

Abraham Lincoln.

Alone?

In wilderness of lofty, virgin trees,
That swayed to every gentle, prairie breeze
Above his cabin home.

A lone, pathetic figure of the age,
Poring o'er oft-read, crumpled page
By feeble candle-light - by moonlit hour -
Sowing the seeds of truth that grew to power!

Alone - that awkward boy, misunderstood?

No, not alone, - for by his side, those early years,
His Mother stood!

Alone?

Holding in trust his warring Country's fate,
When merciless rebuke and sullen hate
Upon his head was spent.

Burdened by cares unnumbered and unknown;
Sorrowed by losses, touchingly his own;
Grieved by the narrowness of minds so small
They could not see the Brotherhood of all.

Alone - that saddened man - that power for good?

No, not alone - for by his side, those darkest hours,
His Maker stood!

Alone?

Within the tomb of everlasting sleep
Where lullabies of wind and rivers sweep
Above his quiet rest,

While life goes on - resistless as the sea,
Sweeping the years aside, eternally.

Yet once we pause, and leave our tears, our mirth,
To keep again with him - his day of birth!

Alone - that martyred dead, with folded hands?

No, not alone - beside thee - millions strong -
A Nation stands!

Chicago, Feb. 12th 1923

Francesca Falk Miller

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

A LINE O' TYPE OR TWO

*Hew to the Line, let the
quips fall where they may.*

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MONDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1923.

Denies Flyer Wreck Was Bandit Attack

After completing a thorough investigation, G. B. Vilas, general superintendent of the Chicago and Northwestern railway, announced last night that a derailment on Saturday night near Clybourn Junction of three Pullmans attached to a St. Paul flier was caused by a defective rail. "All stories about a rail being removed by would-be bandits are false," he said. "One of the rails simply spread, throwing the coaches off the track." Several passengers were shaken up by the accident, though none was seriously injured.

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