

WITNESSES OF LINCOLN ASSASSINATION  
TALKING IT OVER WITH FRANK M'GLYNN



W. J. FERGUSON, FRANK M'GLYNN AND MRS. KATHRYN EVANS.

HAPPY REUNION  
WITH LINCOLN

THE John Drinkwater drama, "Abraham Lincoln," was the means of bringing together two famous old-time players after a lapse of 40 years the other afternoon, in Chicago. Each had long believed the other gone, and their reunion was dramatic and touching. The player in question are William J. Ferguson, still a dominant figure among the first-flight comedians of the stage despite his 70-odd years, and Mrs. Kathryn Evans, whose retirement from the boards was made long ago. Both had been members of the company that supported Laura Keane in "Our American Cousin" at Ford's Theater, Washington, when Lincoln was assassinated, Mr. Ferguson having been an eye-witness of the tragic event. Incidentally, Mr. Ferguson is the sole survivor of those who were on the stage at the precise moment while Mrs. Evans is the only other living member of the company. Mrs. Evans did not happen to be on at the instant of the shooting, but from her dressing room heard the tumult that followed and of course rushed out in terror to know the cause.

A special invitation matinee performance was given at the Blackstone Theater, Chicago, for 600 members of the Grand Army of the Republic and for a like number of wounded men of the A. E. F., and as Mr. Ferguson happened to be in Chicago he was invited as the only other guest. Sergt. Boggs, of the G. A. R., happened in the theater office a day or so before the performance and in the casual conversation someone mentioned that Ferguson was coming. The sergeant's blue eyes gleamed. "There is another member of that company alive," he said. "I know her. She is living in retirement at the Episcopal Home."

Investigation quickly proved the truth of his statement, and Mrs. Evans a bright and delightful little old lady, joyfully accepted an invitation. She was so nervous about it that she insisted on appearing at 11:30 for a 2:30 performance. She knew nothing of Mr. Ferguson, for it has been many years since she had even read about the theater. After a time Ferguson came in and the two faced each other in the upstairs office of the playhouse. Mrs. Evans stared long and hard at her old-time friend, then suddenly the light of comprehension came.

"Willy! Willy Ferguson!" she exclaimed. Then, characteristically feminine tears came, and she hugged and kissed the astounded Ferguson, who was so taken back by the onslaught that even when she told him who she was he could scarcely grasp it. Then the two went to their box as happy as children, while after the performance they both went back to Frank McGlynn's dressing room to tell him how wonderful they thought he was and to pour their romantic story into his sympathetic ears.

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