

Went Willingly to Death with Man He Loved

Boy Cheerfully Yields Life Rather Than Be Separated from Companion to Whom He Was Attached

CHICAGO.—This is the strange story of the love of a man and a boy.

The man was a musician and hopeless invalid. The boy was no kin. But the boy loved the man so that he forswore his own mother to run away with him. And when the moment came that the man could stand his pain no longer, alone in the woods beside the lake the boy lay down, bared his breast to a dagger, and waited with closed eyes while the man sought his heart.

The boy died. With shaking hand the man plunged the knife into his own breast, but his stroke failed to find a vital spot.

Hours later soldiers at Fort Sheridan found the man, wandering and gibbering and clawing at his bloody breast. They took him to the hospital at the fort and strapped him to a cot. It was not until daylight came that they paid much heed to his mutterings and the writing that he scrawled upon a slip of paper.

Then, when they followed his vague directions, they sought in the woods and found the body of the boy, cold

and stark, the little tense fingers still clutching at the shirt that he had bared for the blow.

The boy was: Knobel, Walter, 12 years old, son of Mrs. Mary Knobel, 755 Racine avenue.

The man: Amann, Henry Rudolph, 43 years old, 1012 Otto street.

Here are the letters that the man and the boy wrote during the period of 36 hours that they wandered together through the north woods, plucking flowers, eating roots and nuts, and talking of their resolve to quit the world together:

From Walter Knobel to his mother and to Edward Martin:
Chicago, May 15, '08.—Good-bye, Mr. Martin. I want to be with my father. Tell mother, farewell. (Not signed, but in boy's handwriting.)

From Amann to Edward Martin:
Mr. Fiedler has no faith in me any more. I am going to end it all. My brothers in Germany will pay all my debts.

From Amann to Hermann Fiedler:
My brothers in Germany will pay all I owe you. Good-bye. I am going to end all.—H. R. Amann.

In Amann's pocket, in two hand-writings:
Please bury us in the same grave. Everything was against us. I do not want to live without my father. I go with my own free will. (Signed) Walter.

On matchbox in woods:
It is his mother's fault. She is a calumniator.

In the morning about two o'clock Amann was found wandering as if demented near the officers' quarters at Fort Sheridan. He was challenged by Private Sage of Company D, who was on picket duty.

The guard advanced, to find blood flowing from the man's breast. He hurried him into the hospital and called for assistance. The man was unable to speak because of weakness from loss of blood, and motioned for paper. This is what he wrote:

Please get my boy 200 yards north-east of the post at Sheridan.

He whispered incoherently about killing the boy, but no one believed the story until morning. Private Sage determined to investigate and went to the spot designated.

Here he found the body of a 12-year-old boy under a tree, lying in a pool of blood. He immediately notified the

officers of the post, and the man, who was then unidentified, was double strapped to his bed for fear he would escape.

The story of the murder and attempted suicide in all its details was told by Amann first to Lieut. Frank Griffiths, hospital surgeon, and later to the coroner's jury. He begged for a knife that he might fulfill the suicide compact.

"I was up against it and sick and discouraged and determined to end it all. The boy would not leave me and wanted to go with me. We wandered two days in the woods and along the beach and finally agreed to die together," he said.

"We wandered and talked about the people we saw. Men and women seemed happy and walked to and fro and we watched them. I had talked about leaving the world and told the boy to go back to town, where he would find friends.

"He said, 'I will go with you and where you go,' and I tried to slip away from him as he played in the sand. He saw me and followed me.

"We watched the people going by in

the next world. I gave him some laudanum, and he slept again, but it was not enough to keep him asleep. He woke again and thought I was trying to leave him.

"Then he opened his coat and shirt and pulled them back with his hand, showing me where to strike, and opened my clothes so I could kill myself, too. He showed me where his heart was, and begged me not to miss the place. Then he lay back on my arm again and went to sleep.

"I lay there and looked at him and my head went all in a whirl. It seemed that my brain had turned to water and was surging all around in my head. I picked up my big hunting knife, which I had opened before. I reached over and felt for his heart beats and then felt for my own. I had located the places, but I stopped again. My nerve was leaving me.

Pushes Dagger to Heart.

"It seems that I went crazy, but I placed the point of the knife over his heart and pushed it down. Then I turned it and plunged it twice into my own breast, which was harder than the boy's.

"He awoke and saw the blood spouting from my wounds. He drew his handkerchief and put it over my breast to stop the blood, and that was all I knew until they found me."

Amann was still holding this handkerchief to his breast when found by the guard at the army post 12 hours after the time he gives for the stabbing. Officers at the post think he might have been deceived by the clear moonlight and thought it was day in his half-demented condition.

The confession was made as the prisoner lay strapped to a bed in one of the hospital wards. Coroner J. L. Taylor and his deputy, Edward Conrad of Lake county, and State's Attorney Hanna were present as Amann told his story.

Jury Gets Whole Story.

A coroner's jury was formed, with John Congdon as its foreman, and began the investigation into the boy's death. As Amann grew stronger in the hospital they agreed to wait until he could give evidence, in the hope that Lieut. Griffiths could obtain a confession in the meantime.

Shortly after noon Amann offered to give his name and tell the whole story if he could see the body of the boy. It was brought into his room and he asked that it be moved closer. He touched the body and kissed the cold forehead and murmured "Good-bye."

Then he started in and told the story, incoherently and with many

times Walter would burst into tears and run away.

Saturday night Edward Martin, a barber living at 915 School street, received an envelope that contained three letters.

The envelope showed that it had been posted at Lake Bluff May 16 at eight a. m. It contained three letters, one from the boy and one from Amann, and a third from Hermann Fiedler, saying farewell and telling of the purpose to commit suicide.

Amann said in his confession he also mailed letters to his relatives in Germany. After the letters to Martin were mailed the pair kept close to the woods and remained in hiding for fear a search would be made and they would be arrested.

Boy's Mother Fears Blackmail.

Mrs. Knobel thought when she first heard of the letters that it was only another attempt on the part of Amann to get money from her. She did not suspect that he had actually killed her son.

Amann is said to have relatives in Germany who are of the wealthier class, and frequently got money from them during the earlier years of his career in Chicago, but for the past six or seven months has lived in abject poverty.

In the hospital Amann said he had been injured in being put off a street car by a conductor four years ago, and brought a suit against the Consolidated Street Railway company for damages, in which he was given a judgment amounting to \$5,800. The case was appealed, and pending the appeal he has had practically no means of livelihood except charity. His attorneys in the case were Gormann and Rubenstein.

Federal Authorities May Act.

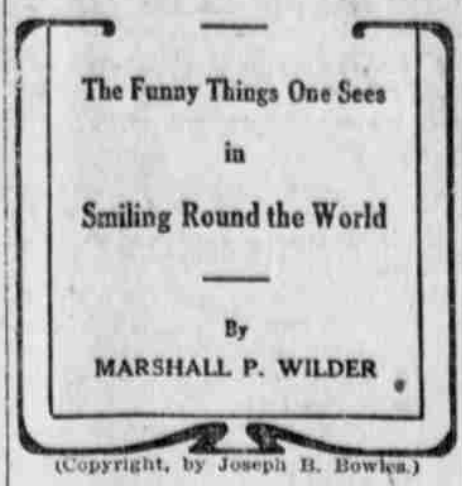
After the autopsy and when the inquest was resumed State's Attorney Hanna announced that it was probable that the case was one for the federal authorities rather than the state because it had happened on a military reservation. The inquest was adjourned for two hours.

Investigation by the coroner and post officers determined that it was outside of the post that the body was found and the coroner's inquest was continued.

Coroner Taylor took the body of the boy to Waukegan, where the inquest will be continued. Amann was also taken to Waukegan in an automobile to await the verdict of the coroner's jury and subsequent action on the part of the grand jury.

State's Attorney Hanna said he was

THE SUEZ CANAL---PORT SAID TO CAIRO



It was a fine, cool morning when we reached that historic artery of water that joins the Red sea with the Mediterranean, the Suez canal.

This unprepossessing "ditch," as it has so often been called, has been held responsible almost as much as the unbridled extravagance of Ismail Pasha, for the financial ruin of Egypt, and her occupation by Great Britain.

Despite dire prophecy, and centuries of failure—for nearly every ruler of Egypt, from Seti, father of Ramesses the Great to Napoleon Bonaparte, tried his hand at the problem of establishing water communication between the Mediterranean and the Red sea—the great canal has become a fixed fact in the world's history. The one-time American consul general at Cairo, Mr. Frederick Courtland Penfield, in his charming and instructive book, "Present Day Egypt," lets in



The Mud Houses.

much pleasant light upon the dusty, old traditions of the ancient land.

Strabo, now; he's the world's earliest geographer and historian, or one of 'em, and I suppose we are bound to believe him, even when he says (he must have said it, for I've never seen any of his handwriting lying around) that 14 centuries before the Christian era (that's an awful long time, Strabo; but I'll not dispute the word of a gentleman) Seti cut a canal 57 miles long from Bubastis near the present town of Zizag—I mean Zagazig—to Heroopolis, at the head of the Bitter lakes, then forming the northern extremity of the Suez gulf.

Herodotus—another old-timer who juggles with centuries as the circus clown juggles with his old hat—says that 800 years later Necho the Persian tried a little canal building, keeping at it till the mere trifle of a hundred and twenty thousand lives had been sacrificed in the job, and only abandoning it when the great oracle of that day (whom he consulted) prophesied that the most dire results would follow the completion of the work, and the entire land of Egypt be given over to the stranger and the barbarian.

Then, successively, the Roman emperors Trajan and Hadrian; the Arabian conqueror Amron; the great Napoleon, who held the hollow of the heavens in his usurping hand; Mehemet Ali, who had butchered 400 Mamelukes before supper, but had not the daring to brave the ancient prophecy; French engineers, English engineers, Austrian engineers, each and all, tried their hand, but to no definite end. They disagreed as to the level of the two seas. Napoleon's engineers estimated that the Mediterranean was 30 feet below the level of the Red sea, calling for a scheme of sluices and locks. Wagborn, an Englishman, declared that the level of the two waters was identical.

Meanwhile, a young Frenchman was dreaming dreams; he was eloquent; he was convincing; and he finally convinced Said Pasha that the future was lettered big with the name of Ferdinand de Lesseps, and if a concession were given to him, he would make Egypt and France both immortal. He got the concession. Said cared nothing for the ancient oracle that had frightened his grandfather Mehemet, and so Fate swept on with her relentless broom and Said was gathered to his fathers; Ismail the magnificent, the extravagant, a prince of immense fortune, succeeded his uncle and also succeeded in plunging his unhappy country up to the neck in bonds and mortgages galore; Europe stepped in; England became the purchaser of Ismail's personal holding (only \$20,000,000 saved from the wreck of \$85,000,000) which he surrendered to his creditors a short time before his dethronement and banishment to Naples.

Ismail not only incurred, in his brief rule of 16 years, a debt of over \$400,000,000, but he mortgaged the souls of generations of Egyptians yet unborn.

And thus did the prophecy come true! The ancient oracle spoke not in vain. The land of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies, of Alexander and Cleopatra, has passed into the hands of the stranger.

The canal's varied and almost tragic history lent an added interest to the dull and monotonous aspect that it presents, the flat sandy banks melting out into the desert, unbroken save for the occasional government stations, a steamer tied to the bank waiting for ours to pass, or a collection of mud houses belonging to Arabs, whose camels and donkeys were tethered nearby.

At times, small boys would race along the banks, easily keeping pace with the slowly moving steamer, crying for "Backsheesh," to which the passengers and crew responded by tossing fruit and packages of food and money to them.

Great stream droghers were frequently passed working constantly to keep the canal passable for steamers, as sand and silt are continually filling it up.

Port Said is a town of some importance, very much larger than Suez, but in the flying glimpse we caught of it in the course of a wild, early-morning ride to catch the train for Cairo, we were impressed by its dirt and noise more than by anything else.

The ride to Cairo was tiresome for many reasons, chiefly because of the dust and flies, and a family who shared the compartment with us, together with a mountain of luggage. The changing interest of the landscape, however, made us forget the annoyances, for were not the scenes of the Bible spread out before us like an open book. The shepherd with his flock, the camels either resting or marching slowly, the mud houses surrounded by palms, the women carrying water jars on their heads, walking splendidly, swinging lightly from their hips. A family working among the fertile fields; little girls tending goats and winding wool on a distaff as they watched, or else a venerable old man in floating draperies riding a diminutive donkey.

During the ride we were much edified by one of the English party with us saying as we passed a station: "There's a fine engine, a splendid engine, by Jove!"

"That's an American engine," said the other man, adding, before we had lost our little glow of patriotic pride, "but we don't care for them out here, they burn such a lot of coal and are so very dirty!" To our humble suggestion that perhaps they made up for this defect by being fast, he assented condescendingly that they were fast, "but so dirty, you know!"

The great barrage, near Cairo, constructed to hold back the surplus waters and thus irrigate a larger area, was begun in 1837 from plans made by Mongel Bey, a Frenchman. The English tourist never lets slip a chance to boast of his country's superiority in the matter of the reincarnation of Egypt under British "occupation," and a good story is told by Consul Penfield of one of these globe-trotters who was inspecting, with a proud air, the great barrage.

"Yes, it's a great work, and these foreigners ought to better appreciate what we are doing for their good. This thing has put them on their feet, financially, sure enough, but I don't see that they show any gratitude for our having built it!"

"I beg your pardon," said the engineer in charge, "but this barrage was designed and built by French engineers."

"I didn't know that," replied the tourist, somewhat subdued, "but any-

way, they have to get an Englishman to take care of it!"

"I beg your pardon again," said the gentleman with D. P. W. on his cap and shield, "I have the honor of being a native-born American citizen!"

The tourist walked away, muttering, "Well, I'm going back to the hotel before some one tells me that a Frenchman built those pyramids over there!"

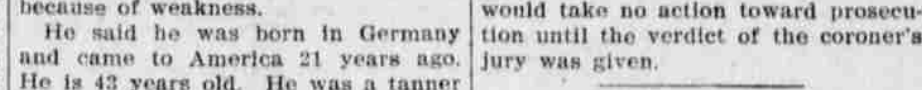
At every station we saw great crowds of people and passed trains packed like sardines. Our interest was profound when we learned that they were pilgrims just starting on their long and tiresome journey to Mecca. They were bound for Port Said where they would take ship for Jaffa, from there travelling to Mecca by camel and horseback, though the great majority go all the way across the desert on foot, thereby attaining added merit. Beside assured salvation, a trip to Mecca gives a man the right to wear a turban of green, the prophet's own color, and the title of Hadji, and when he returns to his home, he would quite naturally fresco over his shop or house door the history of the pilgrimage, a purple train, a red boat, a string of green camels, and a yellow mosque before which a man in a blue turban bows himself in prayer. Beneath this highly decorative record he would henceforth sit serenely wearing his green turban, and smoking his narghila, trying to look unconscious of the looks of respectful admiration not unmingled with envy that are cast in his direction.



MRS. MARIE E. KNOBEL, HENRY RUDOLPH AMANN, WALTER KNOBEL



WENT PICKING FLOWERS HE HAD HIS LITTLE GLASS



I TOOK MY KNIFE IN MY HAND

pauses because of emotion and partly because of weakness.

He said he was born in Germany and came to America 21 years ago. He is 43 years old. He was a tanner by trade and later a flute player, and lived in St. Louis for eight years. When his wife died he came to Chicago.

Plays Flute in Saloons.

He used to play in saloons and about the streets to earn money. He went to board at the house of Mrs. Mary Knobel, 755 Racine avenue, 12 years ago. Mrs. Knobel had come from the town of his birth, Kirchhofen, in the province of Baden. The two were friends from childhood. Mrs. Knobel had three children—George, who is now 17 years old; Amanda, 16, and Walter, who was nearing his twelfth year.

After Mrs. Knobel's husband died Amann continued to live at her home and urged her to marry him. The children had learned to wait on him and liked to be with him after he had been stricken with paralysis.

As the two eldest grew they reverted their affections to their mother, but Walter clung to his "Uncle Henry." Two years ago Amann ran away with the boy, taking him to San Francisco. From there he wrote he would return if Mrs. Knobel would send him \$200.

Mother Refuses Her Hand.

Fearing she would never see the boy again she sent the money, and Amann returned and again asked her to marry him. She refused, and he left her home and went to live in the basement of a house owned by Herman Fiedler, 1012 Otto street. The boy went with him, and they kept bachelor quarters in the one room.

Since they moved there in January the boy went to the Hawthorne school, and has not been seen by his mother in that time. His brother frequently urged him to come home, but at such

merely a visitor at the inquest and would take no action toward prosecution until the verdict of the coroner's jury was given.

Ruler in Splendid Health.

Prince Luitpold, regent of Bavaria, celebrated the eighty-seventh anniversary of his birth recently amid a brilliant gathering of the Bavarian nobility. The effects of his many years are almost unnoticeable. The venerable regent looks much younger than he is. He is in splendid physical condition. His limbs have retained their elasticity, his muscles are still hard, and nearly every day he defies wind and weather and undergoes the hardships of the chase, wearing always the old-fashioned greenish-gray shooting costume peculiar to Bavaria. The Bavarian people seem to have forgotten King Otto, the mad ruler of their country, who has been interned in a suburb of Munich since 1886. The Bavarian parliament would have made Luitpold king in succession to Otto had he not refused to accept the post.

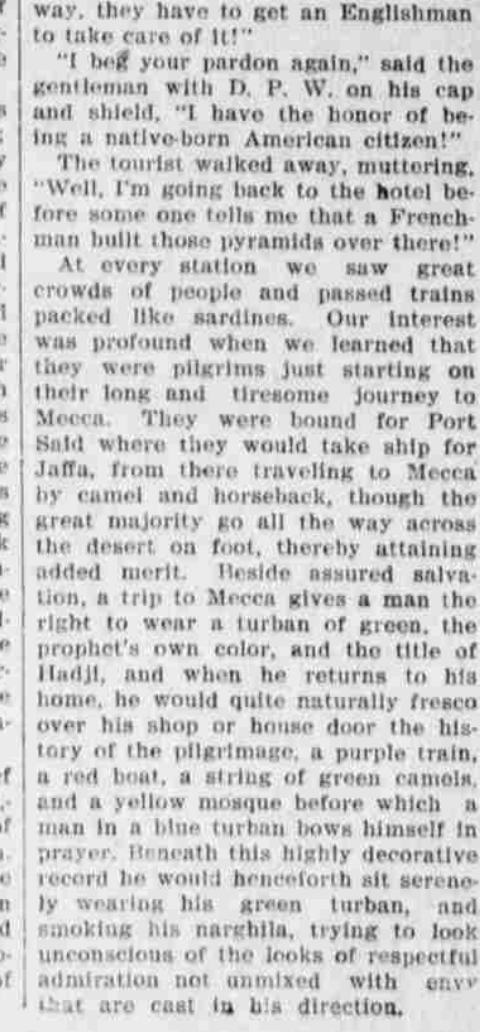
Given Double Meaning.

Chancellor Kirkland of Vanderbilt university, like others of similar office, is known to his students by the brief name of "Chance."

Besides being the university's chief executive, he is also its head professor of Latin, and—the boys say—prize long-talker at chapel exercises. One day, after a protracted discourse, while conducting a class in Horace, he called on a certain student to read, who did so in utter innocence and absolute accuracy as follows: "It is hard for us to endure the blows of chance."

The class burst out in a roar of laughter, and as the "Chance" joined in, the dumfounded student perceived the modern significance of ancient words.

Water Jars on Their Heads.



automobiles. We were hungry and turned away from there to go into the woods. I was tired of life and discouraged and could have gone into one of the bathhouses and killed myself.

Pluck Flowers in Woods.

"In the woods and away from the people we gathered flowers and I told him the Latin names for the flowers. I found a specimen of Trillium Grandiflorum, and explained how rare it is, and compared it with the other and more common trillium, which grows in abundance.

"We had had nothing to eat since Tuesday and pulled roots and shrubs to stay our hunger. It came night and we slept in the woods until it began to rain. Then we went down to the beach and curled up under a wide cornice of one of the houses.

"We lay on my coat for a pillow, but the boy woke up and was cold. We walked until morning and went to Lake Bluff, where we wrote and mailed three letters telling our friends we would end all.

"Friday we walked to Lake Forest, and then back to the beach by Fort Sheridan. We saw people and they were well dressed and happy. They rode in automobiles. We were hungry and went from the beach into the woods again. Walter wanted to go down to the lake and jump in, but the water was too cold.

Talk Over Good Times.

"We talked it all over again and talked about all the good times we had had together in our travels. We talked about Pennsylvania and Colorado, and Salt Lake City and its big lake, and California.

"Then we went up to the rifle range where the soldiers were practicing. We hid in the bushes and talked about dying. I told him if he would lead we would run from the bushes out in front of the targets when the soldiers fired and die there, but he would not.

"I don't know just how long we wandered after that, but it was night, and we kept hid. It came daylight again, and we heard voices of men and women near us, and I thought they were hunting us.

"It was warm and we were tired and lay down to sleep. We talked it all over again, and I urged him to leave me and go to his friends. He threw his arms around my neck and cried, and said he would never leave me.

Eares Breast; Asks Death.

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