

GREAT MEN



LINCOLN'S first dog whom he dearly loved and who loved him dearly came to him in an interesting way when he was just a seven-year-old boy. One hot summer day, Lincoln and his playmate Austin Gollaher were playing in the woods. They heard a strange sound like that of a baby's cry. When

Lincoln and His Dog

the pleading whine was repeated, the boys traced the sound and found among the bushes a dog with a broken leg. Making a splint of bark, Abe put the leg of the dog in it and carried the animal gently into a cave. The boy took care of the dog for several weeks bringing it food and water every day. When the dog got well, Abe took it home, naming it Honey.

Honey later proved worthy of Abe's love and care. One day the boy was sent to the mill to have his father's corn ground. While it was being done, he wandered in the woods with his dog. Finding a cave, the boy climbed upon a rock at the entrance. Another boulder fell beside the first rock and Abe was pitted between the two rocks. Going back to the mill, Honey barked excitedly until the men followed him to where Abe was.

Another Lincoln-and-His-Dog Story

WHEN LINCOLN was 21 years old, the family moved from Indiana to Illinois. The journey was long and dangerous for there were swollen streams on the way. There were a covered wagon and a team of eight oxen driven by Lincoln. His pet dog trotted along. One day the dog fell behind. After crossing a big

stream, Lincoln missed the dog. Looking back, they saw it on the other bank, jumping about and crying in distress. The stream was swollen and strewn with broken pieces of ice. It was therefore decided to leave the dog behind. But Lincoln could not forget the dog. Taking off his socks and boots, he waded across the river, the cold water mak-

OF FEBRUARY



ing his feet ache. When he got across, the dog jumped up and licked his face all over. Carrying the overjoyed dog in his arm, Lincoln crossed the stream and overtook his companions, the dog running along by his side. Now and then, he would leap up to lick his hand.

"His frantic leaps of joy and other evidence of a dog's gratitude amply repaid me for all the exposure I had undergone," Lincoln said.



JOSÉ BURGOS

With joy we hail a famous priest,
A servant of our native sod,
Who served with faith both Church and
State,
Great Father Burgos, man of God.

He taught, and wrote and wisely
preached,
Defending rights of low and high;
His cruel foes did hate his views
And sent him in a jail to die.

He faced his death with martyr's calm,
This holy man of saintly mind
Who, dying, did forgive his foes,
A nobler soul is hard to find.

Unmoved, and firm, and bowed in
prayer,
He met his death, for well he knew
He did his work with conscience clear
And fought for God and justice too.

—Francisco Carballo