

NATION'S LAST TRIBUTE

State Funeral of the Stricken Chief Magistrate.

THRONGS SEE CORTEGE PASS.

Ceremonies in Rotunda of Capitol Are Most Impressive.

SOMBER DAY FITS OCCASION.

All Lands Join in Paying Honor to the Executive Whom They Respected. Dead President Begins Journey to Last Resting Place at Canton.

Washington, Sept. 18.—All the earthly remains of William McKinley speed toward his last resting place in Canton, O., after the nation had officially and with state ceremony paid its tribute of respect and love to the memory of its stricken chief magistrate. This was almost the closing act in the awful tragedy which has drenched the civilized world in tears. Beneath the white dome of the capitol funeral services of state were held yesterday over the remains of the dead president. It was eminently fitting that the services should be conducted in that beautiful rotunda, hallowed by the history of last sad rites of two other martyrs to the cause of the republic. As befitted the occasion and the character of the man whose body was lying cold and rigid near, the services were simple. They were conducted in accordance with the rites of the Methodist Episcopal church, of which President McKinley was a life-long member. Consisting of only two hymns, a song, a prayer, an address and a benediction, they were beautiful and solemnly impressive. Gathered around the bier were representatives of every phase of American national life, including the president and the only surviving ex-president, and the representatives of this capital of almost every nation on earth. Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy and Spain and all the republics to the southward of the United States mingled their tears with those of the American people.

In the Rotunda. Despite the fact that no attempt had been made to decorate the interior of the rotunda, beyond the arrangements made about the catafalque, the passage presented a memorable black. The somber black of the civilians was splashed with the blue and gold of the army and the navy, and the court costumes of the diplomatic corps. As the sweet notes of President McKinley's favorite hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," floated through the great rotunda the assemblage rose to its feet. Bared heads were bowed and eyes streamed with tears. At the conclusion of the hymn, as Rev. Dr. Naylor, presiding elder of the Washington district, rose to offer prayer, the hush that fell upon the people was profound. When, in conclusion, he repeated the Lord's prayer, the great audience joined with him. The murmur of their voices resembled nothing less than the roll of far distant surf.

Scarcely had the word Amen been breathed when the liquid tone of that sweetly pleading song, "Some Time We'll Understand," went straight to the heart of every auditor. The solo was sung by Mrs. Thomas Noyes of this city, and the beautiful refrain was echoed and re-echoed by the double quartet choir. The venerable bishop, Edwin G. Andrews of Ohio, the oldest bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church, then took his position at the head of the bier. A gentle breeze stirred the delicate blooms which lay on the coffin and the "peace that passeth all understanding" seemed to rest on the venerable man's countenance as he began his eulogy of the life and works of William McKinley. His words were simple, but his whole heart was in every one of them. His tribute to the Christian fortitude of the dead president was impressive. Upon the conclusion of the sermon, the audience, as if by prearrangement, joined the choir in singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee." All present seemed imbued with a sentiment of hallowed resignation as the divine blessing was asked by the Rev. W. H. Chapman, acting pastor of the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal church, upon the living and the dead. Mrs. McKinley, bereft of husband and prostrated by her overwhelming sorrow, did not attend the services at the capitol. It was deemed wise by those now nearest and dearest to her that she should not undergo the ordeal her attendance would entail on her. She remained at the white house, comforted by every attention that loving thoughtfulness could suggest.

Day Fits the Occasion. The day dawned gray and dreary. The sky was overcast with low flying clouds. Nature itself seemed to be in mourning for the nation's dead. As the hours passed dashes of rain fell at intervals, but despite this discomfort, tens of thousands of sorrowing people appeared early upon the streets. Both sides of Pennsylvania avenue, from the white house to the capitol, were massed with an impenetrable cordon of people, wishing in this way to pay final tribute of love and respect for the dead.

As the funeral cortege, escorted by troops representing every department of the nation's martial service and by representatives of religious and civic organizations, passed down the broad thoroughfare to the solemn notes of the "Dead March from Saul," wailed by the bands, the sorrowing people bared their heads despite the rain and

many tear-stained faces bespoke their griefs more eloquently than words. It was a silent throng. With aching hearts all remembered that only a few months ago the dead president, then in the fullness of life and triumph, had passed along that same thoroughfare to be inaugurated a second time president. The flags that had fluttered greeting to him in March were furled and crepe-bedecked in September. The cheers of spring became the sobs of autumn. Grief had usurped the place of joy. As with solemn and cadenced tread the procession moved down the avenue the people recognized as one of the mourners their former president, Grover Cleveland, who had come to pay his tribute to his successor. They recognized, too, their new president, upon whom responsibilities of chief executive had been thrust so unexpectedly. With silence they greeted him, and with them he mingled his tears in sorrow for the dead.

At the conclusion of the funeral services in the rotunda, the casket lid was removed in order that the immediate friends of the dead president might be afforded the comfort of a last glance at his features, and the people whom he loved and who loved him might pass the bier. At 12:30 the procession began to pass through the rotunda, and during the six hours the body was lying in state it is estimated 55,000 persons viewed the remains.

Many Injured in Crush. Just at 11 o'clock a frightful calamity was narrowly averted at the east front of the capitol. For hours the vast throng of people had been massed in front of the capitol, awaiting an opportunity to enter the rotunda. When the doors were opened tens of thousands of people rushed frantically to the staircase. Police and military guards were swept aside and in almost a twinkling there was a crush at the foot of the great staircase. The immense throng swept backward and forward like the surging of a mighty sea. Women and children, a few of the latter babes in arms, were caught in the crowd and many were badly hurt. Strong men held children and even women high above the heads of the surging crowd to protect them from bodily injury. Despite the efforts of the police and military and cooler heads in the throng, probably 100 persons were injured. Some of the more seriously hurt were carried into the rotunda, where first aid treatment was given them. A number were hurried to hospitals, but the majority were either taken to or subsequently sent unassisted to their homes. After the crush had been abated upon the staircase and plaza, in front of it were found tattered pieces of men's and women's wearing apparel of all kinds, crushed hats, gloves and even shoes, watches, pocketbooks, keys and knives were picked up.

When the remains of the dead president were finally closed forever to the view of Washington people the cavalry escort was again formed and conveyed them to the special train, which is now carrying the body to Canton.

The magnificent display of floral tributes, numbering no less than 125 pieces, and making the most remarkable floral tribute ever seen here, were taken to the station from the capitol in carriages and wagons and there placed aboard a special car, which had been provided for them. Three sections, comprising in all 20 passenger coaches, were necessary to accommodate all those who accepted invitations to make the journey to Canton.

CZOLGOSZ SILENT IN COURT.

Prisoner Refuses to Plead When Arraigned—Crowds Hiss Assassin. Buffalo, Sept. 18.—Leon F. Czolgosz, the assassin of President McKinley, was arraigned before Judge Edward K. Emery in the county court yesterday on the indictment of murder in the first degree. Again the stubborn prisoner refused to plead or even to utter a word or sound and the Hon. Loran L. Lewis, ex-supreme court justice, entered a plea of not guilty. The accused will be tried in the supreme court next Monday morning.

Crowds flocked to the city hall to see the prisoner and the most notable incident of the day was the hissing of the prisoner by the crowds who surged around him as he was being escorted down the stairs, which were still draped in mourning garb. The strong guard of patrolmen and deputy sheriffs had been dispensed with, so that the people were able to get nearer the prisoner as he passed to and from the court room. Czolgosz's appearance was that of a man shamming insanity.

CANTON AWAITS REMAINS.

Home Town of Dead President is Shrouded in Black.

Canton, O., Sept. 18.—Canton is ready for the last home-coming of William McKinley. In other days she has welcomed him with cheers, with waving banners and triumphal marches. Today she will receive him in silence, with streets hung with solemn black and with the wailing notes of dirges. The city is shrouded in mourning and so she will remain until the body of her best loved son has been committed to the vault in West Lawn cemetery.

Military and civic organizations are pouring in from the surrounding country and all hotels are crowded with visitors. Business and traffic is to cease during the ceremonies.

Found Hanging by a Halter. Hildreth, Neb., Sept. 18.—Jacob Kiser, a German farmer six miles southeast of Hildreth, committed suicide yesterday by hanging himself in his barn. He climbed up in the loft and after tying one end of a halter to a beam he noosed the rope around his neck and swung himself off a scaffold. He was found dead by his wife

CANTON HAS MARTYR DEAD

Home Town of Wm. McKinley Mourns Departed Statesman.

NEIGHBORS PASS BY THE BIER.

Friends Who Have Known Him So Long View the Body and Casket in Then Closed Forever—Final Sad Scene is Near.

Canton, Sept. 19.—Tenderly and reverently those who had known William McKinley best yesterday received his martyred body into their arms. They had forgotten the illustrious career of the statesman in the loss of a great personal friend who had grown dearer to them with the passing of the years. They hardly noticed the president of the United States or his cabinet or the generals and admirals in their resplendent uniforms. The flag-draped casket which contained the body of their friend and fellow townsman held all their thoughts. He had left them two weeks ago in the full tide of the strength of a glorious manhood, and they had brought him back dead. Anguish was in the hearts of every man, woman and child. The entire population of the little city and thousands from all over Ohio, the full strength of the National



HEARSE BEARING THE NATION'S DEAD CHIEF.

guard of the state, 5,000 men in all, the governor, lieutenant governor and a justice of the supreme court, representing the three branches of the state government, were at the station to receive the remains.

The whole town was in deep black. The only house in all this sorrow-stricken city without a touch of mourning drapery was the old familiar McKinley cottage on North Market street, to which so many distinguished men of the country have made pilgrimages in the times that are gone. There was not even a bow of crepe on the door when the stricken widow was carried by Abner McKinley and Dr. Rixey into it to the darkened home. Only the hitching post at the curb in front of the residence had been swathed in black by the citizens in order that it might conform to the general scheme of mourning decorations that had been adopted.

People File by Loved Chief.

Sad as was the procession which bore the body to the court house, where it lay in state during the afternoon, it could not compare with the infinite sadness of that endless double line of broken hearted people who streamed steadily through the dimly lighted corridors from the time the coffin was opened until it was taken home to the sorrowing widow at nightfall. They stepped softly lest their footfalls wake their friend from his last long sleep. Tears came unbidden to wet the bier. Perhaps it was the great change that had come upon the countenance which moved them more than the sight of the familiar features. The signs of discoloration which appeared upon the brow and cheeks Tuesday at the state ceremonial in the rotunda of the capitol at Washington had deepened. The lips had become livid. All but two of the lights of the chandelier above the head were extinguished in order that the change might appear less noticeable, but every one who viewed the remains remarked the darkened features, and the ghastly lips. When the body was taken away thousands were still in line, and the committee in charge of the arrangements was appealed to to allow a further opportunity today to view the remains before they were taken to the church. But this had to be denied to them, and the casket may never be opened again.

All through the afternoon the crowd passed the catafalque, approximately at the rate of 100 every minute, making in the five hours the body lay in state, a total of 30,000 people.

Funeral Arrangements.

The funeral service will take place today at 1:30 p. m., at the First Methodist Episcopal church, of which the dead president was a communicant and a trustee.

They will be brief, by the expressed wish of the family. Rev. O. B. Milligan, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, in which President and Mrs. McKinley were married 30 years ago, will make the opening prayer. Dr. C. E. Manchester, pastor of the late president's church, will deliver the

only address. A quartette will sing: "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," and another quartette will render "Lead, Kindly Light."

An imposing procession consisting of many of the G. A. R. posts of the state, the National guard, details of regulars from all branches of the service, fraternal, social and civic organizations and representatives of commercial bodies from all over the country, the governors of several states with their staffs, the house and senate of the United States, the cabinet and president of the United States, will follow the remains to Westlawn cemetery, where they will be placed in a receiving vault, awaiting the time when they will be laid in the grave beside the two children who were buried years ago.

Railroad facilities seem inadequate to bring the people who are coming today.

Floral Designs Are Elaborate.

The number and beauty of the floral tributes which are arriving surpass belief. Flowers are literally coming by the ton. The hot houses of the country seem to have been emptied to supply them. The facilities of the little city of Canton are entirely inadequate to care for the thousands who are here, much less the other thousands who are on the way. Although the local committee is doing everything in its power to furnish food and shelter, many of the officials from Washington were compelled to sleep in the cars in which they came. The population of Canton is about 31,000, but it is expected over 100,000 people will be here today.

President Roosevelt and his naval aide, Captain H. Cowles, are at the residence of Mrs. George Harter on Market street. A company of Ohio militia guards the house. During the afternoon the president walked over to the McKinley residence to inquire after Mrs. McKinley. He was informed that she had stood the trip from Washington bravely, but in the opinion of the physician it would not be advisable for her to attempt to attend the services at the church today. She will therefore remain at her home with Dr. Rixey.

The other cabinet officers and the generals and admirals completing the guard of honor, are also at private residences. President Roosevelt and the official party will start back on the return journey to Washington at 7 o'clock tonight.

DENOUNCE ANARCHY.

Mass Meeting of Veterans at Lincoln Adopts Resolutions.

Lincoln, Sept. 19.—At a mass meeting last night, attended by 800 veterans, soldiers of the civil and Spanish wars, resolutions were adopted in denunciation of anarchy; calling on lawmakers to make it treason and condemning "those persons who, by appeals to the prejudices and baser passions of the people, and by teaching discontent and class hatred by falsely representing our government as an empire and our president as an emperor, foster disloyalty and give encouragement to anarchists." The resolutions further condemn those who express sympathy for the Haymarket anarchists and declare the belief that certain metropolitan newspapers are in a measure responsible for the existence of anarchy in this country.

Emma Goldman Allowed Bail.

Chicago, Sept. 19.—Magistrate Prindiville yesterday decided to allow Emma Goldman, the anarchist, her freedom until the case comes up for hearing under bonds of \$20,000. Her attorneys said they had secured \$15,000 and immediately left the court room to seek the additional money necessary. Meanwhile, Miss Goldman was led back to the women's annex at the Harrison street station. She was visibly disappointed at the amount of the bond required.

General Wood Delayed by Washout.

Atlanta, Sept. 19.—General Leonard Wood, who left Tampa yesterday for the north on his way to the president's funeral, was delayed several hours in south Georgia by a washout. He left Savannah for Washington, abandoning the Canton trip.

TELEGRAMS TERSELY TOLD.

James F. Reed, one of the few survivors of the ill-fated Donnor party, which went to California in 1846, died at Santa Cruz Wednesday, aged 61. He was a native of Illinois.

Albert Hincle of Peoria stabbed his wife with a pocket knife Wednesday, inflicting eight wounds from which she soon died. He then attempted to cut his throat, but did not succeed in killing himself.

A head-on collision occurred Wednesday between two freight trains on the Illinois Central near Abbeville, Miss. Both trains were badly wrecked and Jake Gentry, fireman, and two negro brakemen were killed.

A boiler explosion in the electric light plant at Sheldon, Ills., Wednesday, instantly killed Ernest Powelky, manager of the plant, and fatally injured Leonard Snow, a banker, and an unknown insurance man from Chicago.

The old American Turf congress is a thing of the past. Representatives of the seven associations, composing the organization, met in final annual session at Chicago Wednesday and voted to disband the organization, which is superseded by the Western Jockey club.

Valentine Goebel attempted to commit suicide by swallowing laudanum on a westbound Great Northern passenger train Wednesday, near Spokane, Wash. As he was being revived two anarchistic pamphlets containing seditious language were found on his person.

TRAIN REACHES CAPITAL

Body of the President is Borne to Washington.

HALF MILLION SEE THE COFFIN.

Manifestations of Grief Seen All Along Route of the Funeral Train—Heads Reverently Bared as it Passes—Mrs. Kinley is Bearing Up Well.

Washington, Sept. 17.—Through a long lane of bareheaded people stretching from Buffalo up over the Alleghenies down into the broad valley of the Susquehanna and on to the marble city on the banks of the shining Potomac, the nation's martyred president yesterday made his last journey to the seat of the government over which he presided for four and one half years.

The whole country seemed to have drained its population along the sides of the track over which the funeral train passed. The thin lines through the mountains and the sparse settled districts, thickened at the little hamlets, covered acres in towns, suddenly grown to the proportions of respectable cities, and were congested into vast multitudes in the larger cities. Work was suspended in field and mine and city. The schools were dismissed and everywhere appeared the trappings and tokens of woe. A million flags at half-mast dotted the hillside and valley and formed a thicket of color over the cities. And from almost every banner streamed a bit of crepe. The stations were heavy with the black symbols of mourning. At all the larger towns and cities after the train got into Pennsylvania militia-men drawn up at present arms kept back the enormous crowds. The silence with which the countless throngs viewed the remains was oppressive and profound.

Through a Land of Mourning.

Only the rumbling of the train's wheels, the sobs from men and women with tear-stained faces and the doleful tolling of the church bells broke on the ear. At several places the chimes played Cardinal Newman's grand hymn. Taken altogether, the journey home was the most remarkable demonstration of universal personal sorrow since Lincoln was borne to his grave. Everyone of those who came to pay their last tribute to the dead had an opportunity to catch a glimpse of the flag-covered bier elevated to view in the observation car.

There was no other bit of color to catch the eye on this train of death. The locomotive was shrouded in black. The curtains of the car in which were the lonely, stricken widow, the relatives of the president, cabinet and others were drawn. The whole black train was like a shuttered house, save only for that hindmost car, where the body lay, guarded by a soldier of the army and a sailor of the navy. Mrs. McKinley stood the trip bravely. In the morning, soon after leaving Buffalo, she pleaded so earnestly to be allowed to go into the car where her dear one lay that reluctant assent was given and she spent half an hour beside the coffin. All the way the train was preceded about 15 minutes by a pilot engine, sent ahead to test the bridges and switches and prevent the possibility of an accident to the precious burden it carried. Not a wheel moved on the Pennsylvania railroad system 20 minutes before the pilot engine was due, or for the same length of time after the train had passed. General Superintendent J. B. Hutchinson had sent out explicit instructions covering every detail. The order concluded: "Every precaution must be taken by all employees to make this move absolutely certain."

General Boyd, assistant passenger agent, had personal charge of the train. The train left Buffalo at 8:20 a. m. and arrived at Washington at 8:38 p. m. In 12 hours it is estimated over 500,000 people saw the coffin which held all that was mortal of President McKinley.

Body Taken to White House.

The remains of President McKinley now lie in the east room of the white house, where for more than four years he had made his home as the chief magistrate of the great American republic. Upstairs his widow mourns for her dead in the family apartments that now bring back but the saddest of memories. It was with simple ceremony and a silence that fitted perfectly the sadness of the occasion that the body of the late president was borne up Pennsylvania avenue to the white house and laid upon the bier in the great east room, where he had stood so often in the pride of his manhood to receive the greetings of the common people he loved better than himself. It was fitting that such ceremony as there was should be military in character. Nowhere was there a show of civilian participation. The streets about the station were filled with mounted troops and the station itself was occupied by stalwart soldiers and sailors in uniform. The blue-coated policemen and the railroad employees were nearly all taken from civil life. It was not so on Pennsylvania avenue. There the people strained and crowded in a vast multitude against the stiff wire ropes which restrained them from the space marked out for the line of procession. The silence that marked the progress of the funeral party through the national capital was profound. The people as a whole did not talk even in whispers and the only sign of agitation in the great crowd was the silent pressing and striving against the ropes to see the mournful cortege which swept slowly along.

Tears Shed for McKinley.

As the procession swept from the Sixth street station into Pennsylvania avenue a deeply impressive sight was presented. The historic thoroughfare was hung in black. Emblems of the nation's mourning were displayed on every building. Banked on each side of the street to the executive mansion were tens of thousands of people. They were come to pay their tribute of respect to the memory of their president. With bared heads the people watched with tear-stained eyes the last home-coming of President McKinley.

Where the Casket Rests.

The carriage containing Mrs. McKinley, Dr. Rixey and Mrs. Abner McKinley had preceded the funeral cortege to the white house by some little time. When the sad cortege arrived at the white house, the hearse stopped under the portico arch. The body bearers lifted the coffin on their shoulders, and passing up the three steps, waited until President Roosevelt and the members of the cabinet had alighted from their carriages and followed them. Just in the center of the east room, under the great chandelier, they deposited their precious burden upon a black draped base. Piled about it were a half hundred floral emblems of exceptional beauty. Two marines, a sailor and a soldier, stood guard on each corner of the casket, while seated on either side were two members of the Grand Army and two members of the Royal Legion. These were relieved at intervals of two hours during the night.

Sing Song Dear to President.

An interesting incident of the parade was the singing of "Nearer, My God, to Thee" by a group of spectators just as the hearse containing the late president's remains turned from the Sixth street depot into Pennsylvania avenue. The air was taken up by the throng and sung with feeling. Again, as the hearse passed through the gateway at the white house, the same strains were softly sung by a number of people across the avenue.

the close of the day began the dull, depressing boom of a great gun at intervals of five minutes. It was the signal which gave notice of the approach of the funeral train. At the Pennsylvania railroad station men in bright uniforms gathered, a mixture of soldiers and sailors, and with lowered voices talked in groups while waiting to take up their parts in the ceremony. From the brigadier general and naval captain down to the humblest lieutenant every official on duty was there, save a few of high rank who composed the guard of honor and awaited at the white house.

Train Not Quite on Time.

The train was due at 8:25 p. m., but the clock stood 8:38 when the headlight of the big locomotive flashed along the rails and the cars rolled quietly to a stop at the gates. One of the large windows was lowered at the side and slowly and carefully the casket was slipped out through the opening and tenderly received upon the bent shoulders of the body bearers. Four artillery men from Fort McHenry were on the right and four sailors on the left. Straightening themselves under their burden, they walked slowly toward the hearse. Just beyond the entrance to the station President Roosevelt, with the members of the cabinet, had paused and had taken station so as to leave a broad space for the funeral cortege. They ranged themselves on the sidewalk in double rows, opposite each other, and stood with bared heads as the corpse was carried to the hearse, drawn up at the side of the gate. The hearse was an exquisitely carved affair and was drawn by six coal black horses. Just as the body was being placed in the hearse an incident occurred that caused a murmur of disapprobation. A photographer from a nearby window suddenly flashed a light for the purpose of obtaining a reproduction of the scene. The flash-light and accompanying noise made people shudder. President Roosevelt seemed momentarily disconcerted. The hearse bearing the third martyred president quickly moved away and was followed at once by President Roosevelt and those accompanying him. Secretaries Root and Hitchcock, Attorney General Knox and Postmaster General Smith followed in another carriage, while Secretary Wilson, Secretary Cortelyou, Secretary Long and Senators Hanna and Fairbanks drove behind in other carriages. The citizens' committee from Buffalo, officers of the army and navy and friends followed.

CANTON'S PLANS INCOMPLETE.

Body Will Be at the McKinley Home for a Part of the Time.

Canton, O., Sept. 17.—The latest advices received by the local committee for the final services over the remains of the late president are that the train will reach here at 11 o'clock Wednesday morning. Just what will be done with the body between that hour and the church services, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, has not been officially announced, other than that it will be at the McKinley home, for a part of that time—in response to the wishes of Mrs. McKinley. If assent can be secured from those having the arrangements in charge, the local committee will take the body from the train direct to the court house and have it lie in state there until 9 o'clock Wednesday night, then to be removed to the McKinley house for the night and returned to the court house Thursday morning, and remain until the church services in the afternoon. Afterwards a military and civic parade will escort the remains to Westlawn cemetery, where they will be deposited in the public receiving vault, awaiting the preparation of a permanent resting place.