit to Panama. Since then, however, his education has been completed.

The ringtail squaler is described in the dictionary as a "species of ape," etc. The complaint filed against Representative Fitzgerald alleges the ringtail squaler, the cause of the suit, was of a "malicious, vicious, ferocious, mischievous, dangerous and unmanageable disposition, and in order to make sure that nothing had been omitted, adds 'and possessed of other vicious propensities.'"

The plaintiff is a Mrs. Burch, who resides near the New York fire engine house in which Fitz, as the squaler was called, made his home. She alleges that Fitz used to make his way into her back yard and that on one of these visits he entered her apartment and scratched and bit her until her husband came to the rescue.

