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WHEN HE WAS A BOY HE KNEW LINCOLN

Utah Honors the Man Whom the People Know With the Love They Bear For Washington, the Father of the Nation Lincoln Saved From Disruption. Upon the One Hundredth Anniversary of His Birth, Preparations Are in Progress to Entertain Soldiers Who Fought for His Principles.

To sit in a Salt Lake law office one hundred years after Abraham Lincoln came into the world, and to hear his intimate personal traits described by one who knew him as a boy in the same town, practiced law at the same bar with him and slept in the same room with him, is a privilege that may be enjoyed in a single one of the city's many law offices.

With a "News" reporter for a listener and Judge C. S. Zane as a narrator in a reminiscent mood, an intimate personal view of the great fellow countryman of all Americans was had.

Judge Zane will make three speeches on Lincoln during the celebration of his one hundredth anniversary. One will be at the Lincoln school, another at the Jewish synagogue, and still another before the veterans of the war of the Rebellion.

"And how about the man whom we all will honor on the first holiday ever declared for a president of the United States other than the 'Father of his Country'?" was asked Judge Zane.

"I'll tell you one thing," was the immediate reply, "Lincoln was not money. In pictures he may be so, but that is because pictures cannot reproduce the spirit that shone forth from his face. The persistent tradition that he was ugly I do not like. It does not bed itself upon the truth, and is one of those things which made Lincoln all that he was, and cannot be caught by the photographer or portrait painter."

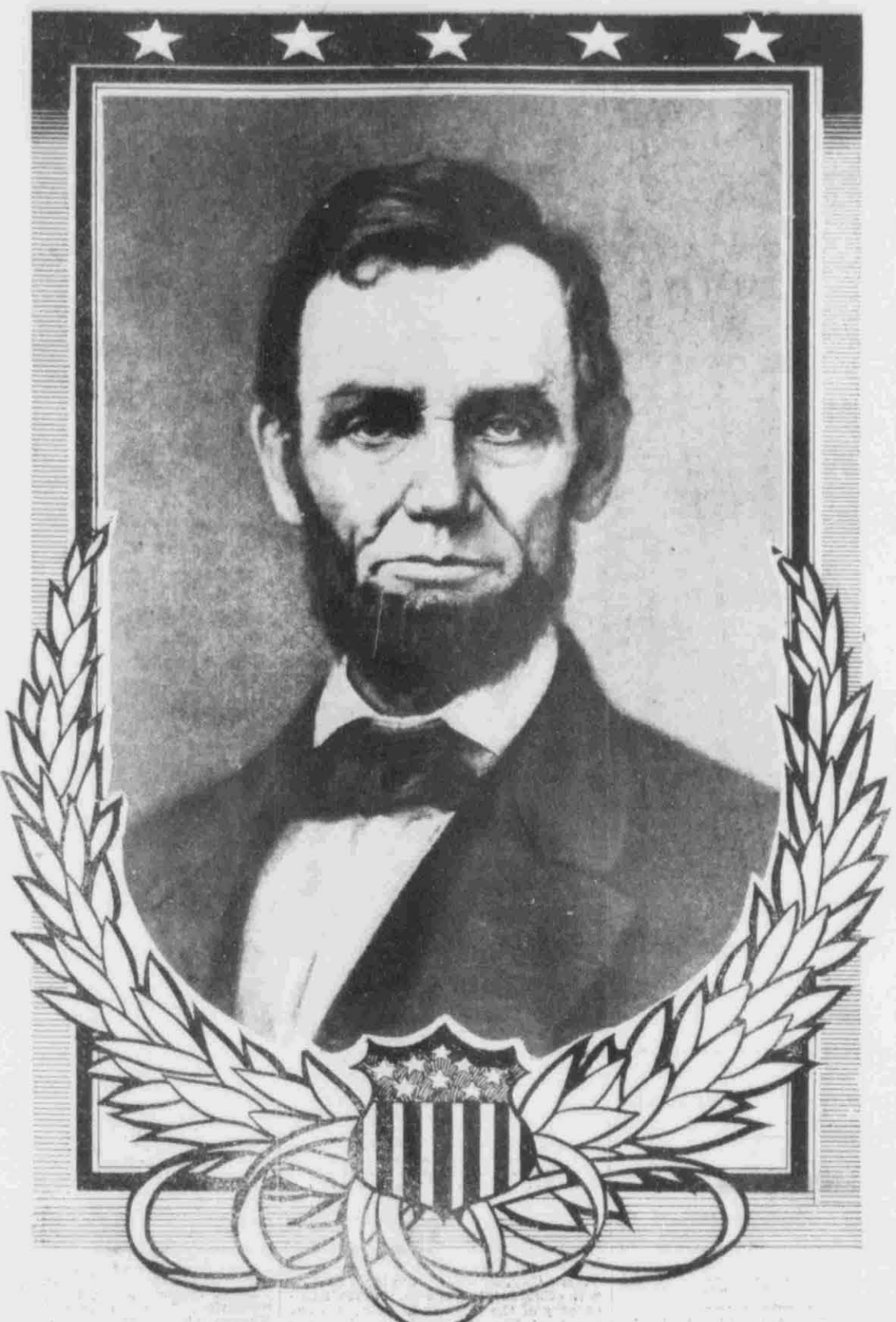
A GLORIOUS FACE.

"And when was 'Father Abraham' at his best?—in action or in repose or in a friendly relaxed?"

"Decidedly while he was speaking. In such times, especially when the subject was thrilling and the feeling tense, lights and shadows would fall over his face that glorified every phase of countenance. He was a great man—there was nothing about him that was not great—great as a friend and companion, large of soul, and deep in the love of his country. He won from the first meeting with everyone with whom he came in contact, and the title of 'Father Abraham' means that he was indeed a father to the children, grown up and youthful, of his country."

The Lincoln centenary will usher into Utah a new era, for it brings the first holiday directly connected with the memory of the Emancipator, and holds Utah, at a time when an approaching Grand Army encampment is turning all eyes in that direction, with the great events of the Civil War occurring when this state was too near the days of its boyhood to fully comprehend.

The passing of a bill through the legislature making a holiday of Lincoln's birthday was an act compelled by a sentiment, and that means that it will be a holiday universally enjoyed and appreciated, and coming as it does near Washington's birthday, will link both these events together as already they are linked with a people regarding one as the Father of the country which the other saved from disruption.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

LINCOLN AND BOOTH

By Mrs. Clara E. Laughlin in Hampton's Magazine.

He was brilliantly beautiful, very talented, very successful, very much sought after. Although barely 26 years old, he had an income from his profession (that of actor) of about \$20,000 a year. He was tall and full of slender grace; his features were classic in their perfection; his big black eyes were tender, laughing, bewitching; a crown of slightly curly jet-black hair was worn pushed boyishly back from a brow of rare intellectual and physical beauty. He was elegant in his dress, blithe and winsome in his manner. Indeed, he was only too winsome—too easy to love and too hard to scold, too quick to charm and too charming to be judged. He was generous and kind, affectionate and gay. His name was John Wilkes Booth, brother of Edwin Booth, the tragedian.

At first, John contented himself with a stupendous scheme. It was a plan to seize the president of the United States, hurry him out of Washington, down through intensely disloyal counties of Maryland to the Potomac, ferry him across into Virginia, and carry him to Richmond, there to turn him over to the Confederate authorities to be held on their own terms—either the termination of the war, or the exchange of one president for all southern prisoners held by the north. But this scheme fell through—and John evolved another.

Thursday, April 12, 1863, Gen. Grant, who had gone modestly from Appomattox to City Point, arrived in Washington and was greeted tumultuously. That night the city was on feet. Nobody knows where Booth was that evening, or that night. He was not at the National hotel after Thursday noon, so far as anyone knows. During the afternoon he dropped in at Grover's theater and asked Manager Hess if he were going to invite the president to the play the following night when the fall of Sumter would be celebrated. After that he has no trace of him until about noon on Friday. He was never again seen by anyone about the National hotel, a fact which disposes of the widely current story of his throwing his key on the counter about 5 o'clock Friday night and announcing that there was to be some good acting at Ford's that evening.

That same morning, President Lincoln went to the war office to hunt through the telegraph files, and while he was there something was said about his going to the theater that evening.

The Grants were to have received the president and Mrs. Lincoln to the theater that night, but they had to leave for Philadelphia, and in their stead Mrs. Lincoln invited Miss Clara Harris, daughter of Senator Wm. Harris of New York, and her father, Major Henry Rathbone.

Some time during the lunch hour, vaguely described by everybody as "about noon," Booth went to Pompey's stable on C street, back of the National hotel, and hired a horse, for which he said he would call at four o'clock.

It was about 3 o'clock when the decorations of Lincoln's stage box at the theater were completed and the auditorium lined again with the ghostly stillness of the theater in waiting—the shadowy reaches of it full of phantom forms, the intense silence of it loud with echoes of dead eloquence. Then into the draped and decorated box stole a man! God knows who the man was—no one else does know.

He stepped down and "reluctantly" for the elevation of a tall man's head above the top of the box, and on a line with that elevation he cut in the door behind the chair a hole big enough to admit the passage of a bullet.

Another thing the man did was to set one end of a bar of wood three feet six inches long against the outer door, and cut in the other end of it a mortise in the plaster of the passage-way. There was time to lock on the outer door, and this brace must be the assassin's sole protection against later forces from the house until his deed was done and his leap accomplished.

The play was well under way when the presidential party got to the theater. The scene on the stage as they entered represented the after-dinner hour in an English country house. The stage was full of volitionally encoined ladies whose could have been relieved by the arrival of the gentlemen from their postprandial in the diningroom. Miss Keene, as Florence Trenchard, was trying to explain a joke to the dull Dunderbary. "Can't you see it?" she asked. "No, he couldn't." "You can't see it?" No. There was a slight commotion as she spoke, and as Dunderbary answered her for the second time that he couldn't "see it," she looked up and saw the presidential party entering the state box. "Well, everybody can see that," she said, quickly improving and looking meaningfully at the chief executive and the made a charming courtesy. Then the orchestra took up "Hail to the Chief," the au-

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.

FOUR SCORE AND SEVEN years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this, but, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow—this ground. The brave men living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Executive Mansion
Washington, Nov. 21, 1864

To Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Mass.,
Dear Madam,

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn promise that must be yours to have paid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,
Abraham Lincoln.

LINCOLN'S LETTER TO MRS. BIXBY.

dience cheered and cheered, and for several moments the play was at a standstill, while Mr. Lincoln bowed and smiled his appreciation of the ovation.

Between 8:30 and 9 o'clock, John Booth appeared at the stage door leading his horse, and said, "Tell Spangler to come to the door and hold my horse."

Spangler went to the stage door and explained to Mr. Booth that he could not hold his horse. "Tell Peanut John to come here and hold this horse," Spangler called. "I haven't time," Peanut replied, "because he has his door to attend to, but Spangler said it would be all right, and if there was anything wrong about it to lay the blame on him."

After the curtain went up on the third act, Booth stepped to the front door of the theater where Buckingham, the doorman—his attention being directed for the moment to something in the house—had placed his right arm as a barrier across the doorway so that none might pass without his knowledge. Some one came up behind him, took two fingers of that hand and shook them, and Buckingham turned to look. It was John Booth, smiling his boyish smile. "You don't want a ticket from me, do you?" he asked jocularly. And Buckingham smiled back at him and said he "guessed not." Booth went in to the house, looked around, and came out almost immediately. When he returned to the door, Buckingham was talking to some out-of-town acquaintances who were in the audience, and when the young tragedian passed him, the doorman halted him and introduced his acquaintances, to whom, even in that awful hour, John made some genial remarks.

He seems to have hovered about the door, nervous, for a quarter of an hour or more. Once he asked Buckingham the time, once he asked for a check of tickets, and was accommodated. About ten minutes later he went into the restaurant south of the theater and took a drink of whiskey, came quickly out, passed Buckingham at the door, humming a tune as he went, ascended the stairs to the dress circle and walked down the south wall of the theater close to the entrance of the president's box. There was no sentinel at the door. No one was there. John Parker, who had gone to the theater as the president's guard, had left his post at the door to the passageway, and gone to a seat in the dress circle, whence he could better see the play. Booth had no one to elude, no one to make pretence to his movements were entirely unchallenged. The play was further and further, more and more absorbing

The Glorious Light Which Shone Upon The Countenance of "Father Abraham" is Something Which No Painter Has Ever Shown Upon Canvas. He Was Not Ugly—There Was a Nobility in the Man Which Reflected in His Face and to His Friends Was Beauty, the Beauty of a Soul.

Every eye in the house was fixed otherwise than on that door—every eye but John Booth's.

On the stage, there was a tart dialogue going on between Mrs. Trenchard and a designing old woman, Mrs. Mountbushington, who presently flounced off with a faint about Mrs. Mountbushington to society.

"Society, eh?" said Mrs. Trenchard, looking after her. "Well, I guess I know enough to turn you inside out, you damned old sock-dologing snartrump!"

Shouts of laughter greeted this characteristic defense of "Our American Cousin," and while they were rolling across the footlights there, mingled with them a sharper, sadder, sadder plash. Booth had stepped into the passageway, dropped the bar of wood in place to hold the door against ingress, entered the box and, shouting "No scupper knowins," fired a Derringer pistol a few inches from the president's head. For a second or two the audience thought the shooting was behind the scenes, a part of the play, not an eye turned toward the state box where Maj. Rathbone was grappling with the assassin. Booth had dropped his pistol, seized it with both hands, and a large knife with which he slashed Maj. Rathbone, striking for his breast and gashing instead the left arm which the major thrust up to parry the blow. Notwithstanding his wound, the major, grabbed at the assassin as he was preparing to leap from the box to the stage 14 feet below, but he was unable to hold him. All this happened in a few seconds, and it takes to tell it, and almost before anyone could realize that there was something wrong, Booth had jumped and fallen, his right leg doubled under him, was instantly up again and running across the front of the stage. Almost simultaneously Mrs. Lincoln's heartrending cry rang out and Maj. Rathbone shouted: "Catch that man!" But for a paralyzed moment, no one stirred.

Trapped in his jump—which ordinarily would have been nothing to one of his athletic training—by Rathbone's clutch, Booth had caught his spur in the treasury bag, gashed the frame of Washington's picture hanging there, and broken the small bone of his left leg in the heavy fall. But he was down scarcely a moment, and before anyone in the house or on the stage could realize what he had done, he had reached the "rooming" entrance and was running through the cleared passage leading to the stage door.

Joseph B. Stewart, who sat in the front row on the right-hand side of the orchestra, almost directly under the president's box, was the first man on the stage. He rushed after the fleeing assassin, shouting, "Stop that man!" But before anyone could have sense to think of pursuit, the clattering of boots on the stone-paved alley had died away, and John Wilkes Booth was swallowed up in the night.

Meanwhile, in that upper box, the tall, gaunt man in the smoking chair had not changed his position, the smile he wore over Mrs. Keene's last sally had not even given place to a look of pain—so lightning-quick had unconsciousness come. The head was bent slightly forward, the eyes were closed. Mrs. Lincoln had clutched his arm, but had not moved from her seat; neither had Miss Harris. At the barred door to the passageway many persons were frantically pounding, and Major Rathbone, staggering to the door, found the bar removed, and for those seeking admittance allowed several who represented themselves to be surgeons to come in. Another surgeon was lifted up into the box from the stage, and almost as soon as any to reach the scene of the tragedy was Miss Keene, who took the president's head into her lap.

There was a slight delay in locating the wound, some looked for it in the breast and tore open the president's shirt. Dr. Charles Taft, who had been lifted into the box, located the wound behind the left ear, and commencing the order just given for the president's carriage. The ride over the then cobble-paved streets of Washington was not to be thought of, and Dr. Taft directed that instead, the nearest bed be sought. He lifted the president's head, and others heaving with the rest of the long, inert body, a shutter was impressed for service as a litter, and the hurried carriage drive commenced.

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HE FLIES TO VIRGINIA.

A while servant who had been seduced by Col. Cox, a southerner, to care for Booth, aided Booth later in mounting a horse and ride away in darkness from this second hiding place, reaching Virginia by cruising about in flat-bottomed boats among the many creeks, threading their way through the swamps of the lowlands.

Finally, after being assisted by three Confederate officers, to whom Herold confessed they were the slayers of the president, the two fugitives were sheltered in the Garrett farmhouse. Booth had been introduced to the Garretts as a Confederate named Boyd. He was quite tenderly cared for while sheltered there.

It was shortly after the two had crossed a ferry on the Rappahannock that a cavalry posse accosted the ferryman, showed them pictures of Booth and Herold, and demanded to be taken whither they had fled. The ferryman was arrested and used as a guide. The troops were taken in the direction of the Garrett farm. While riding by the place Herold was seated on the porch at the time with members of the household. So soon as the cavalrymen passed he alarmed Booth and the two sought further refuge in a thicket. Asked what, with the war ended, they were in fear, Booth said that they had been in tight places recently and were unwilling to take further chances and to meet with other adventures.

The ferryman, seized as escort by the Confederate officers, was taken to their search for a refuge, was later found by the troops at an inn not far from the Garrett farm. He was arrested.

(Continued on page fourteen.)



JOHN WILKES BOOTH.