

EMMA GOLDMAN.

"Queen of Anarchists," Arrested in Chicago.

SHE IS INDIFFERENT.

She Says She Knows Nothing About the Assassin or Assassination of the President.

Emma Goldman, the anarchist queen, under whose red banner Leon Czolgosz claims he stands, whose words he claims fired his heart and his brain to attempt the assassination of the president, was arrested in Chicago, on Wednesday of last week.

She disclaimed all but the slightest acquaintance with the president's assassin; she denied absolutely that she or anarchists she knew were implicated in any plot to kill the president.

She said she believed Czolgosz acted entirely on his own responsibility and that he never claimed to have been inspired by her, as he is quoted as affirming.

The president, she averred with a yawn, was an insignificant being to her, a mere human being whose life or death were matters of supreme indifference to her or to any anarchist. Czolgosz's act was foolish, she declared, it probably had its inspiration in the misery which the Pole had seen about him.

Volonoo, she said, was not a tonet in the face of the anarchist and she had not advocated it in Cleveland, where Czolgosz had said he heard her, nor elsewhere.

Miss Goldman arrived in Chicago from St. Louis. Her immunity from arrest while in the Missouri metropolis and up to Wednesday in Chicago afforded her much amusement. She to in sentences punctuated with laughter of her capture. In her conversation with reporters—and she talked with them at length twice during the day—the excitement she was laboring under was suppressed and only once did she break down completely. This was when Captain Schuetzler led her from the office of Chief of Police O'Neill to the cab which was waiting to convey her to the woman's annex at the Harrison street police station. For a moment she became a woman pure and simple and her eyes were filled with an exhibition of distress as ever, and when she put her foot on the step to mount into the carriage she was again Emma Goldman, the "high priestess of anarchy," as she has been styled by her followers.

She said her purpose in going to St. Louis was to assist the prisoners who were arrested there several days ago. She had intended to give herself up to the police, but delayed it for one reason and for another, until the police had derided so much had she the matter in their own hands.

"Who did I think when you heard that an attempt to kill the president had been made?" the woman was asked.

With a wave of her hands and another shrug of the shoulders she answered disdainfully:

"The thought of the fool!"

The prisoner had been crowded more and more excited, although she made an evident effort to control herself. In this she finally succeeded and launched into a discourse of the teachings of anarchy. She declared that anarchy did not teach men to do the evil which she made Czolgosz do and despised and hated the world over.

"We work against the system and education is our watchword," she said.

"It was early last July when I came to Chicago to visit the Isaak's family, she continued, in answer to an interrogation concerning her whereabouts recently. "On the night of July 12, Isaak was out of the house. The bell rang and I went to the door. The man, who I learn through the newspapers was Czolgosz, stood there. He wanted to see me. I was about to catch the Nickel Plate train as I and Mr. Isaak's daughter were about to go to Rochester. He went alone to the Rock Island dock, where he met me, but I was busy taking leave of my friends that I scarcely noticed him. It was not a time when one would want to make new friends. At the depot I had the few words with him of which I have told. That was all there ever was between us."

"I am an anarchist—a student of socialism; but, nothing in anything I ever said to Leon Czolgosz knowingly would have led him to do the act which started everybody Friday."

"Not even in your lectures? He says your words were his brain on fire," asked the interviewer.

"Am I accountable because some cracked brain person put a wrong construction on my words? Leon Czolgosz I am convinced, planned the deed unaided and entirely alone. There is no anarchist ring which would help him. There may be anarchists who would murder, but there also are men in every walk of life who sometimes feel the impulse to kill. I do not know surely, but I think Czolgosz was one of those down-trodden men who see all the misery which the rich inflict upon the poor; who think of it, who brood over it and then, in despair, resolve to strike a great blow, as they think, for the good of their fellow men. But that is not anarchy. Czolgosz may have been inspired by me; but if he was he took the wrong way of showing it."

The anarchist lecturer wore a white shirt waist of fine material, a dark blue sash, patent leather boots and a straw hat encircled by a dotted veil. She took her chair in the middle of the room and faced the little group of inquirers with an air of confidence. Beside her sat Captain Schuetzler, broad-shouldered and quiet. In front of her were the chief of police and Mayor Harrison. Captain Collier stood back in a corner with Fire Chief Musham.

When the interview was over Captain Collier, chief of detectives, served a warrant on Miss Goldman charging her with conspiracy to murder the president. The warrant was sworn to by Captain Collier. It gives as her co-conspirators Abraham Isaak, Maurice Isaak, Clarence Fleischer, Hippolyte

RULED HIM OUT.

Admiral Howison Dropped from the Schley Court

BY THE OTHER MEMBERS.

Schley's Keen Lawyer Finally Cornered Howison Into Admission of Set Views on Important Point.

The Schley court of inquiry assembled in Washington on Thursday, and within three hours from the time of convening announced that Rear Admiral Howison was disqualified from serving as a member of the court and was excused from further duty. This brought proceeding to an abrupt termination and caused a temporary adjournment of the court in order to permit the navy department to designate an officer to succeed Admiral Howison. No further session is probable until the early part of next week. It had been expected that little official business would be accomplished on the opening day, and the prompt decision as to Admiral Howison came somewhat as a surprise.

Intense interest appeared to be taken by the public in the proceedings and though it was known that only a very limited number of persons would be admitted to the court, a large crowd was assembled at the court room Thursday morning to witness the coming and going of the prominent naval officers who were to take part in the proceedings. They came unannounced and unheralded, and until the full dress uniforms had been donned at quarter past the hour for the actual sessions of the court, there was little to lend dramatic interest to the occasion. Admiral Dowe and Admiral Schley naturally were the prominent figures in popular interest. The former is a reporter, a man of letters, a writer of articles, including Hon. Jere Wilson, Attorney General, Ishidor Raynor of Maryland and Capt. James Parker, with Mr. Teague acting as advisory counsel. The German naval attaché, Capt. Rebour-Paehwitz, occupied the seats in the public area and the number of seats in the public area present was noteworthy.

A salute of 17 guns in honor of the admiral of the navy marked the opening of the proceedings at 1 o'clock. The usual formalities on the opening of the court were transacted with dispatch. The prayer was read by the admiral, Schley rising to open the proceedings in a strong voice, calmly and deliberately, challenging Admiral Howison's eligibility as a member of the court. Three witnesses were brought forward in support of his challenge, namely, Francis B. Frost, William E. Spooner and Rear Admiral Nicholson. They gave very positive testimony as to the expressions they had heard Admiral Howison make, favorable to Admiral Sampson and unfavorable to Admiral Schley. Mr. Frost testified to a statement Admiral Howison had made to him at Annapolis while the witness was seeking work as a reporter. The admiral's remarks made while he and the admiral were journeying back to this country from Europe on a trans-Atlantic steamer, and Mr. Nicholson's conversation occurred during a business call at Admiral Howison's private residence in Washington. The question of whether the statements made by the witnesses, or would rest upon his privilege to withhold any answer until he chooses to submit it. The admiral met the issue by turning at once to Admiral Dowe and asking him to make a statement in written rejoinder to the statements made by the three witnesses. This rejoinder he prepared very speedily. While conceding the accuracy of some points in the evidence it threw considerable doubt on other points and disclaimed any knowledge of the talks said to have taken place on the trans-Atlantic steamer. It was not sufficient, however, to counteract the very direct testimony given by the three witnesses and moreover the admiral himself, in concluding his statement, indicated plainly that he had no desire to remain in obedience to orders. He even appealed to his associates on the court to decide all doubtful questions as to his eligibility in favor of Admiral Schley.

Before submitting his challenge to the determination of the court Mr. Raynor cross-examined Admiral Howison very minutely as to his personal sentiments toward the admiral, Schley and Admiral Sampson. Admiral Howison had expressed certain definite convictions as to Admiral Sampson's retention of authority and responsibility, even while he was absent temporarily from the fleet at San Diego. The court, which at the time was composed of the admiral, Schley, Dowe and Rear Admiral Bonham, passed upon. After hardly more than 15 minutes spent in retirement to the consultation room Admiral Dowe briefly announced that the court sustained the challenge and that Admiral Howison would be excused from further attendance. The decision came so quickly and unexpectedly that it sent a flutter of agitation throughout the court room. There was a buzz of animated comment, and Admiral Schley exchanged looks of satisfaction with his counsel, Admiral Dowe then at once closed the proceedings of the day by announcing that the court would adjourn indefinitely until the navy department had named an officer to succeed Admiral Howison.

Have They Struck Oil?

Lake City was Thursday the scene of the greatest excitement since the burning of the negro postmaster Baker. An arctician well bore, while boring on the lot in the residential portion of the town, is reported to have struck oil and coal in good quantities at a depth of 65 feet. What is said to be anthracite coal was forced up almost as large in size as guinea eggs and the fluid accompanying it is said to "smell and burn exactly like kerosene." The find is the property of A. N. Sutcliffe, an Atlanta Coast-Dine station master.

Spanish War "Veterans"

The Spanish war veterans are to hold a second reunion in Columbus during the fair week, and a banquet will be given on the night of October 30. Members of the First and Second Regiments and the Heavy Artillery will participate.

A GREAT NATION MOURNS.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S BRAVE BATTLE AGAINST DEATH ENDS EARLY SATURDAY MORNING.

Pathetic Scenes in the Last Hour

Of the Beloved Man and Magistrate. Death Caused by Heart Failure. The Wound Was Progressing Favorably When Heart Failure Set in.

A dispatch from Buffalo, where the President lies at the home of President Milburn, of the Exposition Company, says President McKinley expired at 7 o'clock Friday morning. The physicians administered restoratives, but they had no effect, and at three o'clock the Associated Press was authorized to say that President McKinley was critically ill.

About three o'clock Friday morning the following was issued by the President's physicians: "The president's condition is very serious and gives rise to the gravest apprehension. His bowels have moved well, but his heart does not respond properly to stimulation. He is unconscious. The skin is warm and the pulse small, regular, easily compressed, and 120; respiration 30; temperature 100.5."

A bulletin issued at twenty-five after three o'clock Friday morning said "the president is so weak that he does not apparently suffer much. Strychnine, digitalis and other powerful heart stimulants don't produce effect and the worst is feared. His death may occur any time from heart exhaustion. Mrs. McKinley has not yet been informed of the change for the worse."

Dr. Mann at four o'clock said the President rallied some, but immediately came the unwelcome news that the President had expired. At 4:15 Secretary Cortelyou and Mr. Milburn emerged from the house and walked up the sidewalk inside the roped enclosure. Secretary Cortelyou said the president was resting, that four physicians were in the sick chamber, but he offered little in the way of encouragement.

HE IS DEAD.

President McKinley died at 2:10 p. m. Thursday morning. He had been unconscious since 7:30 p. m. His last conscious hour on earth was spent with the wife to whom he devoted a lifetime of care. He died unattended by a minister of the gospel, but his last words were a humble submission to the will of the God in whom he believed. He was reconciled to the cruel fate to which an assassin's bullet had condemned him, and faced death in the same spirit of calmness and poise which has marked his long and honorable career. His last conscious words, reduced to writing by Dr. Mann, who stood at his bedside when they were uttered, were as follows:

"Good-bye, all good-bye. It's God's way. His will be done."

His relatives, and members of the official family, were at the Milburn house, except Secretary Wilson, who did not avail himself of the opportunity, and some of his personal and political friends who took leave of him. This painful ceremony was simple. His friends came to the door of the sick room, took a longing glance at him, and turned away. He was lying practically unconscious. During this time the headwaiters of all the leading hotels, including Ochsens, were employed to restore him to consciousness for his final parting with his wife. He asked for her, and she sat at his bedside and held his hand. He consoled her and bade her good-bye. She went through the heart-trying scene with the same bravery and fortitude with which she has borne the grief of the tragedy which has ended his life.

The immediate cause of the president's death is undetermined. His physicians disagree, and it will possibly require an autopsy to fix the exact cause. The president's remains will be taken to Washington, and there will be a State funeral. Vice President Roosevelt, who now succeeds to the presidency, may take the oath of office wherever he happens to hear the news. The cabinet will, of course resign in a body, and President Roosevelt will have an opportunity of forming a new cabinet, if so desired.

The rage of the people of Buffalo against the president's assassin, when they learned that he was dying, was boundless. Thousands surrounded the jail, and the entire police force of the city and two regiments of militia were utilized to insure his protection.

HOW THE END CAME.

The Good Man Died With a Hymn on His Lips.

As stated above President McKinley began to sink shortly after two o'clock Friday morning after a critical period of 12 hours, in which alarm and hope mingled in the emotions of those who surrounded him.

As the telegraph instruments rattled away with their forlorn notes early Friday morning the hastily aroused physicians began arriving. An automobile, raising at top speed, brought Dr. Mynter first. He did not stop to speak, but rushed into the house. Dr. Mann came almost on his heels, and he too ran down the street. Neither stopped for a word as they rushed into the house. After them came Abner McKinley, pale and agitated. He had left the house scarcely two hours before, and had departed with the assurance that the tide had turned in the case of his distinguished brother. He had been aroused from slumber by a messenger who told him to come at once.

IN THE WRONG PEW.

Mrs. W. H. Felton, of Georgia, Talks Right Out.

SOUTHERN METHODISTS Forced to Hear Some Unpleasant Things Said About Their Section and Its People.

Understanding as I do the excessive bitterness of many English people towards the south, I watched with considerable interest for the first discussion at the Ecumenical council attended by the followers of John Wesley from all over the civilized world. This Ecumenical council is now in session in the city of London. The meetings are held in a building which is intimately associated with the active work of Rev. John Wesley during his noted career.

To this spot the hundreds of delegates were attracted and a program had been arranged covering every hour of the entire session of ten days or two weeks.

Some Georgians are supposed to be present and Bishop Gallaway preached the opening sermon by invitation of the committee on program. He is a southern Methodist bishop.

So far so good. Bishop Gallaway preached in a fervent manner, and a few hours later a negro bishop from the state of New Jersey took occasion to pronounce the southern states as favoring lynchers and persecuting negroes. This negro bishop from New Jersey declared that ninety negroes were lynched in the southern states during the year 1900, and only eleven were found guilty of assault on the persons of white women.

The Britons cheered the negro bishop to the echo and it is reported that a good many southern delegates left the building in disgust.

With the lights before me I respectfully assume that the southern members found themselves in the wrong pew, and unless there is outrage enough uncovered in the southern delegation to tell in detail of the Leavenworth affair, the Akron massacre and the host of dozens of other localities in the north and west to negroes, I here declare that our southern delegates would do well to shake off the dust of London and leave the negro bishop and British negrohoppers to close communion and racial sympathy without uttering another word in that presence.

Those who only rejoice in negro bishops, may of course endure the kicking exercise, but I protest they have ceased to be representative men from Southern Methodist church if they fail to reply in strong words to the New Jersey negro, whose pose as a bishop, before the Ecumenical council, is a disgrace.

The story told by the negro bishop as to the number of rapists as before stated, is a palpable mistake, to speak respectfully of his utterances. Such speakers as this negro bishop are among the informers who have "padded" the reports of the Howard association of London with falsehoods of every magnitude in regard to the excessive brutality of the southern white men of our country towards the southern negroes.

And it is such cunning, crafty propagandists who withhold all mention of the burning alive of negro rapists in northern and western states.

The same crime brings the same punishment wherever white men are brave enough to protect their own women from violence and rapine. And I measure my words in the sight of heaven, and in hearing of the Ecumenical council, if need be; when I say it is a sorry wretch, unworthy of the name that will venture to punish the black fiend with quietude and lenient rate punishment that has thus destroyed his innocent daughter or wife on the public highway or in her own home.

It makes every drop of blood in my anatomy tingle with indignation to hear of these apologetes for rape fiends, on this or on the other side of the Atlantic ocean.

It passes understanding that the rapist's victim finds no sympathy among such so-called religionists as cheered the negro bishop over yonder in the city of London.

Woman as I am, I'd tell that crowd of pietists a few wholesome truths in the presence of the entire body of delegates, or I'd stab my hands of the convicts, and send them to the gallows quicker than you could say "Jack Robinson."

I'd tell the story of the Georgia woman, well educated, the happy wife and mother of four children, in her own home, at ease with all the world and trying to do her duty as a wife and mother, who was outraged for hours beside her wretched, bloody body of her murdered husband, in the presence of her own young daughters, and I would ask that Ecumenical council to name the punishment that would meet the indignity and inhumanity of the situation. They should attempt to follow us to London would not be big enough to hold us together in a so-called meeting of preachers and official laymen of the Methodist followers of John Wesley.

After their applause of the words of the negro bishop, that body of Methodists should hear the truth in plain language, or southern delegates should never attempt to follow us to London with such a gang of fakirs and frauds, masquerading in the garb of religious followers of John Wesley.

I am no apologist for any of the evils of slavery, but I am the defender of innocence and virtue. I do contend that the wrong inflicted on the innocent woman by a black fiend that pursues her like a canine with rabid ferocity is no lighter punishment than such a mad dog would get when overtaken.

Such a fiend has no claim to respect or pity, in my opinion, and when identified such an unhumanized brute should not be allowed to infest a civilized community a minute longer than indignantly relatives and friends could dispatch him.

I grant you that mistakes are possible; where identification is not assured, but when the suspected rapist confesses his guilt and the victim is satisfied an

THE WHOLE CITY WAS AROUSED.

The Buffalo papers all had extras with the sad intelligence of the president's demise on the streets at daylight.

One paper announced that the president was dying. The result was that the whole city was thoroughly aroused and alarmed early.

Another hurried visitor was Dr. Williams, whose arrival completed the circle of physicians; another was Mrs. McWilliams, the friend of Mrs. McKinley.

Secretary Wilson and Secretary Hitchcock, in grief at the peril of their chief, arrived within a few moments. Neither knew the true state of the president at that moment, and in silent prayer they quickly entered the house.

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They stood at the ropes, far down the intersecting streets, and waited for the appearance of the president's bulletins.

They had learned by word of mouth from the sentries of the president's quarters and critical condition.

All the sad household, only the wife did not know the truth. She was surprised that Mr. McKinley was so weak, for she was told that it would be better for her not to enter the sick chamber. She assented, but it was with a look of mute appeal in her eyes.

The president himself seemed to realize that his life hung by a thread. Friday morning he lay in bed, his eyes closed, and the nurse sought to keep him from seeing the light, he murmured feeble protest. "It is so beautiful," he said, "the trees are so beautiful, the birds are so beautiful."

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TO IDENTIFY, WHICH SHOULD BE REQUIRED, I AM QUITE AS WILLING TO TRUST A JURY OF A HUNDRED CITIZENS IN THE WOODS AS A DOZEN IN THE COURTHOUSE.

Methodist Began that their braudlin of innocent Boers in South Africa reminds me of straining at gnats and swallowing camels, and if they needed a Bible quotation or illustration, I'd tell them the story of the ill-fated woman whose lifeless hands lay "upon the threshold" and whose mangled and outraged body was out in twelve pieces together with her bonds and sent throughout the "coasts of Israel" because no such foul deed of rape and violence had ever been known or seen among the children of Israel from the time their departure from Egypt into the day that the outrage upon helpless womanhood was thus perpetrated, and "all the children of Israel rose up as one man, saying, 'We will not any of us go to his tent, neither will we see this wrong as though it were nothing.' These indignities relatively unengaged womanhood went before the Lord and asked Him, 'Shall I go up to battle against the children of Benjamin, my brother?' to exterminate the 'men of every city, as the beast and set on fire all the cities we came to.'"

The Lord answered Israel, "Go up against him."

Read the twenty-second chapter of the Book of Judges and the chapter preceding for the facts here given. The pursuers gave the rapist the treatment they gave to obnoxious beasts, and one Jephthah "Go up against him."

The spirit of the Jewish violence and the epidemic of lynchings which is so much more intolerable to the citizens of America, in the north, east, south and west, has been fanned into a blaze by the sniffling, snarling self-righteous Focksmitts attending the Ecumenical council in London. Let them embrace the rapist in his arms, let them be natural and their understanding, but I contend that southern Methodists in good standing at home are now finding themselves in the wrong pew.—By Mrs. W. H. Felton in Atlanta Journal.

A BOSTON MAN'S PRIDE

And How It Met With a Great Fall.

A fall has been taken out of one Robert Treat Paine, of Boston, in a way that merits applause and it was handed a gentleman by a man bearing the same name who resides in New York.

It is common in this age of familiarity of things that men to have their letters mixed and it was just such an occurrence that Paine, of Boston, discovered to his sorrow that there lived another Paine in New York. It seems the New York man got some of the Boston man's letters, and seeing that they were intended for another gentleman he was anxious to return them. "Please find enclosed letters supposed by me to be mine. For your own convenience, kindly notify persons sending money to you of your proper address."

The man from the Hub was angered, not only because the letters were mixed but because there was a man bearing the same name. He sent the following reply to New York:

"Your letter with the enclosure has been received by me. I hope you will allow me to express sincere regret that you should bear the name that by right of lineage belongs to an ancestor of mine in Boston. There is no Paine here, not descendant of Robert Treat Paine, signer of the Declaration of Independence, who was the first to bear that name. If the name was given to you out of honor to the signer, I think such practice should not receive the sanction of any thoughtful person."

Plain Mr. Robert Treat Paine of New York was surprised at the tone of the letter written by Mr. Robert Treat Paine, of Boston, so he wrote him a section that seems to fit the case exactly:

"Your remarkable letter has been received by me and for the reason that it is impossible to stop the Bray of the donkey without killing the ass, I will allow you to express your sincere regret. The family to which I have the honor to belong existed long before the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and your statement that the signature of the first to bear the name suggests thoughts as to his antecedents. I have never been sufficiently interested to trace up my genealogical tree, and certainly I shall not do it now, lest I might find that one of its withered branches reached out to you."

So the Boston man doubtless realizes by this time that there are others, even Robert Treat Paine.

Want Him Lynched.

The people of the north, even that northern press and pulpit, seem willing to admit that "there are some crimes which would seem to justify lynching on the spot." Such a crime they consider the ruthless shooting of so noble a man as the nation's chief executive. As revolting as it really is, can it be considered more revolting than the assault and murder of a woman by a black fiend? If the cowardly shooting of a president can so arouse people as to call forth sentiment in justification of lynching, what in the name of heaven must be the frenzy of the neighbors when they find some innocent wife and mother old in death, with perhaps, her helpless infant lying beside her in a pool of its mother's blood, and a few of his contributions for the maintenance of the school. In the latter part of last month he made a trip through the Adirondack region, and he encountered so much race prejudice that he had difficulty in securing food and shelter. He told a San reporter that he would not go through the same physical hardship, not to mention the personal indignities that were heaped upon him and his companions, for a great deal of money.

No Place for Him.

Prof. James H. Torbert, the assistant principal of the Fort Valley, Ga., High and Industrial Colored School, had a rough time up North recently and came home disgusted. Prof. Torbert has been the habit of making trips through the North each summer, to solicit contributions for the maintenance of the school. In the latter part of last month he made a trip through the Adirondack region, and he encountered so much race prejudice that he had difficulty in securing food and shelter. He told a San reporter that he would not go through the same physical hardship, not to mention the personal indignities that were heaped upon him and his companions, for a great deal of money.

Bryan on Kansas City Platform.

In a letter to Geo. W. Harris, president of the Bryan Trust, Mr. Harris at work Thursday on top of one of the furnaces of the Bloss-Shipfield Steel and Iron company, fall to the ground, a distance of 77 feet. Instead of the man being dashed to pieces, as those standing by expected, he arose and although suffering from severe injuries, was able to walk to the ambulance to be conveyed to the hospital. He broke his fall by grabbing hold of a number of ropes in his downward fall.

Murder and Suicide.

Paul Muller, of New York, the drug clerk, who shot his sister, Johanna Muller, at the home of Gar Opperman, in Union Square Saturday night and then attempted suicide, died in the New York hospital. Muller fired two shots at his sister because she refused to go to his home in New York and take care of his two children. Then he cut the arteries in his wrists and thrust a carving knife in his right breast. Miss Muller's condition is serious. She was shot through the left shoulder, and the bullet has not been found.

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A Close Call.

A special dispatch to the Atlanta Journal from Birmingham, Ala., says William Hunter, a brick mason, while at work Thursday on top of one of the furnaces of the Bloss-Shipfield Steel and Iron company, fall to the ground, a distance of 77 feet. Instead of the man being dashed to pieces, as those standing by expected, he arose and although suffering from severe injuries, was able to walk to the ambulance to be conveyed to the hospital. He broke his fall by grabbing hold of a number of ropes in his downward fall.

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A Close Call.

A special dispatch to the Atlanta Journal from Birmingham, Ala., says William Hunter, a brick mason, while at work Thursday on top of one of the furnaces of the Bloss-Shipfield Steel and Iron company, fall to the ground, a distance of 77 feet. Instead of the man being dashed to pieces, as those standing by expected, he arose and although suffering from severe injuries, was able to walk to the ambulance to be conveyed to the hospital. He broke his fall by grabbing hold of a number of ropes in his downward fall.

Murder and Suicide.

Paul Muller, of New York, the drug clerk, who shot his sister, Johanna Muller, at the home of Gar Opperman, in Union Square Saturday night and then attempted suicide, died in the New York hospital. Muller fired two shots at his sister because she refused to go to his home in New York and take care of his two children. Then he cut the arteries in his wrists and thrust a carving knife in his right breast. Miss Muller's condition is serious. She was shot through the left shoulder, and the bullet has not been