

THE FIRST MARTYR



C. P. MILLER.

Whom the American Protective Association is Called Upon to Mourn, Is Buried in Laurel Hill Cemetery, and Is Escorted by One Thousand Members.

The Community Believes Mayor Miller, of South Omaha, Was Murdered, and the Verdict of the Coroner's Jury Will Not Alter the Case in the Least.

ROMANISTS PARTIALLY SATISFIED

They Claim to Have Known He Was to Have Been Killed at Least Three Days Before the Crime Was Perpetrated—A Neighbor of Our's Says Miller Killed Himself, or Was Killed, and That Another Man (Thompson) Will go Before Election.

The Funeral.

Since the discovery of the body of C. P. Miller, of South Omaha, at the intersection of Eighth and Dodge streets, speculation has run rife as to when and by whom the murder was committed.

At first the community was led to believe that it was a case of suicide, but that theory was soon given up, and the more probably one of murder took place.

The change in sentiment was mainly due to the evidence adduced by the coroner's jury. This evidence completely wiped away every stain which designing or reckless officials and newspaper reporters had attempted to attach to his fair name.

Before the jury had yet completed its labors the dead mayor was buried in Laurel Hill cemetery in Albright. The funeral occurred Sunday afternoon from the First Presbyterian church and was witnessed by fully six thousand people.

About 1000 of that number formed in line and marched to the cemetery. The funeral cortege was headed by the police and fire departments, followed by the Seventh Ward Military band.

Immediately behind the band came the 1000 friends on foot, all of whom, with but very few exceptions, were Protestants. These militiamen were followed by the hearse with its Knights of Pythias pall-bearers, the family of the deceased, and friends in carriages.

The funeral sermon was preached by Canon Whitmarsh, the Episcopal minister, and was a very eloquent tribute to the worth and ability of South Omaha's murdered chief executive.

Canon Whitmarsh commenced by an allusion to the bitterness and shock which always accompanied the stroke of death on one with whom we, individually, were connected, even in the case of a young child, or an aged man whose life work was fully done and whose term of years had fully passed, but that bitterness and shock were as nothing to that we felt when sudden death fell on one in the prime of life but even that was as nothing to the bitterness and shock with which death was accompanied when, in addition to this, the circumstances attending the death were such as seemed to blot the reputation of one who had ever sustained a high reputation and who possessed the full confidence and love of the community because of the spotless character he had been deemed to possess.

Such were the circumstances under which they were called together today. That day each and every one would have been laughing in scorn who would have dared to say that their friend had been seen drunk or visiting houses of ill-fame. Three days after, when he was dis-

covered insensible from the wound which caused his death, the papers branded him as one who had committed suicide after a drunken debauch, and the grossest licentiousness. He did not deserve the papers—they only reported the seeming facts and the statements of others. What, then, meant that assemblage in his presence, priest as he was of Christ's holy church, and bound to truth?

What meant the presence of the pastors of all the religious organizations of the city in a body—the presence in an official capacity of the city council, of which the dead man was the honored head? What meant the presence of the thousands of his fellow citizens, who knew and loved him? Of the representatives of so many societies of which he was a member in good standing? Of his fellow Knights with their banner embroidered with their chosen motto, "Honor and Purity"? Had they all entered into a conspiracy to white-wash a bad man, and carry to the grave with honor a hypocrite, in order to drown the voice of truth which had unmasked him? No! God forbid! Dearest to them than his reputation were truth and their integrity.

If he had been guilty they might have honored him, but it would have been in silence and with hearts breaking for his degradation and dishonor. No! they were there to vindicate his honor and truth—to say that they knew him too well not to know what he had been charged with was impossible for him to have done. To say that the testimony of his life outweighed the surmises and the charges of those who had not seen him in those places, or who, stating that they had sustained themselves no reputation for honor or truth. To say more than this—to say that of all the charges against him were proved by evidence his friends could not resist even then they would have known that at the time he was not master of himself, but that his mind, overwhelmed with care and anxieties, of which they had had too many proofs, had given way, and that he was not responsible for his acts. Such a life as he had lived in their sight for years rendered it impossible for him to have lived a double life and the life of a hypocrite. Living they knew and honored him; dead they trusted and believed in him, and honored him no less than ever.

What were the practical lessons for them to learn? One was to carry on his work. Turning to the city council the Canon said: "Gentlemen of the city council: If your honored Chief's death is even indirectly caused by the warfare he had commenced against the gambling hells that defile our fair city, we look to you to carry on that warfare to the last issue and never cease till you have swept away the last of these stinks of iniquity, which lure men's souls to perdition."

Another is for us all. What can insure us against like assaults upon our character when in the silence of death we are unable to defend ourselves? It may happen to you, to me, just as it has happened to our friend! The only remedy we have is to trust in God and to live among our fellow men that if it happens they shall be able to say of us as we today say of our friend: "It is not true, it cannot be true, his whole life brands it as a lie."

After the sermon was concluded the Knights of Pythias took charge of the remains and exposed them to view at the intersection of Twenty-fifth and J sts., where fully 3000 persons looked for the last time upon the remains of their former friend.

Then the lid was screwed down, the casket was placed in the hearse and the procession took up its solemn march to the cemetery, where the remains were laid away with knightly honors and ceremonies.

SOME SAMPLE COMMENTS.

As only one-third of the A. P. A's, who attended Mayor Miller's funeral joined the procession, the other two-thirds made use of the opportunity and mingled with the Romans who lined the streets to get a glimpse of the funeral cortege as it passed along Twenty-fourth street. They report hearing all kinds of remarks.

One man said the 1000 men of foot were all strangers to him.

Another that not one-tenth of them were A. P. A's.

While a third said there will be "plenty more follow Miller the same way."

Early in the day a fellow stepped into Dr. Solomon's office in South Omaha, and noticing that he had on a small flag, wanted to know if he belonged to that 4-4 crowd. The doctor informed him that he did, whereupon the fellow told him it was dangerous; that Judge Clarkson had disappeared, Dr. Sloman was found dead, Dennis was killed, and now Charles Miller had gone the same way. "So you think it dangerous to belong; probably if you could see under my coat tails you would not think so," remarked the doctor as he threw upon his coat and displayed two fine revolvers hanging from a belt filled with cartridges. After the Roman had feasted his eyes on that sight for a few minutes, the doctor continued: "You may think it is dangerous, but it is not one bit more so than it was when I served in the war."

Coming in upon the car a friend overheard two Romans talking. One of them said: "We fixed the ——— of a ——— this time and we will fix more of them before we get through."

A neighbor of ours said, she had "not said anything about the A. P. A's for a long time, but Miller killed himself—or was killed; and another man (Thompson) not very far from here will go before election."

The same remark was made at Valley, we understand, but was quickly taken back.

Down in a saloon on Tenth street a fellow said, speaking of Miller, "we fixed him that time."

What the Evidence Contained.

Mayor Miller for fifteen years was connected with the Pacific Express office, the last four years of which was in the important capacity of general agent at South Omaha, requiring a good penman and a man at least of ordinary education. He was forty-eight years of age, and his friends all testify that under all circumstances he was a moral man, never yielding to the temptations and allurements of harlots, and had on several occasions, when away from home with his friends, refused to visit such places of revelry, and remained at his hotel until again joined by his acquaintances.

The day before his decease he was engaged in preparing to attend the Grand Lodge of the Knights of Pythias of Nebraska, to be held at Geneva, without expressing a thought of death.

He was the mayor of South Omaha. The president of the city council under the law succeeded him. Right at this point let us view the great responsibility resting upon him. As mayor of South Omaha he had issued his proclamation closing all saloons in that city on Sunday. That of itself is not strange. The mayor of Omaha did it and the mayors of other cities have done likewise. He went further and in his native land proclaimed himself an American. He was not content with enjoying the present bread and enlightened principles but he favored teaching every child in America the same broad principles of self-government and protection to the sanctity of home. It is a deplorable fact that such declarations made him enemies. With about a dozen other men in Omaha at a time, hardly more than two and a half years ago, when no more would openly advocate those principles, they organized in the Roman Catholic ruled city

of Omaha the American Protective Association. To advocate such views was to endanger life, and if you dared to so exercise the right of free speech at all on such subjects, it must be only to men whom you knew to be friends of those sentiments. With this condition it was necessary to have a place where these men should meet, a time of meeting, signs of recognition and tests for strangers knocking at the door. This was the reason for organizing the society, through devotion called the whitecaps. Because of the necessity for this secret society bound together by an oath no stronger than the oath of allegiance to the United States of America, but administered by men and to men who understood the meaning and necessity thereof. And because he was brave enough to take this bold stand he was despised by Roman Catholics.

Less than two weeks ago he was found with a bullet in his brain. The following day he died. That shot was fired not by his own hand, but by the hand of persons who wished to alter circumstances and who wanted to surround his death with evidence calculated to cause the belief of disgrace and self-destruction.

Under the badge of the American flag, three thousand A. P. A's as such publicly attended his funeral, and thousands mourned for him at home. There were others though not A. P. A's who came to his funeral. They came with pencil and paper writing down the names of persons present. The next day, Mr. Cudahy, the great pork-packer of South Omaha, discharged 136 of his workmen, openly giving as his reasons that they attended the funeral of Mayor Miller and marched with the procession to his grave as A. P. A's. Mr. Cudahy is a Roman Catholic and we therefore see why he would not want his employees to attend the funeral of an heretic. However, he might have gotten rid of them only because they showed themselves to be members of the American Protective Association. If he despised his employees because they belonged to that order, he despised the mayor of his city, because he was a member. Why does he despise A. P. A's and put his employees out of the way? Because he is a Roman Catholic!

The old president of the city council was a Roman Catholic, and since Mayor Miller was killed South Omaha has had a Roman Catholic acting mayor.

Now let us refer to a part of the evidence produced before the coroner's jury. It was shown that the last persons seen with Mayor Miller were two men, one with a light suit of clothes, the other with a dark suit and a round top derby hat, while Mayor Miller wore a flat top straw hat. Their names are known. They are gamblers and Roman Catholics. The revolver found by Miller was not sold to him, as the pawn-broker and his wife have testified, after seeing Miller's corpse, that he was not the purchaser.

The prostitute, Lou Scott, testified that Miller, the heavy-set man with a round top derby hat and the gentleman with a light suit of clothes and small white hands, came to her house Monday and sat only a few minutes, that Miller seemed to be in a stupor or foolish; she supposed he was drunk and that when she told him he was drunk he said to his companions in a peculiar way "come on she says I am drunk," and thereupon left. That was sufficient. He had been recognized as being drunk in a house of prostitution and no conversation or action shows that he said or did anything betraying that he knew he was in such a place. But on the contrary it does appear that he was under the influence of something, and was being walked about to blast his reputation.

He was not trusted alone with one of the inmates of these places, but there was an attempt made to show that he had gone alone to Jennie Black's room, a one-eyed denizen and, after having stayed with her in sin, told her that the next day he would not be alive.

Upon cross examination it was shown that the pretended suicide who spent his last hours with a homely, blind prostitute, was a perfect stranger, that before a round-topped derby hat, NOT A FLAT-CROWNED BLACIC STRAW HAT. Who stayed with Jennie Black the day before the mayor's decease and said what was said to her OTHER THAN SOME CONSPIRATOR LAYING THE FOUNDATION TO PROVE THAT HIS VICTIM SUICIDED? Having absolutely gotten the mayor into one of those places, and having him recognized by a prostitute who had seen him in his office, but few people would doubt, without this explanation, that he was the person who visited Jennie Black.

From his pocket was taken a letter addressed to him from the express company, on the back of which was

written "To whom it may concern I have trouble in my head and can not stand it any longer!" Would the mayor, under any circumstances, after having occupied the position with the express office and which he occupied at the time of his murder, have spelled whom whom and followed it with three other flagrant errors by using a capital C to spell Can, a capital S to spell stand and a capital A in Any in the middle of a sentence?

Two men, bearing the same description as those above described, met a gentleman as he was going to the hospital the evening Miller was found. Being acquainted with him they began to talk about the tragedy. They asked his opinion of the case and were informed—different to what they expected—that he believed the mayor had been murdered. One of them, however, expressed the view that it was suicide, although at that time no one had known of his having been charged with being at Lou Scott's, or that the letter had been found upon him. Yet these gentlemen advanced the theory of suicide. They had a sachel, and on being asked where they were going one answered Kansas City and at the same time the other corrected him by saying St. Paul. That is not all. One of them upon leaving on the night train of the evening the mayor was found, telegraphed to a Roman Catholic, asking to have the daily papers sent to him at Kansas City.

These facts are not all we have, but are they not sufficient to show that the A. P. A's have not done all the good it will be necessary for them to do before going out of politics.

You are your own judges as to whether the fact that these men are Roman Catholics has any significance, but we do say that any church, which teaches that for the small sum of \$2.50 with a confession and prayer, she will save the souls of the Roman Catholic devils who murdered Mayor Miller, that church ought to be regarded by the public as accessories to the crime.

What other advantages and inducements have the Roman Catholics for conspiracies? The laws and constitution of the United States, and every state looks the breast of the criminal's spiritual adviser. The criminal can enter into the most damnable conspiracy with priest or bishop under the guise of confession, receive spiritual teaching and advice, and no law can allow the "father" to be even questioned upon the subject. How many Protestants confess their crimes to their pastors? They often admit their faults and sins against God's law, which are not also sins against man's law.

What Protestant preacher of the gospel would listen to a tale of murder, arson, rape or robbery and remain silent?

Who, then, gets the benefits of that law? Who suffers by it? And who believes that it could not be used as a shield for conspirators against Protestants and against a Protestant government?

More Hemp Wanted.

Such was the caption of an article in one of our dailies on the day of Neal's execution, and referred to a colored brute who assaulted a little girl. That article, perhaps more than any one thing, incited a mob that same night to lynch the victim of their wrath. The wretch had committed a crime against which the law provides punishment, but the mob had not the patience to wait the slow process of law. A more cowardly, dastardly, British crime has recently been committed in our city, a crime as dark and infamous as that committed by the bloody assassin who shot Mayor Miller down, a crime which seems to be only a part of the infernal plot against the man's life. If the assassin of Mayor Miller is discovered no doubt the law will take its course. But what about those other assassins know to the public—the assassins of Mayor Miller's reputation. Those who followed up with devilish malice the work of the murderers, and with unrelenting, devilish hatred published their vile calumny. Are they going scott free? When those dastardly villains discovered that Mayor Miller could no longer defend himself against their vile pens, his malicious assailants piled upon his memory vile calumny and vituperation that shocked the whole community. No regard whatever was paid to the memory of this good man, no pity for the hearts already bleeding with the most acute sorrow ever known to human heart. Seeing their loved and honored one torn from them by the hand of bloody assassins, they are compelled to see the reputation of their loved one dragged in filth by execrable fiends. Is this high crime against the silent dead going to pass unrevenged? Shall

we by our silence give license to the human fiends to blacken and traduce the name of any of the sons and daughters of this city, whom death may silence? Men of Omaha and South Omaha if this was your brother what would you do about it? Was not the late Mayor Miller your brother indeed? Shall we call for more hemp?

Further, are these foul fiends clear of Mayor Miller's blood? That a despised plot was prepared to lead the community to believe that Mayor Miller committed suicide is evident. That the reports of the *See* and *World Herald* exhibited pains to establish the theory of suicide, and cover up the tracks of the murderers is also very plain. That they had the plot off by heart ready to spring on the public is also clear. That the investigation has already scattered to the four winds of heaven their theory is no longer a question. That the hellish lies they published to blacken the reputation of Mayor Miller never had a particle of foundation is also as plain as sunlight. Then what connection had these reporters with the murder of Mayor Miller, is a question for the jury not to lose sight of. And if they cannot establish any, let the public answer as to their guilt in trying to bury in their filthy lies the name of our honored dead friend.

These papers could devote whole columns on their first page, headed in bold type when they were assailing the defenseless dead, but now how is it? In an obscure corner, with space and words seemingly begrudged, they state that "it looks like murder." The evidence given clearing Miller's name of their filth is scarcely noticed. No apology is offered for their devilish attack. The black villain referred to in the first lines of this article was a gentleman, with a heart as white as snow compared to the devilish blackness of these execrable fiends who tried to assail the spotless name of our dead and defenseless friend and brother. Verily there is

MORE HEMP WANTED.

Veered Around.

Public opinion has changed during the last week. For several days after Mayor Miller was found with a bullet in his brain the officers and the two leading daily papers proclaimed that he had committed suicide, and it was not until THE AMERICAN and the *Public* took a firm stand and declared the killing was murder and not suicide, that public sentiment veered around and saw the crime in its true light.

Probably no person has taken a greater interest in trying to ferret out the murderers than have the reporters on the evening *Public* and the non-employed by THE AMERICAN. They have worked night and day and the evidence they have secured will materially aid detectives when the case is entrusted to their care.

Today there is not the least doubt in the mind of any intelligent man as to whether Mayor Miller was or was not murdered.

That it was planned and executed by members of the Roman church, admits of as little doubt.

And that the murderers will not escape the gallows, if they are apprehended, you may rest assured.

The mysterious disappearance of ex-Judge Clarkson, the unexplained death of Dr. Sloman and the atrocious murder of Mayor Miller—conceived and executed in perfect Jesuit style—calls loudly for prompt, vigorous and uncertain action. If the proper authorities will not see that everything possible is done to apprehend the guilty parties in this instance—to secure their conviction—citizens should band together and drive from the city every disloyal and disreputable person who is considered a menace to morality, who sets the laws at defiance, and who murders officials because they refuse to violate their oath of office.

For this last offense, coupled with the fact that he was a member of the A. P. A., was C. P. Miller marked for death.

Marked for Death?

Yes; marked by Rome, executed by Rome, and slandered by her when his tongue was stilled by death.

Of this who has a doubt? Not you? No; no! You know the hatred which actuates these deeds.

You know the interest of the Roman church demands the laws be set aside.

That it is her interest to foster crime and that the more vicious they are the more glory they are to the church because more money is required to purchase absolution, and money is what the church is after.

No doubt some priest—some Jesuit—probably the one who planned the murder of the Mayor was listened

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