

TOPS

NOTED SHRINE OF LINCOLN

Relics of the Great War President in House Where He Died.

TREASURES OF LIFE AND TIMES

Place a Memento for People on President's Birthday Anniversary—Variety and Extent of Collection.

Pathetic and impressive by reason of its hallowed associations, and unpretentious to a degree, is the little building on Tenth street near Pennsylvania avenue in Washington in which Abraham Lincoln died, and in which is stored more than 3,000 relics of the great war president. It is the most conspicuous of the many national shrines in Washington, located on a side street, with only a simple sign near the door telling the stranger that here surely is holy ground. On every recurring February 12, the birthday of President Lincoln, the little building is open to the public free of charge, and hundreds of people avail themselves of the privilege. A curious, motley crowd, through the building, relates the Washington Post, the well-to-do citizen touching elbows with the shabby, old-time negro who comes in once more to show his grandchildren the pictured face of "Old Marse Linkum dat gib us our freedom," and the gray-haired old veteran of "61 standing aside for the more dapper "veteran" of the Spanish war. At times the place is so crowded by the race unshackled by the great liberator as to resemble an emancipation day parade.

Ford's Theater. Ford's theater, the scene of that fatal tragedy, is still an object of interest to all sightseers at the national capital. Its exterior remains much the same in appearance as on that fateful night, although the interior was long ago remodeled for office purposes, leaving no trace of the old auditorium in which were assembled the wealth and fashion of the time on the night of April 14.

The house to which the wounded president was taken, and in which he died at 7:30 the next morning, is just across the street. It is a plain, three-story brick building, and was occupied at that time at a private residence. Sixteen years ago the Lincoln Memorial association rented the building and installed the mementos of the martyr.

It seems like treading on holy ground to stand within sight and touch of so much that is sacred to the home-life of the beloved Lincoln. Here is the old family cook stove—Royal Oak No. 9, the last one used by the Lincolns in their Springfield home, and paid for, three days before leaving that city for Washington, February 8, 1861. Two old-fashioned "haircloth" sofas in good preservation, a small walnut stand, a very high back haircloth armchair, said to have been Mr. Lincoln's favorite chair, and a small desk with pigeonholes, bought when the family began housekeeping, are among the interesting relics of that early home.

Upon this desk is laid the framed copy of a letter from the donor, an old-time neighbor of Mr. Lincoln, who quotes the latter as saying, when he appeared at the friend's door with the desk in pieces, "I

wish you would take this desk and keep it for me. I prize it, because it was the one I used when I began business for myself, but Mrs. Lincoln in one of her passions threw it out of doors because it spoiled some ink."

Family Relics. The heavy, cumbersome, bed-shaped cradle with high sides and high curved head and footboards—big enough for twins—in which the Lincoln children were rocked to sleep (and often by the father), is also among the collection of home treasures. "Fertly," the name that rocked that cradle ruled the world."

The wooden office armchair in which Mr. Lincoln sat to write his first inaugural address is also shown. An old mahogany round table, used in the White House during the Lincoln administration and sold by auction after his death, occupies a corner in this room, and, like most of these valuable relics, is found in beyond the reach of vandal fingers. Safeguarded in a glass case is the flag that draped the president's box at the theater when Booth fired the fatal shot, and in it is shown the rent made when the assassin's spur caught in its folds, causing him to break his leg as he leaped to the stage. The spur itself, said to have been cut from Booth's boot when he was captured twelve days later, eighty miles away; the key to the old arsenal prison, which held the ten conspirators, and pieces of the gruesome rope which hung the latter are displayed in the front parlor of this historic old home.

A complete collection of original photographs of these conspirators is here seen, hanging one above the other, some in manacles, and all with an aspect of grim defiance. The Lincoln death mask by Mills and the life mask by Volk, cast in 1850, are to be seen in the red parlor.

Literary Treasures. In one of the rooms are displayed 1,000 biographies of Lincoln, 250 sermons touching upon the assassination, 500 magazines, from 1842 to 1865, containing articles relative to the great war president; 3,000 newspaper clippings, numerous pamphlets and many burlesques and political caricatures circulated during his campaigns—one of the cartoons showing Mr. Lincoln wearing a crown and entitled "Abraham Africanus I."

The candle used by the physicians in heating the plasters applied to the dying man, wreaths from the casket, the sheet music of ninety different funeral marches dedicated to the dead president and bits of funeral paraphernalia taken from the catafalque are all treasured within these walls.

Many of the original theater bills announcing the play, "Our American Cousin," that fateful night, are hanging by the fireplace in the front parlor, while the picture of Lincoln signing the martyred McKinley's brevet as major, attracts the attention of all visitors.

The only object in all this vast memento collection that would provoke a smile is a crude, highly colored print representing the murdered president rising on very substantial looking clouds into the realm, robed in long, loose garments, decorated with a long, blue scarf, and being met by "angels" who are smiling, bald, and gorging greens and reds—some bald, others with flowing hair, and wearing enormous wings that would almost seem to solve the problem of aerial navigation.

Where Death Came. The visitor to the museum ascends an outer flight of steps and is admitted to the hallway, upon which opens the parlor where Mrs. Lincoln spent the hours of that tragic night in which the president battled with the unseen foe. At the end of the hall is the small, narrow room to which was carried the dying Lincoln, and where, surrounded by the eminent men of that day, he breathed his last.

This death room is now a gallery of pictures representing the death scene in twelve sketches, and the many different stages of the emergency in Washington and the burial at Springfield, Ill.

The bed upon which Lincoln died is at present owned by a Chicago man, who will give it its rightful place in the museum when the government completes the promised fireproof building as the permanent home of this collection, now owned by O. H. Oldroyd, a native of Ohio.

A feeling almost of reverence for the noble man whose great human heart was so soon to be forever stilled comes over one who pauses to read his pathetic farewell to his neighbors in the old Springfield home on the eve of his first lecture tour for Washington, February 12, 1861. The spirit of friendliness toward the friends of a quarter century, his sense of the great responsibility resting upon him, "greater perhaps than that devolving upon any man since Washington," and above all, his entire dependence upon that divine aid without which no success could come to him, show in a marked degree the lofty spirit, kindly character and childlike faith in his Creator.

SAPPHIRES FOR THE MILLIONS

An Artificial Stone Likely to Give the Market a Jolt Worth White.

While the cost of food and clothing may continue to rise despite even a congressional investigation, there are pretty fair prospects that the cost of sapphires may fall in the near future. French chemists have succeeded in producing an artificial or "synthetic" sapphire which is said to be identical in composition, hardness, color effects and other qualities with the natural stone, from which it cannot be distinguished by physical or chemical tests. Natural sapphires of the finest quality sell for \$100 or \$200 a carat, while the equally beautiful manufactured article can be sold at less than \$5 a carat, and no one will be able to tell the difference between them.

Some years ago, when a process of making artificial rubies was discovered, the rubies market was demoralized for a time, but the natural stones later regained their prestige, and they now cost more than diamonds. Dealers believe that the same thing will happen to the sapphire market in case the French stones which have arrived in New York stand the severe tests to which they will be subjected.

But why is not a chemical or "synthetic" sapphire or ruby just as good as a natural one, provided, of course, that all the qualities are the same? And if the countless millions of dollars of the world's wealth that is now tied up in "precious" stones were invested in useful channels, would not many economic problems be solved and the progress of the world toward civilization be more rapid?—Boston Globe.

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SCULPTOR'S VIEW OF LINCOLN

Putzon Borglum Discusses the Beauty of the Martyr President.

FIRST GREAT GIFT OF THE WEST

Complexity of His Great Nature Reflected in His Face—Profile of Pure Middle West Plainsman.

Accompanying a notably impressive portrait bust of Abraham Lincoln by Putzon Borglum in Everybody's Magazine, the distinguished sculptor draws a pen picture of the martyr president, in part, as follows: Whether Lincoln sat or stood, his was the case of movement of a figure controlled by direct and natural development, without a hint of consciousness. There are but two possible explanations of this—either he was a consummate artist and appreciated the power of absolute truth, or he was a man by nature wholly unconscious. His ease was that of a man of power.

He sat in chairs a little too low for him. Of course, chairs were not made for him—nothing in this democratic country of ours is made for anybody in particular; everything is made for everybody. And Lincoln seemed when sat down to sink farther than was quite easy or graceful, and that left his knees pushing unnaturally high. Again, when rising, he would grab both knees as if to help himself; he would lean forward to find the center of his equilibrium—a movement we all go through, but in dear old times, because he had a little out of scale with his smaller companions, they called it awkward.

Peculiarities of Movement. His walk was free, and he moved with a long, but rather slow, swinging stride; he looked down as he walked, like a man picking his way carefully over a newly harvested field, lifting his feet quite clear of the soft ground. It was this movement that gave the long fold in the thigh part of his trousers, straining the garment—an effect often commented upon.

His arms were carried high and held open. Anyone wearing an eight and a half glove could take his hand easily in his. His hands were not disproportionately large; but the cut of his sleeve was generous, as of his period, and in the swinging use of his arms so much of his wrists came through as to seem large.

In his early life hard labor had developed the palms of his hands, and the thick muscle part of his thumb was full and strong; but this shrank later to the thumb of the literary man, and, strangely, considering his early life, he carried it closely into his hand, as becomes the habit, or is the nature, of literary men.

He was erect. He did not stoop at the shoulders, as nearly everybody states. There are no wrinkles in his coat, forward, between the lapel and the shoulder, nor is there a corresponding strain in the back, to show the garments yield to the stooping tenant. On the contrary, there is evidence of an erectness, definite and purposeful.

And here I want to register a statement that Abraham Lincoln was a man of action. It takes most human beings from three to five generations to get within speaking distance of the circle this man traced himself and counted large. In a short lifetime, without the shoulders of predatory interests to creep upon, and many of his photographs show to me a spirit hunting and hunted as by some soul-stirring motive. His neck does not "reel" on his shoulders. It rises from them with an erectness, an alertness, as of one alarmed, that is unique.

Raising a Beard. In 1861 he tried to raise a beard—through the suggestion of a little girl that by doing so he might look "less ugly." For a year and a half he was quite undecided how to cut that beard. He trimmed it, and then shaved it off, then cropped it quite close. Not until 1863 does he seem to have become quite used to it. About 1862 he began definitely to change the parting of his hair from the right side to the left.

And though he did so chiefly with his fingers, he seems to have acted with a definite purpose, for it caused a radical change in his appearance, and he persisted in it. His face was large in its simple masses. Nature seems to have intended him to be ten or twelve feet in height, and as he failed to grow to that height, he set back to fit the natural man. His head was normal in size; his forehead high, regular, and classical in shape. He was wide through the temples; his brow projected like a cliff. The hollow of the eye was large and deep, and the eye seemed to lie in a kind of cave; it could hardly have been perceptible if you had seen him hand over the ball. His cheek bones were not high; they seemed high because of the careworn flesh that shrank sharply beneath. Below this, again, the face lost the splendid regularity of the upper part.

The nose yielded to the constant activity of the right side of the face, and was drawn in that direction. The line of the mouth ran up toward the right side. This becomes very perceptible if one looks at any of his good, full-face portraits.

Eyebrows and Mouth. His eyebrows were very strong, and hung out over his face like the huge cornice of a mountain bungalow. They were bushy and moved freely, and developed a set of wrinkles similar to those seen in the face of Homer. There was a large wrinkle that descended from the lower and outer part of the eye, and ran into the hollow of the cheek line, and became very strong when he laughed; and in severity this would straighten out like a guy rope.

His mouth was not coarse nor heavy. His upper lip was as regular as can be, bearing a little to the right; but his lower lip was drawn toward the right side at least half an inch—and some irons sawed with of his teeth and the way his jaws came together forced the lower lip out, giving the exaggerated line we see.

I discovered by carefully tracing individual expressions, tendencies to expression, wrinkles and other developments of his face, the habits of the separate features. Little can be determined about a man by the structure of his nose, nor can his character be fixed because he has a small eye or a full one, high cheek bones or practically none, a full mouth or a small one. But the use he makes of these features, and the record that they make upon the features and the whole face, can be read as easily as the headlines of a New York paper. And so I found that the stern center of Lincoln's face was about his right eye. He would peer out at you for an instant with this right eye half closed; then would follow that uplift of his head and the receptive expression that

was so generally misread as bewilderment, hesitancy and indecision.

His Mirthful Eye. The mirth center was also in the right eye. The eye always gives the first evidence of humor in a merry soul; and Lincoln, I believe, had naturally a merry soul. But sadness changed this, and I found evidence that he smiled very, very often with his mouth alone when his nature took no part in it. It was the saddest feature that he had, and yet about the right corner there always lingered a little memory of a smile.

The left eye was open, noncommittal, dreamy. The brow seemed ever to question, and all this side of the face seemed primitive, unfinished. The expression was sad, undetermined, and I believe he knew this and that it explains why he managed so often to get the photographer to the right side of him. This right side was as cautious as Cassius, and in profile remarkably like that of Keats. The profile from the left was pure middle-west plainman. All expressions of pleasure, when they reached this side of his face, seemed to lose their merit, and the habitual lowering of the line of the mouth on this side accentuated the sadness. Expression on his face seemed to begin about the left upper brow, travel across to the right eye, down the right side, and stop at the upper lip, or lose themselves over the rest of his face.

Briefly—the right side of this wonderful face is the key to his life. Here you will find the record of his development, the centuries-old marks of his maturity. All the man grew to seemed engraved on this side. It guards his plan—watches the world, and shows no more of his light than his wisdom deems wise. The left side is immature, plain—and physically not impressive. It is long, drawn, and indecisive, and this brow is anxious, ever slightly elevated and concerned.

You will find written on his face literally all the complexity of his great nature—a nature seeing at once the humor and the pathos of each situation as it presents itself to him. You see half smile, half sadness; half anger, half forgiveness; half determination, half peace; a mixture of expression that drew accurately the middle course he would follow—read wrongly by both sides. We see a dual nature struggling with a dual problem, delivering a single result.

Along Auto Row

What Dealers Say of the Chicago Show, and What They Expect the Omaha Show, Next Week, to Be

The Automobile show is next in order. The dealers have returned from the Chicago show and pronounce it the best which ever been held in this country. About every dealer attended and they have something of interest to say to their customers who will attend the Omaha show next week. Colonel Deright was there and was about the roughest member of the Omaha delegation. It is reported that he made a big sale.

In the booths where cars represented in Omaha were exhibited were found Omaha dealers. They seemed to be about as important to the place as anyone else. They were endeavoring to sell cars. Last year they had sold the highest priced Ford in the city. On the contrary, there is evidence of an erectness, definite and purposeful.

Two exhibits of the New Rambler were made during the automobile show—one at space D-2, the Coliseum, and the other at the Chicago salesrooms, 1462-64 Michigan avenue.

It has been noted that the product of Thomas B. Jeffery & Co. is now designated as the New Rambler. By way of explanation of this designation, Charles T. Jeffery, general manager of Thomas B. Jeffery & Co., says that it is now the aim of the company to manufacture a large number of automobiles to build each one better than any before produced, every important part being made in the Rambler factory.

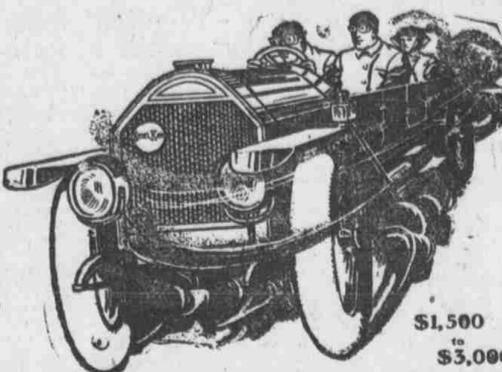
The Nebraska Kugel Automobile company has crossed in such a manner as to furnish cars and two carloads of Buick delivery wagon trucks this week. Mr. Bell, the Buick man at Ord, Neb., came through with a Buick model '10' from Ord this week, which indicates that the roads are in a passable condition, as this is a drive of over 300 miles.

One of the most attractive and interesting exhibits at the Chicago show was the Interstate Automobile company's polished chassis. The motor, clutch, transmission and all connections are highly polished and finished in such a manner as to bring out the design, workmanship and material of all important parts. This affords an opportunity for even the most exacting motorist to determine the quality of material and workmanship of the most important part of a motor car—the chassis.

Exhibited in connection with this chassis was the fully equipped models in touring cars, demountable and roadster styles. They are built on the same type of chassis, having a forty-horse-power motor, 118-inch wheel base and an extremely rigid and durable transmission and axle system.

Not even the most experienced motor car salesman could make a list of all the matters that go to influence the buyer of a car in making his choice. However, there are some matters that almost every buyer is interested in and one of these is, "How does this car rank in its home territory?" This question serves to give a man of means of information. The man who lives at a distance from the city where a car is manufactured is concerned principally with how the car will stand up and how far the company and the dealer will go in backing it up. But the man living in or near the city where the car is made has a more intimate knowledge of conditions. In the great majority of cases he knows the officials of the manufacturing concern, knows the factory behind the car, its methods and the materials it uses and a number of other things, a knowledge of which could only be gained through personal observation.

Recently a list of the licenses granted in Western New York for a period of a little over two years was compiled. It showed that of the cars of approximately the same price \$53 cars of six makes had been given numbers by the state. Of this number 43 or 81 per cent were Pierce-Arrows. The others, five makes in all, had 43 cars in



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Western New York or 613 per cent. The greatest number of any one make, aside from the Pierce-Arrow, was 232 or 235 per cent, this car being one made in the same territory. The others ranged from 26 cars or 163 per cent down to 4 cars and 4 per cent.

Report of a third successful mid-winter tour, over snowbound roads, of a Hupp mobile comes from Denver, and the trail negotiated this time was the worst portion of last year's Glidden tour route. C. L. Creed and Robert Reid—the latter said to be a foreign driver of note—made the trip. They drove the car from Denver to Hugo, Colo., without once being put to the necessity of asking for outside help. It was over this piece of particularly vile Colorado road that about one-third of the Glidden tour cars required the assistance of horse and mule teams.

The trip was from Denver to Sorrento, a distance of about 150 miles, and was finished with the Hupp mobile in perfect order. Only once was it in trouble. Travelling on a good clip, the car struck a sun-warmed spot of snow and skidded, blowing a rear tire. The first successful snow tour of the Hupp mobile was made early in the winter in the region of Devil's Lake, N. D.; and the second was the run of three cars through a thousand miles of snowdrifts from Detroit to New York, December 27 to January 6.

Forty years ago when the B. F. Goodrich company was starting in Akron fifty-five men were employed; today there are 1,000 men employed on the day force and 1,000 men at night.

That rubber manufacturers are vitally interested in the price of cotton and that large tire concerns, such as the Diamond Rubber company, use cotton to the value of a million or so of dollars in a year are facts not generally known even to automobile owners. "We use a great many kinds of cotton in different ways," said J. H. Harris of the Diamond company, who is here from the factories in Akron for the show, "but for making tires can employ none but the sea island product. It is all manufactured to our own specifications and every piece is tested before accepted or used. The weave varies for different types of tires, but in every kind of pneumatic tire cotton is quite as necessary as rubber."

"Contrary to popular impression, the six-cylinder automobile will not climb hills any better than a four-cylinder, nor will it run slower on the throttle," is the statement made by President H. H. Franklin of the H. H. Franklin Manufacturing company.

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