

### Aged Woman Tells Of Shooting And Death Of President Abe Lincoln

Cleveland Star.

February 12, Mrs. Nelson, one of the last survivors who saw the theatre when Abraham Lincoln was assassinated April 14, 1865, made a talk over the radio telling of the incidents of that night.

Mrs. Todd, now 93 years old, Dorothy Ormsby, of Rockingham, listened to Mrs. Todd's broadcast and wrote her for a copy of her address. Mrs. Todd sent it to Dorothy and autographed it. Here is the address:

"What a wonderful storehouse, the mind! Here am I, feeling like a comparatively young woman, and if I live seven more years, I shall be a hundred years old. Ninety-three years old! And how many things I have seen in those years. My earliest recollection dates from the age of three. When I was nine I heard Jenny Lind sing at the old Castle Garden.

I have shaken hands with every President, also Henry Clay, Daniel Webster and Kossuth. I have known many splendid people, and of all I have known there was not a finer than John Wilkes Booth, a fine looking man, a manly chap about my own age. I had heard that he had fallen into bad company. We all know that his sympathies were with the southern states. We learned later that he was a member of a set of young fellows—radicals who would call them today—who drew lots to see which should kill Lincoln. It happened that the lot fell on Booth.

"I shall never forget the first time I saw Lincoln—nor the last. The first time was just a little before his second inauguration, when he passed through Newark by train. I was back riding and rode through the streets so that I saw Lincoln not only many times on the rear platform. My persistence must have attracted President Lincoln's attention. William Courter, a friend of my father and conductor of the train, told me later that the President pointed me out and said: 'That young lady there is a fine horsewoman.' That was the first time I saw Lincoln. Now I tell you of the last.

"I was married in 1858. The war, as you know, followed a couple of years later. Those were awful times. We had a relief when it ended on the night of April, 1865.

"Immediately upon learning of Lee's surrender my husband planned a trip to Washington. The day after he arrived was Good Friday, April 14th. My husband was active in Trinity church Sunday school, Newark. I was amazed when later in the day he said: 'We are going to the theatre tonight.' 'To the theatre on Good

Friday!' I said. He explained that the President was to attend a benefit performance of 'Our American Cousin' at the Ford theatre and becoming a gala occasion and our only opportunity, probably, of seeing President Lincoln, we might waive our religious scruples.

"Theatres began earlier in those days. We were in our places on the center aisle just a few rows back from the stage at 7:30 when the curtain rose. There was a flag draped box on the right for the President, Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Harris and Major Rathbone. They sat in the second box.

"The curtain had gone upon the second act when there was a shot. At the same instance I was amazed to see John Wilkes Booth whom I had known so well, half jump and fall from the first box to the stage 12 feet below. His spur had caught in the drapery on the box so that his leap turned out to be a bad fall.

"For an instant no one realized what had happened. It struck me. 'Booth had committed suicide.' It was not until some seconds later that Mrs. Lincoln screamed. The house turned from the stage, where all eyes had been on Booth, and saw the President, his head fallen on his chest, slumped down in the old-fashioned rocking chair in which he had been sitting. Then of course we knew the greater tragedy that had happened.

"Booth was hurt in his fall. I have read accounts and seen pictures of him hobbling off the stage to make his escape. This is as false as the story that he shouted: 'Sic Semper Tyrannis!'

"Here is what did happen and I think I am the only person that knows Booth made his escape. Knowing Booth, it was only natural that my interest was keen enough to attract my attention back to him even when I knew Lincoln was assassinated. When Booth's spur caught and threw him to the stage he broke his leg in a terrible way so that the bone naturally protruded through his trousers, and smeared the stage with blood. Naturally I couldn't move. Laura Keen leaned over and patted his head. Then to my amazement I saw a rope swing out, evidently thrown by some confederate, hit him and whisk him into the wigs. That was the last I ever saw of John Wilkes Booth alive.

"As we walked away from the theatre and the great tragedy, my husband said to me: 'What next?' 'We must go home,' I said. And so we went to the hotel, packed our things and went immediately to the railroad station. The streets were seething with people. At the station the train about to leave for New York had not heard the news so they let us ride in the caboose.

"We rode all night from Washington and arrived in New York in the early morning. Newark was just a way station in those days and the train did not stop there. When we got in we learned that Lincoln was dead.

"Our family was surprised to see us back before we had planned. Being strict Episcopalians we did not tell them we had gone to the theatre on Good Friday, so we told no one of the thrilling scene of history we had seen enacted. Nor throughout my husband's life did we ever tell. It was only a few years ago I let the truth out. I had gone to see 'The Birth of a Nation' in which the

### Beauty With Fair Peonies



Miss Betty Quinn surrounded by a few of the thousands of peonies that are shown in a special exhibit and prize contest at the Horticulture Building, A Century of Progress—the Chicago World's Fair.

### Coal Fire Burns For Thirty Years

Jasper's fire at Jasper, Alabama, that has been raging for 30 years is still flaming and smoking along.

The fire at Coal City, started in one of the richest coal fields in Alabama. The scene is now nothing more than a mass of ashes.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of coal has burned during the last 30 years. No one knows just how much valuable coal has been transformed to ashes. Visitors ask: "How did the fire begin?"

The natives reply: "No one knows." According to stories of old timers, some of them believe at one time there was some sort of explosion in the coal field. There are many stories, none of which offers any conclusive evidence.

Some say an opened gas pocket was accidentally ignited by small oil lamps worn by miners. Then there is the story of spontaneous combustion another about the work of a firebug.

A number of time attempts have been made to extinguish the flames. More than 50 holes in the top of the

assassination of Lincoln was shown. When I saw the scene I gasped—'Why it wasn't that way! How do you know?' I was asked? Then I told that I was one of the few remaining witnesses of that great tragedy.

"Life's race well run,  
Life's work well done,  
Life's crown well won.  
Now comes rest.  
1840-1933.

"Mrs. Nelson Todd  
'No. 29 Lincoln Park,  
'Newark, N. J."

mine allow oxygen to penetrate in to the flames and as the flames spread, more holes are caused by cave-ins.

Coal engineers estimate that more

### Dog Chases 3-Foot Snake Up A Tree

C. M. Hovis, of Iron Station, who was in Lincolnton Saturday, told the following snake story:

"I was awakened about 2:30 o'clock this morning by the barking of my dog. When I made an investigation I found that the animal had treed a huge copperhead snake. I rushed into the house, got my gun and soon had the reptile, which measured thirty-seven inches, dead. The dog had been bitten on the foot by the snake but plenty of sweet milk was used as an antidote for the poison and the animal has shown no ill effects from the bite."

Mr. Hovis says if finding big snakes is a sign of rain we should have plenty of it soon.

### MY CREED

To live each day as though I may never see the morrow come; to be lenient with others; to give to advantage, but never ask for it; to be strict with myself but patient and kindly to all, but kinder to the less fortunate; to respect all honest employment; to remember always that my life is made easier and better by service of others, and to be grateful.

To be tolerant and never arrogant; to treat all men with equal courtesy; to be true to my own in all things; to make as much as I can of my strength and the day's opportunity, and to meet disappointment without resentment.

To be friendly and helpful wherever possible; to do, without display of temper or of bitterness, all that fair conduct demands; to keep my money free from cunning or the shame of hard bargain; to govern my actions so that I may fear neither reproach nor misunderstanding nor words of malice or envy, and to maintain at whatever temporary cost my self respect.

To keep my faith with God, my fellow men, and my country.—American Magazine.

Mother: "Bobby, did you do anything besides, eat at the school picnic?"

Bobby: "Yes, Mummy we sang a hymn called 'We Can Sing, Full Though We Be.' Inquiries revealed that the title of the hymn was, 'Weak and Sinful Though We Be.'"

Mr. Brown: "I've had a worrying time with the insurance people. They ask such awkward questions. They even wanted to know the state of my mind!"

Mrs. Brown: "How absurd! I suppose you left it blank?"

### N. C. Tuberculosis Death Rate Drops

The tuberculosis death rate in North Carolina dropped nearly four points, from 69.5 to 65.6 per hundred thousand of population—in 1932, as compared with 1931, according to a statistical table compiled and distributed by the National Tuberculosis Association. The 1932 tuberculosis mortality rate compares favorably with the estimated rate of 63 per hundred thousand population for the country as a whole. This is regarded as an especially favorable showing in view of the fact that North Carolina, because of its large Negro population, has an especially difficult problem in combatting the disease.

More than 850,000 tons of coal have been burned in the 30-year fire. Engineers admit, however, that they are guessing, since there is no way of estimating the amount of coal consumed in solid blocks below the old shaft.

## Number Of Cylinders Has Nothing To Do With Economy Of Operation!

Authority for this statement is Mr. H. M. Crane, Technical Engineer for General Motors Corporation, who said in an article in the January issue of the Society of Automobile Engineers Journal: "Both theory and actual tests indicate that the four, six and eight of equally good construction should give the same all-over economy performance."

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possible; it is this same spirit of friendliness that we solicit for our future activities.

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