

Am Legion Feb 1929

MURDER *most* FOUL

By Marquis James

LEWIS PAYNE turned up the collar of his threadbare coat and breasted the chill

March wind that whipped along Calvert Street in Baltimore. He was homeless, penniless and hungry; and he was in some danger. A few days before he had applied at a house for work in exchange for something to eat and had been impertinently refused by a colored servant. Lewis Payne was in reduced circumstances, and beggars may not choose, but on his feet were the remnants of a pair of Confederate cavalry boots and beneath his rags a world of Southern pride. The line had to be drawn somewhere. Payne was a giant in size and in strength. He collared the Negro, cuffed him right and left and told him to mend his manners.

For this Payne was arrested. The provost marshal was familiar with his kind. At the beginning of the war Baltimore was frank in its sympathy for the Southern cause. During the war it was a haven for Southern refugees and a convenient abiding place for Southern spies. Now that the struggle was all but over the swarm of destitute Confederates became a minor public problem. The armies of the South were losing hope. Their ranks melted not from battles entirely, and a piece of Confederate uniform worn with a thin show of disguise was no extraordinary sight on the streets of Baltimore in the winter of 1864-65. The provost marshal discharged Payne with a curt order that the boy betake himself north of Philadelphia and not show himself in Baltimore under penalty of unpleasant consequences.

This seems a lenient and sensible disposition of the case, but Payne did not find it lenient. He had sold the army horse he had ridden from Virginia and spent the proceeds in search of employment. He had no money with which to travel. His mind magnified the peril that attended his presence in Baltimore, and, added to the cold and hunger, this made a desolate picture of the figure that trudged up Calvert Street.

At the corner of Fayette Street the fugitive came abreast of Barnum's Hotel, which was Baltimore's most distinguished hostelry. A slice of the gay dining room was visible through a window. The lobby with its groups of fashionably-dressed guests was in full view. These people were warm and well-fed and among friends; they inhabited another world. Payne passed the great door which a proud old Negro opened and a gentleman in a splendid overcoat with a fur collar stepped forth.

Something about the stranger arrested Lewis Payne. He saw a man in his middle twenties, of medium height, graceful bearing and a handsome countenance with flashing dark eyes. The stranger passed an acquaintance and called out a cordial word of salutation. When Payne heard the voice he felt that he could not be mistaken. He stepped up, and touching his tattered hat, addressed the man in the splendid coat.

Lewis Payne had gone to war from a good home. His father was a Baptist minister. He knew how to speak to a gentleman.

For a moment the two conversed beside the hotel door. Then the man in the fine coat and the ragged young giant walked away together.

John Wilkes Booth was not an ungenerous man by nature. He made his money easily and spent it freely, and the petition of a needy Southerner was a fairly sure passport to his purse. But a surer passport was flattery. Admiration was as the breath of life

to him. On the stage Booth, the actor, was a personage. He said grand things, he did grand things, and audiences acclaimed him. John Wilkes did not distinguish between Booth, the actor, and Booth, the man. Off stage he must be grand; and he must be acclaimed. This weakness fattened a corps of unblushing sycophants.

Booth bought Payne a meal, found him lodgings and listened to his story. Four years before, in the spring of 1861, a sixteen-year-soldier of the Second Florida Infantry named Lewis Thornton Powell had arrived in Richmond with his regiment. Payne said that his true name was Powell, but that he had called himself Payne since leaving the army to begin life anew. Richmond was full of wonderful sights to the country clergyman's son who had never seen the inside of a theater. Booth was playing in Richmond. Lewis went, and from an inexpensive seat in the gallery he was thrilled by Booth's acting. When the play was over he hung around the stage door for another look at his hero. When the actor appeared the captivated boy all but fell at his feet.

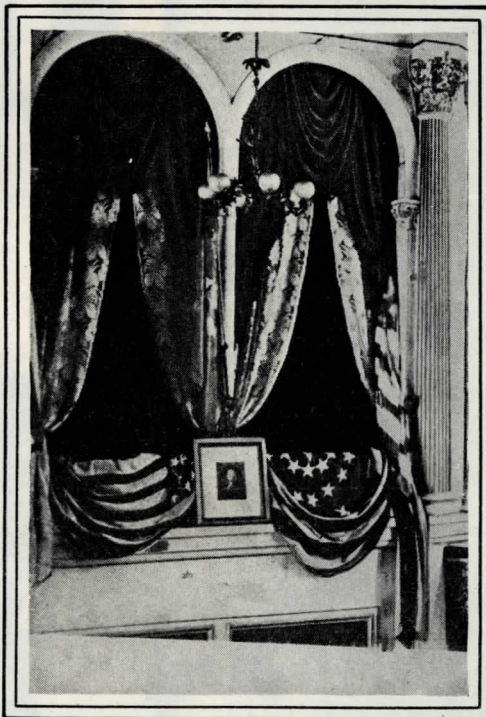
From Richmond Payne went to the war proper and fought through the great campaigns of 1861, '62 and '63 under Lee. At Gettysburg as a sergeant he was wounded in Pickett's charge and taken prisoner. He escaped and joined a Virginia cavalry regiment and fought on until January of 1865, when Southern hopes were drooping. Payne's two brothers had been killed in battle and he could get no word from home. He gave up and rode his horse to Baltimore. Several times during the war Payne had seen Booth act, but he had not spoken to him since that night in Richmond, every detail of which he treasured in his memory.

Much as this meeting meant to Lewis Payne, it meant just as much to the romantic egotism of John Wilkes Booth, who could give a veteran a dollar and become a participant in his battles. Here was an admirer whose sincerity was unimpeachable, and Booth's pulses tingled at the thought of having had the image of his artificial grandeur borne upon fields of fire by this simple chevalier of the South. That was ample to spread the protecting mantle of John Wilkes Booth's easy wealth for Lewis Payne. Yet there was something more. Booth observed the newly found friend he was feeding. His muscular frame was well-proportioned, with broad shoulders, narrow hips and a bull-like neck supporting a massive head crowned by a thatch of tawny hair. His countenance seldom changed expression. The under jaw was heavy and cruel, the mouth firm. Beneath contemptuous brows were still gray eyes that had looked at death and had scorned it. Here was a man—a boy, rather, for the freshness of Lewis Payne's tanned complexion kept him from looking older than he was—to whom desperate hazards were as casual as coffee. Now it chanced that on this very day the elegant John Wilkes Booth needed a man who would not flinch at a desperate hazard.

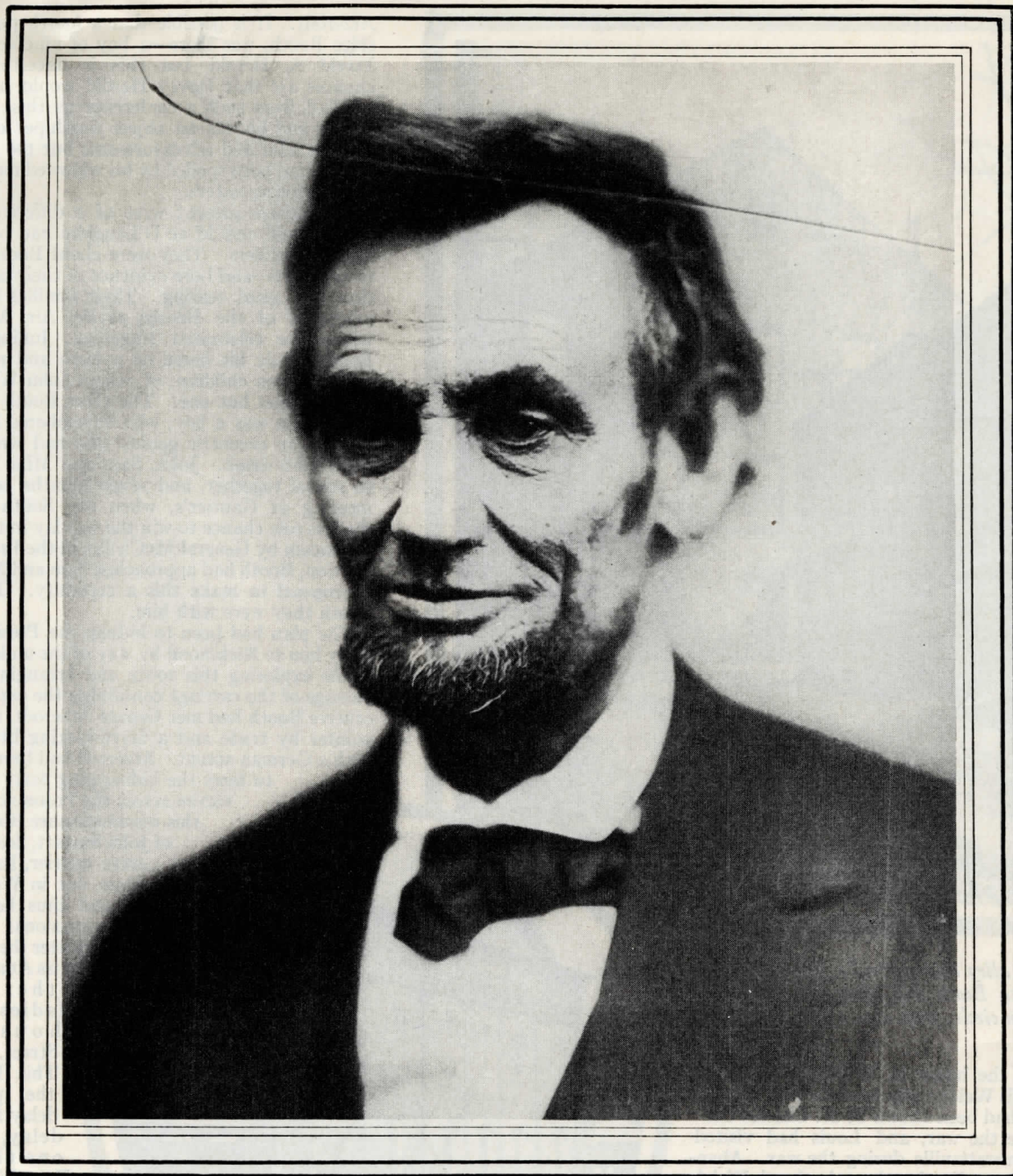
On the following day Lewis Payne, with money in his pockets, took the steam cars for Washington, and twelve days later on, which is to say on the evening of March 13, 1865, he ascended the steps of a cheerful-looking two-story brick house on H Street and pulled the bell. The household of Mrs. Surratt's boarding establishment was at home with the exception of the landlady's son John. Miss Anna Surratt and Miss Fitzpatrick were at the piano. Mrs. Surratt and other guests were playing euchre. A boarder named Louis J. Weichmann answered the bell.

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The box in Ford's Theater which was occupied by the Lincoln party on the night of his assassination, photographed sometime after the tragedy. The national colors have been substituted for the Treasury Department flag in which Booth caught his spur in jumping from the box to the stage



The last photograph of Lincoln ever made, taken by Alexander Gardner April 10, 1865. The plate was accidentally broken before any prints were made

Payne was well-dressed and well-groomed. He introduced himself as an acquaintance of John Wilkes Booth. A friend of the distinguished Mr. Booth was welcome at Mrs. Surratt's, and Payne was presented to the circle in the parlor. He spent the evening with the household, and being shown a room, retired when the others did.

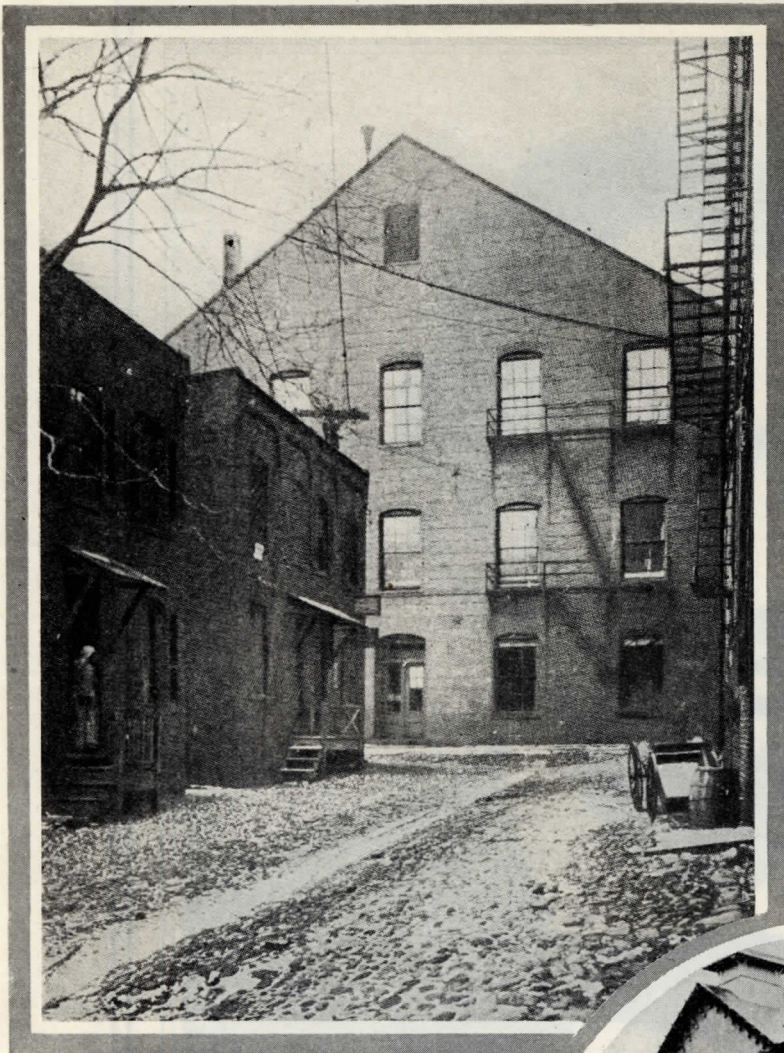
Louis Weichmann was a clerk in the War Department, and when he came home from work the next evening he met Payne in the hallway. Payne also had just arrived. John Surratt was already at home and was lying on the bed that he and the War Department clerk slept in together. Payne saw him through the open door and asked Weichmann if that were John Surratt. Being told that it was, Payne requested an introduction.

The following evening when Weichmann came home he noticed a false moustache on a table in his room. Not seeing his roommate Surratt or Payne about he went up to the attic, where he saw the pair seated on a bed examining revolvers and knives. Weichmann tiptoed downstairs and told Mrs. Surratt. The mother was not alarmed. She reminded Weichmann that when her son went "into the country" he needed such things for his protection.

Weichmann knew what Mrs. Surratt meant by John's going

"into the country." John Surratt was a courier for the Confederate government. He made regular trips between Richmond and the North, sometimes carrying dispatches as far as the Confederate "embassy" in Montreal. The secret route between Washington and the Southern capital was a thoroughly established one and was traveled nearly every day. From Washington the route led almost due south into Maryland through Surrattsville and Beantown to Port Tobacco, just under forty miles below the capital. There was a special ferry to the Virginia shore whence it was a matter of sixty-odd miles to Richmond by way of Port Royal and Bowling Green. The Maryland end of the route presented hardly any more difficulties than the Virginia end, especially in the latter days of the war. All Maryland was heavily Southern in its sympathies and the isolated section below Washington was almost solid for the Confederacy.

John Surratt had been born in Surrattsville, thirteen miles from Washington. When the war came John's brother Isaac joined the Confederate Army. A tavern owned by John's father became a station on the underground to Richmond and John drifted into the courier service at the age of seventeen. In 1862 Mr. Surratt, senior, died and in 1864 the widow leased the tavern and the family farm to a Washington ex-policeman named Lloyd



*The alley behind Ford's Theater down which Booth fled after the shooting.
In circle, front view of the theater*

and took the house in H Street. To this house Louis Weichmann came to live. Louis and John had been chums at St. Charles College before the war, and Louis had visited John in Surrattsville during the war. Abandoning his studies for the priesthood, Weichmann had taught school in Baltimore, and while there had affected no concealment of his Southern leanings. From Baltimore he had come to Washington to work in the War Department, and Mrs. Surratt treated him more as a son than as a boarder.

Weichmann's concern over the guns and knives was not such as to cause him to shun the company of his roommate or of the new lodger, Payne. When he heard that Booth, who was to play at Ford's Theater that night, was to place a box at the disposal of some of Mrs. Surratt's guests he hoped to be included. He was not, however, and the only tickets sent were two each for John Surratt and Payne, who took with them Miss Honora Fitzpatrick and nine-year-old Appolonia Dean. They occupied box number seven, which was known as the President's box, although actually, when the President attended, the partition separating this box from box eight was removed, throwing the two boxes into one.

Between acts Booth came up from the stage and called Surratt and Payne from the box. The three whispered excitedly in a passageway, after which Surratt and Payne returned to the box. When the play was over they took Miss Fitzpatrick and Appolonia home and retraced their steps to Gautier's high-toned saloon on Pennsylvania Avenue.

There they found Booth and three other men whom Booth introduced as Sam Arnold, Michael O'Laughlin and George



Atzerodt. It is possible that a fourth person, besides Booth, was there—a boy of nineteen named David A. Herold—but this is uncertain. The chances are that Davey Herold would have been omitted from such a conference as this. He was willing and he was an abject worshiper of Booth. He was wild and adventuresome but too talkative and he had been spoiled by his widowed mother and seven adoring sisters.

The others present were of a different stamp. Sam Arnold and Mike O'Laughlin had been Confederate soldiers. They were about Booth's age—twenty-five—and bore evidence of their fair education and good rearing. Their families had been neighbors of the Booths at Bel Air, Maryland, where the celebrated tragedian, Junius Brutus Booth, made his home on a farm and reared his family of ten children, of whom John Wilkes was the youngest but one. The elder Booth had died when John was a boy, who remembered his father only as an eccentric genius who had wrecked his mind with drink. John, Sam and Mike had gone to school together, and seven months before this meeting at Gautier's, when the South believed that its sole chance to win the war lay in the defeat of Lincoln by General McClellan in the Presidential election, Booth had approached Sam and Mike with a proposal to make this a certainty. They told Booth they were with him.

The plan had been to kidnap the President and carry him to Richmond by way of the underground. While exploring this route and arranging for the passage of the carriage containing the captured executive Booth had met George Atzerodt, a carriage painter by trade and a fierce-looking little fellow with a German accent. Atzerodt had been engaged to ferry the kidnapping party and their victim across the Potomac. During this reconnaissance Booth heard

of John Surratt, fleet Confederate courier, had sought him out in Washington and thus became an occasional caller to flutter the hearts of Miss Anna and the other young ladies at the house in H Street.

This had been the plot, but delay followed delay, due, for one thing, to Booth's preference of theatrical methods to practical ones. His childish vanity was the axis about which everything else must be made to revolve. The election came and Lincoln defeated McClellan by a small margin. The conspirators then worked to execute their coup

before Lincoln should be inaugurated for his second term, their object now being to obtain, in exchange for the captured President, the release of all Confederate prisoners-of-war and other military advantages. A date in January of 1865 was set, but nothing came of it and Booth's associates began to sicken of his management of the affair. In this situation the actor regarded the resolute Payne as a valuable acquisition to his forces.

The meeting at Gautier's was stormy. John Surratt opened proceedings with the startling announcement that the plot was known to the Government and had better be dropped. Booth raged against this and the discussion turned to ways and means, growing more heated. Booth insisted on a spectacular seizure while the President was attending a theater, but there were no adherents to this plan, excepting possibly Payne, who said nothing. Arnold proposed to waylay the President while driving in

the suburbs. Booth lost his head and hinted at the murder of Lincoln, declaring he would shoot any man who tried to back out before some sort of blow was struck. The ex-soldier Arnold replied that he had done some little shooting himself in his day and Booth apologized. At five in the morning the meeting broke up with a suburban kidnapping agreed upon.

Five days thereafter, on Monday, March 20th, Booth and Surratt, Atzerodt and Payne mounted in front of the Surratt house and rode in pairs out Seventh Street toward the country. Arnold and O'Laughlin started from another point and fell in behind. Davey Herold had gone on ahead to meet the party and their prisoner with arms and ammunition at a hamlet called Tee Bee on the underground six miles beyond Surrattsville.

The first four had no sooner left the H Street house when Louis Weichmann unexpectedly arrived and learned of their departure from Dan, the colored kitchen boy. The clerk found Mrs. Surratt in tears. "John is gone away! John is gone away!" she sobbed.

In a wooded stretch of road near where Seventh Street crosses the District of Columbia line the horsemen met and made their dispositions. It was two o'clock, and in a few minutes the President's carriage was due to pass en route to the Soldiers' Home. It would not be attended by more than one guard, as Mr. Lincoln had no use for guards. He was a fatalist and believed that when his end was due it would come. The plan was to do away with the driver and guard, if any. Others would seize the President, Surratt would mount the box and drive away over the road so familiar to him.

At the anticipated moment wheels were heard on the gravel. The desperadoes were in their places. A carriage swung into view. It was the President's carriage—but the President was not in it. Another man was there, whom the plotters recognized, or thought they did, as Chief Justice Chase.

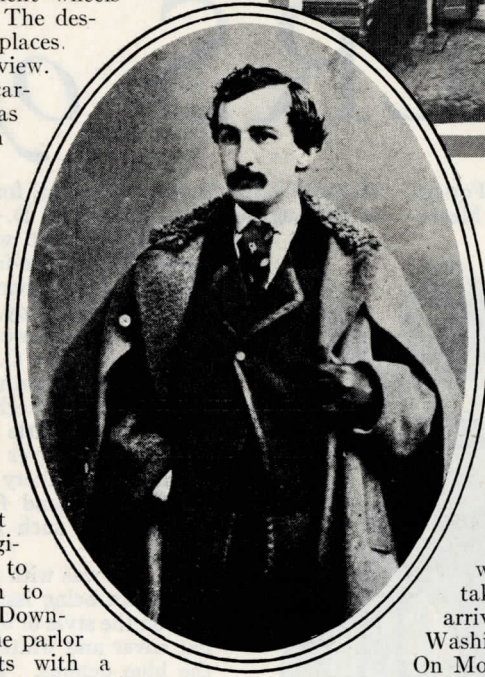
Louis Weichmann sat on the bed he shared with John Surratt, turning over in his mind what seemed to him the curious circumstance of Mrs. Surratt's grief. He had not seen her so affected when John had gone away on other mysterious errands. Just then Surratt burst into the room, greatly agitated. Payne hurried up to his own room and began to pack his few belongings. Downstairs Booth was pacing the parlor carpet, slapping his boots with a riding whip. The three retired to the attic and presently left the house together. Weichmann still wondered vaguely what the fuss was about.

After supper Weichmann also left the house and looked up Captain D. H. Gleason, an employe of the War Department, and related what had happened. They discussed the advisability of notifying the Secretary of War, but without, it appears, entertaining any serious intention of doing so.

The parties to the conspiracy scattered. Booth and Payne went to New York. O'Laughlin and Arnold returned to their homes in Maryland, Arnold to write Booth withdrawing from "the enterprise" and to take a job in a Union Army sutler's store at Old Point Comfort, Virginia. Surratt went to Richmond for the Confederate Government. Atzerodt hung around town to spend some money Booth had given him. Davey Herold did likewise, bedeviling his mother and sisters, who tried to get him to go to work. Davey was a pharmacist's clerk when he worked.



The house in which Lincoln died the morning after the attack. In circle, John Wilkes Booth



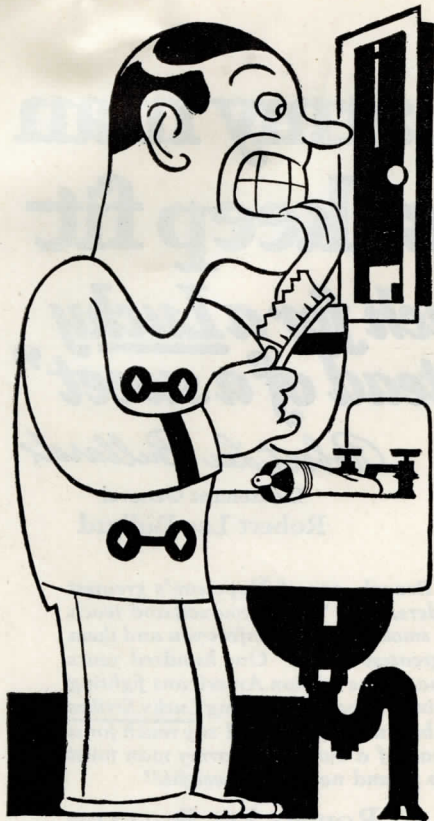
Abraham Lincoln left for the front to see General Grant.

On Saturday, April 1st, the Confederate Secretary of War gave John Surratt two hundred dollars in gold and dispatches for Montreal, and on Sunday the Southern capital was evacuated. On Monday afternoon John arrived in Washington during the demonstration over the fall of Richmond. He changed his clothes at his mother's house, bought Weichmann an oyster supper and took a train north. The following Sunday night, April 9th, President Lincoln returned to the capital by boat and was greeted with the glorious news of Lee's surrender, which had taken place that afternoon. That same evening Booth arrived from New York, Payne having preceded him.

Washington celebrated the victory all night long. On Monday the rejoicing continued and an impromptu parade with a band serenaded the White House. President Lincoln showed himself for a few minutes and asked the band to play "Dixie." He said he had always liked the tune, and we were all one country again now. On Tuesday Mrs. Surratt's presence in Surrattsville was required by business about the settlement of her husband's estate. She asked Weichmann if he would borrow Booth's horse and buggy and drive her out. Booth said that he had sold his horse and buggy only the day before and handed Weichmann ten dollars, saying to hire a rig and accommodate Mrs. Surratt. As a matter of fact, Booth had not only disposed of his driving horse and buggy, but also the saddle horses he had kept most of the winter for the kidnapping, with the exception of one horse that was blind in one eye, which no one apparently wished to buy.

All day Monday and all day Tuesday Booth stalked about Washington with the grim Payne at his heels. The celebration of victory continued, which Booth

(Continued on page 46)



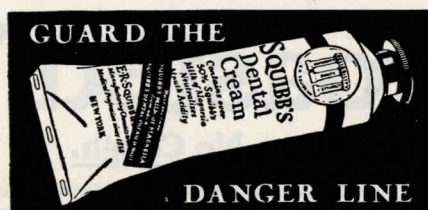
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An Award for Post Historians

(Continued from page 39)

to be made in 1930 and in 1933 was accepted. This award is as follows:

To the post to which the author of the best post history, printed or in manuscript form, belongs, a miniature movie camera set (including projector) or credit with the Emblem Division of the cost of that set toward the purchase of a more expensive outfit.

To the author of the history, and to the authors of the two next best compilations, a special gold medal, to be awarded and presented at the National Conventions in 1930 and 1933.

To the authors of the five next best compilations special ceremonial badges, without medals, but bearing an "Honorable Mention" clasp. These also will be presented at the National Conventions.

The award of these distinctions will be by vote of a committee of department historians who in making their decision are to be guided not only by the work done by the compiler in his compilation and attention to his official duties, but also by the difficulties overcome.

The compilations must cover the main points laid down in the bulletins from National Headquarters and must be arranged in an approved manner. Advice and help from data at National Headquarters is available to all.

The first award will cover every compilation presented for consideration prior to April, 1930, and the second to April, 1933. A history which did not win in 1930, having been rewritten and revised, may be again considered in 1933. The idea of these awards is to stimulate the compilation and completion of post histories; to give recognition to earnest worthy work; and to lead posts to make good selections for the office of post historian and to give that officer the support he deserves.

If these awards for 1930 and 1933 meet the purpose for which they are established, it is my intention to see that

a similar award is made thereafter during the Legion's expected period of activity.

The selection of a movie camera outfit was made because the making of films of events is now recognized as one of the means of recording history. It is needless to state that a film made for the post historical archives must be preserved in a proper manner. It can easily be duplicated and one set deposited with the local public library and in some instances, where the occasion is an important one, a set should be deposited at National Headquarters, where provision is made for the storage of such material.

There is usually nothing sensational or dramatic in the work of a post historian, but it may fall to him to chronicle important local happenings, as when the post takes over the situation in times of catastrophes, as has already frequently happened in many sectors of our country. Such work is a part of Legion history, and its record depends on post and department historians.

The routine duties of committees, either national or departmental, and their achievements are set forth in annual or special reports, but the life of the post is full of surprises and activities of every nature, and the record of these as well as routine work fall to the post historian. Even a compilation of news clippings in orderly arrangement, with a summary of the adjutant's record of annual and important meetings, illustrated by snap-shot photographs, will make a post history which might well be awarded an honorable mention badge.

Opportunities for good work in the field of post historian are innumerable. The bestowal of the trophies will not depend upon the bulk but upon the merit of the work as a post history, be it large or small; of an important post with large membership, or a small post with active membership who are faithfully carrying on.

Murder Most Foul

(Continued from page 15)

took as a personal affront, having, as he imagined, or at any rate desired Payne to imagine, borne such a heroic part for the lost cause. Every peal of a bell and every torchlight marcher reminded Booth of the failure of his abduction plot. And the cruel part of this was that some of his own men had reproached him as responsible for this failure. Booth must have wondered what was going on in the brain that lay behind the inscrutable mask of this Payne boy's face.

The star and the satellite sauntered aimlessly upon the White House lawn, where a band was playing and crowds

were calling for the President. Mr. Lincoln appeared. In the victory manifestations there had been a note that Mr. Lincoln did not like. Too much hang-Jeff-Davis talk and similar vaporings of the curb-stone patriots, of whom, on the South's side, John Wilkes Booth was an eminent example. In his remarks Mr. Lincoln spoke tenderly of the South and of the sufferings of its people. The seceding States should be taken back and treated as if they had never been away. Then he touched upon a delicate subject, even for the North. Northern extremists were loudly advocating the franchise for former slaves—

more as a measure of revenge than anything else. Lincoln said he was opposed to this and believed that only the "very intelligent" Negroes and those who had been Union soldiers should vote.

Either Booth misunderstood this utterance or he was insane. Perhaps it was both. In any event he seized Payne's arm and told him to shoot Lincoln on the spot. Payne refused, saying it was needless to run such a risk. As the two walked away Booth said, "That is the last speech he will ever make."

Two days later Grant arrived in the capital and Michael O'Laughlin came over from Baltimore to see the welcome.

The day after that was Friday, April 14th. At two a. m. Booth wrote a letter to his mother, who was a staunch Union woman. He tried to appear philosophical over the outcome of the war. At about noon Booth appeared at Ford's Theater and asked for his mail. Harry Ford, the proprietor's younger brother, handed the actor a letter with some word about its being for the handsomest man in Washington. Booth sat down to read the letter and Ford began to josh him about the Union victory.

"By the way," said Ford, "your friends Lincoln and Grant are coming to the theater tonight, and we're fixing to bring Lee in handcuffed and show him off."

Booth made a hot retort to the allusion to Lee and then asked if it were true about Lincoln and Grant. Ford said it was, and Booth folded his letter and walked away.

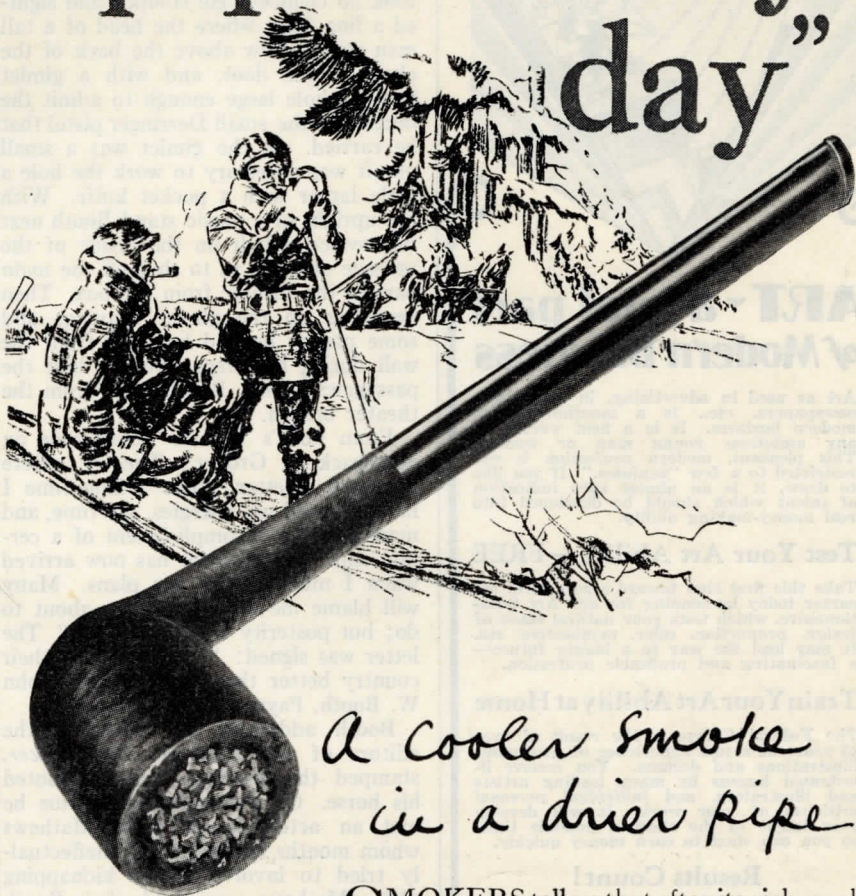
Booth found Atzerodt and Herold and told them to hire horses. He then hired a horse for himself and put it in a stable behind the theater. He had the one-eyed horse stabled there also.

While these things were going on Mrs. Surratt received another urgent summons to Surrattsville on estate business. Weichmann volunteered to do the driving as before and the widow gave him money to hire a conveyance. As the two were starting out Booth appeared, carrying a small parcel. On learning that Mrs. Surratt was going to Surrattsville Booth asked her to hand the package to Lloyd, her tenant, and to tell him that Booth would call that night for those two carbines that Lloyd had been holding for him. Mrs. Surratt promised to execute these commissions and the two drove off.

Booth then went to the theater. The auditorium was dark and it was empty. Harry Ford and Ned Spangler, a scene shifter, had completed the decoration and appointment of the Presidential box. This box was on the left side of the house, as one faced the stage. It was reached by a stairway from the main floor. This stairway led to a passage extending behind the boxes. The passage was separated from the rest of the theater by a door, and from the boxes, including the President's, by other doors.

Booth ascended the stairs and entered the President's box. He noted the arrangement of the soft chairs that Ford had brought from the theater's reception room to (Continued on page 48)

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Murder Most Foul

(Continued from page 47)

replace those ordinarily used in the boxes. He calculated the chair intended for the President to be a big red plush rocker.

The lock on the door of the President's box was out of order, but Booth took no chances. He stooped and sighted a line from where the head of a tall man would show above the back of the chair to the door, and with a gimlet bored a hole large enough to admit the muzzle of the small Derringer pistol that he carried. As the gimlet was a small one it was necessary to work the hole a little larger with a pocket knife. With the upright of a music stand Booth next improvised a bolt on the inside of the passage door, so as to shut off the main part of the theater from the box. Then sweeping up the gimlet shavings and some plaster he had knocked from the wall during his preparation to bolt the passageway door, Booth stole from the theater unseen.

From Ford's Theater Booth rode on horseback to Grover's Theater, where he wrote a letter. "For a long time I have devoted my energies, my time, and money to the accomplishment of a certain end. The moment has now arrived when I must change my plans. Many will blame me for what I am about to do; but posterity will justify me." The letter was signed: "Men who love their country better than gold or life. John W. Booth, Payne, Herold, Atzerodt."

Booth addressed the letter to the editors of the *National Intelligencer*, stamped the envelope and remounted his horse. On Pennsylvania Avenue he met an actor named John Mathews whom months before he had ineffectually tried to involve in the kidnapping plot. Mathews remarked that Booth looked nervous. Booth said it was nothing and asked Mathews if he would do him a "little favor." Mathews said certainly and Booth handed him the letter. "I may leave town tonight. Unless you hear from me by ten o'clock tomorrow will you mail this letter?"

While they were talking a band of Confederate prisoners marched past under guard, and presently General Grant passed in a carriage. When the General passed Mathews again asked Booth what made him so nervous.

General Grant was returning from the White House, where he had gone to say that he had cancelled his theater engagement. He intended to leave that night for New Jersey, to spend the week-end with his daughter Nellie, who was going to school there, and whom he had not seen for a long time. The President was reluctant for Grant to go. Mr. Lincoln said that he had seen the show at Ford's before but was going because the people expected him to go and he thought that the public would be greatly disappointed if they did not see their victorious general. Grant was a battle soldier and few civilians, even in Washington, had seen him.

It was a beautiful spring day and the

President had spent as much of it with his family as he was able. Captain Robert Lincoln, the President's son, had walked in during breakfast. It was a surprise return. Captain Lincoln was straight from the front, and the family sat for an hour over their breakfast dishes while Bob told of the surrender of Lee. Little Tad Lincoln listened with his mother and father—all ears. Captain Lincoln exhibited some mementoes of the surrender, including a photograph of General Lee, which the President took from the hand of his son and looked at for a long time. "It is a good face," he said, "the face of a noble, brave man. Now, Robert," he added, "you must lay aside your uniform and go back to college and in two or three years I will try to tell you whether you will ever make a lawyer or not."

In the forenoon there was a Cabinet meeting. The President urged that no resentment be shown the South. "No persecution, no hanging or killing those men, even the worst of them." Secretary of War Stanton, for one, heard these words in silence. Mr. Stanton was an able man, but bitter.

Until the middle of the afternoon the President was busy with callers and papers. He pardoned a Union soldier sentenced to death for desertion and a Confederate soldier under similar sentence as a spy. In the afternoon he and Mrs. Lincoln went for a drive. "Mary," the President said, "we have laid by some money, but it is not enough to support us. We will go back to Illinois, and I will open a law office in Springfield or Chicago."

Returning from the ride the President brushed the dust from his clothes and was washing his hands when the Assistant Secretary of War, who called on a plea of urgent business, was shown in. The Assistant Secretary said that the provost marshal of Portland, Maine, had telegraphed that he had located Jacob Thompson, a notorious Confederate agent in the North. Thompson was fleeing the country and the provost marshal asked for instructions.

"What does Stanton say?" asked Lincoln.

"He says to arrest him," replied the Secretary's subordinate.

Mr. Lincoln reached for a towel. "No-o-o," he said, in his slow way, "when you've got an elephant by the tail and he is running away just let him run."

Later the President said something about liking to get out of that theater engagement if he could. Someone had given him a new book by Artemus Ward, which he would have preferred to read rather than see "Our American Cousin" again. But Mrs. Lincoln said the President could not disappoint the crowd, especially since General Grant had rather unceremoniously done so. Mr. Lincoln sat chuckling over the pages of Artemus Ward and had to be called

two or three times to come to dinner.

After dinner last minute visitors and this and that kept the carriage waiting. As the President left the library for the door two gentlemen were announced. They wished passes to Richmond. Mr. Lincoln picked up a card and wrote hastily:

"No pass is necessary now to authorize any one to go and return from Petersburg & Richmond—People go and return just as they did before the war. A. LINCOLN."

It was after eight o'clock. The President handed the card to his callers and joining Mrs. Lincoln and the theater party who were waiting, passed down the stairs and through the doorway to the carriage.

At this moment four men were whispering in a room in the Herndon House. Booth said that the departure of Grant had simplified matters. Instead of taking Payne with him to the theater Payne could assassinate Secretary of State Seward. Payne would ride the one-eyed horse and Herold would show him the way to the Seward residence. Herold would then post himself so as to join Booth on his flight. Payne accepted the new assignment without a word. It was a hazardous mission. Seward was in bed with a broken jaw as a result of a buggy accident and was under careful guard against the intruders that always bother a public man.

There was no change of plan for Atzerodt. He would kill Vice President Johnson, who was alone in his hotel room doctoring a cold. But Atzerodt weakened. He said he had been employed to kidnap and not to kill. Booth persuaded; he stormed. He told Atzerodt that if caught he would "hang anyhow," and left the miserable little German sick with terror and indecision.

The play had been under way for some minutes when the President arrived. In his party were Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Clara Harris and her fiancé, Major Henry R. Rathbone. A single guard, John Parker, took his post by the door to the passage back of the box—the door that Booth had prepared to bar from within. The orchestra struck up "Hail to the Chief," the audience cheered and on the stage Laura Keane left off her lines and made a sweeping curtsy. Mr. Lincoln stood for a moment in acknowledgment of the greeting and still smiling, seated himself in the red rocking chair.

At about twenty minutes of ten o'clock Booth appeared at the stage door and called for someone to hold his horse. Entering the stage door he passed through a private way to Tenth Street in front of the theater. Captain William Williams of the Washington mounted police recognized the actor and asked him to have a drink, but the invitation was declined. The White House carriage was in front of the theater with a small crowd about it, as there had been a report that the President would leave after the second act. Booth joined the crowd and his behavior attracted the attention of Sergeant Dye of the provost guard, who (Continued on page 50)



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DURING the past two years 6000 switchboards have been reconstructed in the larger cities served by the Bell System to enable the operators to give a more direct and faster service.

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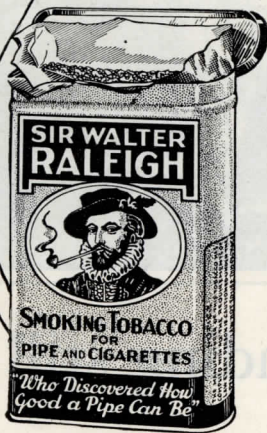
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Murder Most Foul

(Continued from page 49)

nodded to a fellow-sergeant, and the two watched Booth narrowly. He was conversing in low tones with a man who has never been identified. When the second act ended and Mr. Lincoln did not appear Booth entered a saloon next door to the theater alone and had a drink of whisky.

The third act curtain had been up for a few minutes when Booth playfully took hold of the hand of John Buckingham, the door-keeper, and asked him if he wanted a ticket. Buckingham admitted the actor, who went in, looked around and came out almost immediately. As he passed out, Buckingham was talking to an acquaintance to whom he introduced Booth. Booth made a few genial remarks and asked for a chew of tobacco. Ten minutes later he went out and had another drink of whisky. As he re-entered the theater Buckingham heard him humming a little tune.

Booth knew the situations of "Our American Cousin," and the one he was waiting for would be at hand in about five minutes. Unrecognized by anyone, he passed up the stairs and along the corridor to the door to the passage-way behind the President's box. The guard, Parker, was not at his post. He had taken a seat in the balcony where he could see the show better. Booth moved softly to the door of box number seven. The lock had not been repaired; there would be no occasion to use the gimlet hole. Booth stepped back and barred the passage-way door. There was now perhaps three minutes and a half to wait.

On the stage the designing Mrs. Mountchessington, who had been rallying the shrewd Yankee Asa Trenchard on his unfamiliarity with the ways of London society, delivered a parting shot

and flounced off the stage. Trenchard was alone on the boards, and but two players were in the wings, awaiting entrance cues. "Society, eh?" said Asa, looking after the retreating Mrs. Mountchessington. "Well, I guess I know enough to turn you wrongside out, you darned old sockdolaging man-trap!"

The audience roared at this witty sally and no one outside of the box heard the report of the small pistol that Booth held a few inches from the back of the President's head.

Major Rathbone was the first to realize what had happened. He lunged at Booth, who slashed Rathbone with a long knife and shouting "Revenge for the South!" vaulted the rail of the box. Rathbone grappled after the assassin and deflected his leap so that Booth caught his spur in the frame of Washington's picture and the folds of a Treasury Department flag that formed a part of the decorations.

The stage was fourteen feet below, and ordinarily the leap would have been nothing for one of Booth's athletic training. He alighted in a sort of a crouching heap, but was up instantly. Brandishing his knife he shouted something that was not clearly understood and started to run off of the stage.

Before the nonplussed spectators could think, a heart-piercing scream from Mrs. Lincoln filled the theater, and leaning over the box rail with the blood dripping from his sleeve Major Rathbone shouted:

"Catch that man!"

This is the first of three articles by Mr. James on the assassination of President Lincoln and the fate of the conspirators.

A Personal View

(Continued from page 29)

Legion Monthly at a fraction of the cost through the press or radio. In the right medium you would blaze that message so clear that no member could fail to see it when he took up the magazine.

There is a story that long ago before the days of press advertising an Englishman made a bet that he could have all London, then a small city, speaking a new word the next day. He hired men to chalk "queer" on walls all over town. He won his bet. Queer went into the language, and it is clear how it got its meaning.

If today you would get over a word in America, let us say "Blit!" you would put it in the center of blank pages in all magazines and newspapers. The stake would have to be a big one for the bettor not to lose money through advertising costs although he won his wager.

There are two kinds of advertising, free and paid. Lindbergh got the biggest burst of free advertising on record when he made his flight from New York to Paris. Pershing had free advertising when he commanded his country's army in victory. The President of the United States can always get the front page for a speech; but if Mr. Coolidge, after he is out of office, should make a speech extolling the merits of a radio set of which he had become the manufacturer, editors would not print it as news.

This would belong in the paid advertising class. A great government enterprise is in the free class, being for the service and profit of the people; an enterprise for private profit is in the paid.

Not many years ago paid advertising was often slipped into regular reading matter. Now every editor and writer scans every item for a joker of that