

The Lincoln Centenary

The Assassination of Lincoln

By JAMES A. EDGERTON

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HE RESENTED HAVING A GUARD.

repeat our outrageous treatment of him on the next great soul that comes to help us up the path through the ages.

Lincoln's assassination had been threatened from the moment of his nomination for the presidency. The only wonder is that it was averted until the close of the war. While he paid little or no attention to the menacing hints that came in every mail, his many private and public references to the subject show that he expected a tragic death.

He often jokingly said that he was a physical coward, yet no man ever showed higher bravery or greater unconsciousness of danger. When at the front during a battle he needlessly exposed himself. He resented having a guard placed about him and never rested until it was removed. He went about Washington unattended at all hours of the day and night, and, while his own utterances showed that he was fully alive to the dangers, he never made any provision against them.

"If they kill me," he said philosophically, "the next man will be just as bad for them, and in a country like this, where our habits are simple and must be, assassination is always possible and will come if they are determined upon it."

The hour the blow was struck could not have been more exactly timed if it had been arranged from all eternity. The war was ending. At the last cabinet meeting, held on the very day of the assassination, General Grant was present, expecting news of Johnston's surrender, the last great act of the conflict. On the same afternoon the president went driving with Mrs. Lincoln, who said she had never seen him so happy. Upon her mentioning this fact he remarked, "And well I may feel so, Mary, for I consider this day that the war has come to a close."

It was not quite at a close. His own death was to be the last act of the gigantic drama. That would end slavery and disunion forever, past the power of any man to revive. The book would be shut and sealed with his own blood. No man could ever reopen it and turn back its pages again.

Perhaps never in the world's history has grief been more universal and profound than at President Lincoln's death. This man had the heart of the common people. To the private soldier he was a father, to the negro a liberator, to the nation a savior, to the lowly man of every clime a brother. His death revealed his supreme greatness. The cowardly assassin that sneaked into his box and shot him from behind in reality shot rebellion and calumny to death, but never harmed Abraham Lincoln. He was secure in the world's heart forever. His work was done. The Union was saved and slavery was ended. Government of the people, for the people and by the people had been vindicated and perpetuated. One more stone had been lifted into place in the temple of democracy.

As to the fate of the assassin and of the other conspirators, why speak at all? Nothing can be gained by reviving that painful episode now. That there was a conspiracy there can be no doubt, and that substantial justice was done seems to be the consensus of the world's opinion.



SHOT HIM FROM BEHIND.

heart, that the fate of Mrs. Surratt seems an unfitting accompaniment in the setting of his own tragic death. Nothing of vengeance or harshness has any place even in the shadows at the end of Lincoln's pathway.

ENGLISH COMMISSION OUTLINES NEW POLICY

For Taking Care of Forests Never Attempted By Any Other Nation.

After neglecting her forests for hundreds of years, Great Britain has come to the front with the most far-sighted proposal for forest work and land improvement ever advanced by any nation in a single plan.

The recommendations just made to the British Government by the Royal Commission on Afforestation and Coast Erosion will make England self-supporting in the production of timber if successfully carried out.

Two Separate Proposals.

The report embraces two separate proposals, involving the forestation in one case of 9,000,000, and in the other of 6,000,000 acres. The former proposal calls for the forest planting of 150,000 acres a year for sixty years at an annual cost of \$450,000 at the beginning to over \$15,000,000 at the end of the period. After the fortieth year, however, the forest would become self-supporting. After eighty years, the forest would have a value of \$2,810,000,000, which is \$535,000,000 in excess of the cost of producing it, and would yield a net annual revenue of \$87,500,000, or \$9.73 per acre from land now barely producing 50 cents per acre. While these estimated returns are more than half again as much as the highly developed forests of Saxony yield, it is considerably less than the net revenue from the historic town forest of Zurich, Switzerland, the Sihlwald. In volume, the annual estimated wood production would exceed the present annual wood imports to England by 500,000 "loads."

On Outside Sources.

Great Britain has long been dependent upon outside sources for her wood supplies. But the constantly increasing demand for wood, together with the overdrain already made upon these sources, indicates a world shortage of wood unless those countries which now have to import are able to establish and maintain their forest independence and grow the needed wood at home. Most of the countries of Europe have taken care to keep up the home wood output by looking after their forests before they were destroyed or hopelessly depleted, and managing them for a sustained annual yield about equal to the demand. The British Isles, however, are practically stripped of productive forests. If Great Britain is to grow her own wood, she will have to begin at the beginning, set out the seedlings on treeless ground, and wait for them to reach marketable size. The Commission recommends that this work of starting future national forests from the seed be undertaken "as a sound and remunerative investment."

Results Can Be Obtained.

There is no question, the report says, that substantially the anticipated results can be obtained. Experts testified before the Commission that "the production of timber in Great Britain will be more rapid than in Saxony," which was selected for comparison on account of the close resemblance between the economic and physical conditions in the two countries. Yet in Saxony the net annual profits per acre from the national forests has increased 412 per cent in 90 years, mainly, it was testified, because of "the more systematic and careful management." The lack of forests in Great Britain is the result, not of natural conditions, but of bad national economy. This is further proved by the fact that there are a number of private forests which, though but indifferently managed, are netting their owners large revenues.

Proposal of Commission.

The proposal of the commission is especially interesting to Americans in view of the fact that the measures that are now being proposed in the United States are so much simpler and less expensive. In this country the forests are already on the ground. All that is necessary is to bring them to a state of full productiveness. The present annual production of forests in the United States is scarcely more than twelve cubic feet per acre of all kinds of wood. The centuries of experience in Saxony, Switzerland, and France show that the same kind of land will grow three to eight times as much wood under wise forest management. Protection and proper cutting begun now and steadily followed as a policy will keep America from reaching a point, where, like Great Britain, it will be necessary, except in the prairie region, to start the forests of the future from the seed, and wait for them to grow. A title of the great outlay which the British Commission contemplates would easily guarantee this country's forest independence for all time. And the wood needed each year could be got out of the forests right along.

TALKS ON ADVERTISING

V.—Getting New Customers And Holding Them

By Henry Herbert Huff

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"Mr. Business Man, it costs just so much for running expenses—rent, light, fuel, clerk hire—whether you sell ten or a hundred dollars' worth of goods per day, does it not? You call them fixed expenses. Now, the only way to lower fixed expenses is to increase sales. Up to a certain point all excess business brings you an added profit. It pays to lay hold on all you possibly can. Advertising offers the best means for increasing trade. New customers are attracted by leaders—merchandise at unusually low prices. An instance is told of an old lady who came nine miles to get a spool of cotton thread for 3 cents, but she purchased several dollars' worth of goods before leaving the store. The ad. has accomplished its mission when it gets a prospective patron within the doors. That is the most difficult part. It is then up to the merchant to make the most of the opportunity and win him for a permanent customer.

"The merchant who utilizes newspaper publicity has the whole world to draw trade from. He is confined to no particular neighborhood. He knows no barriers. Wherever he can send his advertising, there he can solicit business. Some of the more ambitious country merchants are drawing business from the big towns! The advertiser's opportunities are unlimited. Through the newspaper he can reach people he never saw or who perhaps never heard of his store."

"But how about holding them?"

"That depends quite as much upon the merchant as the advertising. If customers receive satisfaction, they will continue to come. But nothing HOLDS them like continued bargain offers. Have a few new specials every Saturday. Keep the farmers guessing what will come next."

"What advice can you give to the dealer starting in business?"

"What more at variance with good judgment could be imagined than for a merchant to come to town, rent a store, fill the shelves and counters with new goods, arrange attractive displays in the windows, put competent salesmen behind the counters and then—WAIT for business; WAIT for people to come in and buy; WAIT for them to find out what he has to sell; WAIT for the public to learn of his very existence? And yet it is not uncommon for one to do this! Advertising would have carried all such information to prospective buyers. He spares no expense to have stock and fixtures the finest and yet neglects the greatest essential of all. Should you inquire why he spends nothing for publicity he would probably say that pleased patrons and his window displays are sufficient advertising. Word of mouth publicity is the best, but it is too slow. Gossip has wings, but favorable news travels slowly. And as to the window—a newspaper announcement is often necessary to call attention to it."

NO TOWN KNOCKERS.

How Coryville Got Rid of a Bunch of Unprogressives.

THE YOUNG MEN ORGANIZED.

And the Croaking Critics Couldn't Stand the Ordeal of Initiation into the Mysterious Order of the G. B.'s. A Story of Masks and Spades.

There was something doing in Coryville. The G. B.'s were getting busy. Who were the G. B.'s? Oh, just follow this little story and find out!

For many years Coryville had had on hand an oversupply of citizens whose chief activity had to do with knocking the town. These fellows were, but a small group, only four or five, but they did harm. Half a dozen mag-gots can spoil the best cheese ever made. So these town knockers, these croaking critics, were slowly undermining the good reputation of Coryville by their incessant chorus of defamation. Nothing suited them. They opposed every movement for the good of the town. They croaked and knocked and clamored and hammered whenever anybody suggested a street improvement, a new building, the organization of a business men's club or anything of the sort.

Finally the G. B.'s were organized. Of course they did not take the knockers' bunch into their confidence. There was a reason and a good one for not letting the knockers know. The G. B.'s were organized in secret. The initial meeting was held in an old abandoned schoolhouse half a mile out of town. Grips and passwords and other secret signs were adopted. Even a mystic apron was devised, but it was not to be worn where aprons usually are worn. It was to be tied around the head just below the eyes, thus serving as a mask.

The G. B.'s had been in existence only a month or so, holding their meetings every Friday night in the old schoolhouse, when one of the knockers discovered that such a society had been formed. He straightway notified his brother knockers. The group met in a grocery store.

"Seems to be something mighty mysterious about it," remarked the chief knocker.

"Yes; can't imagine what they're up to," said another. "The society seems to have thirty or forty members, and most of them are the younger element around town, young business men."

"How did you find that out?" asked knocker No. 3.

"Why, one of the members told me," replied the other.

All of which was quite true. It was

true also that this member had violated no rule of the G. B.'s. He had been detailed to acquaint the knockers with these primary facts concerning the society. Immediately the knocker in chief had expressed a desire to attend a meeting. He was cordially invited along with his brother knockers.

When the five town knockers filed into the old schoolhouse at the regular Friday night meeting they found a most startling assemblage. About forty men, with long white apron-like masks concealing their faces and reaching far below their shoulders, were standing around the walls of the chamber, which contained no seats. Every fifth man carried a blazing torchlight. Many of the others carried picks, spades and shovels.

The supreme sachen of the G. B.'s advanced to the group of visitors and asked them solemnly if they desired to be initiated into the order. They replied that they did. How can a man knock unless he is on the inside? The chief knocker laughed scornfully as he assented to the initiation.

"The ordeal is severe," said the supreme sachen, "but if you survive it you are our brethren. Advance, G. B.'s!"

Fifteen of the masked figures advanced, carrying stout cords. They quickly bound the hands of the knockers behind them and tied the whole group together with a rope. Then the torch bearers came forward, the knockers were led outside, the other G. B.'s followed, and the entire party stopped on the open space back of the schoolhouse.

Without a word the men with picks began to dig, the shovelers began to shovel, while the torch bearers held their lights high above the group. After the digging was well under way the G. B.'s started up a dirgelike song in doleful voices. Altogether it was an uncanny scene.

"Wha-what are you fellows up to anyhow?" gasped the chief knocker.

"Gentlemen, unmask," commanded the supreme sachen. All the G. B.'s unmasked, revealing the fact that they were the leading young men of Coryville. Then the supreme sachen, who happened to own the grocery store in which the knockers chiefly knocked, addressed the candidates for initiation:

"We are the Grand Buryers. We are digging your graves. We have reached the conclusion that a few first class funerals are needed in the interest of Coryville, and we have selected you gentlemen for the honor of furnishing the raw material. For years you have knocked and blocked every movement for the good of our town, and we have decided that Coryville can get along without you. However, we are going to give you a chance. If you will promise solemnly to boost and not to knock hereafter, you may take your own time and die natural deaths. But always remember that the Grand Buryers have the tools and that we can dig."

WE HAVE IT.

There is no need, apology or excuse to go out of town to get anything in

THE ELECTRIC SUPPLY LINE.

Let Us Show You How and Why

THE TUNGSTEN LAMP

will divide the cost and double the efficiency.

We are the "Down-town Agents" for

THE WINCHESTER RAILWAY LIGHT AND ICE CO.

We do their repairing and sell and exchange lamps. We do wiring and do it well. We install **Motors, Fans, Bells, etc.**

All Character of Fixtures and Supplies.

Repair Work Our Long Suit.

Winchester Electric Supply Co., Kerr Block 10 N. Main.

JOUETT'S INSURANCE AGENCY

will on February 17th, pay

\$5.00

to the person who first supplies the greatest number of the missing words in the advertisement given below. Mail the slip with the missing words inserted to Puzzle Department, Winchester News. You may have as many trials as you have slips. Slips will be printed each Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday until February 15th. The Editor of The News has the advertisement in his possession in a sealed package and the seal will not be broken until the night of Feb. 15, '09.

(Fill blank and mail to Puzzle Department, Winchester News.)

It will _____ worth _____ for _____ to fill these _____, but a policy of _____, in _____ of _____, _____ Agency will be _____ every _____ it _____ for.

JOUETT'S INSURANCE AGENCY.

Name _____

P. O. Address _____

Received _____ M. _____, 1909.

J.W. POYNTER'S

BIG "A" FIRE AGENCY.

WINCHESTER, KY.

Citizens National Bank.

Paid up Capital \$100,000. Surplus \$42,000.

WE SOLICIT YOUR BUSINESS.

Will give you courteous treatment and attend promptly and carefully to all business entrusted to us

J. D. Simpson, Pres. A. H. Hampton, Cashier.

T. F. Phillips V. Pres. J. W. Poynter, Ass't Cashier.

WITT SPRINGS,

Mr. J. H. Richardson, of Rice Station, was the guest of H. C. Witt's family, Sunday.

The W. N. Gould gasoline boat made a trip from this place Sunday to the mouth of Polecat creek.

The first examination in the Normal School here proved to be a success. Splendid grades were made by those in attendance.

W. L. Witt bought of A. C. Clowers, a horse for \$80.

G. H. Masters sold to Elliott Brothers, of Rice Station, one four year old mule last week for \$120.

Dr. J. B. Blackwell sold a number of shoats at 1-2 cents per pound.

Richard Tuttle bought a three year old mule from James Adams for \$90.

James W. Tuttle sold a 3 year old mule to John M. Elliott for \$100.

Mrs. Mary Blackwell, aged 84 years, is very feeble, and is not expected to live many days.

Ye scribe had the pleasure of meeting one of Winchester's finest citizens, Mr. John W. Murphy. Mr. Murphy is 77 years of age, yet he is nimble as a 16 year old boy.

H. C. Witt has been assigned to duty as store keeper and gauger at R. C. Kenyon's Distillery, No. 805, at Vaughn's Mill, Powell county, Ky.

Misses Lizzy, Grace and Lou Ella Witt were guests of Misses Jane and Hattie Witt Saturday night and Sunday.

Gilbert Masters bought a new foot boat from Joe Hackworth for \$110.

Mrs. Eliza Johnson, of Lower Bend, visited relatives and friends here, last week.

Mrs. Ella Gould sold two hogs to Messrs. W. L. Witt and Sidney Richardson for \$22.

Mrs. Eliza J. Witt, widow of Weeden Witt, is very ill and not expected to recover; she had a stroke of paralysis some time ago.

Uncle Joe Gentry, of Union City, wa in this section Saturday.

George Richardson left last week for Saybrook, Illinois, where he will visit his sister, Mrs. Ella Barrett.

MOUTH OF FOUR MILE.

J. D. Hukle sold a horse for \$57.50 to Mr. Eads, at Ford.

John D. Wilcox bought a cow in Winchester Monday for \$28.

J. D. Hukle has rented the George McKinney farm this year.

Ellis Williams is moving to Renick Station, this week.

Miss Burdeaux Ferguson, accompanied by Misses Dessie Stamper and Grace Lenick, of Richmond Normal School, spent from Friday until Monday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Ferguson.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Mitchell gave a pound party Thursday night. All reported a fine time.

TRY A NEWS' WANT ADVERTISEMENT.