OBSERVES NATAL DAY OF LINCOLN

Detroit Honors Memory of Martyred President With Many Programs.

GEORGE P. GOODALE TELLS HOW HE MET PRESIDENT

Dramatic Critic Delivers Reminiscent Address to Cass T. H. S. Students.

All Detroit celebrated or observed in some manner or other Lincoln's birthday. Many homes were represented by the younger members of the household at the exercises held in the various schools. The theaters drew their holiday crowds. At the G. A. R. building on Grand River avenue a special program was conducted. The Lincoln birthday celebration this year was really a two-day observance, for many of the pastors of the leading churches paid tribute to the memory of the martyred president on Sunday.

Lincoln's birthday was observed at the Cass Technical High school by means of a remarkable narrative rendered by George P. Goodale. One distinguished dramatic critic, Mr. Goodale is an old-time friend of the principal of the school, Benjamin F. Comfort, and consented to give his experience that happened 50 years ago this month. Pentecost, when he was a soldier-boy, and personally appealed to President Lincoln for a furlough to take home to their native village in New York state the remains of his dead school chum and comrade in arms, Jerome Hinton.

He held the young students in perfect rapture with the recital of the story, "How I Met Abraham Lincoln:"

"It is a very old truism that the greatest are ever the simplest. A striking exemplification of this is my one interview with Abraham Lincoln. It occurred on February 6, 1865. I was a youngster of 18 in one of the New York regiments that lay on Meridian Hill in Washington during that portentous winter of 1864-65, which immediately preceded the disastrous campaign on the Virginia peninsula—the campaign that ended in the seige of Yorktown, the evacuation of that stronghold on May 4, the pursuit of the retreating army to Williamsburg, the fight there on the fifth and the later horrors of Fair Oaks, Savage's Station and White House, to say nothing of the nation's heartbreak over the deplorable end of that series of conflicts and of the sinking of hopes by the union forces at Turkey Bend.

His Comrade Dies.

"Early in February of that year one of my comrades died. We had not then been afield, and, therefore, were not inured to the horrors of war on which the land subsequently was gorged. Death was still regarded by us as a thing of tremendous moment—much as it was and is regarded in remote and rural communities where the visitation of the king is infrequent. Our comrade had sickened early in the winter. The surgeons did not seem to know what was the matter with him, and looked on in a helpless way while he faded visibly day by day. Later we knew that sheer melancholy—homesickness nostalgia, as the medical terminology has it—was the malady that carried off the pride of our company. Most of us who shed any tears over the event felt our grief accentuated and ourselves wrenstricken by the mystery with which we associated death without physical disease.

"Jerome Hinton was his name, and a fine, athletic lad he was, of whom I had hoped great things, and on whose prospective prowess in battle, we had builded many a boyish romance. He and I had been schoolfellows in the grandoll years immediately preceding the outburst of civil war, and our gentle-hearted captain, taking special cognizance of that fact, detailed me to escort the remains home to the little village in western New York, where both of us were reared.

Obtains a Furlough.

"A furlough was obtained for me after much manipulation of red tape, and, together with the remains of young Hinton in a flag-covered casket, I was escorted to the camp lines by a squad of men with arms reversed and all the honors incidental to such occasions. An express train was boarded at Washington, my charge to the railway station and I followed on foot in ample time for the train that was to bear me and it northward. I was in uniform and wore side arms, and notwithstanding the depressing nature of my mission, I somehow felt a swelling sense of individual importance to the cause of which that uniform and those superfluous and rather theatrical side arms were insignia. By pride angels have fallen; so when the impassive sentinel who stood at the iron gate of the station refused to let me pass without an examination of my credentials I were with a sudden collapse of the self-importance that up to that moment had enabled me to bear my grief with becoming fortitude.

"Perhaps you may ask why. It is easy now to answer; but though 50 years have passed since that hour, I vividly recall the dismay that seized me when, on putting my hand in my pocket, I looked for the furlough. I learned that I had been despoiled of it.

Tells Him Situation.

"The incredulous and unsympathetic Cerberus at the gate cast upon a cold look of suspicion at me and called the officer of the guard. Good heavens! What was to be done? The officer questioned me and I told him in as direct phrase as I could then muster, the exact situation.

"'Well, my lad,' he said 'you will have to get a duplicate furlough before you can pass here. What is your regiment?'

"I gave him detailed information and he permitted me to leave on my way back to camp, as I then intended, without escort or further detention.

"I had not gone 100 yards on that countermarch when I was seized by an inspiration.

"Why not lay the case before the president of the United States?

"Abraham Lincoln's kindness to the soldiers had already become proverbial; and even supposing he were to refuse me, my offense, or misfortune, could hardly subject me to countermarching, string to tight tension by the impulse, I broke into double-time and duly found myself at the White House gate.

"A big-framed attendant in a swallow-tail coat met me at the entrance. With all the dignity I could effort at composure, that I wanted to see the president.

"The preposterous character of my proposal nearly upset him. He recovered, however, and with a half smile half pitying superiority, waved me aside. But then I was not experienced enough to recognize defeat when it stared me in the face. That big menial should not whistle me down the wind with such airy ease. Somehow or other my battle with the president was of superlative importance, and that I must see him at once. Of etiquette, convention, usage, rules, everything in the nature of an obstacle, must stand aside. I will be heard at the president's ear. Emotion and the unthinking audacity of youth must have crowded me to the point of eloquence, I think, for the big man's lines relaxed with visible deportment was softened. I told my story