The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

Beginning a New Mystery Novel
BY KARL W. DETZER

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The American Legion Monthly

Contents

THE STARS IN THE FLAG

Illinois: The 21st State, admitted to the Union December 3, 1818. The French explorers La Salle, 1670, Marquette and Joliet, 1673, the first Europeans to set foot within the present limits of the State, reached the Illinois River and established trading posts as early as 1682, and in 1700 the French began settlements at Kaskaskia and Cahokia. The French ceded the land to England in 1763. Virginia troops in 1778 under George Rogers Clark conquered it for the United States and the prize of war was affirmed by the Treaty of Paris, 1783. Virginia, Massachusetts and Connecticut relinquished their claims. Congress in 1787 included the country in the Northwest Territory. In 1809 the region was organized as Illinois Territory. The opening of the Erie Canal, the institution of steamboat travel on the Great Lakes and the rise of Chicago as a railway center contributed to the material prosperity of the State. Population, 1810, 12,282; 1927 (U. S. est.), 7,296,000. Percentage of urban population (communities of 2,500 and over), 1900, 54.3; 1910, 61.7; 1920, 67.9. Area, 56,665 sq. miles. Density of population (1920 U. S. Census), 115.7 per sq. mile. Rank among States (1920 U. S. Census), 3d in population, 23d in area, 9th in density. Capital, Springfield (1928 U. S. est.), 67,200. Three largest cities (1928 U. S. est.), Chicago, 3,157,400; Peoria, 84,500; Rockford, 82,800. Estimated wealth (1923 U. S. Census), $22,232,794,000. Principal sources of wealth (1923 U. S. Census), slaughtering and meat-packing products, $606,320,553; foundry and machine-shop products, $275,955,047; steam railroad cars and repairs, $277,968,589; mineral products (1925), $231,658,604 in coal, clay products and petroleum; all crops (1920 U. S. Census) were valued at $864,737,833 principally in corn, wheat, oats and hay. Illinois had 322,731 men and women in service during the World War. State motto, adopted August 26, 1818: "State Sovereignty—National Union." Origin of name: Anglicized pronunciation of Indian words meaning "River of Men." Nickname: Prairie State.

Robert F. Smith, *General Manager* John T. Winterich, *Editor* Philip Von Blon, *Managing Editor*

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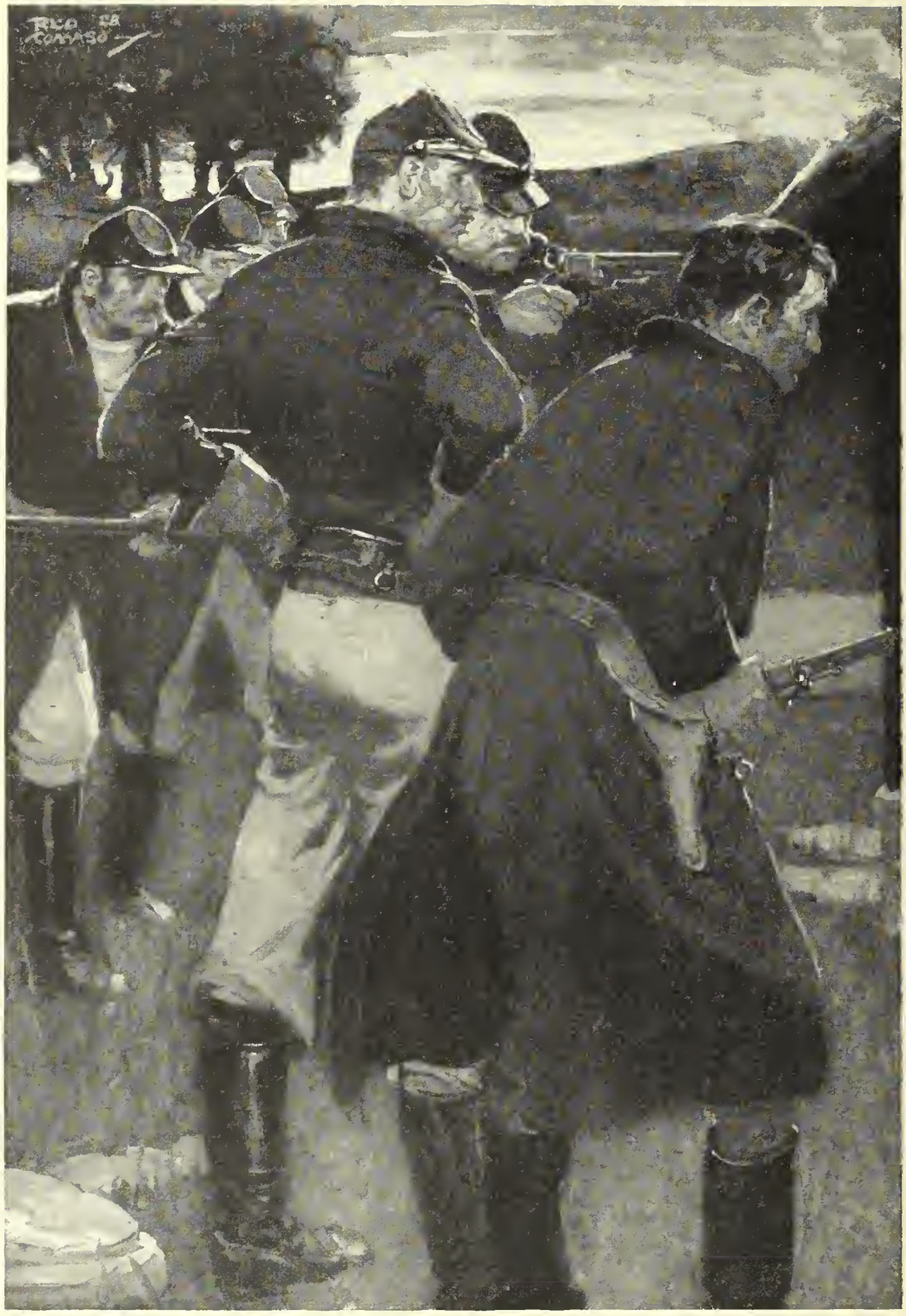
PURSUIT



There was a shot. Booth gave a little spring

WHEN John Wilkes Booth declined the invitation of Captain Williams of the Washington mounted police to have a drink that officer entered Doc Claggett's restaurant a few doors from Ford's Theater unaccompanied. He was there twenty-five minutes later when someone shouted that the President had been shot.

Williams dashed to the theater and heard that the assassin had escaped by the stage door. Taking charge of a policeman or two and some soldiers of the provost guard, the captain began to handle the crowd that was pouring from the playhouse. He cleared a path when a group of men, followed by a hysterical woman clinging to an army major in a bloody blouse, emerged bearing a window shutter on which lay the inert form of Abraham Lincoln. The President was carried into Mrs. Peterson's boarding house across the street.

A moment later the news came that the home of Secretary of State Seward had been invaded by a frenzied giant who slashed his way through a ring of attendants, wounding four, and delivered at the bed-ridden Secretary a knife-thrust that would have been fatal had not the steel frame binding his broken jaw deflected the blade. And like the man who had shot the President, this demon had thrown off those who tried to seize him, leaped upon a horse and vanished into the moonless night.

It looked like a conspiracy to exterminate the personnel of the Government. Captain Williams received orders to gather up his men and guard the Kirkwood House, where the Vice-President was asleep. The orders came from the Peterson house, where the fierce and instantaneous energy of Secretary of War Stanton radiated from a room adjoining that in which the President was dying.

Stanton was drastic. He placed the capital under martial law. He roused regiments from their slumbers and sent them galloping hither and thither—to guard the exits to the city, to guard the

forward and fell on his back. Baker was on him in an instant

By Marquis James

Illustration by Rico Tomaso

residences of officials, to scour the town for the conspirators. Ford's Theater was seized and every person in its employ arrested. Three colonels were rolled from their beds to interrogate those who were brought in from the theater and elsewhere.

But before the first of Stanton's soldiers was bugled from his sleep a man riding rapidly was halted by the regular sentry at the Navy Yard Bridge on the eastern edge of the city. The sergeant of the guard, Silas T. Cobb, was making his round of inspection.

"Who are you, sir?" asked Cobb.

"My name is Booth," said the horseman.

"Where are you from?"

"From the city," said the horseman.

"Where are you going?"

"I am going home."

In response to further questions Booth said he lived on a farm in Charles County, Maryland. Sergeant Cobb asked if he did not know that no one was allowed to pass the barriers after nine at night and the man said that that was news to him. He said he had waited purposely to have the moon, which was about to rise, to ride by. Cobb let the man go.

Ten minutes later a young fellow presented himself to the sergeant, and giving the name of Smith, was passed also.

A little later John Fletcher, a liveryman, turned up. He described a young man and his horse and asked if they had passed. The description suited Smith, and Fletcher was told that such a man had passed. The liveryman asked permission to pursue him. The man's name was not Smith, he said, but Herold, and the horse that he had hired was overdue at the stable. Sergeant Cobb offered to pass Fletcher on condition that he not return until daylight, but Fletcher declined and rode back to town to find a policeman.

This was not a difficult thing to do. By the time Fletcher reached town every policeman in Washington was on duty and the hunt for the President's assailant was on. Between tip-toeings in and out of the next room to gaze into the face of his unconscious chieftain, orders flew from the firm lips of the Secretary of War, whose eyes were wet. Some hurly-burly in their execution was natural. Persons were snatched before the three colonels with such rigor that they were frightened half out of their wits. Actors and theater attaches who were morally certain that the assassin was John Wilkes Booth qualified their assertions in the face of awful warnings against telling anything but the absolute truth, and the identification of the President's assailant was momentarily clouded. A sheer guess as to the man who had struck down Mr. Seward fixed upon a Confederate desperado named Boyle.

About one o'clock in the morning Lieutenant John F. Toffey was on his way to report for duty at a military hospital about a mile from the Navy Yard Bridge when he noticed a riderless horse. It was quivering in every nerve and sweat was pouring from it in a stream.

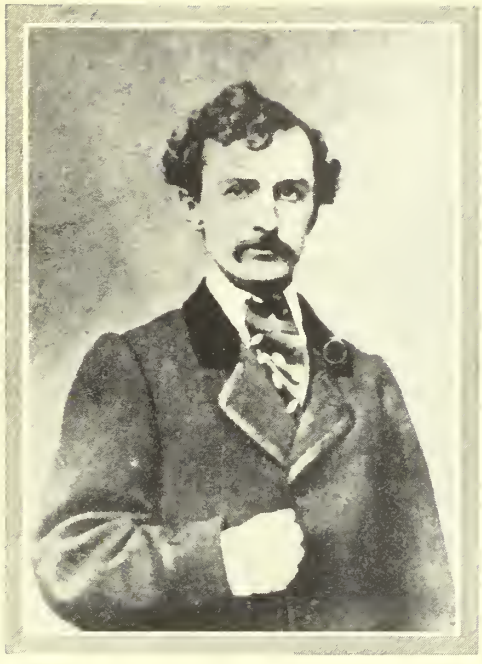
The horse was taken before the three colonels, who found that it was blind in one eye. The liveryman, Fletcher, identified the animal as belonging to John Wilkes Booth. He said it had been ridden lately by friends of Booth named George Atzerodt and David Herold. Fletcher also told of the pursuit of Herold on the hired horse and of his colloquy with Sergeant Cobb.

One squad of men was already searching Booth's room at the National Hotel. Others now descended upon every livery stable in town.

The hotel squad brought in a gimlet and a letter signed "Sam" that they had found in Booth's trunk. The letter was dated Hookstown, Maryland, March 27, 1865. It explained the writer's failure to keep an appointment with Booth in Washington, saying that he was no longer a party to Booth's "enterprise" and had promised his parents to seek employment. The writer warned Booth against rashness, and censured him for his previous conduct in that line. Booth was advised to "go slow . . . See how it will be taken in R——d [Richmond]". The letter contained a reference to "Mike."

From the liverymen the three colonels learned that Booth had hired such-and-such horses the afternoon before, and also of his horse deals during the winter. These revelations brought in the name of John Surratt.

At three a.m. Mrs. Surratt's house in H Street was surrounded by detectives. The boarder and friend of the family, Louis Wiechmann, answered the bell and was told by the officers that they were searching for John Wilkes Booth and John Surratt. The detectives followed Wiechmann upstairs, saying that Booth



A late portrait of Booth. Ten days elapsed between the assassination of Lincoln and the capture of the assassin, who, with his fellow-conspirator Herold, took refuge at last in a Virginia barn, where one detachment of the army of pursuers caught up with them

Davy Herold, photographed after his capture. He was manacled and dragged from the barn in which he and Booth had hidden, Booth crying out, "Before my Maker he is innocent of any crime!" Booth himself was shot as he staggered from the barn, which had been set on fire, and died nearly four hours later

had shot the President and that Surratt had stabbed the Secretary of State. Wiechmann said it was impossible about Surratt, as he was in Canada. The party trooped back downstairs, and as Mrs. Surratt came from her room, which was on the first floor, Wiechmann told her what the detectives had said about Booth.

"My God, Mr. Wiechmann!" the woman exclaimed. "You don't tell me so!"

Mrs. Surratt assured the officers of her son's presence in Canada and exhibited a letter that she had received from him the day before. The detectives departed on Wiechmann's promise to report at headquarters at eight o'clock.

Wiechmann was there earlier than that and he was taken into custody. A party of detectives carried him to Surrattsville. The roads were alive with troops. By sunup a brigade of infantry, a thousand cavalry and two hundred detectives had been thrown into Maryland.

From the liverymen the authorities had learned of Wiechmann's two trips with Mrs. Surratt to the tavern at Surrattsville—the last one on the day of the President's murder. Lloyd, the tenant of the Surratt property, was questioned. Lloyd was a former Washington policeman and knew one of the detectives. The hour was a little early for the inn-keeper, who seldom felt well mornings, but he told the same story of Mrs. Surratt's visits that Wiechmann had told. This account confined itself to Mrs. Surratt's legal business in the village and made no mention of the Booth parcel or of Booth's message to have the guns ready on the night that the murder was committed. Although reminded by his former associates on the force of the immense rewards that would be forthcoming for information leading to the capture of Booth, the ex-policeman stuck to his story. Specifically, he denied that Booth or any traveler had called at the inn on the preceding night. Everything had been normal, including the fact that Lloyd had gone to bed drunk. No other evidence was obtained in Surrattsville to cast doubt upon this story.

The next day was Easter Sunday. The hat and overcoat of Mr. Seward's assailant had been found. Wiechmann continued to urge the impossibility of the guilt of his roommate, John Surratt. He said the garments looked like Atzerodt's and accompanied the detectives to Baltimore in an effort to find Atzerodt. They did not find him, and the detectives began to grow suspicious of the good intentions of their willing helper, Mr. Wiechmann. He was extremely nervous and the hat and overcoat story must have seemed rather curious on its face, as the best available descriptions of Atzerodt indicated that this apparel was intended for a man about twice his size. The officers concluded that Wiechmann was misleading them to protect someone. Their surmises turned to the house in H Street.

On Monday Michael O'Laughlin surrendered to the authorities in Baltimore and Sam Arnold was arrested in Old Point Comfort, Virginia, where he was working. They had been traced by Arnold's letter that was found in Booth's trunk.

The Surratt home on H Street, Washington, where Lewis Payne chose the unfortunate hour of midnight to come and dig a gutter

That night at half past eleven o'clock a party of army officers arrived at the Surratt house and Major W. H. Smith rang the bell. A woman of middle age responded.

"Are you the mother of John H. Surratt, Jr.?" asked Major Smith.

"I am, sir," said Mrs. Surratt.

"I have come to arrest you and all in your house," the officer announced.

Mrs. Surratt did not say a word and the officers stepped inside. In the house were the landlady, her daughter Miss Anna, her sister, who was visiting in Washington, and one boarder, Miss Fitzpatrick. The other boarders had left. Major Smith sent for a carriage. While they were waiting for it the bell rang.

Captain Wermerskirch opened the door and a large man presented himself. He was unshaven and dirty and his clothing was torn and covered with mud. Over his matted hair, in place of a hat, was drawn the sleeve of an undershirt On his shoulder he carried a pick. The man saw the officers and the little group of bonneted women in the parlor.

"I guess I am mistaken," he said, and started to walk out.

An officer barred the way. "Whom do you wish to see?" he asked.

Six days after the murder of Lincoln, and four before the capture of Booth, George Atzerodt was pulled from a bed in the home of a cousin in Maryland and imprisoned in the hold of a navy ironclad in the Potomac

Lewis Payne, youngest of the conspirators, photographed while manacled in the hold of the vessel in which Atzerodt and his hospitable cousin were later incarcerated. The company also included O'Laughlin, Arnold and Ned Spangler, a scene shifter at Ford's Theatre

The man said he had come to see Mrs. Surratt. He was asked what he wished to see Mrs. Surratt for.

"To dig a gutter" said the man with the pick, just a bit nervously.

He was reminded that it was a strange hour to dig a gutter. The man said that he had not come to work but to find out at what hour to come in the morning. The officers asked him other questions. His first replies were plausible. He was a poor man, with no home, who slept where he could lay his head, and made his living with his pick. But in a few minutes he had contradicted himself and Major Smith asked Mrs. Surratt to step to the door.

"This man says he has come to work for you. Did you ever see him before?" asked the army officer, still grimly suspicious.

Mrs. Surratt was near-sighted. In the dim light of the hallway she peered at the unkempt figure, and raising her hand, replied:

"Before God, sir, I never saw him before."

The carriage had come. Mrs. Surratt asked for a moment in which to pray. When the widow arose from her knees the women and the rough-looking stranger were taken before the three colonels, who were presided over now by a general.

The four women looked at their fellow-prisoner and each declared that he was unknown to her. One of the officers ventured an opinion that he was John Surratt, and Miss Anna wept so bitterly that her mother was obliged to comfort her. Finally the stranger was ordered to remove the shirt-sleeve from his head and Miss Fitzpatrick exclaimed that he was Mr. Payne!

Mr. Payne, however, meant nothing to the inquisitors. On their long list of suspects and of possible and probable suspects this name did not appear. The women were taken to the Carroll Prison and the officers went to work to fit the mysterious Payne into their scheme of things. They had astounding success. In the small hours of the morning he was identified by a Negro house-boy as the iron-armed savage that had strewn a trail of blood through the residence of the Secretary of State.

Lewis Payne was taken aboard a navy ironclad that was anchored in the middle of the Potomac and chained in the hold. Double irons were then put on his hands and feet. His head was enclosed in a bag with a small hole in it to admit breathing air. There he was joined by O'Laughlin, Arnold and Ned Spangler, a scene shifter at Ford's. They were likewise bagged and ironed, except that they were not chained down. Three days later—the sixth day after the murder—George Atzerodt was pulled from a bed at the home of a cousin in Maryland and he and the cousin were added to the hooded company that was detained in the bowels of the ironclad.

Nor were these all of the arrests. It is doubtful if any one man knew how many arrests had been made up to this time, but the number was over a hundred and fresh detentions took place almost every hour. But the star quarry were still at large.

Maryland was the logical place to look for them, but the discoverable traces were faint. The best evidence amounted to this: Following the church service at Bryantown on Easter morning, thirty-six hours after the murder, Dr. George A. Mudd told an army lieutenant that his cousin, Dr. Samuel Mudd, had set a broken leg for a man early the morning before, which in the light of subsequent disclosures looked suspicious. The injured man was accompanied by a younger companion. Dr. Samuel Mudd had requested that his cousin communicate this to the authorities.

This clue was strengthened by Atzerodt, who told of the abduction plot, and of the preliminary travels of Booth through southern Maryland along the route of the old underground to Richmond. From Atzerodt, or from some of the many residents of Maryland who were questioned, it was learned that Booth had met Dr. Samuel Mudd on these travels, and through him had purchased the one-eyed horse.

Lloyd, the Surrattsville tavern keeper, was arrested and subjected to strong pressure. The sot broke down and confessed that sometime after midnight on the night of the murder Booth and Herold had been at the tavern. Booth sat on his horse outside. Herold roused Lloyd, who admitted that he had retired (*Continued on page 48*)

Sergeant Boston Corbett, 16th New York Cavalry, who shot Booth in violation of his colonel's orders not to fire without command

Legionnaires

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boat to Constantinople if I could prove to them that I was not counter-revolutionary. I replied, 'I am not and have not been a counter-revolutionist simply because I have not had men and money. If, later, I have both, I shall be counter to you.' 'What assurance have we that you tell the truth?' asked the chairman of the committee. 'Only the word of Prince Charlekoff,' I replied.

"The next day I was taken to a ship. A gold cigarette case and a gold card and match case, which had been taken from me when I was arrested two years before, were handed back—I had never expected to see them again. The captain of the Bolshevik guard that took me to the ship was a former sergeant in my own cavalry regiment. He was most polite, under the circumstances, and did not illtreat me. When I departed he stood at salute and cried 'Mon Prince!'

"Then came Constantinople. There I was elected president of the Georgians. Soon after I came some five thousand Georgians were released from Soviet prisons. I had to take care of them. The American Red Cross and Admiral Mark Bristol helped me. Unlike the Russians, my Georgians wanted baths and tooth-brushes first. That surprised the Americans. We never had any trouble with my countrymen, although there was much trouble in Turkey with the Russians.

"From Constantinople I went to France. Then I went broke. There were just two things to do. Become a gigolo and live on the wealthy tourists and marry someone who wanted to be a princess, or else be a soldier. I have always been a soldier, so I went to the French War Office and joined the Legion.

"I am an old man now. I am starting my career all over again—at the bottom. It is hard, especially after being a high officer and held in high respect. But one man can live only so many years. If I die now what is that? Perhaps ten years short of my span. And it is much better to die as a soldier than as a gigolo or the husband of one who seeks a title. Do you not say the same?"

I said the same and many more of them. Charlekoff speaks and reads and writes English as well as any of us. As this is being written he is first lieutenant of the Second Battalion, Fourth Regiment, stationed in Marrakech. No one in his regiment knows, even today, who he is, outside of the fact that he is Charlekoff, a Georgian gentleman.

Pursuit

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thoroughly drunk. Herold bought a bottle of whisky and carried off a carbine from among the weapons that John Surratt had stored at the inn following the collapse of the kidnapping plot. Herold also carried off the parcel that Mrs. Surratt had left at the inn on that afternoon before. The parcel contained a pair of field glasses. While Herold was busy Booth sat on his horse drinking whisky. As they rode away Booth tossed down the empty bottle exclaiming, "I have murdered the President," and Herold said, "I fixed Seward."

The confession unnerved Lloyd. When he had finished he broke down, crying, "I am to be shot! That vile woman has ruined me!" He was taken to Washington and locked up in the Carroll Prison.

On the same day, Friday, April 21st, Dr. Samuel Mudd was arrested and taken to Bryantown, five miles from his home, where he answered questions freely and told this story:

At four o'clock in the morning after the murder he was awakened by a young man who asked for medical attention for his companion, who was on a horse in the yard. The man on the horse wore a thick beard. Dr. Mudd and the young man, who said his name was Tyson, carried the injured man into the Mudd parlor, where it was discovered that the small bone of the left leg was broken. The flesh about the wound was much lacerated, apparently from hard riding. Dr. Mudd set the limb and accepted a fee of twenty-five dollars. Tyson did all of the talking. He said his companion's name was Tyler. Dr. Mudd made no further inquiries. Discretion is a part of a doctor's profession, and in southern Maryland in wartime it was a part of everyone's profession. Dr. Mudd granted the injured man's request for a little rest and the young man carried him upstairs. Dr. Mudd went back to sleep.

The young man had breakfast with the family and talked a great deal. He gave the Mudds the impression of a harum-scarum boy who was trying to show off. A servant carried food to the patient upstairs. In the afternoon Mrs. Mudd took a tray containing some dainties to the sick-room. The patient declined the refreshments and asked for whisky. A little put out by the lack of cordiality, Mrs. Mudd returned to the kitchen to superintend the preparations for Easter. She left the kitchen to see the young man helping the sick man down the stairs. It was awkward work and the invalid's whiskers became skewed around so that Mrs. Mudd could see that they were false. The injured man's face was so drawn by pain, however, that Mrs. Mudd felt compassion for him and said that they were welcome to remain for a while. The young man thanked her and made some flip answer about having a lady-love nearby and that they should go there.

An hour later Dr. Mudd returned from Bryantown with the news of the President's assassination and the arrival of troops in search of the assassin. Mrs. Mudd told of the departure of the two men and of the false whiskers. "Those men were suspicious characters," the doctor said to his wife. "I shall go back to Bryantown and tell the officers." It was suppertime and Mrs. Mudd persuaded the doctor to wait until morning and inform the officers when the Mudds went to church, which was done.

Dr. Mudd admitted his previous meetings with Booth. He had seen him three times. But Dr. Mudd seemed so willing to assist the authorities that they gave him twenty-four hours in which to prepare to submit to arrest. The doctor went home, arranged his affairs and returned alone to Bryantown, from whence he was removed to the Carroll Prison. At the prison Dr. Mudd examined photographs of Booth and of Herold and said that it was possible that the injured man was Booth. Doubt on this score was removed, however, when the boot that the surgeon had cut from the broken leg was found in Mudd's house. It bore the lettering "J. Wilkes ——." Dr. Mudd's composure was a little shaken when the boot was handed to him to identify. He said he had not examined the boot previously and had meant to give it to the authorities but had forgotten to do so.

Thus Booth's flight into Maryland became an established fact. Was he still there? This was the question that troubled the authorities.

The question had troubled Captain William Williams of the mounted police as early as Wednesday, April 19th, two days before the disclosures of Dr. Mudd and the confession of Lloyd. Captain Williams was in Port Tobacco, Maryland, on the Potomac forty miles below the capital, where the Richmond underground crossed the river into Virginia. It was here that it was thought Booth would attempt to cross, if he had not already crossed. Sixteen hundred cavalry had swept the surrounding swamps and countryside. They were ordered to dismount and sweep again.

Captain Williams was in the barroom of Brawner's Hotel in Port Tobacco when a tall man entered. He had a weatherbeaten look and a lean, hard face. Williams knew the tall man. His name was Thomas A. Jones and he had been the chief agent of the Maryland end of the underground.

Looking at Jones as he spoke, Captain Williams said that he was authorized to announce that $300,000 would be paid for information as to the whereabouts of Booth. Mr. Jones was conversing at the bar. For an instant his steady eye caught the glance of the policeman and presently he sauntered from the room.

For two more days the troops and detectives continued their fruitless search about Port Tobacco. Then on what seemed to be a hot scent they began to draw off into St. Mary's County, adjoining. Thomas A. Jones was one of the first to be aware of this maneuver. He stole from *(Continued on page 50)*

Pursuit

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his house and cautiously approached a little pine woods a mile away, giving a low, whistled signal. In the thicket he came upon two miserable human beings shivering under a wet blanket.

"Tonight," said Jones, "you cross the river."

For five days and six nights Booth and Herold had lain in the wood while searchers passed and repassed within a few yards of them. The broken leg had utterly disarranged the contemplated plan of flight. Surrattsville had been reached within two hours, or a little more, after the crime. This was one-third of the way to the river, which under ordinary circumstances would have been crossed before daylight. But the splintered bone was tearing the flesh of Booth's leg at every jump and the pair turned from the preconceived line of escape toward Dr. Mudd's, riding slowly.

Leaving Mudd's the next evening, the fugitives almost ran into the arms of the troops at Bryantown. A Negro guided them around the village or they should have done so. The Negro acted as their pilot nearly all night, taking them as far as the plantation of Colonel Samuel Cox, a prominent man whose house was not three miles from the Potomac River.

Herold knocked at the door and requested shelter for himself and a disabled friend. Cox had been an open Confederate sympathizer, but he was shocked at the news of the President's murder, which he had received just before going to bed. He questioned Herold closely and the boy refused to give his name. Cox said that with the President's murderer at large and soldiers apt to appear at any moment he could not in the middle of the night take in strangers who declined to explain themselves. The fugitives passed the rest of the night in terror in a little ravine on Cox's farm.

While riding about his place the next morning—Easter morning—Colonel Cox came upon the outlaws. Booth's plight was pitiful and Cox promised to help them to the river. He led the way to the pine thicket, which was on a neighbor's land, and told the fugitives to remain there until a man appeared and gave a certain whistled signal; then to do what this man said.

The man with the whistle signal was Cox's foster brother, Thomas A. Jones. He told the pair that his instructions were to get them out of Maryland as quickly as possible and that he would do so. He brought them food and newspapers. But before Jones could move his charges the country swarmed with troops, and Jones was obliged to steal out and shoot the mounts of Booth and Herold for fear that they would answer the neighs of the cavalry horses.

Booth's sufferings were terrible, and he was not tortured by the pangs of the flesh entirely. In the newspapers he read of the universal horror of his deed, and of its repudiation by the South. In a notebook that he carried Booth penciled his defense. He raged against a world that had misjudged a patriotic deed. "For doing what Brutus was honored for—what made William Tell a hero . . . I am looked upon as a common cutthroat" and much more in the same vein. He complained of the Government's injustice in suppressing the letter he had written to the *Intelligencer*. (It was simply Booth's conclusion that the Government had suppressed this letter in which, a few hours before the murder, the megalomaniac had sought to glorify his deed. Mathews, the actor, to whom Booth had given the letter to mail, opened it when he heard of the President's assassination. Fearing he might be unable to explain the possession of such a document, Mathews destroyed the letter and kept his silence about it for two years. The quotation in the previous installment is from Mathews's memory.) Booth further said that for six months he had "worked to capture" and had determined to kill only on the day of the deed. The laborious scribblings also cleared up the dispute over what Booth said when he leaped to the stage of Ford's Theater. It was "Sic semper tyrannis." Herold, Booth wrote, was spending a good deal of time in prayer.

The night that Jones came to remove the fugitives was a miserable one with a cold rain blown by gusts of wind. Booth was lifted astride a horse. He begged to be taken to the house for a cup of hot coffee, but Jones said he was risking enough as it was. The horse was led through the swamp to the river's edge. A flat-bottomed boat was there. It was so dark that the men could not see one another, but went about their business by the sense of touch. Booth was helped into the stern of the boat. He insisted on paying Jones for his trouble, and finally consenting, Jones reckoned up the score item by item. It came to seventeen dollars. Jones would take no more, and Booth counted out seventeen dollars and fumblingly transferred the money to his protector's hand in the darkness.

The river was three miles wide, but Booth must make a slanting crossing, turn a point of land and ascend a creek on the Virginia side, making a passage of about eight miles. Jones did his best to explain the directions to Herold. The boy took the oars and Jones shoved them off.

"God bless you, my dear friend," called Booth. "Goodby, goodby!" And the sound of the oars was silenced by the wind and the rush of the rain on the water.

Herold lost his way and rowed all night, landing at daybreak on the Maryland side, fifteen miles by shoreline from the starting place. But the next night he made the crossing to Virginia.

By one means and another the pair made their way eight miles inland to the

home of Dr. Richard Stuart, whose fervent devotion to the Southern cause recommended him to the fugitives as a protector. But Dr. Stuart had laid down his arms, and he declined to harbor two such suspicious looking characters. He gave them some food, however, and directed them to a Negro's hut where Booth wrote a note and sent it to the doctor:

"Forgive me, but I have some little pride. I was sick, tired, with a broken leg, and in need of medical assistance. I would not have turned a dog from my door in such a plight. . . . The sauce of meat is ceremony, the meeting were bare without it. Be kind enough to accept the enclosed five dollars, although hard to spare, for what we have had. STRANGER."

Next morning the Negro drove the outlaws twelve miles to Port Conway on the Rappahannock River. While waiting for a fisherman to ferry them over the river three Confederate officers rode up. Herold called one of them, a Captain Jett, aside. He disclosed his identity and threw himself on the Southerner's mercy. Jett was greatly agitated but presently he promised to do something. They crossed the Rappahannock and three miles further Captain Jett introduced "John William Boyd," a wounded fellow-Confederate, to the household of a rather imposing Virginia plantation manor. Jett rode on to Bowling Green to call on a young lady.

The name of Booth's hosts was Garrett. The following afternoon—Tuesday, April 24th, the ninth day after the crime—at about five o'clock Booth, Herold and the Garrett family were seated on the front gallery when a platoon of Federal cavalry galloped past. Booth and Herold slipped from the porch and hid in a thicket behind the barn and had to be persuaded to come out for supper. The explanations they gave for their conduct did not satisfy their hosts. The Garretts became further suspicious when Booth offered young Jack Garrett $150 for his horse. It was Jack's army horse and the young man would not sell.

Booth and Herold asked permission to sleep in the barn. It was granted, but when they were inside Jack Garrett locked the barn door and he and his brother went to sleep in a shed nearby, believing the strangers meant to steal horses and depart during the night.

At two o'clock in the morning there was an imperious rap at the door of the Garrett homestead. When Mr. Garrett, senior, appeared in his night shirt he was seized by a man in the uniform of a Federal lieutenant who pressed a pistol to the old man's head. Another soldier dangled a rope. In the background were the indistinct forms of some thirty cavalrymen. Among them was a dishevelled man whom Mr. Garrett, unless he was too greatly startled, may have recognized as Captain Jett.

Jack Garrett ran up and told his father to do anything the soldiers asked. The barn was surrounded. Lieutenant Luther B. Baker unlocked the door and one of the *(Continued on page 52)*

Pursuit

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younger Garretts went in to demand Booth's surrender. He came out saying that Booth had threatened his life.

Presently Booth called to Baker. "Captain," he said, in a distinct voice, "I know you to be a brave man, and I believe an honorable one. I am a cripple; I have but one leg. If you will withdraw your men one hundred yards I will come out and fight you."

Next Booth proposed that the men be withdrawn fifty yards and lastly he offered to fight the entire command singly. "Give me," he cried, "a chance for life!"

Colonel Everton J. Conger, who was in charge of the detachment, aroused a party of the soldiers, who were dropping asleep from weariness, to pile brush against a corner of the barn.

Booth was heard cursing Herold for cowardice, after which the actor shouted to those outside:

"There's a man in here who wants to come out!"

Davy Herold thrust his arms through a chink in the wall beside the barn door, was manacled and dragged forth, Booth calling out that "before my Maker he is innocent of any crime."

The barn was set on fire, and Booth could be seen through the chinks by the door. He rose from a bed of straw, with a crutch under his left arm and a carbine in his right hand. He took a hop or two toward an old table. He took hold of the table and made as if to throw it at the fire in an attempt to put it out. The flames licked higher and Booth saw that this was useless. Dropping the crutch, he passed the carbine from his right to his left hand, drew a revolver and took two or three hops toward the door, where Baker was lying in wait beside the chink.

There was a shot. Sergeant Boston Corbett, 16th New York Cavalry, had violated Colonel Conger's imperative order not to fire without command. Booth gave a little spring upward and fell on his back. Baker was on him in an instant, wrenching the revolver from his hand.

This was at 3:15 o'clock in the morning. They laid Booth on the Garrett lawn. He spoke twice. The first time he asked if his captors would communicate a message to his mother. Lieutenant Baker stooped and wrote it down. "Tell her I did—what I thought—was—best." Later he indicated by a look that he wished his arms, which had been paralyzed by Corbett's bullet, raised so that he could see his hands. It was done, and Booth looked at them and said, "Useless—useless!" At seven o'clock he died.

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

A Light Job in the Open Air

(Continued from page 23)

Just as in The American Legion membership is not an essential for service to a veteran, so the British Legion does not attempt to direct who shall or shall not be admitted to the village. County health authorities select the veterans sent to Preston Hall and while the patient is under observation they pay $13 a week. The period during which a patient is kept under observation varies with his condition—it may be days, weeks or months. When a man is judged capable of working four and one-half hours a day he may be assigned to an industry. There is a twofold object involved: first, so that the Medical Director may assess the effect of exercise on the disease in the chest, and second, to test the adaptability of the individual to various tasks.

That an industrial niche can be found for every patient admitted to Preston Hall is an ideal far from realization. Many cases are too far advanced in disease to even consider an apprenticeship in industry. Others are temperamentally unsuited to tasks requiring skill. For a patient to become a settler he must be physically capable of working thirty-eight hours a week—five seven-hour days and three hours on Saturday. The other standard is efficiency, for unless he is capable of earning the wages paid him, the settler is a millstone around the neck of his fellow-workers. At this stage in the experiment the efficiency requirement is perhaps higher than actually need be, but it is the point which is the crux of the practicability of all settlement work. It would be an easy matter to admit men who just fail of the present standard, for many patients discharged from the sanatorium from the medical point of view were suitable cases for industrial work. Indeed from the compassionate point of view many such should have been accepted into the village, but if that principle is once admitted then the position of the industries as a self-sustaining undertaking would be jeopardized. Once a settler is admitted into the village it has been found almost impossible to dismiss him even for just cause, and for that reason the greatest care is taken in the selection of settlers. During the fiscal year 1927-1928 only forty-three, or 16.6 percent, of all patients (259) discharged from the sanatorium were adjudged worthy of ad-