LINCOLN'S DEATH

By W. J. Ferguson

PICTURES of John Wilkes Booth, in the main, disclose him as saturnine. They show little of his quick excitability, nothing of his love of fun, no trace of his joyousness. For these qualities, which completely concealed from us of Ford's Theater the dark side of his character, in common with all the members of our company I held him in admiration and high esteem. With me the extent of my regard and respect for Booth fell nothing short of hero worship.

Between John T. Ford and Booth there was a warm and close friendship. H. Clay Ford, the treasurer of the theater, John T.'s brother, also was a close friend of Booth.

In Baltimore there still stands in Exeter Street, near the site of the old Front Street Theater, the house occupied so long by the elder Booth and his family, in the cellar of which, I heard while I was in the Clipper office, the Booth boys—Junius and Edwin—together with John Sleeper Clarke, a few years before played at acting on an impromptu stage they had erected.

Clarke became a comedian of international repute, and was for years owner of the Walnut Street Theater, Philadelphia; also of the Strand and Haymarket theaters in London, England.

J. Wilkes Booth lies buried in his father's lot in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, Maryland.



PHOTOS. FROM THE ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION

Ford's Theater, Washington, Draped in Black for President Lincoln. At Right—The Lincoln Family

Playing Romeo Not Wisely but Too Well

SOME years previous to the beginning of my stage career Mr. Ford advanced Booth from the position he held as an actor of leading parts to that of star. Naturally a number of his star engagements were played in Ford's Theater. The actor was welcomed in the family circle of the manager. In the theater he was free to come and go as he pleased.

I remember hearing Booth once say that he had been a member of the military organization known as the Richmond Grays while he was in the stock company in that city, and had been with them when John Brown was hanged—the John Brown who early was a leader in the movement at Harper's Ferry. The pride he showed in having been one of the group indicated that he had no aversion to violence in connection with matters relating to his political sympathies. In the excitement of Civil War times this trend of his mind passed without attracting particular attention. Its significance became apparent in afterthought.



John Wilkes Booth, 1864

In a similar way I now can trace back through my memories of him and note other tendencies which might have forecast for him the likelihood of eventual wide departure from normal activities, but they were then accepted without analysis, as part and parcel of his high-spirited nature, of the dashing buoyancy I so much admired. Quite probably he was not in full mental control of himself; may have been touched with some hereditary insanity.

If he was insane or bordering on insanity, John Wilkes Booth gave me no such idea at the time I had passed but three years into my teens. To me he was a marvelously clever and amusing demigod. Practical jokes of his invention appealed to me as the quintessence of humor. His verve and fire as an actor made him stand high in the scale of my ideals.

Particularly was I impressed by the sincerity of his acting. Playing Romeo, he so gave himself up to emotion in the cell of Friar Laurence, that when he threw himself down at the line, "taking the measure of an unmade grave," he wounded himself on the point of the dagger he wore suspended from his girdle. It was on the very spot on the stage where he was to fall again, in the course of a tragedy of tragedies, on the night when he leaped from the box of Abraham Lincoln. The accident during the performance of Romeo and Juliet was one of three singular incidents that came under my personal observation. He was a crack shot with firearms, and an expert swordsman. I saw him, after a rehearsal, take on two men at once with the foils and disarm them both within a few seconds. In this encounter Charles Wheatley was the last to lose his foil. It flew upward from his hand, and into the box on the auditor's right side of the balcony, where later the victor in the bout was to commit his great crime. An athlete, Booth often showed us feats of strength and agility. With little effort he once jumped over a piece of scenery standing on edge on the stage, and more than five feet in height. Swift in preparation and delivery, he could throw missiles with almost unerring aim. The prompter was his target on one occasion, or rather a spot above the prompter's head so close to his scalp that he was as much frightened as if he had actually been hit. The prompter was a joker and a wag. Several times he had written absurd things in my call book, which, when delivered in all seriousness to the actors in the greenroom, had convulsed them with laughter at my expense. Naturally I was jubliant when Booth turned the tables on the prompter and I admired him the more,



The Trumpeters' Signal

THE occurrence was during a performance of Richard the Third, Booth playing Richard. To plumb the scenery on the sloping stages, now out of date, wedges were inserted under the flats and wings. They were about six inches long and three or four inches thick at the wide part—solid and weighty pieces of wood. At a certain cue, when Richard was about to exit at center with an escort of soldiers, the business of the play called for a flourish of trumpets. It was the duty of the prompter to give the signal for the flourish to the musicians in the wings.

Booth spoke the line. Silence followed. He gave the cue the second time, but without response. At the moment he was moving, with the soldiers following, to an exit at the rear of the stage, the soldiers forming a screen between him and the audience. Stooping, unseen from the front of the house, he picked up one of the wooden wedges and with a quick jerk of his arm sent it flying against the wall a fraction of an inch above the prompter's head as he stood at the prompt box. The prompter collapsed in fright, and from the floor he frantically waved the signal. My loud laugh was drowned in the fanfare of trumpets, to whose measure Booth strode from the stage quite as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

Once, with others, I was the butt of one of his mischievous pranks. The play was The Taming of the Shrew. Booth was the Petruchio and I was cast as one of the retinue of servants. In the course of the play we were summoned before him to be hauled over the coals, berated and chastised. Before the performance he had arranged secretly with James Maddox, the property man, to discomfit us in still another way. In preparation, Maddox had made an imitation ham, properly painted on the canvas of its upper side. Placed with other imitation viands on the banquet table, it gave no surface indications of decorative features concealed on its underside. The tongue-lashing began and increased in vehemence. At the height of his presumed fury against the servants Booth



President Lincoln Was Sitting in This Chair When He Was Shot

PHOTO. FROM LINCOLN HISTORY SOCIETY

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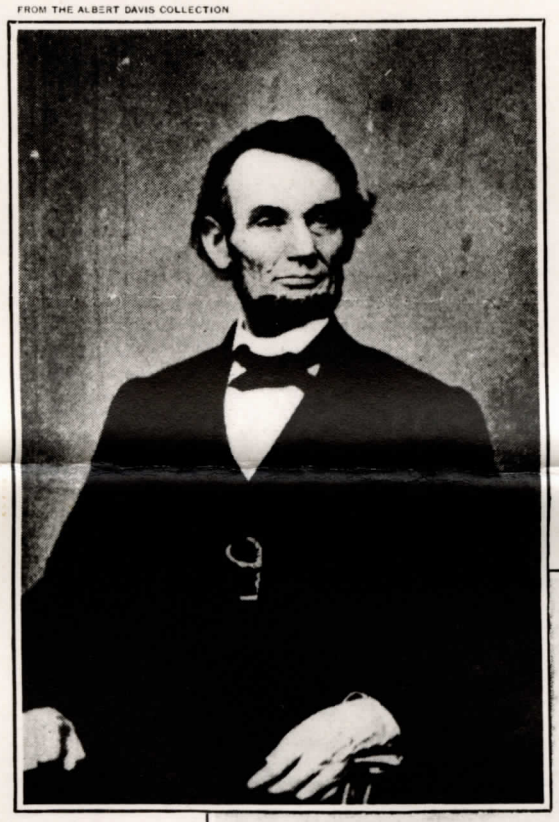
seized the ham and swung it right and left against the cheeks of the actors, constantly twisting it in his hand so that the underside came in contact with our faces. Magically, on one cheek and then on the other, dusky smears appeared until we all looked like darkies. I received full share of the astonishing change of make-up. The audience shrieked with laughter at our appearance, shouts rising louder and louder as each black smudge was added. Booth had instructed Maddox to cover the underside of the ham with moist lampblack.

This love of fun of rather a rough sort sometimes carried Booth to extremes, as in the case of a sudden riot on a small scale I saw him deliberately create. It flared into violence in a billiard hall across the street from the theater; a resort for members of the company—some of whom had rooms overhead—and musicians of our orchestra and the townspeople.

There was a dispute between two billiard players, rather a sharp quarrel. Booth came in. I, descending the stairs, having delivered parts for a play to some of our actors, was about to leave. From Booth's smile I surmised that he had some deviltry in mind, and waited to see what would come of it. Reaching behind an office desk Booth found a bound book of bulky proportions. To egg on the altercation between the billiard players he threw the book at one of them. It reached its mark, square in the middle of the man's back. The victim looked around and accused an onlooker immediately behind him of the assault. The accused was resentful. A free-for-all fight started. The lights were suddenly turned out. In the darkness Booth made off, entirely unsuspected of having started the mêlée, except by myself, and I followed his example in hasty escape to safety.

FROM THE ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION



But behind all the roguery and dash, brilliance and artistry of the man of my boyish hero worship were craftiness and evil intention. They were revealed to me in a terrible shock when I saw Abraham Lincoln sway backward, stricken by the bullet which ended his life of service in behalf of humanity.

As I arrive at the recountal of incidents relating to the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, I am minded to be exact in statement, and fair. I shall observe the good advice of Shakspere, and "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

Lincoln's Box

NATURALLY, in my long public career I have been often interviewed. During the life of Edwin Booth I gave out no single line for publication connected with his brother's shame, and in private conversations with him refrained from inflicting my information on his profound grief. Afterward, when I did make public what I know, what I said was, I regret to say, inaccurately reported. What shall be said here has been carefully considered, and each word has been examined by me with a view to an altogether true statement of facts.

I have direct contradictions to make of testimony that has gone into history. I have criticisms to express of the lack of care displayed in certain quarters where inaccurate statements are perpetuated. What I shall have to say is based on close observation and intimate knowledge of what occurred.

There is no desire to be captious with those who have been responsible for incorrect utterances. It is to rectify mistakes and misinformation that I shall point out errors that have been set down as truths. There were circumstances at the time of the tragedy, and just afterward, which clouded true understanding, and inaccurate information has guided latter-day people wrongly in the telling of what actually took place on the night of April 14, 1865, in the box occupied by President Lincoln, on the stage of Ford's Theater, and in the audience. In this article I consider it my duty as an eye witness to give to the world the actual facts.

To make clear a number of things I shall say in regard to the movements of people at the time of the assassination, in denial of certain testimonies and in explanation of my advantageous position for observation, it is necessary to describe the box Lincoln occupied, his position in it, and the nature of structural features connected with it, the auditorium and the stage.

Ford's Theater faced the west. There was no stairway from the level of the main floor, directly under the flooring of the balcony boxes. The upper box on the auditor's right side of the building was the one where Mr. Lincoln sat, its flooring unpierced by any stairway. There was no opening through the proscenium wall to permit passage to and fro between the stage and the box spaces, upper or lower. The stage was entirely cut off from the auditorium.

To reach his box Mr. Lincoln, first entering the theater by its main doorway from Tenth Street, passed through the lobby to the right stairs, which he climbed to the level of the balcony floor; thence down the slope of the aisle next to the right-hand brick side, or south wall, of the

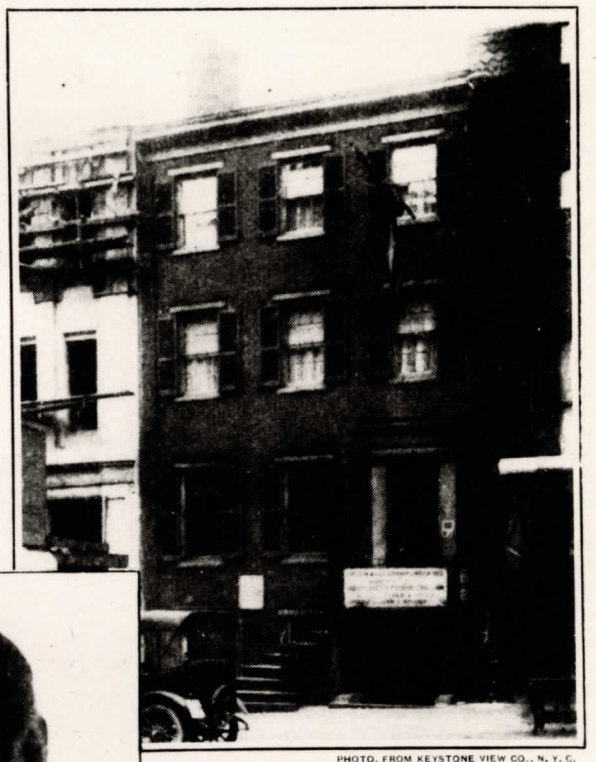
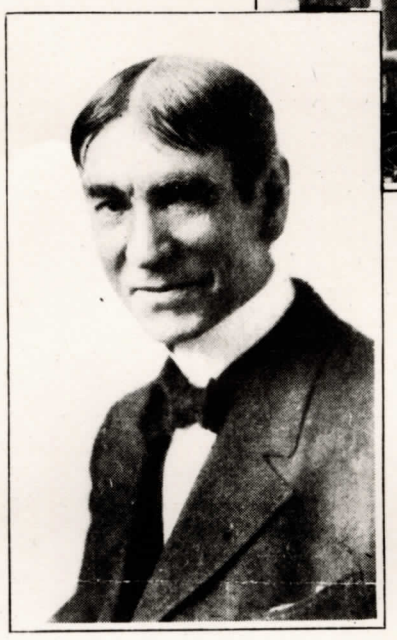


PHOTO. FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO., N. Y. C.

516 10th Street, Washington, the House Where the President Died



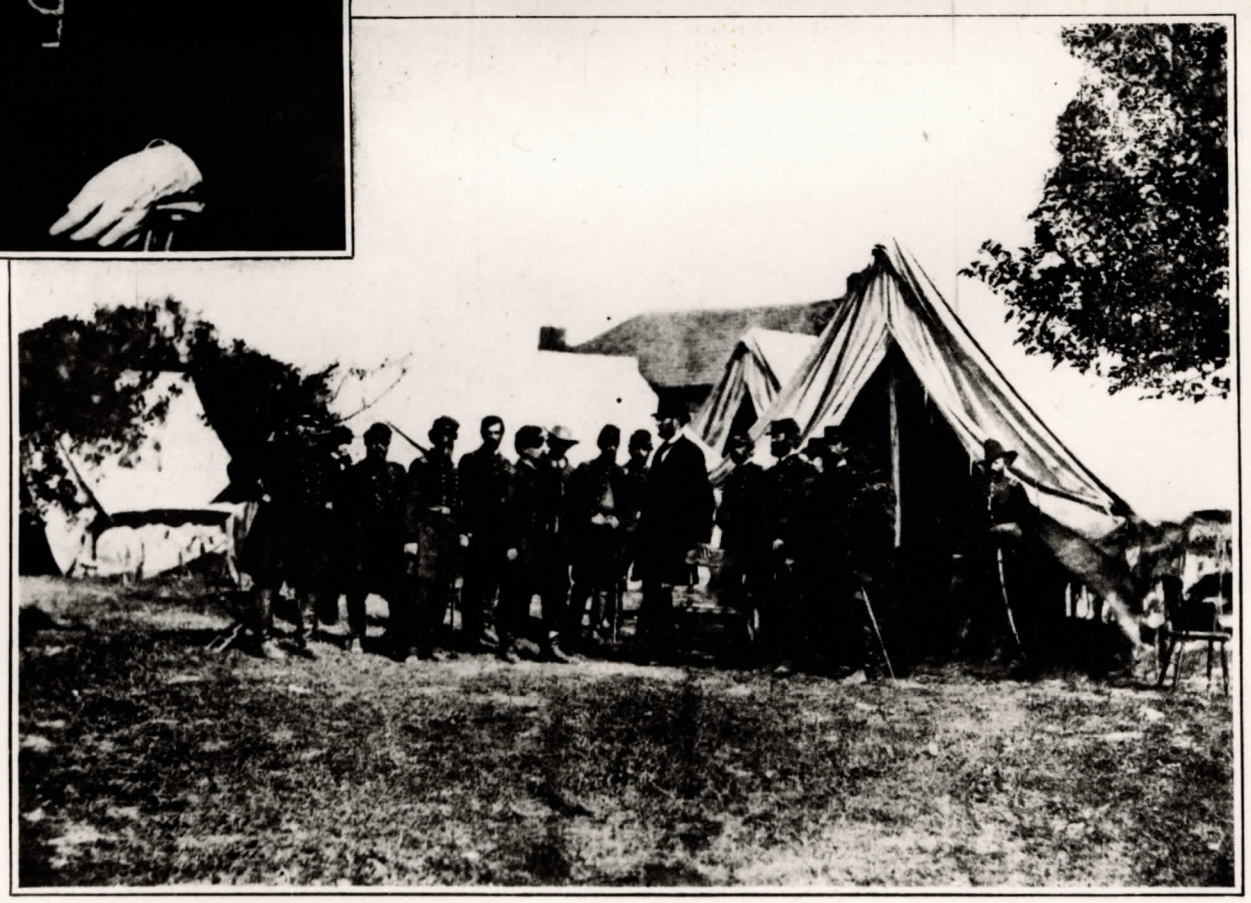
W. J. Ferguson

building to a door giving into the narrow private hallway, three feet wide, which was part of the box itself. To form this hallway the box was partitioned off by this wooden wall, in which there was a door that let one into the box to the seating space. This partition was made of wood, with two doors in it.

Hidden From the Audience

THE party with him followed the same path, and any visitor or intruder, because of structural conditions, had to do the same. There was no other way to reach the box, except by the obviously improbable course of climbing from the apron of the stage to the railing at the auditorium side.

The door giving into the narrow hallway from the balcony was provided to insure privacy for the people occupying the box. When closed it prevented curious persons from watching the President and his party. The solid wall between the balcony and the box, at its auditorium side, and the curtains of closely woven lace hanging at the front of the box were further obstructions to the vision of the audience. The curtains were of the kind which I think is called Nottingham. Hanging straight from their support at the top, or ceiling of the box, they fell to the floor. Mr. Lincoln sat behind the half curtain, the solid wall just spoken of at his back. In this position he was visible only to the members



President Lincoln, General McClellan and a Group of Officers at the Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, Antietam, Maryland, September, 1862. Above—President Lincoln

Watch This Column

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ONE OF OUR JUNIOR STARS

DOROTHY GULLIVER, one of the most beautiful of the younger screen-stars, is appearing in *"The Collegians"* with GEORGE LEWIS and HAYDEN STEVENSON, and judging by her work in Carl Laemmle, Jr.'s clever comedies of college life, she has a delightful future.

The first series of *"The Collegians"* has shown such remarkable drawing power that we have decided to make a second series, and thus *"The Collegians"* are following in the footsteps of the famous *"Leather Pushers"* which had to be extended to meet the popular demand.

With GEORGE LEWIS as *"The Boy,"* DOROTHY GULLIVER as *"The Girl"* and HAYDEN STEVENSON as *"The Coach,"* these episodes of college life and college athletics, full of youth, beauty and rapid-fire action, have struck a popular chord wherever there is a motion-picture theatre.

You will be interested to know that Universal has made *"The Wrong Mr. Wright,"* by the famous playwright George Broadhurst, who wrote *"What Happened to Jones,"* which Universal so successfully picturized. JEAN HERSHOLT, ENID BENNETT, WALTER HIERS, and DOROTHY DEVORE are among the players, and Scott Sidney directed.

What Universals have you seen lately—and how have they impressed you? Do you tell your friends—or phone them—when you see a particularly good Uniyersal? It's a favor to them—and it encourages your theatre manager to seek the best.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c each for autographed photographs of Dorothy Gulliver and George Lewis

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of his own party, to people on the stage, and to people offstage on the prompt, or left, side of the stage as viewed from the audience. Had there been occupants of the boxes on the other side of the house on the Good Friday night of the tragedy, it would have been possible for them to look straight across the twelve-foot apron and into Mr. Lincoln's box. But the boxes were not occupied.

Still further to impress the peculiar isolation of Mr. Lincoln while in his chair in the box, attention is again called to the fact that the boxes, being constructed on the apron, placed Mr. Lincoln and his party in seatings forward of the audience and practically on the stage. With the box wall back of him and the curtain at his left hand concealing him, it was as if he were seated around a corner of a building, in advance of a crowd behind him, and screened from observation of any of the crowd who happened to be in front seats, on his left hand, by the half curtain. He was not visible even to the musicians in the orchestra pit, which was back of him.

During the course of the play, I repeat, he was in sight of his companions in the box, of actors playing scenes on the acting part of the stage and of people in the left front, or our prompt entrance of the stage, but out of sight of all others in the theater.

A peculiar feature of the box was that in this wooden partition there were two doors. These two doors gave from the hall into the box, the reason for them being that at times the box space was divided by a movable cross partition into two boxes, each requiring a separate door of entrance. Whenever Mr. Lincoln or a party visited the theater the partition was removed, as on the night of April fourteenth, and his party and himself enjoyed the convenience of double space.

The walls of the box were of lath-and-plaster construction. They were covered with paper of deep red color, in floral design. The floor was carpeted. There were armchairs, side chairs, a small sofa and a rocking-chair.

For the first time in my recollection the front of the box was decorated on the night of the fatality; an American flag was draped in curved folds across the front side of the railing and a picture of George Washington, about two feet square, was hung at the center of the drapery. The emblem of national unity aided in bringing retribution to the assassin who despised it.

There was particular reason for the unusual decoration; the Civil War was at an end. But a few days before, General Lee had reported to Jefferson Davis that he had surrendered at Appomattox. Throughout the North and at the capital there was intense rejoicing.

In Charge of Tad Lincoln

It is repeatedly stated in published accounts of the evening that when Mr. Lincoln appeared at the box front he was greeted with salvos of applause and prolonged cheers, and that the orchestra, according to different testimonies, played Hail to the Chief and See, the Conquering Hero Comes. Though at this time I was on the stage, along with other characters, I heard neither great expressions of enthusiasm nor martial music. It is true, there was applause in honor of Mr. Lincoln when he showed himself to the audience, but to my ears it was mild, only a ripple of hand clapping. Mr. Lincoln had enemies then—many of them. Even his cabinet was split into factions opposing and supporting him. He had not attained the world-wide acclaim now justly bestowed on his memory.

Although the President had often come to Ford's Theater, I recall no previous night when he stepped in front of the screening lace curtains to the rail of the box and showed himself to the audience. His departure from custom was in recognition of the end of the war. Having shown himself, bowing gravely, Mr. Lincoln stepped back of the curtains and seated himself out of sight of all, and none, save those I have indicated, could continue to see him.

I had the honor once of shaking the hand of President Lincoln. It was on the stage of the theater, where he came one night with his son Tad, who had a toy theater of his own at the White House. For this reason Mr. Lincoln brought the lad to be looked after while he witnessed the performance from the front of the house. Young Tad Lincoln was left particularly in my charge, probably because I was nearer his age than anyone else on the stage. It was no arduous duty. I cannot remember that it interfered with the performance of my duties in any way. The lad just stayed around, quietly observing the activities behind the scenes. Possibly I should have been impressed with my responsibility and the notable significance of having the son of the Chief Magistrate under my guardianship, but I was not oppressed with seriousness.

Without a Bodyguard

Where Mrs. Lincoln was on this occasion, I do not know, but in all likelihood she was somewhere in the front of the house; for it was her custom to accompany the President to the theater. On the night of the assassination he was also accompanied by Maj. H. R. Rathbone and his fiancée, the daughter of Senator Harris.

I have no recollection of ever seeing a bodyguard with President Lincoln at the time of his visits to Ford's, even though I often saw the presidential party enter the box from the hall at the back. From my post at the prompter's desk, in full view of the box, I was in a position to note what was done by the distinguished visitors on the occasions of their visits. There is a detailed history in existence, written by William H. Crook, one of the four special guards appointed by William B. Webb, chief of police at Washington in 1865, which explicitly states that a guard was with Mr. Lincoln when he entered the theater, by name John Parker. I quote from Mr. Crook's published statement. He said:

> It was the custom of the guard who accompanied the President to the theater to remain in the little passageway outside the box—that passageway through which Booth entered. Mr. Buckingham, who was the doorkeeper at Ford's Theater, remembers that a chair was placed there for the guard on the evening of April fourteenth. Whether Parker occupied it at all, I do not know; Mr. Buckingham is of the impression that he did. If he did, he left it almost immediately, for he confessed to me the next day that he went to a seat at the front gallery, so that he could see the play. The door of the President's box was shut; probably Mr. Lincoln never knew that the guard had left his post.

According to Mr. Crook's statement no one seems to be certain that there was a bodyguard at any time near that box.

Mr. Lincoln customarily sat in a rocking-chair, with his back turned to the wall, next the audience, and at an angle away from the partition with the two doors, the wall supporting his head above the rather high back of the rocking-chair. Watching him there on different occasions, I saw the changing play of his expression when grave scenes and gay were acted. His face lighted with almost childlike delight when humor appealed to him, its furrow deepened when the meaning was tragic. Always he was dignified and considerate of those who were there to entertain him. Never did I see him obtrude himself to take attention from the actors. His bows to the audience on the night of the assault were deeper in significance than his personality.

Actors came before him with varied manners. At one time James H. Hackett, entering as Sir Pertinax MacSycophant, paused and made a profoundly respectful obeisance. He was an enthusiastic admirer of the President. In contrast was Edwin Forrest's attitude. He did not hold views in accord with those of Mr. Lincoln in regard to the war. The night I remember seeing him show his disapprobation he played Richelieu in Bulwer Lytton's drama of the same name. His entrance was made without the least recognition of the presence of the distinguished personage. When the time came for him to speak the lines, "Take away the sword; states may be saved without it," he pointedly altered the text.

"Take away the sword; states must be saved without it," he declaimed, looking directly at the President.

The bill of the last night of Ford's as a theater was Our American Cousin. In it appeared the regular members of the company and Laura Keene, the star, and Harry Hawk. He was Miss Keene's principal comedian and stage manager, traveling with her.

At the rehearsal held on April fourteenth, Courtland V. Hess, one of our regular members, was not present. He was cast to play the part of Lieutenant Vernon. It being ascertained that he was ill and could not come to the night's performance, there was some trouble in filling his part. Even the prompter was cast in the long list of characters. I was selected to fill the gap, and hastily learned the two lines of the first act and the eight of the second scene of the third act. This latter was the scene that was being played when the President was stricken.

Miss Keene also was absent from the rehearsal, and knew nothing of the change in the cast until she came to the theater at night. She would not go on without first rehearsing the short scenes of Lieutenant Vernon with me, because I was a novice and she feared I would not assist her as she desired.

The early part of my performance was gone through without mishap. During the third act Miss Keene came to the prompt entrance to run over with me the lines of the scene about to be played. The prompter insisted on her coming to me, instead of me going to her, as she had requested, for the reason that in my regular post as call boy I had to remain in the first entrance to hold the book of the play, the prompter being required in scenes, to act the part for which he was cast.

The Fatal Shot

The prompt space of the first entrance was about four feet wide, and was between the tormentor and the proscenium wall. The prompt desk, about two feet square, with a cupboard under it, stood against the proscenium wall, and only a foot from the open stage; and then a little farther along the wall from the desk was what was known as the gas box, a wooden protection, breast-high, about four feet long and two feet wide, which inclosed all the mechanism for controlling the raising and lowering of gas lights throughout the building. In it were four wheels of about the diameter of a man's head, the entire equipment for management of the lighting; vastly, yet meagerly different from the elaborate and big switchboards and dimmer devices now common. In inaccurate description of the gas box and equipment there are frequent references to a lever, or levers, on the wall. Whatever is said of them or of efforts by John Wilkes Booth and people on the stage to manipulate levers to shut off lights before or after the shot, is incorrect. There were no levers, not even one.

A gas man stood on duty by this box. Beyond him, the farther distance to the side, or north, wall of the theater was about ten feet. Coming from the acting part of the stage and passing through the first entrance, one turned to his right hand to go to the back of the stage; the rear wall being thirty, perhaps thirty-five, feet from the tormentor. Between the scenery on the side of the stage and the wall of the building the space was clear. It was always clear during performances, a point of importance to be understood in view of claims subsequently made that, through connivance in the theater, Booth had had the stage cleared behind the scenes to facilitate his escape.

Miss Keene stood with me in the first entrance, close to the acting part of the stage. Her back was turned to the tormentor; thus she faced the audience. My back

(Continued on Page 42)



BRIDGE by RADIO

Week of February 14th

Has the dealer a bid in the Bridge Hand below? Can either side go game? Which person plays the hand? On whom does he work a "squeeze"? Bid and play this deal yourselves tonight. Then tune in with the experts as scheduled:



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Spades ..... K, J, 8, 5
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Clubs ..... J, 5, 2



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Spades 10, 4
Hearts ..... Q, 6, 4
Diamonds ..... K, Q, 10
Clubs ..... Q, 9, 8, 7, 3



Dr. Maurice J. Lewi, New York, North—
Spades ..... A, Q, 9, 3
Hearts ..... K, 10, 9
Diamonds ..... J, 7, 2
Clubs ..... A, K, 6



Mrs. Florence C. Douglass, Pittsburgh, East—
Spades 7, 6, 2
Hearts ..... A, J, 8, 3
Diamonds 8, 6, 5, 3
Clubs 10, 4

Tues., Feb. 15, 10 P. M. (E. T.)

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WWJ, WRC, WEEI, WFI, WGN, WGR, WJAR, WOC, WCSH, WTAG, WTAM.

See papers for broadcasting time of following:

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WPG	Municipal Station	Atlantic City
KPRC	Houston Post Dispatch	Houston
WFAA	Dallas News	Dallas
WSMB	Saenger Amusement Co.	New Orleans
WSB	Atlanta Journal	Atlanta
WMC	Memphis Commercial Appeal	Memphis
KTHS	New Arlington Hotel	Hot Springs, Ark.
WDBO	Rollins College	Winter Park, Fla.
WDAE	Tampa Daily Times	Tampa
WJAX	City of Jacksonville	Jacksonville, Fla.
WSOE	Wisconsin News	Milwaukee
WOAW	Woodmen of the World	Omaha
WDAF	Kansas City Star	Kansas City, Mo.
KOA	General Electric Co.	Denver
KGW	Portland Oregonian	Portland
KPO	Hale Bros. & The Chronicle	San Francisco
KHJ	Los Angeles Times	Los Angeles
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KHQ	Louis Wasmer, Inc.	Spokane
CHXC	J. R. Booth, Jr.	Ottawa, Can.
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CKY	Manitoba Tel. System	Winnipeg
CFQC	The Electric Shop	Saskatoon
CFAC	Calgary Herald	Calgary
CJCA	Edmonton Journal	Edmonton
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(Continued from Page 40)

was turned to the prompt desk. By merely moving our heads to my right hand, we were in position to look directly across the apron and into Mr. Lincoln's box.

The shot was heard.

I saw Mr. Lincoln lean back in his rocking-chair, his head coming to rest against the wall which stood between him and the audience. He was well inside the curtains.

With the sole exception of John Wilkes Booth, I believe I am the one person in the world, other than those in that box, who saw Abraham Lincoln the instant after he was shot. I am sure I am the only one living now. Miss Keene, who alone might have seen the movement of Mr. Lincoln, besides Booth and myself, was so upset, that I do not think she saw clearly what I witnessed.

Mr. Lincoln did not struggle or move, save in the slight backward sway. I saw no blood flowing from the President's body then, or afterward when I was close beside him. This again is a point to be understood, when I come to the discussion of certain assertions.

Mrs. Lincoln arose. The President stayed perfectly still.

Booth's Escape

The stage was set with a front scene, in which was a center door with curtains. Mrs. Muzzy, the "old woman" of the company, had just made an exit through the curtains. Harry Hawk, playing the part of Asa Trenchard, was left alone on the stage and about to leave it, following Mrs. Muzzy. With Miss Keene, I would have made an entrance after the slight pause Miss Keene would have held to give time for the laugh which was expected after the comedian's exit. Booth, I am confident, knew the stage would be untenanted for a moment, and chose it to carry through his intention.

Booth fired the shot with not more than five feet separating him from Mr. Lincoln. An instant afterward he was at the box railing, mounting it in preparation for jumping to the stage. Major Rathbone seized him by the coat from behind. The assassin wore a sack suit of dark-colored material. Feeling himself held back, he slashed behind him with his knife. Major Rathbone's wrist was cut, as I learned within a few minutes.

Booth leaped. One of his spurs caught in the folds of the draped American flag on the front of the box, throwing him out of control of his movements. He fell to the stage, landing on his left knee. The next day I saw the semicircular indentation made by one of his spurs in the floor of the apron where he struck. Already I have noted the coincidence of his having been wounded previously at this very spot.

Almost without pause he recovered himself and arose, in spite of the compound fracture of his ankle that it was later known he had suffered. Apparently unhurt, three feet to a stride, he rushed across the stage toward the point in the first entrance where Miss Keene and I were standing. Less than half a minute, I judge, had passed since the pistol shot. He came on when once he started, without the least pause or hesitation, and reaching the prompt entrance, ran between Miss Keene and myself, so close that I felt his breath on my face.

I stepped back into the prompter's space, a mere foot or so. Immediately after he passed me I followed a few feet to the offstage end of the tormentor and watched him till he disappeared. He was not out of my sight three seconds. Without pausing he ran through the first entrance angle of the north wall, ten feet on, and followed it thirty feet to the little door in the back wall communicating with the alley, and opened it. Outside was revealed the yellow mare I had often seen him ride. Peanut John, the basket boy, was holding the reins. Booth kicked the boy, mounted, and I heard the beat of his horse's hoofs on the cobblestones of the alley. In all, possibly a minute had passed between the time of the pistol report and the moment when he rode out of sight.

I think I have made it clear that there was no time for the slightest delay in Booth's progress from the time of his fall to his disappearance in the alley, the distance on the stage level, about seventy-five feet, having been covered, at a running space, in not more than half a minute. Yet set down in history as facts are testimonies that, in those thirty seconds, two sensational incidents, requiring much time for accomplishment, occurred, in addition to what I have told. First, there is the story that Booth stopped at the center of the stage, raised a hand aloft holding a dagger, and shouted "*Sic semper tyrannis!*"

Major Rathbone testified afterward in the course of the official investigation that Booth hissed the words in his ear while still in the box. He probably did so, either in passing Major Rathbone or when he was on his way to jump over the box rail. It is the only fact on which to base the fable and pictures which have been printed in so many schoolbooks. I have seen a copy of the New York Herald of the day after the assassination which says there are rumors to the effect that Booth shouted the words while crossing the stage. In the same column it is twice said that the assassin was thought to be Booth, but that no one had identified him positively. The doubt shows how unreliable were early reports of the catastrophe. At a time later than the first official investigation, a writer on the staff of a Washington newspaper mishandled the testimony given by Major Rathbone and turned it into the tale that has been so widely printed in books of instruction and reference; making definite assertion that Booth stopped deliberately at the center of the stage to deliver the defiance with melodramatic effect. Anniversaries of the birthday of the martyred President annually bring to sight in newspapers pictures of Booth standing in the attitude created in this writer's imagination, and an inaccurate historical statement is yearly given renewed life.

It is also untrue that Booth was halted in the wings on his way to escape. In one story the leader of the orchestra, William Withers, Jr., is said to have engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter with Booth in heroic effort to stay him from flight. I have seen a picture which depicts Mr. Withers lying on the stage with Booth kneeling on his body with a knife raised to strike. The leader did not struggle with Booth, and his flesh was not touched by the knife, all accounts of a three-inch scar on Mr. Withers' neck to the contrary.

No Levers to Pull

It is a fact that the leader of the orchestra was on the stage, standing in the third entrance, when Booth ran by to the alley. He had come there, out of his usual station, to talk about some matter connected with a new song, written by his assistant, which was to have been sung for the first time during the evening. As I looked after Booth I saw the leader in conversation with a lady of our company. Booth brushed against Withers as he ran past him, with his hand thrust out as if to oppose any movement made to delay him or to push the leader out of his way. Mr. Withers afterward displayed a knife cut in the cloth of his coat. I can account for it only as having been accidentally slashed as the murderer rushed by. Certain it is that the leader did not fall to the stage and that Booth did not raise his hand to strike a blow. There was no time, I repeat, for the shortest of conflicts before Booth rode away.

Even if the orchestra leader had made an attempt to stay Booth's flight, I believe it would have been futile. It is as doubtful as would have been any effort on my boyish part to halt him in his rush for liberty.

I had no positive proof that the President had received the bullet; nor, as I turned again to look to the President, had anyone in the house, with the exception of the three people in the box with Mr. Lincoln. The accuracy of this statement will appear in what I have to relate in a sequence of what I observed.

Always impetuous, strong and agile, in his desperation despite his injury, Booth's rush and determination to get away were so swift and absolute that he would have been little less than irresistible to anyone not possessing unusual strength. In his mind there was no room for heroics. His one thought, I believe, was to escape in the least possible time, else, with his shattered leg, he was indeed done for. But so sudden and so little understood at the moment was the significance of events that the gas man, stationed two feet from me, and almost brushed against by Booth, did not move. I recall him clearly, standing impassive at his post as I turned back into the prompt entrance. And yet there is testimony printed in detail of how Booth paused at the gas box to pull down a lever—which did not exist—to plunge the house in darkness.

The Two Sets of Programs

Before continuing the narrative of what came under my personal observation following the disappearance of Booth, it appears necessary for full understanding of various matters that I should carefully explain a part of what has been deduced regarding the movements of the murderer during the day preceding the crime, when, presumably, he made his preparations for the assault. There are known facts which give a clear idea of how he planned to carry through his purpose. Also, I have an incident to tell which never before has been related. I shall confine myself to consideration of his probable movements within the theater, excepting a surmise of how he obtained information of Mr. Lincoln's intended visit, and to a statement, from actual knowledge, of the incident to which I have just referred.

It was not until afternoon that word was received at the theater of Mr. Lincoln's intentions to be present at the performance of the night. The regular programs for the bill of the evening had been printed. In recognition of the visit of the President and of the notability of the days of rejoicing over the termination of the war, a second set of programs was struck off. They carried, in addition to what was printed on the original set, a verse of a new song—All Honor to Our Soldiers. There was an implied compliment to General U. S. Grant, who was to have been one of the party with the President, but who left Washington even while announcements were appearing in the papers; his plans changed because of important personal affairs.

Explanation of these two sets of programs will, I think, settle controversies concerning the authenticity of copies preserved as souvenirs in collections. Both copies were from a house issue of the day. The copies with the verse are from the set used at night.

Some time after noon it is probable that Booth heard of the second set of programs, and the reason for its issue. He knew everybody in the theater and frequented resorts and lodgings in the neighborhood where members of the company and the orchestra gathered or lived. As has been said, he was free to come and go in the theater as he pleased.

The rehearsal of the play was held from a morning hour until about two o'clock in the afternoon. The performance was scheduled to begin at a quarter to eight in the evening—the regular hour. In all likelihood Booth's preparations inside the theater for the assassination were made between half-past three o'clock and half-past six. This is guesswork, of course, but has reasonable foundation. I set the limit of the later hour, because activities usually recommenced on the stage and in the auditorium about that time—stage and house employes returning then, or thereabouts, to

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set things to rights for the evening. The actors customarily reported shortly afterward.

The earlier limit of time I arrive at by recollection at that hour, of the particular incident in my personal knowledge which I have mentioned. Between this hour and the later one of half-past six, the theater, as usual, was unoccupied.

Following the rehearsal of the day, I sat at the prompter's rehearsal table, writing copies of the scenery, gas and effect plots. The table was placed at the footlights' edge of the apron. The work was part of my regular routine of duties, done each day after other members of the company left the theater. The plots detailed mechanical arrangements for the performances, and were hung at specified places to be read and followed by the stage employes. Sometimes members of the stage crew stayed in the theater as long as I did, getting ready for the night. On the fourteenth of April, James Maddox, the property man, remained on the stage with me. My work was finished at a few minutes before three o'clock. Maddox and I were about to leave the theater.

The Mysterious Silent Toast

Booth appeared on the stage. He must have come from the back alley or through the stage door in the south-side wall, for, as I have shown, there was no means of easy communication between the stage and the front of the house, no way to get to the stage from the orchestra or auditorium, except by climbing over the footlights. Booth did not do that, for, seated at the prompt table, I could not have failed to see him. It is not improbable that he came directly from the stable on the alley, where he housed his yellow mare. Booth joined Maddox, who was starting toward the stage entrance. I followed them. Maddox suggested to Booth that they should have a drink in the saloon next door to the theater, on Tenth Street.

"No, thanks," Booth answered. "I've a touch of pleurisy, and I don't think I'll drink anything."

We went through the stage-entrance passageway to Tenth Street. Booth accompanied us into the saloon. There Maddox met a friend—a William Hammond, of California—and invited him to join our party. What drink he ordered I do not remember. Maddox asked for a glass of beer. My selection was a glass of sarsaparilla.

"I think I'll reconsider and have a glass of ale," said Booth.

The drinks were served. I cannot recall the conversation between quaffs from our glasses.

In the course of the subsequent official investigation, there was much made of a "silent toast," which detectives testified was drunk by Booth and a group of fellow conspirators during the afternoon preceding the crime. Maddox was questioned on the point and answered: "Silent toast? I know nothing about any such toast."

If the occasion of our drinking with Booth was the significant incident referred to, I was party to it. But as to a secret understanding—well, I would not now be telling the story.

If Booth thought to make use of Maddox in carrying out his plans, Maddox, I am sure, had no realization of Booth's intentions. This appears to have proof in the openness of the conversation which took place immediately after the glasses were emptied and we went from the saloon to the street.

"Have you got the key?" Booth said.

Maddox replied, but I did not catch his short answer. I think he said or indicated, "No."

"All right," said Booth, leaving us and walking toward E Street, then west, uptown.

The key he asked for may have been a key to the alley stable, or to something Maddox may have made, or was making for Booth or for any of a number of innocent purposes in line with a property man's helpful activities. Yet it may have been a key to the door between the balcony and the narrow hall back of the box the President was to occupy. If it was the last, it is extremely doubtful that Booth would have asked for it publicly of a man connected with him in a conspiracy. The key to the door between the balcony and the hallway back of the box may have been referred to, but I am confident Booth alone knew why it was wanted.

This incident, now told for the first time, has point in relation to the preparations Booth made to prevent interference while he was getting ready to shoot Mr. Lincoln, and in his plan of escape. Some time after he left us he must have returned to the theater, after half-past three o'clock, probably late in the afternoon, and entered unobserved.

What he did there could have been completed in fifteen minutes or so.

He cut away two square inches of the plaster from the brick wall of the hallway, close to the door connecting with the balcony, and arranged to insert a stout though slender bar of wood from the cut-away place into a panel of the door. The bar was about three feet in length and an inch and a half square. It could have been concealed under Booth's clothing when he returned at night to the theater, or it may have been secreted earlier in the dimly lighted hallway, in anticipation of a visit of the President. It is a reasonable surmise that Booth thought of the bar when he found himself uncertain of securing a key to lock the door. Possibly he had asked Maddox to get the key from the box office, where it was kept with other keys seldom if ever used, fearing to take it himself and attract attention in the doing of an unusual thing. If this was so he must have given Maddox some pretext for wanting it, cautious not to awaken suspicion in Maddox that he had some ulterior motive. I surmise Booth went directly from us to find the bar of wood he used in lieu of a key.

Booth's Preliminary Plan

Besides arranging to barricade the hall door, Booth bored a gimlet hole through one of the two doors giving from the hall to the box—the one on the audience side of the space, nearest to where Mr. Lincoln was accustomed to sit. The hole was so located that Booth could look through it from the hall, to observe the movements of Mr. Lincoln, to watch the companions of the President and be sure their attention was directed to the stage when it came time for him to open the door of the box, and to note the progress of the play to the moment when he knew the stage would be clear of people in the second scene of the third act.

As to his entrance to the theater at night, the ticket taker, Mr. Buckingham, saw him come in, and allowed him to pass without question. In a book written by Mr. Buckingham there is a reproduction of a photograph made of the keys and rack in the box office. I have a copy of the picture, but I have never read the book. One chance and another have prevented. Possibly it contains a theory different from mine regarding the special key to the hall door. Whatever is written cannot correspond exactly to the substance of what I have for the first time just publicly related as an eyewitness.

Explanation of why I have not given my testimony regarding this key incident and other matters before now, I leave till the end of this general statement.

To return to the description of what I saw inside the theater.

I heard the receding hoof beats of Booth's horse after he rode away north, toward F Street, and noted the presence back on the stage, in the third entrance, of the leader of the orchestra. He was talking with a lady of the company. Before turning back I saw Edward Spangler, the second hand of the carpenter's division of stage employes. He was standing in the second entrance, near the end of the tormentor, when I moved a foot or two to watch Booth. Spangler was almost within the reach of my right hand. I saw him make no movement either in the direction of Booth, with whom he was accused of being a fellow conspirator, or toward the gas box at my left hand, which, according to one account, he approached with the intention of turning off the gas.

Rejoining Miss Keene, and my eyes turning again to Mr. Lincoln's box, I know now that I took note of Miss Keene standing as one in a trance. My thoughts at the time naturally were not so ordered as they appear now in words, after long reflection on what I witnessed.

Mrs. Lincoln was advancing to the front of the box in great excitement and evident anguish. This fact confirms my statements regarding the extremely short time between the pistol shot and Booth's disappearance.

Mrs. Lincoln was calling to the audience. I did not know what she was trying to say, nor did the audience. She exclaimed incoherently rather than spoke in words. Her efforts at appeal or explanation made no immediate impression on her hearers. So completely hidden had been the tragedy that the hundreds in the house had not the least idea of the profound seriousness of the happening.

A man had been seen to leap from the box, fall, and rush away.

Realization and Confusion

Booth was well on his way before those who crowded the stage fell to asking each other "Who was it?" Some thought they recognized the man as John Wilkes Booth, others did not identify him.

It seems to me now, as then, that Mrs. Lincoln continued to call for a long time before the audience as a body was roused. I have distinct recollection of absolute quiet, except for the voice of the President's wife. My own comprehension was just becoming clear as to the awful realization of the commission of a crime of crimes.

Major Rathbone joined Mrs. Lincoln at the front of the box. It was testified that he called out, "Stop that man! Stop him!"

Suddenly there was realization. It came to the audience and all with inflaming demand for retribution. In an instant there was great confusion. Practically as one, the audience stood up. A few persons rushed to the lobby to ascend to the box. Scores climbed over the footlights and poured onto the stage. Pistols were drawn. Search for Booth then commenced.

Miss Keene and I stood where we could see everything, and for some short moments she held her place by my side. I saw her start toward the footlights. Following, I assisted her over them to the floor of the orchestra pit. We went rapidly to the lobby stairs, and thence up to the box, arriving as Major Rathbone was opening the hall door, after pulling away the obstructing bar placed by Booth.

We pushed our way to the front of the small group gathered before the door, and on into the hall and into the box. Someone called for a doctor. Soon several medical men were around Mr. Lincoln, who remained seated, as when I saw him from the stage, his head leaning forward on his chest. I stood close to the doctors and saw the wounded President plainly.

Noises from the main auditorium and stage broke in on the profound gravity of the group about Mr. Lincoln. I well remember the almost silent solemnity with which the medical men noted the dangerous location of the wound. Mrs. Lincoln, I recall, sat on a sofa with her arms outstretched in an attitude of astounded despair. Miss Harris sat beside her, speechless.

Miss Keene stood near by, silently watching, as I was. Mr. Lincoln remained in the rocking-chair, and was lifted in it and carried past me by the doctors. I saw what they had been examining so gravely—a little dark spot no larger than the head of a

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

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lead pencil, just under the right ear. I saw no blood issuing from the wound.

Through the theater, out onto the street, and across to a house with which I was very familiar, which was occupied by Mr. William Petersen, I followed the doctors carrying Mr. Lincoln. They entered the front door and went up the front stairs. I joined Mr. Petersen's son—a lad with whom I chummed, but whose first name I do not now remember—and went with him through the basement of the house to other stairs in the rear. Climbing them, we came to the floor of the room where Mr. Lincoln had been taken. It was a room formerly rented by a Mr. Matthews, a member of our company at one time. I had delivered parts during the season to him and others in the room. In singular coincidence, the second I had to note, on the occasion of one of these visits I saw John Wilkes Booth lying and smoking a pipe on the same bed in which Mr. Lincoln died.

Looking into the room at Mr. Lincoln, I still saw no signs of blood on his body. Later, about daybreak of the next day, I understood blood did seep from the wound. Previous to that time the hemorrhage was internal. At twenty-two minutes past seven o'clock in the morning of April fifteenth, Mr. Lincoln passed from mortal existence. I was at the Petersen house again at nine o'clock. My boy friend came down into the kitchen from above stairs with a part of Mr. Lincoln's shirt. It was torn—had been torn, I was told, when taken from its wearer—and was blood-stained. The Petersen boy gave me a strip of the blood-stained linen. What I did with it I do not know. It was soon lost. I had not then the right estimation of its sacred worth.

There are programs of the performances of the night, carefully preserved in collections with spots on them said to be from the blood of Mr. Lincoln. I believe it is an impossibility. Major Rathbone's wrist, cut by Booth's knife when the murderer slashed behind him, may have shed blood on the treasured relics. But his blood alone was outwardly shed in the box that night.

Relics of the Tragedy

I did not until a considerably later time see the pistol used by Booth. What disposition was made of it at the time I was in the box, I do not know. Since then I have seen it at Washington, where, with other relics of the assassination, it is kept among government archives. Before I was taken to see it I was able to describe it accurately from information I gained soon after it was found. It was a derringer—a short single-barreled pistol of a type much favored in the South. It had a musket bore. Its size permitted it to be hidden in the palm of a hand or to be carried in a coat pocket without revealing itself by bulkiness.

A few years ago the officials connected with the archives at Washington took me down into the depths of the Army and Navy Building. While preparing to open a wooden box they said to me rather incredulously, "There is a cavalry boot inside worn by Booth." "Yes," said I, "and it is for the left foot, because when he leaped from the box I saw his left foot crumple under him." Inspection of it proved it so, and before they brought out the bar that was on the door of the box at Ford's, I described it as being three feet long and two inches square, and finished by saying, "And if you have Booth's knife in there, you'll find it is a small bowie." Two photographs of *carte de visite* type were also in the chest, between leaves of Booth's diary.

In one motion picture of Lincoln's death the assassin is depicted as armed with a heavy, long-barreled revolver. I well know how on the stage it is often necessary to exaggerate indefinite details to bring them to visual values of effectiveness. The same is true of effect in motion pictures. Excuse for such exaggeration lies in the truism that there would be no effect if no cause were visible. In the case of this picture I do not think the excuse is valid. The true type of pistol would readily create the desired illusion. The use of a cumbersome weapon appears only to be evidence of failure to make proper research to acquire accuracy.

The same lack of accuracy is displayed in the picture when the assassin is shown creeping upstairs directly under the box occupied by Mr. Lincoln. There were no such stairs. Here again the truth, reconstructed within actual structural conditions, would have been quite as effective. Indeed, the stealthy movement of Booth down the balcony aisle at the side of absorbed and unsuspicious spectators, as must have been the true action preceding the shooting, would be more intense than what is shown.

As for the moving-pictured presence of the President's bodyguard in the hall back of the box, his opportune withdrawal to permit the actor playing Booth to steal upstairs which never existed, and the guard being shown as seated in a comfortably wide anteroom, I have but to refer back to the confession of Parker to Crook, and to repeat that the box was backed by a narrow hall.

For the company gathered in Ford's Theater the end had come. There were no more performances in the house. The United States Government bought it from Mr. Ford. The building was later turned into a museum. Its construction was not secure. The night of Edwin Booth's funeral the front of the building collapsed with deadly effect—another coincidence. The structure was repaired and still stood when last I was in Washington.

The night of the assassination was murky. The morning of April fifteenth broke gray and cloudy. There was much animosity shown against the actors and employes of the theater, it being supposed that they were implicated in the murder. Some of them were arrested. Manager John T. Ford was among the number. He was imprisoned for forty days, and then released, entirely exonerated.

A Wall-Paper Souvenir

A shopkeeper whose place of business was near the theater vigorously defended our people, and was with difficulty rescued from the intensely angered crowd that assailed him. A rope was actually tied about his neck.

I stayed about the scene of my earliest days in the theater, so abruptly and tragically closed against the continuation of my career within its walls. It came under the supervision of the Government, and while alterations were being made I gained access, after a few days, to the box in which the President was shot. Realization of the world-wide significance of the event was increasing. From the wall where I saw Mr. Lincoln rest his head I stripped away a length of the red-flowered wall paper. A piece of this I gave, within a few days, to a doctor who was among those who attended the President. Another piece of paper I long afterward gave to the custodian of the Lincoln Monument, at Springfield, Illinois. A third piece of the wall paper—small, about three inches square—I still have. It is my sole material souvenir of the night.

I have heard much of testimonies given by supposed eyewitnesses of the President at the time of the shot, some of them made under oath. What I have said no doubt will be contradicted, as I have contradicted the statements of others. I stand by my assertions, confident that the vivid impressions made on my young brain cannot be wrong, however much I have gained in after knowledge and from hearsay. On what I have reconstructed I merely lay stress of its agreement with known facts.

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Columbia Gorge Sunset, From the North Bank Highway, Washington

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My own individual evidence, I maintain, is absolutely correct.

A few things more that came under my observation remain to be told. Edward Spangler, who stood in the second entrance when Booth ran to the alley door, was tried for complicity in the crime and sentenced for a term of years to Dry Tortugas. He was pardoned after he had served part of his term. It was said that he cleared the stage for Booth's escape. I again say that the stage was always kept clear between the wings and the side walls during performances, on account of shifting scenery on stage level, and was no different that particular night than at any performance time. It was also said that he conspired to turn off the gas to assist Booth to escape. He assuredly showed no such intention at the time when Booth was most in danger in the theater. But there was another incident of the evening, in which he took part, that may be construed as showing he had an understanding of a kind with Booth.

At nine o'clock, when I came downstairs to the stage from announcing at dressing-room doors the rising of the curtain of an act, previous to the shooting, Spangler was standing out in the alley holding Booth's yellow mare. This may have been according to plans for the murder, in which case he was a conspirator with Booth, or he may merely have done a favor for Booth, bringing the mare to the alley door at Booth's request, without knowledge of Booth's intentions.

When I reached the bottom of the stairs I heard Spangler calling Peanut John to hold the horse for him. There was no secrecy in his manner, and his voice, naturally high-pitched, was not lowered. These appear to be points in Spangler's favor. I was on the point of offering to hold the animal when I remembered I had more calls to make. Most fortunately, I barely escaped putting myself in jeopardy of being suspected of association with the conspiracy. Peanut John appeared opportunely and took the reins from Spangler's hands. Undoubtedly he had no true knowledge of why the horse was there.

After the return, about two weeks later, of the squad of cavalry that captured Booth, I talked with its sergeant while seated on the steps outside the theater. He gave me the impression that Booth shot himself with the carbine he held in his hand, and was not shot by Boston Corbett from outside the barn where Booth was brought to bay. The fatal wound was under Booth's right ear, almost in the identical location where the ball from his pistol entered Mr. Lincoln's body. Yet another peculiar coincidence.

Why did I not tell what I know at the time? Everybody else told all they knew—and more. Actors who were in the green-room and knew nothing of what had happened until practically all was over came forward with striking testimonies of what they said they had seen. One answer is that I was not questioned. An official cross-examined everybody on the stage but me. In the discipline of the theater I had learned not to speak until spoken to. I was not counted of enough importance to be questioned. I was a boy—only the call boy.

Another answer is that I had what I still consider right discretion. Suspicions were rife. The merest shadows of truth were being materialized into incriminating facts. I did not then believe my daily companions were guilty of connivance in the crime, and to this day I doubt that even those who suffered for doing favors for Booth were guilty as they were judged to be. They had every reason to trust him. He was, as I early said about him, everybody's friend up to the moment of his revelation of sinister motives. In other words, it is my firm belief that whoever was in Booth's secret was not among members of the company or in the list of employes, and at Mr. Ford's request I spent an entire week at Colonel Ewing's law office copying the briefs in Spangler's case.

Fifty-four years after the tragic night, in 1919, I was asked to tell the story of what I saw to The Lambs, on their stage, at one of the private gambols in the clubhouse. As I began my description all the circumstances came back to me with the utmost vividness. My acquaintance with dramatic values, gained through more than half a century, no doubt inspired me to the complete reliving of the short and overfilled minutes of the actual occurrences. When I finished speaking the body of club members rose as one and cheered. I went from the clubhouse bowed under the weight of the emotion I had felt—still was feeling—racking me acutely. I have never since gone into the club. In some way it has become to me as if it is a place where I must again, as on the night of the story, witness a horror I would give my all to avert. Without avail—as on the real night, I was powerless. That real night, the memory of which I would like to blot out—the memory of that night of April 14, 1865, when I rang down the curtain of Ford's Theater, Washington, D. C., for the last time.

INNOCENT BYSTANDER

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The authorities released Hurley and arrested Arnold Shaw. Presently he was placed on trial. It was a case to the liking of the public and the newspapers—a story, sordid but full of the juice of drama. Many a fine tree gave up its life to supply paper pulp to make the newspapers which, with special editions, kept their readers fully informed of the progress of the trial of Arnold Shaw for the murder of Simon Ware. The facts were black against Shaw. A woman was involved, and the prosecution was able to bring out a malodorous story of intrigue and blackmail—a dark business which reflected credit on neither man. Shaw, it was clearly established, was a rascal with an unsavory past. Bit by bit the district attorney drew the net more tightly around him. Witnesses had seen him walking with Ware the night of the murder. The flimsy alibi he tried to set up was speedily punctured.

It was the testimony of Willard Mead, however, that was the final and most important link in the chain of evidence which seemed certain to hang Shaw. Placed on the witness stand by the district attorney, Willard Mead told his story clearly and simply. Yes, he had heard Shaw's name mentioned in the woods that night. Yes, he could positively identify Shaw as the man who rushed past him. With Mead's testimoney the district attorney closed his case.

It remained for Mr. Jardine, the lawyer for Shaw, to cross-examine the witness. Mr. Jardine was a smallish man with a peppery manner and a voice like the bark of a terrier. He had a way of looking first at the witness and then at the jury, and then shrugging his shoulders, which said, more effectively than any words could, "Gentlemen, you and I know just how much value to attach to the testimony of that scoundrel sitting there." He had a dramatic habit of snorting out, "Ah-ha!" as he pounced upon some important bit of evidence and rent and tore it. He began by fixing on Willard Mead a long contemptuous stare. Then he opened fire:

Q.: What is your name? A.: Willard Mead.

Q.: Is that your real name? A. *(rather embarrassedly):* Well, no, sir. I was christened Ethelbert Willard Mead.

Q.: Ah-ha! Living under an alias, eh? Why? A.: Why, no, sir. I dropped the "Ethelbert" when I was a boy.

Q.: What had you done that you should want to conceal your identity? A.: Nothing, sir. I just didn't like the "Ethelbert."

Q.: M'm, when did you change your name? A.: About sixteen years ago, when I first came to this town from Cairo.

Q.: Ah-ha! You're not an American citizen, then? A.: I was born in Cairo, Illinois.

Q.: Why did you have to leave Cairo? A.: I didn't have to, sir. My parents moved here.

Q.: M'm, so on coming to a new town you changed your name? A.: I dropped the "Ethelbert."

Q.: Don't quibble. You changed your name? Yes or no. A.: Well—yes.

Q.: So for the past sixteen years you have been living under an assumed name? A.: I wouldn't say that.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY: Your Honor, I object to this line of questioning. It has no bearing on the case.

MR. JARDINE: I submit to the court that it has a very direct bearing on the case. The district attorney has built his case on the evidence of this witness. It is my right to impeach the credibility of this Ethelbert Willard Mead and to show the jury the sort of man he is and thus demonstrate that his statements are not worthy of belief.

THE JUDGE: Objection overruled.

With a satisfied glance at the jury, Mr. Jardine continued his examination of Willard Mead, who had now begun to perspire and to play with the buttons on his vest:

Q.: Are you married? A.: Yes, sir.
Q.: How many times? A.: Only once.
Q.: Are you sure? A.: Why, of course!

Mr. Jardine leveled a finger at Mead:

Q.: Where is your marriage certificate? A. *(with spirit):* I don't carry it with me.

Q.: Where is it? A.: At home, I guess.
Q.: Ah-ha! You guess! You're not sure, though? A. *(in an aggrieved tone):* How many people could lay their hands on their marriage papers in a hurry, if they had to?

Mr. Jardine bristled. "Kindly answer my questions," he said, "without evasion or comment. You say you guess you have a marriage certificate, but you can't produce any tangible evidence that you are legally married. Yes or no."

"Well—yes."

Mr. Jardine bestowed an insinuating leer on the jury and then faced Willard Mead again.

Q.: Do you know a Miss Rose Furlong? A.: Yes.

Q.: Rather well, as a matter of fact? A.: Fairly well.

Q.: You see her frequently, don't you? *(There were subtly suggestive overtones in Mr. Jardine's voice as he said this.)* A.: Nearly every day.

Q.: Ah-ha! Now, then, Mr. Mead —— A. *(interrupting):* I see her at the bank. She works there.

Mr. Jardine glowered at the witness. "I didn't ask you that," he barked. "You've seen Miss Furlong outside the bank, haven't you?"

"A few times."

Q.: Where were you on the evening of August 10, 1925? A.: I haven't the least idea. That is more than a year ago.

Q.: I'll refresh your memory. Will you deny that on the aforesaid evening you were in the M. H. & W. railroad station with this Miss Rose Furlong, carrying her suitcase? A.: I don't know. It's possible that I was.

Q.: Suppose I tell you that she admits it? A.: There's nothing to admit.

Q.: Do you mean to make light of your intimacy? A.: Intimacy? Why, there was no such thing! She was going on her vacation, and her suitcase was heavy, so I carried it to the station for her—that's all.



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