

3-2825

How Lincoln Met Death

The Second Installment of This Series Gives the Story of the Assassination

By F. L. BLACK

THE identical flag lowered at Fort Sumter on April 14, four years before, was raised at the hour of noon over the battered fort by General Robert Anderson, who had been in command when it was lowered. The Civil War was over; the North victorious. In Washington the week had been one of constant celebration. The feeling of the North cannot be better expressed than in an editorial, "The Dawn of Peace," which appeared in the New York *Daily Tribune* on the day of Lincoln's assassination.

* * * *

"The path of Peace opens pleasantly before us. There may be thorns in the way as we advance, obstacles to be removed, pitfalls and snares to be avoided, but we look back to the dread road we have traveled for four long and weary and painful years, and the road before us smiles only with summer sunshine.

* * * *

"It is a moment only for rejoicing. The hours of despondency—how many we have passed through!—the fears that courage, or strength, or resources might fail us, have passed away. The good fight has been fought; the Right has triumphed. We are a Nation, no longer divided against itself, but one, indivisible, united, FREE.

* * * *

"The war is over. The house is to be set in order, but the cause of disorder exists no longer. Within the week the President has issued two Proclamations giving notice to the world that we are not now a distracted household, that the nations are to conduct themselves accordingly, and cannot again be permitted to take advantage of our disturbed condition. . . . The dispensation is over, the new era begun! The throes, the pains, the tortures of birth are finished. A new world is born, and the Sun of Peace rises in splendor to send abroad over the land its rays of warmth and light! Never before had nation so much cause for devout Thanksgiving; never before had a people so much reason for unrestrained congratulation and the very extravagance of joy."

* * * *

Into this picture steps the assassin—
The story of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln could not be more clearly and graphically told than from the testimony given under oath at the trial of the conspirators held in Washington, May 1 to June 30, 1865, the trial of John A. Surratt, June 10 to August 10, 1867, and the impeachment investigation of Andrew Johnson by the House of Representatives in 1867.

The incidents leading up to the assassination began with General Grant's order in April, 1864, prohibiting the exchange of prisoners between North and South. The most serious need of the Confederacy was man power. Consequently, the liberation of southern captives in northern prison camps became the goal of expeditions organized by Confederate agents both at Richmond and in Canada.

John Wilkes Booth, an actor and the son of an actor noted for his eccentricities, had achieved his stage successes in the South and was completely in sympathy with the southern cause. With a sense of theatrical values, Booth, as early as August, 1864, conceived the idea of kidnapping President Lincoln and carrying him to Richmond as a hostage. To carry out this purpose he

recruited other southern sympathizers, four of whom paid the death penalty for their part in the affair. All attempts at kidnapping proving fruitless and being deserted by some of his confederates in the plot, Booth decided to abandon further attempts.

As far as can be ascertained from the testimony the first definite resolve by Booth to assassinate Lincoln was made on Tuesday night, April 11. Booth had arrived in Washington from New York, Saturday, April 8, and on this Tuesday evening, accompanied by Payne, one of the conspirators, he listened to President Lincoln's speech given from one of the White House windows to a crowd assembled on the lawn. According to Payne's statement, made before his execution, Booth became enraged when the President said that he favored the elective franchise for the more intelligent Negroes, and "he tried to persuade me to shoot the President while in the window," but Payne claimed that he told Booth he "would take no such risk; and Booth remarked: 'That is the last speech he will ever make.'"

Let us account chronologically for the principal characters taking part in the tragedy:

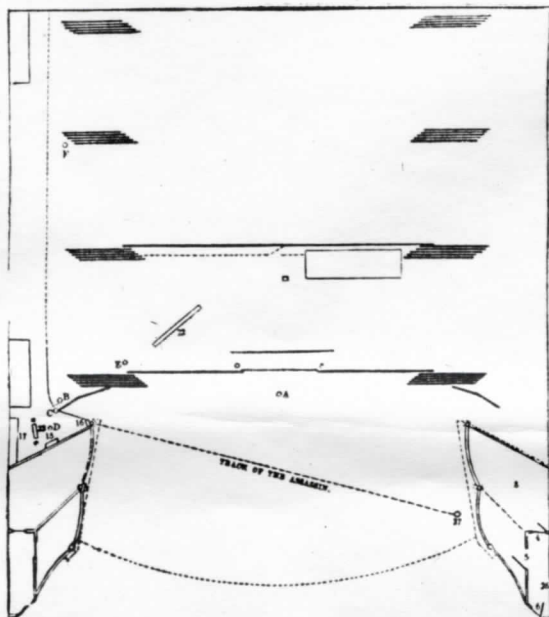


Diagram of the stage at time of assassination. Twenty-nine persons were passing and repassing upon the stage and through the passages at the time the assassin crossed it and dashed for the rear entrance.

- A—"Ass Trenchard," (Mr. Harry Hawk)
- B—Miss Lura Keene.
- C—Mr. Ferguson.
- D—Gas Man.
- E—Stage Manager, (Mr. Wright.)
- F—Mr. Wm. Withers, Jr., (Leader of Orchestra.)
- 3—Box of President.
- 4—Door to box.
- 5—Door to box.
- 6—Entrance to passage.
- 16—Prompter's desk.
- 26—Hole in the wall, to fasten door, (three feet six inches from corner.)
- 27—Torn place in carpet, (two feet from lower box where Booth landed.)

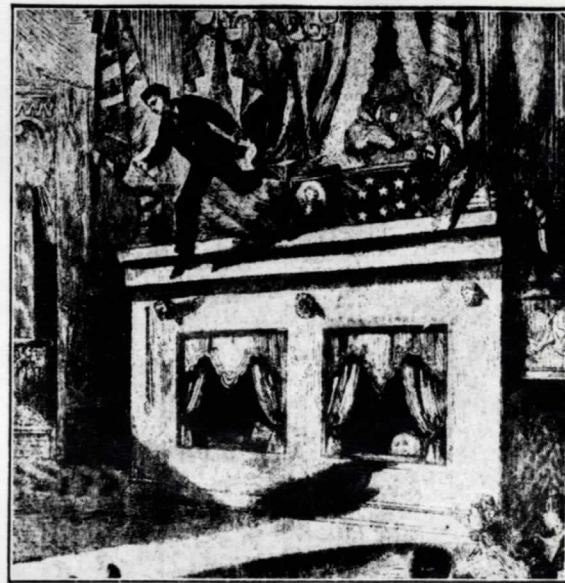
David Herold, the conspirator captured with Booth, according to the Washington *Star* of April 22, 1865, was "talking to friends in front of the Metropolitan Hotel on Wednesday (April 12) of last week."

Wednesday afternoon, Atzerodt, the conspirator selected to kill the Vice-President, ascertained the location of Mr. Johnson's room at the Kirkwood House. On Friday, the fourteenth, before 8 a. m. he registered and was assigned a room there, although he had put up previously at the Pennsylvania House whenever in Washington.

After firing the fatal shot, Booth exclaimed, "sic semper tyrannus!" On Thursday morning, the day before the assassination, he asked another guest at the National Hotel whether "tyrannus" was spelled with two n's or two r's.

The testimony of C. D. Hess at the conspiracy trial covers all the known activities of Booth on Thursday afternoon.

"I am manager of Grover's Theater, and I have been in the habit of seeing John Wilkes Booth very frequently. On the day before the assassination he came into the office during the afternoon, interrupting me and the prompter of the theater in reading a manuscript. He seated himself in a chair, and entered into a conversation on the general illumination of the city that night. He asked me if I intended to illuminate. I said yes, I should, to a certain extent; but that the next night would be my great night of the illumination, that being the celebration of the fall of Sumter. He then asked, 'Do you intend to' or 'Are you going to invite the President?' My reply, I think, was, 'Yes; that reminds me I must send that invitation.' I had in my mind for sev-



Booth in the act of leaping out of the box to the stage, after shooting the President. From a contemporary print. His spur caught in the flag that was draped in front of the box.

eral days to invite the Presidential party that night, the fourteenth. I sent my invitation to Mrs. Lincoln. My notes were usually addressed to her, as the best means of accomplishing the object."

Booth's last letter to his mother bore the Washington, D. C., post office stamp, dated April 14 and was headed, "April 14, 2 a. m."

On the morning of the fatal day, about 9 o'clock, Booth had a hair cut at a barber shop near Grover's Theater. We now follow his actions as covered by the testimony of H. Clay Ford and others:

"On the 14th of April last I was treasurer of Ford's Theater. I returned to the theater from my breakfast about half-past 11 o'clock that day, when my brother, James R. Ford, told me that the President had engaged a box for that night. John Wilkes Booth was at the theater about half an hour afterward. I do not know that the fact of the President's going to the theater that night was communicated to Booth, but I think it is very likely he found it out while there. I saw him going down the street while I was standing in the door of the theater; as he came up he commenced talking to the parties standing around. Mr. Raybold then went into the theater and brought him out a letter that was there for him. He sat down on the steps and commenced reading it. This was about 12 o'clock. He stayed there perhaps half an hour. I went into the office, and when I came out again he was gone. . . .

"There were several around Booth, talking to him. Mr. Gifford was there; Mr. Evans, an actor, and Mr. Grillet, I remember, were there at the time.

"The President's visit to the theater that evening could not have been known until 12 o'clock, unless it was made known by some one from the Executive Mansion. It was published in the *Evening Star*, but not in the morning papers."

James R. Ford:
"At the time of the assassination, I was business manager of Ford's Theater. I was first apprised of the President's intended visit to the theater on Friday morning, at half-past 10 o'clock. A young man, a messenger from the White House, came and engaged the box. The President had been previously invited to the theater that night, and I had no knowledge of his intention to visit the theater until the reception of that message. I saw John Wilkes Booth about half-past 12, two hours after I received this information. I saw him as I was coming from the Treasury Building, on the corner of Tenth and E streets. I was going up E street, toward Eleventh street; he was coming from the direction of the theater."

James J. Gifford, stage carpenter, Ford's Theater:
"I saw J. Wilkes Booth, about half-past 11 or 12 o'clock on the fourteenth, pass the stage entrance and go to the front door. He bowed to me, but we had no conversation."

Louis J. Carland, costumer at Ford's Theater, testified on trial of John A. Surratt that he knew "John Wilkes Booth quite well and had seen him three times April 14, 1865; the first time a little after 12 but before 1 o'clock in front of the theater, the second time between 5 and 6 p. m., the third time still later than this."

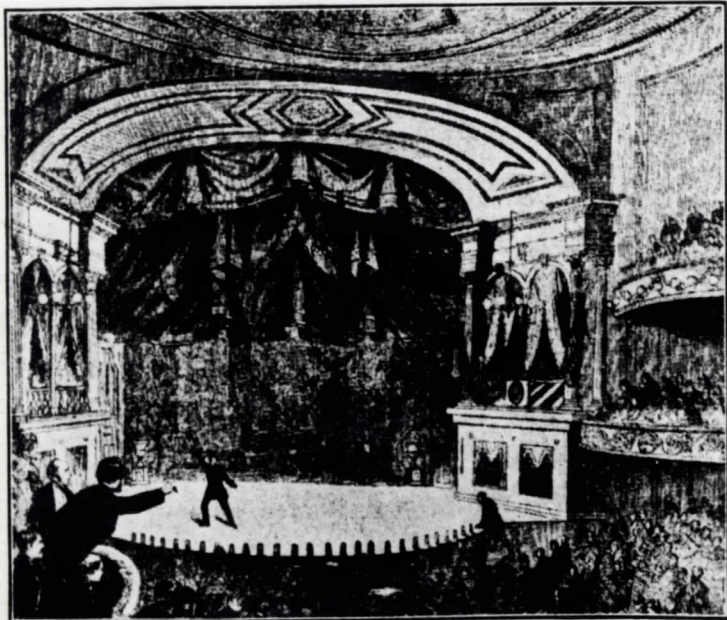
Sometime during the afternoon Booth bored a hole in the door of the Presidential box and secured a bar for the passageway door leading from the dress circle to the box.

Louis J. Weichmann, a boarder at the city home of Mary Surratt, the woman whom the government executed in connection with the assassination, testified that he hired a buggy at Howard's Livery Stable about 2:30 on April 14 and drove Mrs. Surratt to Surrattville (ten miles distance) arriving there about 4:30. Just before leaving the city he saw Booth in the parlor with Mrs. Surratt. Anna E. Surratt, in defense of her mother, testified that John Wilkes Booth was at their Washington House Friday, the fourteenth, and that her mother was preparing to go to Surrattville and that the carriage was at the door; that Booth only stayed a very few minutes.

James W. Pumphry:
"I reside in Washington City, and keep a livery stable. I was acquainted with J. Wilkes Booth. He came to my stable about 12 o'clock of the fourteenth of April last, and engaged a saddle-horse, which he said he wanted about 4 or half-past 4 that day. He had been in the habit of riding a sorrel horse, and he came to get it, but that horse was engaged, and he had in its place a small bay mare, about fourteen or fourteen and a half hands high. I have never seen the mare since."

Thomas J. Raybold, an employe of Ford's Theater, Mary Jane Anderson, who lived back of the theater, James R. Ferguson, keeper of a restaurant adjoining the theater, and others testified that they saw Booth at the theater that afternoon.

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Reproduced from an illustration which appeared at the time. Booth crossing the stage after leaping from the box.

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Thus, we have quite definitely accounted for the movements of the assassin up to the evening of the assassination.

On Friday afternoon, after learning that the President and Mrs. Lincoln, accompanied by General and Mrs. Grant, would attend the performance of "Our American Cousin" at Ford's Theater that night, Booth went to Grover's Theater, where he wrote a letter intended for the *National Intelligencer*, a local paper. This was to give his justification for the assassination. He intended to post it but accidentally meeting John Matthews, a fellow actor who was playing that night at Ford's Theater, on Pennsylvania Avenue, he gave it to him instead of mailing it and asked him to deliver it the next day. Matthews was so frightened after the assassination that reading this letter and finding that it was a statement of what Booth was going to do, he destroyed it, but testified it ended with the statement, "The moment has at length arrived when my plans must be changed. The world may censure me for what I am about to do; but I am sure that posterity will justify me. Signed, Men who love their country better than gold or life. John Wilkes Booth—Payne—Atzerodt, and—Herold."

During the afternoon Booth called at the Kirkwood House and left his card for Colonel William Browning, secretary to Vice-President Johnson, with a notation, "Don't wish to disturb you. Are you at home? John Wilkes Booth." Booth had known Browning in Nashville, Tennessee. Colonel Browning remarked when handed the card by the clerk: "It is from Booth. Is he playing here?" The explanation that has been made for the card was that the Vice-President being an intended victim, Booth desired to learn what his plans might be for the evening.

G. A. Bunker, room clerk, National Hotel, testified, "I last saw him (John Wilkes Booth) about 7 o'clock of the evening of the assassination, when he passed out of the hotel for the last time. He spoke to me as he went off."

Atzerodt made the following statement before his execution:

"On the evening of the 14th of April, I met Booth and Payne at the Herndon House in this city at 8 o'clock. He (Booth) said he himself should murder Mr. Lincoln and General Grant. Payne should take Mr. Seward, and I should take Mr. Johnson. I told him I would not do it; that I had gone into the thing to capture, but I was not going to kill. He told me I was a fool; that I would be hung anyhow, and that it was death for every man that backed out; and so we parted. I wandered about the streets until about two o'clock in the morning, and then went to the Kimmell House, and from there pawned my pistol at Georgetown and went to my cousin's house in Montgomery County, where I was arrested the nineteenth following."

Payne, when asked by his counsel as to the nature of the conspiracy, replied: "It was a plan to carry off Lincoln and give him up to the Confederates, but when that failed, Booth, who was the only one in earnest, proposed to kill Lincoln and all the Cabinet. All the rest backed out and scattered like a lot of beggars. We never heard of Surratt, of Arnold, or any of them again. I told Booth that I would go in with him, and he preferred to kill Lincoln, while I was set upon Seward. I deserve to be killed, and so does Booth. The rest were women and babies."

General and Mrs. Grant did not attend the theater with the Lincolns that evening, the following reason being given by General Grant in his personal memoirs:

"While in Washington I was very busy for a time in preparing the necessary orders for the new state of affairs; communicating with my different commanders of separate departments, bodies of troops, and so on. But by the 14th I was pretty well through with this work, so as to be able to visit my children, who were then in Burlington, New Jersey, attending school. Mrs. Grant was with me in Washington at the time, and we were invited by President and Mrs. Lincoln to accompany them to the theater on the evening of that day. I replied to the President's verbal invitation to the effect that if we were in the city we would take great pleasure in accompanying them; but that I was very anxious to get away and visit my children, and if I could get through my work during the day I should do so. I did get through and started by the evening train on the 14th, sending Mr. Lincoln word, of course, that I would not be at the theater."

Mrs. Lincoln then invited in their place Miss Harris and Major Rathbone, daughter and stepson of Senator Harris.

About 9:30 Booth rode his horse up to the back door of the theater and called for Edward Spangler, a stage hand, in whose care he left the horse and passed through the theater to the front. Spangler turned the horse over to Joseph Burroughs, a boy who carried bills for the theater. A little after 10 Booth called for whisky at a restaurant adjoining the theater and at ten minutes past 10 re-entered the front vestibule of the theater and asked the time of the night doorkeeper. Then, according to this witness, "he slipped out and walked in again, entering by the door that leads to the parquet and dress circle. Came out again and then went up the stairway to the dress circle."

Making his way to the aisle leading by the wall toward the door of the President's box he stopped and leisurely took a survey of the house, and selecting one of his visiting cards showed it to the President's messenger, entered the door of the lobby leading to the box—closed and barred it and then after peering through the gimlet hole he had made in the afternoon and finding

all clear, he opened the box door, pointed the pistol at the President's head and fired the fatal shot.

Major Henry R. Rathbone, who with Miss Harris accompanied the President and Mrs. Lincoln on that last night, graphically describes in his testimony what took place in the box:

"On the evening of the 14th of April last, at about twenty minutes past 8 o'clock, I, in company with Miss Harris, left my residence at the corner of Fifteenth and H streets, and joined the President and Mrs. Lincoln, and went with them, in their carriage, to Ford's Theater, on Tenth street. On reaching the theater, when the presence of the President became known, the actors stopped playing, the band struck up 'Hail to the Chief,' and the audience rose and received him with vociferous cheering. The party proceeded along in the rear of the dress-circle and entered the box that had been set apart for their reception. On entering the box, there was a large armchair that was placed nearest the audience, farthest from the stage, which the President took and occupied during the whole evening, with one exception, when he got up to put on his coat, and returned and sat down again. When the second scene of the third act was being performed, and while I was intently observing the proceedings upon the stage, with my back toward the door, I heard the discharge of a pistol behind me, and, looking around, saw through the smoke a man between the door and the President. The distance from the door to where the President sat was about four feet. At the same time I heard the man shout some word, which I thought was 'Freedom!' I instantly sprang toward him and seized him. He wrested himself from my grasp, and made a violent thrust at my breast with a large knife. I parried the blow by striking it up and received a wound several inches deep in my left arm, between the elbow and the shoulder. The orifice of the wound was about an inch and a half in length, and extended upward toward the shoulder several inches. The man rushed to the front of the box, and I endeavored to seize him again, but only caught his clothes as he was leaping over the railing of the box. The clothes, as I believe, were torn in the attempt to hold him. As he went over upon the stage, I cried out, 'Stop that man.' I then turned to the President: his position was not changed; his head was slightly bent forward, and his eyes were closed. I saw that he was unconscious, and, supposing him mortally wounded, rushed to the door for the purpose of calling medical aid.

"On reaching the outer door of the passageway, I found it barred by a heavy piece of plank, one end of which was secured in the wall, and the other resting against the door. It had been so securely fastened that it required considerable force to remove it. This wedge or bar was about four feet from the floor. Persons upon the outside were beating against the door for the purpose of entering. I removed the bar, and the door was opened. Several persons, who represented themselves as surgeons, were allowed to enter. I saw there Colonel Crawford, and requested him to prevent other persons from entering the box.

"I then returned to the box, and found the surgeons examining the President's person. They had not yet discovered the wound. As soon as it was discovered, it was determined to remove him from the theater. He was carried out, and I then proceeded to assist Mrs. Lincoln, who was intensely excited, to leave the theater. On reaching the head of the stairs, I requested Major Potter to aid me in assisting Mrs. Lincoln across the street to the house where the President was being conveyed. The wound which I had received had been bleeding very profusely, and on reaching the house, feeling very faint from the loss of blood, I seated myself in the hall, and



JOHN WILKES BOOTH.



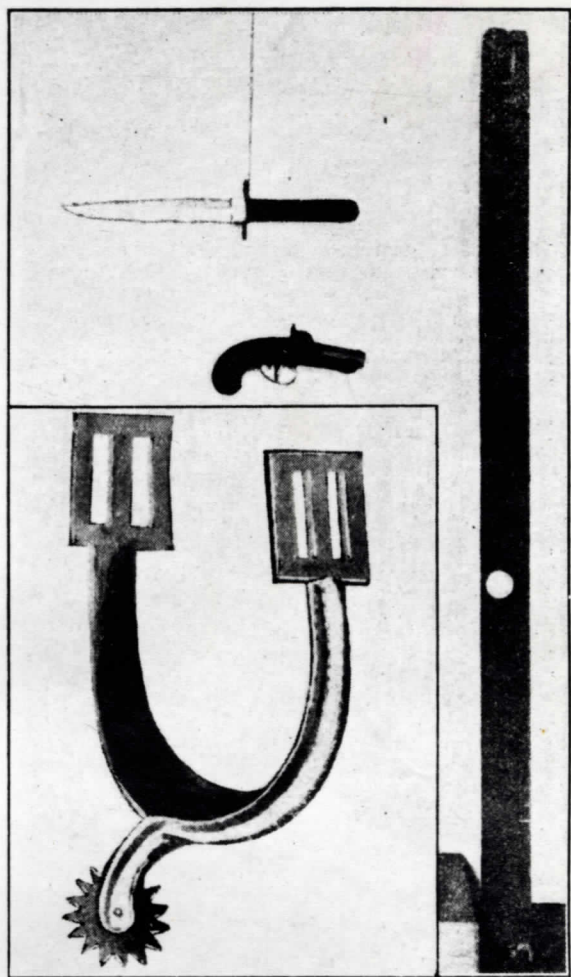
GEORGE A. ATZERODT.

soon after fainted away, and was laid upon the floor. Upon the return of consciousness I was taken to my residence.

"In a review of the transactions, it is my confident belief that the time which elapsed between the discharge of the pistol and the time when the assassin leaped from the box did not exceed thirty seconds. Neither Mrs. Lincoln nor Miss Harris had left their seats. (A bowie-knife, with a heavy seven-inch blade, was exhibited to the witness, stains of blood being still upon the blade.) This knife might have made a wound similar to the one I received. The assassin held the blade in a horizontal position, I think, and the nature of the wound would indicate it; it came down with a sweeping blow from above."

William Withers, Jr., in his testimony tells what happened after the fatal shot was fired:

"I am the leader of the orchestra at Ford's Theater.



Relics in the secret archives of the War Department. Above—The dagger with which the assassin wounded Major Rathbone. This knife bore the inscription "AMERICA—Liberty and Independence—THE LAND OF THE FREE AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE." Center—The little derringer used by the assassin. Below—Spur worn by Booth. When he leaped from the box to the stage it caught in the flag, which caused him to fall and break his leg. At right—The wooden bar used to prevent admittance to the box after the assassin had entered.

I had some business on the stage with our stage manager on the night of the fourteenth, in regard to a national song that I had composed, and I went to see what costume they were going to sing it in. After talking with the manager, I was returning to the orchestra, when I heard the report of a pistol. I stood with astonishment, thinking why they should fire off a pistol in 'Our American Cousin.' As I turned round I heard some confusion, and saw a man running toward me with his head down. I did not know what was the matter, and stood completely paralyzed. As he ran, I could not get out of his way, so he hit me on the leg, and turned me round, and made two cuts at me, one in the neck and one on the side, and knocked me from the third entrance down to the second. The scene saved me. As I turned, I got a side view of him, and I saw it was John Wilkes Booth. He then made a rush for the back door, and out he went. I returned to the stage and heard that the President was killed, and I saw him in the box apparently dead."

The assassin was identified by other members of the theater staff and persons in the audience who saw him leap from the box and rush across the stage. In leaping from the box he caught his right spur in the American flag, "the mute avenger of the country's fallen chief." This threw him to the stage in such a manner that he fractured his left leg at the ankle. Rushing to the rear door, Booth struck and knocked down the boy who was holding his horse, and leaping to the saddle rode away.

During this time Payne was making a wild attempt on the life of Seward, the Secretary of State, and would have succeeded but for an iron brace holding in place the Secretary's recently broken collar bone, and the efforts of the attending nurse.

Atzerodt, as was told in his confession, did not carry out the part assigned him in the plot, did not occupy his room at the Kirkwood or take away the weapons left in the room for his use by Herold, but wandered around on horseback until he learned that Booth had carried out to the end the horrible drama, and Atzerodt, terror-stricken, struck out early the next morning for the home of a cousin twenty-two miles away, where he was later arrested.

At 7:22 the next morning, in the house across the street from the theater, Mr. Lincoln died, without having regained consciousness.

Herold's actions on the fourteenth are best described by John Fletcher.

"David E. Herold came to our stable in company with the prisoner, Atzerodt, about a quarter to 1 o'clock, on the fourteenth of April, and engaged a horse which he told me to keep for him and he would call for it at 4 o'clock. Before he mounted the horse he asked me how late he could stay out with him. I told him he could stay out no later than 8 o'clock, or 9, at furthest. After that hour I became very uneasy about the horse, and wanted to see about it before I closed up the stable; and that is how I got to see Atzerodt and Herold.

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LEWIS PAYNE.

The Telegraph's Birthday

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was then to send a message by planting a piece of wire in the ground and tapping on it with the line wire. That done he was to find a puddle of water in which he was to stand, and, putting the line wire to his tongue, receive my acknowledgment. All went well until this latter performance, which was followed by an ominous silence, and then by the hugest of Pennsylvania profanity. The truth was, the strength of the current had upset him. When an hour or more afterward Sam came into the office covered with mud, and with madness in his eye, we learned our first lesson in the danger of line-testing repairs. What most grieved Zook was that he had performed his electrical gymnastics in the presence of a large crowd, who, had rather enjoyed his very original entertainment."

The line between Philadelphia and Fort Lee was finished on January 20, 1846, and the first New York office was at 16 Wall Street, and afterward at Post's Building behind the Merchant's Exchange. Messages had to be sent across the river, whether for delivery or transmission, as no way to carry the line over the North River had been found. Several attempts were made to cross the Hudson, one of them involving a detour of 105 miles up the river to Anthony's Nose, with the wires carried across on high poles. It was not till February, 1856, that the crossing was finally effected by an armored cable insulated with gutta-percha.

The first year was full of discouragement. The wires were down thirty-six days in the first five months, small boys joyfully made targets of all the glass insulators, and at the end of the first year the company's total receipts only amounted to a little more than \$4,000.

In spite of this the work went on, and New York and Washington were finally connected when the last piece of the line between Philadelphia and Baltimore was finished in 1846. This line was ordered to be covered with tar, and a newly landed Scotchman was engaged, who, with a tar bucket slung to his side, and a monster sponge in hand, tarred the line as far as Wilmington, Delaware, where, not surprisingly, he succumbed. Nothing daunted, James D. Reid, afterward the general superintendent of the line, himself took on the work, and lathered the line to the Susquehanna.

The year 1846 also saw the opening of the line from Albany to Buffalo, and the following year this was carried on to New York. The New York and Boston Telegraph Company also had a line in operation in 1846. Charges from New York to Washington were 50 cents for the first ten words, and 5 cents for each additional word; to Philadelphia 25 cents and 2 cents for each additional word; and to Boston 50 cents and 3 cents for each additional word, while it only cost 10 cents to send a ten-word message from New York to Newark or Jersey City.

The transcontinental lines which connected New York and San Francisco met at Salt Lake City on November 1, 1861, and since then a vast network of wire has spread out all over the country, till, at the present time, even the smallest towns are connected up by the two million miles of wire that now carry more than 155,000,000 messages a year.

Regarding 'Company of Adventurers'

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many times greater in extent than that over which his forefathers had ruled for more than 600 years; with power of life or death over all persons within that territory; with authority to make whatever laws they believed to be necessary; to undertake war or to make peace; in fact, no greater or more extensive powers were possessed by the lords and barons in the darkest period of the feudal ages. These rights and privileges so lightly conferred were to remain in force and effect for two full centuries—long after the Stuarts themselves had been shorn of their power—in spite of many attempts by force and by law to set them aside, until voluntarily relinquished by the successors of those original grantees.

The charter provided that "Whereas Our dear and entirely beloved Cousin, Prince Rupert, Count Palatine of the Rhine, Duke of Bavaria and Cumberland," and so forth, together with other noblemen, knights, and esquires including such personages as the Duke of Albemarle, the Earl of Craven, Lord Arlington, Lord Ashley—the two latter being members of the famous Cabal—Sir Philip Carteret, Sir John Kirke, and others, and "John Portman, Citizen and Goldsmith of London, have, at their own great Cost and Charges, undertaken an Expedition for Hudson's Bay . . . for Discovery of a new Passage into the South Sea, and for the finding some Trade for Furs, Minerals, and other considerable Commodities, and by such their Undertaking, have already made such Discoveries as do encourage them to proceed further in Pursuance of their said Design, and by means whereof there may probably arise very great Advantage to Us and Our Kingdom. . . ." Then follows the official name of the company—"The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay"—regulations covering the appointment of a governor and a governing committee, and the names of the first governor—Prince Rupert—and the first committee.

The charter then went on through five closely written sheets of parchment to set forth in detail the powers, prerequisites and privileges of the company; and it does not seem that anything which could have been desired by the petitioners, and granted by the king, was not included.

After the charter was obtained the company lost no time in entering into possession. By June in the same year all was in readiness for another trip to the Bay. Radisson and Groseilliers set out with three ships containing a stock of wares with which to conduct trade with the Indians. With them sailed also Charles Bayley, the first local governor of Rupert's Land. They established Fort York, now known as Port Nelson, which was destined to be for many years the fur capital of the North.

The articles mostly in demand by the Indians at this period were muskets with powder and shot, brass kettles, knives and hatchets. Some years later, however, sup-

plies of tobacco, glass beads, red lead, looking-glasses and certain articles of fancy clothing were added to the cargoes.

The beaver skin became the standard of value and other furs and all articles of trade were rated as being of the value of so many "made beaver" or in a certain proportion to the value of one "made beaver." The trade values of some of the staple articles of trade in the early years of the company are as follows: 1 musket, 12 beaver skins; powder, 1 beaver for one-half pound; shot, 1 beaver for 4 pounds; hatchets, 1 large and 1 small for 1 beaver; knives, 8 large and 8 jackknives for 1 beaver; beads, 1 beaver for one-half pound; kettles, 1 beaver to the pound; tobacco, 1 beaver to the pound.

The later history of the Hudson's Bay Company will appear in an early issue.

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"At about 10 o'clock, having a suspicion that Herold was going to take the horse away, I went across E street, and up Fourteenth street, till I came upon Pennsylvania Avenue, close to Willard's, where I saw Herold riding the roan horse. He seemed as if he was coming down from the Treasury upon the Avenue. He was passing Fourteenth street; the horse was pulling to get to the stable. I suppose Herold knew me by the light of the lamp, for he turned the horse around, and I hallooed to him, but he put spurs to it, and went, as fast as the horse could go, up Fourteenth street, making no reply to me. That was about twenty-five minutes past 10.

"I then returned to the stable for a saddle and bridle and horse myself, and went along the avenue until I came to Thirteenth street; went up Thirteenth street to E; along E until I came to Ninth, and turned down Ninth street to Pennsylvania Avenue again. I went along the avenue to the south side of the Capitol. I there met a gentleman, and asked him if he had passed any one riding on horseback. He said yes and that he was riding very fast. I followed on until I got to the Navy Yard bridge, where the guard halted me, and called for the sergeant of the guard. He came out, and I asked him if a roan horse had crossed that bridge, giving him a description of the horse, saddle, and bridle, and the man that was riding. He said, 'Yes, he has gone across the bridge.' 'Did he stay long here?' I asked. He replied, 'He said that he was waiting for an acquaintance of his that was coming on; but he did not wait, and another man came riding a bay horse or a bay mare, right after him.' 'Did he tell you his name?' 'Yes, he said his name was Smith.' I asked him if I could cross the bridge after them. He said, 'Yes, you can cross, but you cannot return.' I said, 'If that is so, I will not go.' So I turned around and came back to the city again."

Abraham Lincoln, himself, explained the laxity of the guards in allowing Booth and Herold to cross the Navy Yard bridge. Just before starting for the theater, two men who wanted a pass that they might get through the lines to go to Richmond called at the White House. Mr. Lincoln gave them the following notation:

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

"A. Lincoln."

Let us follow the escaping assassin across the bridge from the testimony of Sergeant Silas T. Cobb:

"On the night of the 14th of April, I was on duty at the Navy Yard bridge. At about half-past 10 or 11 o'clock, a man approached rapidly on horseback. The sentry challenged him, and I advanced to see if he was a proper person to pass.

"I asked him, 'Who are you, sir?' He said, 'My name is Booth.' I asked him where he was from. He made answer, 'From the city.' 'Where are you going?' I said; and he replied, 'I am going home.' I asked him where his home was. He said it was in Charles. I understood by that that he meant Charles County. I asked him what town. He said he did not live in any town. I said, 'You must live in some town.' Said he, 'I live close to Beantown; but do not live in the town.' I asked him why he was out so late; if he did not know the rule that persons were not allowed to pass after 9 o'clock. He said it was new to him; that he had somewhere to go in the city, and it was a dark night, and he thought he would have the moon to ride home by. The moon rose that night about that time. I thought he was a proper person to pass, and I passed him. (A photograph of J. Wilkes Booth was shown the witness.) That is the man that passed first. He rode a small-sized horse, rather an undersized horse, I should think, a very bright bay, with a shining skin, and it looked as though he had just had a short burst—a short push—and seemed restive and uneasy, much more so than the rider. In all, I had some three or four minutes' conversation with him before I allowed him to pass.

"In perhaps five or seven, or, at the outside, ten minutes, another person came along. He did not seem to be riding so rapidly as the first, or his horse did not show signs of it as much as the first. I asked who he was and he said that his name was Smith, and that he was going home; that he lived at the White Plains. I asked him how it was that he was out so late. He made use of a rather indelicate expression, and said that he had been in bad company.

"Afterward, a third horseman rode up, and made inquiry after a roan horse; after a man passing on a roan horse. He made no inquiry about the other horseman who had passed first. He did not seem to have any business on the other side of the bridge that I considered of sufficient importance to pass him, and so I turned him back."

The assassination had caused a veritable reign of terror in Washington. The city, which had been in constant celebration over the Northern successes, can best be understood by those who were in any large American city on Armistice Day, November 11, 1918.

The reaction caused by the assassination of the President and attempted assassination of the Secretary of State led to the belief that a general southern plot was on foot to kill all members of the Cabinet. Arrests were made on all sides.

A succeeding article will describe the pursuit and capture of John Wilkes Booth.

The Humor of Will Rogers

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in the spotlight, Rogers kidded him about the city administration.

"Well, I see by the papers," he drawled between twirls of his busy rope, "that Mayor Hylan went down to examine the subways and he couldn't get in. . . . You know, New Yorkers are like gophers. Whenever they see a hole in the ground, they grab a nickel and duck for it. . . ."

The mayor laughed good-naturedly and sat down again, but not until the cowboy-comedian told him he might.

Here are some more lines that Rogers has pulled—selected at random from several different performances: "What this country needs is more men to plow fields with a plow and not with a brassie."

"Our public men are speaking every day on something, but they ain't saying anything."

"Well, I see by the papers that the ZR3 uses 2,000,000 cubic feet of gas and somebody with a sense of humor named it the *Los Angeles*."

"I've got a solution for the traffic problem in this country. Let all the folks going East go Mondays and all the ones going West go Tuesdays."

Some other actor asked him, "But how about North and South?"

Rogers looked at him condescendingly and replied, "There's no longer any North and South. We're all one."

"I am often asked where I get all my jokes. I just watch the government and report the facts."

Speaking of our National Defense program, he said:

"Every time France or England builds a ship, we sink a bigger ship. No matter how fast they build them, we can sink them faster and bigger. And if they sink a bigger ship than we've got, why we go right ahead and build a bigger one and sink that. . . . America, the country that never lost a war or won a conference."

From these illustrations, you can see that he injects into every remark his own shrewd brand of humor. But as is often the case, the written word does not have the effectiveness of the spoken word. Will Rogers' deliberately slow and easy-going drawl and his very confidential tone of voice makes his remarks sound much funnier than they seem in type.

All the while he talks, he does remarkable tricks with ropes but few persons notice what he is doing while he is talking. When he stops chattering for a second and they see him whirling two ropes at once they begin to applaud, and he says:

"Thass right, go ahead and cheer Art if you feel like it. I'll tell you this. It took a lot longer while to learn this stuff than to learn to speak a piece."

There's more truth in his statement than the average person who hears him say it believes. He has been practicing with a rope since he was old enough to stand up.

"I get hard-boiled once in a while," he confessed, "and tell the stage doorman not to let anybody in to see me. He tells them I'm out but somehow or other they manage to get past him. I don't really mind."

The day we called on him, he was playing a matinee. We would never have guessed it from his manner.

He leaned back with his chair propped against the book-laden dressing table and proceeded to chat until the call boy announced it was time for him to appear on the stage.

He came back a few minutes later and picked up the thread of the conversation where he had dropped it. He didn't have to go on the stage again for half an hour. In that time, he recounted some of his experiences in his eighteen years on the stage.

The Job of the Immigration Service

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every house has a telephone. If they are not seen and reported by ranchmen they come to the second line. It is eighty to one hundred miles in the interior, and holds the highways leading into towns, and bridges over rivers and creeks. If the alien gets through there he reaches the nearest railroad center—and there meets the third line, posted around depots or cheap lodging-house districts or foreign neighborhoods, and trained to single out instantly the character whose garb and speech and actions show he is new to the country. If he runs the third cordon he earns his freedom—but few succeed in running it.

Indeed, few ever reach the third line of defense—the second line usually gets them. They are in a strange land, dependent on guides. If they attempt to buy food their speech betrays them. When they sleep it is beside camp fires, and the night is made horrible by the howling of coyotes (*real coyotes*) and other imaginary dangers. They must travel the back country, and that means long stretches without food or water. Every one's hand is raised against them; they have many enemies and not a friend. At the first sign of danger they are usually deserted by their guides. Such a combination will defeat all but the hardest and most determined and resourceful blockade runners. In most cases, when they are finally captured they are bewildered, frightened, penniless, ready to tell the truth, eager to be sent home—an unhappy and disillusioned lot.

So it is that our famous deportation train—a special operating across the continent every two weeks—never lacks passengers. It follows the "rim" route from San Francisco to New Orleans via El Paso and San Antonio, sometimes dropping its cargo of deportees at New Orleans for transfer to ship, sometimes continuing straight to New York. Most of its passengers are supplied by the Rio Grande patrol. Often they are a defiant lot, shouting taunts as they are borne through American villages and towns. Again they are cheerfully glad to be homeward bound (without expense) after the baptism of fire they have passed through. But sometimes they sigh and weep as the countryside of the land of their dreams unrolls its marvels before them—through a car window.

From their point of view it may all be very sad, but from ours, whatever their mood may be, it is a good riddance of rubbish—practically without an exception.