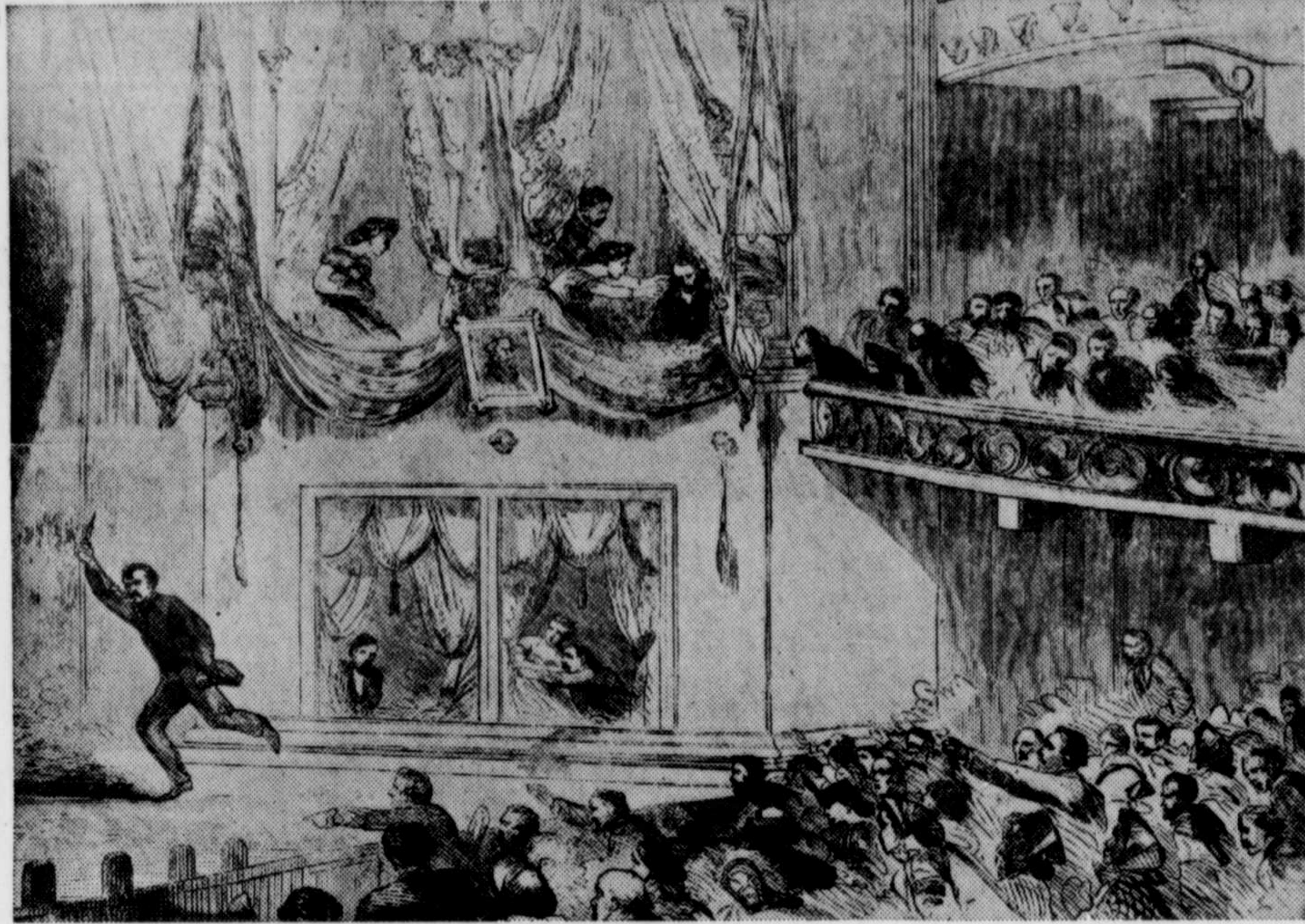


Seventy-Five Years Ago This Month The Whole World Was in Mourning for America's First Martyred President



"STOP THAT MAN!"—John Wilkes Booth flees across the stage of Ford's theater in Washington after firing the shot which ended the life of Abraham Lincoln. (From a drawing in Harper's Weekly, April 29, 1865.)

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)
IT IS the evening of April 14, 1865—Good Friday.

On the stage of Ford's theater in Washington the famous actress, Laura Keane, is playing in a delightful comedy, "Our American Cousin." Joining in the laughter that sweeps through the audience from time to time is a gaunt, sad-faced man sitting at ease in a high-backed, satin-upholstered rocking chair in an upper stage box. Abraham Lincoln is forgetting for a few minutes the crushing responsibilities which he, as Chief Executive of a nation torn asunder in civil war, has been bearing for four long years.

The third act of the play begins. The President leans over to whisper something to Mrs. Lincoln who sits beside him. Neither the Lincolns nor Maj. Harry R. Rathbone and a Miss Harris, who accompanied them to the theater, noticed that a dark-moustached young man has slipped through the door at the rear of the box and is now standing behind the President.

The next moment there is the muffled sound of a shot. It is unnoticed by the players on the stage or the audience, still chuckling over the last funny line they have heard. But the President's head drops forward on his breast.

Startled, Major Rathbone looks around. Through the smoke he sees the dark young man with a pistol in his hand and hears him mutter something which sounds like "Freedom!" The major leaps to his feet and grapples with the intruder, who slashes at him with a knife, tears loose from the officer's grasp and springs to the front of the box.

As he vaults over the railing, his spur catches in an American flag which drapes the front of the box. He drops heavily to the stage with one leg doubled under him, then scrambles to his feet. With blood streaming from his wounded arms, Rathbone rushes to the front of the box.

"Stop that man! Stop him!" he shouts. "The President has been shot!"

But everyone is too stunned to move for a moment. The young man, waving aloft the bloody knife, drags himself across the stage and disappears in the wings. But before he does so, the startled actors recognize in the white face and the black eyes blazing with fanatical hatred the familiar features of one of their own profession—John Wilkes Booth.

All this has taken place in less time than it takes to tell it. The next moment Ford's theater is a pandemonium of screaming women and shouting men, shoving, pushing, breaking chairs, crashing through railings and trampling upon each other as they surge toward the stage or try to climb up to the box where the moaning Mrs. Lincoln is supporting her stricken husband and Major Rathbone is trying vainly to open the door which the assassin had barred from the inside.

Now the soldiers of the President's guard come bursting into the theater and with fixed bayonets and drawn pistols they charge the milling crowd. Their hoarse shouts of "Clear out! Clear out, you sons of hell!" rise above the tumult as they



IN SPRINGFIELD—Outside the old Globe tavern, where Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd spent their honeymoon, members of the martyred President's cabinet and other dignitaries awaited the arrival of the funeral train in Lincoln's home town.

drive the half-crazed audience out of the theater.

Meanwhile Rathbone has succeeded in unbarring the door to the box and several people, among them a surgeon, rush in. They see the tall form of the President slumped forward in his chair, his sad eyes closed, never to open again. Someone brings a shutter, torn from a building near by, and they lay his gaunt form upon it. They carry him out of the theater to the house of Charles Peterson across the street.

Ford's theater is empty, deserted now. Its curtain has been rung down upon the comedy, "Our American Cousin"—and upon one of the greatest tragedies in American history.

Death at 7:22 A. M.

The next morning Washington newspapers carried this story: "The body of President Lincoln, who died from an assassin's bullet at 7:22 o'clock this morning, was removed from the Peterson residence opposite Ford's theater to the executive mansion in a hearse and wrapped in the American flag. It was escorted by a small squad of cavalry and by Gen. Augur and other military officials on foot. A dense crowd accompanied the remains to the White House, where a military guard excluded the people, allowing none but persons of the household and personal friends of the deceased to enter. Gen. Grant arrived here at 2 o'clock in a special train from Philadelphia. His presence tends somewhat to allay the excitement. The last lines penned by Mr. Lincoln were written on a card about 8:15 p. m., while seated in his carriage in front of the White House just before he started for the theater. They were addressed to the Hon. George Ashmun and were as follows: 'Allow Mr. Sherman and friends to come to me at 9 a. m. tomorrow.'

"A. Lincoln."

Leaf through the pages of James G. Blaine's "Twenty Years in Congress," published in 1886, and read there this description of the events which followed: "The remains of the late President lay in state at the executive mansion for four days. The entire city seemed as a house of mourning. The martial music which had been resounding in glad celebration of the national triumph had ceased; public edifice and private mansion were alike draped with the insignia of grief. "Funeral services, conducted by the leading clergymen of the city, were held in the east room on Wednesday, the 19th of April. Amid the solemn tolling of church bells, and the still more solemn thundering of minute guns from the vast line of fortifications which had protected Washington, the body, escorted by

an imposing military and civic procession, was transferred to the rotunda of the Capitol.

"The day was observed throughout the Union as one of fasting and prayer. Services in the churches throughout the land were held in unison with the services at the executive mansion, and were everywhere attended with exhibition of profound personal grief.

The South in Sorrow.

"In all the cities of Canada meetings was suspended, public meetings of condolence with a kindred people were held, and prayers were read in the churches.

"Throughout the Confederate states, where war had ceased but peace had not yet come, the people joined in significant expressions of sorrow over the death of him whose very name they had been taught to execrate.

"Early in the morning of the 21st the body was removed from the capitol and placed on the funeral car which was to transport it to its final resting place in Illinois. The remains of a little son who had died three years before were taken from their burial place in Georgetown and borne with those of his father for final sepulture in the stately mausoleum which the public mind had already decreed to the illustrious martyr. The train which moved from the national capital was attended on its course by extraordinary manifestations of grief on the part of the people."

As for the story of that sorrowful journey westward, no one has ever told it better than Carl Sandburg, poet and Lincoln biographer. The closing words of his masterpiece "Abraham Lincoln: The War Years," (published this year by Harcourt, Brace and company)—words whose stark simplicity remind one of such writings as the Gettysburg Address—are these:

"There was a funeral.
"It took long to pass its many given points.
"Many millions of people saw it."

"The line of march ran seventeen hundred miles.
"Yes, there was a funeral.
"From his White House in Washington—where it began—they carried his coffin, and followed it nights and days for twelve days . . .

"Bells tolling, bells sobbing the requiem, the salute guns, cannon rumbling their inarticulate thunder.
"To Springfield, Illinois, the old home town, the Sangamon nearby, the New Salem hilltop nearby, for the final rest of the cherished dust.
"And the night came with great quiet."

"And there was rest.
"The prairie years, the war years, were over."



ELMER SOUNDS A CALL

"I don't know no more than nobody else who will be the candidates for President this winter," declared Elmer Twitchell today, "but I would personally go for a sourpuss."

"A sourpuss?" the reporter asked, a little puzzled.

"Yes, sir," snapped Elmer, "a sourpuss. A deadpan candidate without a smile in his system. A fellow who can't photograph or screen well and who knows it. I am fed up with the old personality stuff in all public offices, and what is more I think a candidate with a severe mug and a what's-there-to-grin-over attitude might sweep the country."

"You don't mean that, Elmer," the reporter argued. "Everybody likes a radiant personality; everybody reacts to charm."

"Yeah," admitted Elmer, "and I'm for it, too, up to a point. But I think the personality theme has reached the point where the public is ripe for a swing the other way. This may be a sourpuss year."

Mr. Twitchell seemed quite serious about it.

"I like a genial, warm personality as well as the next man," he continued. "I am a sucker for charm, like the rest of the American public. Ordinarily I will vote for a man who screens well over a candidate who has nothing but efficiency to recommend him. Nine times out of ten I will go for the candidate with an appealing radio voice over the fellow for whom nothing can be said except that he would make a good President. But I now want a sourpuss. And for once I can be stamped by a candidate whose voice on the air sounds like somebody fling a saw."

"It's a very strange argument you are making, Mr. Twitchell," the reporter put in. "A smile and a radio voice are generally considered important assets in any campaign."

"That's what you think," barked Elmer. "I think there's a reaction."

And it gives me a pain in the blouse to observe all the candidates on all sides grinning from ear to ear, trying to look like personality-plus boys on the screen and trying to register as the Voice of the Year on the radio. I tell you that if I was a candidate for public office today I would have my picture taken only when I looked like I was having an argument with a taxicab driver, and I would open all my radio speeches with, 'Well, folks, I am a punk on the radio; I don't intend to bother acquiring a technique. All I expect to do is to quote facts and figures in a dull voice.' This alone would make me a sensation."

"You wouldn't get to first base as a candidate for inspector of manhole covers," the reporter insisted.

"Maybe not," said Elmer, "but I still think otherwise. And I hope I am right, because no country can stand government by personality and microphone charm indefinitely. Ultimately a sourpuss is necessary medicine. In fact, I am busy on the idea. I have already started organizing the Sourpuss for President Clubs. No candidate with charm can even get close to us."

UNCHANGED

She used to be in the pony ballet, Her stage life had that source; She now is a star in the talkies . . . But she still is a little hoarse. Alma O'Neil.

Admiral Byrd says the South Pole has shifted. Maybe both the Republicans and Democrats can get something in their platforms promising to get it back.

Henry Ford has perfected a system for continuous metal pouring, making it possible to "pour" out Ford cars from hot metal. Flivvers will seemingly come out of spouts or faucets in great gushes. You open the plug and—presto!—out comes a sedan. May Henry pour a car that will have the battery in the same place it was last year.

Arthur Boran wants to know how about a movie of the world's most annoying dictators to be called "Aes of Wrath"?

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Making Amends Was Bit Out of Paperhanger's Line

Whitley was having some decorating done, including the repapering of the dining-room and the bath-room. His wife was away, so he left the men on the job when he went to business.

When he returned they were just finishing. But there had been some mistake. The dining-room paper was in the bath-room, while the dining-room showed an elegant design in green tiles and purple water-lilies.

"What are you going to do about it?" demanded the householder.

"I dunno," said the paperhanger, scratching his head. "I'd willingly move the bath—but it's a plumber's job."



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