

HE SLEEPS IN PEACE

Imposing Funeral Ceremonies Precede Interment of McKinley at Canton.

Out under the whispering oak trees of Westlawn cemetery, in a vine-covered vault, almost buried in a sloping hillside, all that is earthly of William McKinley now rests. About the flower-strewn slopes a picket line of soldiers stands silent in the shadows.

Whole Day Given to Grief.
All day Thursday muffled drums beat their requiems, brasses wailed out the strains of marches of the dead, great men of the nation followed a funeral car in grief and tears. Through solid banks of bereaved men and weeping women and children, fringed by a wall of soldiers, marching military and civilians passed with the mourners of the distinguished dead.

The roar of the cannon echoed from the hilltop just above. It came as a mighty "amen." Again the white-haired minister spoke. Again came the crashing roar of the salute, its reverberations beating on and over the hills about the city.

Mrs. McKinley Nears Collapse.
Mrs. McKinley was unable to attend the funeral. While the last rites were being said she remained in a room of the family home, dazed, not realizing that death had come to her husband, almost paralyzed mentally. During the morning, at her urgent request, she sat alone for a time beside the coffin as it lay in the south parlor of the house. No one seeks to lift the veil that is drawn over this scene about the bier of the last earthly sleep. The casket was not opened. But she was near the one who ever had cared for and protected her; near the dead for whom grief has burned into the soul of a country the lessons of manliness and beneficence taught by his life.

Final Ceremonies Impressive.
The last ceremonies for the late president were marked with a dignity that struck dumbness to the tens of thousands who watched the funeral column make the journey from the home to the cemetery. From the south parlor of the frame house which had so long been the family home the casket was borne to the First Methodist church at Canton, with statesmen, diplomats, great men of nation, representatives of the world, gathered with the surrounding members of the family. Ministers of five religious de-

of the vault the flower carpet had disappeared, its blooms, however, to be guarded for years as mementos of this day of sorrow.

Just without the entrance to this mausoleum stood the new president of the United States. The coffin rested on supports only a hand's reach from him. Then the members of the cabinet formed an open line with him, and members of the family—all save the lone woman who was in the home under the close watch of Dr. Rixey—gathered near. "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," came the benediction from the lips of the venerable Bishop Joyce.

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"Taps" Sounded by Bugler.
"Taps," the saddest call the bugle language of the army knows, came from eight bugles. The last notes were held until the breath of the wind seemed to rob them of life. Away down the broad street, two miles away, the marching columns were still coming. The music of the bands, muted, it seemed, by some giant hand, came floating to the group about the vault—"Nearer, My God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee." Once again came the crash from the guns above.

Door Is Closed Upon Martyr.
Then the casket was carried within the vault. Five infantrymen marched behind it. A moment passed and the outer doors were closed. The last ceremony was over; the third martyred president of the United States had been committed to God and eternity.

Slowly the marching column treaded about the crescent road to the left of the temporary tomb. Then darkness threw its veil over all, the silent guards took their stations, the cemetery gates were closed.

Never Mourning More Sincere.
That is the bare outline of one of the most imposing and impressive funerals ever seen in the United States. To fill in all its details would take

for the erection of a monument. The plans and details are as yet embryonic, but will assume definite proportions in a week or two.

Scenes at the Church.

It was 1:50 o'clock when the procession reached the stately stone edifice where the funeral services were to be held. At the church entrance were drawn up deep files of soldiers, with bayonets advanced, keeping a clear area for the advancing casket and the long train of mourners. The hearse halted while President Roosevelt and members of the cabinet alighted. Again they grouped themselves at either side of the entrance, and with uncovered heads awaited the passing of the casket. Then the flower-covered coffin was brought from the hearse and as it passed within the black-draped entrance the president and his cabinet followed within the edifice.

Members of Congress Enter.
At the rear of each of the four aisles stood a soldier at attention, cap in



FUNERAL CORTEGE NEARING THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

hand, musket held straight in front. The members of the senate entered. At the head walked Senator Allison of Iowa. Then came Penrose and Cockrell, Scott, Burrows of Michigan, Tilden and Mason of Illinois. Next the members of the house filed in. They numbered almost 150. Speaker Henderson at the head. Louder came the mourn of the band, and outside the troops had formed a phalanx of sabers and bayonets. Then, under the black shrouded door, came the casket.

Under Arch of Sabers.
The black coffin had passed under an arch of drawn sabers as it was carried up the steps. Lieutenant General Miles and the men of the army and Rear Admiral Farquhar and the men of the navy held their positions. Covered with a great American flag, bearing only sprays of immortelles and roses tendered by the Legation of honor, the casket was slowly brought to the front, supported on the shoulders of the blue jackets and the soldiers. At the foot of the mountain of flowers marking the altar and the choir loft lay the bier shrouded, too, in the national colors and in black. On this the casket was placed under the quivering folds of the starry banner, with the lights shedding their effulgence from above, the fragrance of the flowers hovering about and the music of Beethoven's grand funeral march pulsing through the organ, the bodybearers gently lowered the flag-draped and flower-adorned coffin to its support.

All Rise as Coffin Passes.
Then the generals took their places in the first seat to the right of the central aisle. The rear admirals crossed and took the first pew to the left. Every one within the church had risen as the casket was brought in. They remained standing. A moment later and President Roosevelt entered through the same doorway of black. His lips quivered slightly as he was escorted to the pew directly behind General Miles. Behind him came Secretaries Hitchcock and Wilson and Postmaster General Smith, who filed into the next pew, and with them

Those who had accompanied the funeral train then were seated. Senator and Mrs. Fairbanks came first, followed by Controller Charles Gates Dawes. Senator Hanna followed. He looked worn and leaned on his cane. Mrs. Hanna accompanied him. Then the black-gloved ushers seated the other members of the party.

The formation of the funeral procession was as follows:

First Division.
Gen. Eli Torrance, national commander G. A. R., commanding, and staff.
Grand Army band.
E. F. Taggart, department commander G. A. R., of Ohio, and staff.
Canton Post, No. 25, Canton, O.
Buckley Post, No. 12, Akron, O.
Bell (Larson) Post, No. 36, Warren, O.
C. G. Chamberlain Post, No. 86, East Palestine, O.
Given Post, No. 123, Wooster, O.
Hart Post, No. 134, Massillon, O.
Other Grand Army posts.

Second Division.
Maj. Charles Dick, commanding.
Eighty Regiment Military Band.
Detachment Ohio National Guard.
Troop A of Ohio National Guard, guard of honor.
Officials, clergymen.
Funeral car and bearers.
Special guard of honor, Gen. Nelson A. Miles, Admiral George Dewey, Gen. John R. Brooke, Gen. Elwell S. Otis, Gen. George L. Gillespie.
Loyal Legion.
Family, President, and Cabinet.

Third Division.
Maj. A. Vignos, commanding.
Gate City Guards of Atlanta, Ga.
Cleveland Grays.
Cleveland Scottish Guards.
William McKinley Command Spanish-American War Veterans.
Sons of Veterans.
Union League Legion.
Canton Encampment, No. 94.

Fourth Division.
A. B. Foster, Grand Commander of Ohio, commanding.
Knights Templar.
Grand Lodge of Ohio.
Eagle Lodge of Canton.
Canton Lodge of Canton and other Masonic lodges.

The remaining three divisions were made up of representatives from clubs, societies, civic bodies and the Eighty-second regiment of National Guards, together with other military organizations.

When the funeral at Canton began all the tides of American life stood still. The wheels of industry ceased to revolve. The hammers of toil paused in their beat. The ship stopped her throb in its race against time. The miner dropped his pick. The farmer checked his team in mid-furrow. The crowds in the city streets halted. All activities save the ministrations to the deadly sick and the dying were suspended. The sun in heaven for a space looked down upon a motionless nation, where nearly every head was bent. Special services were held in the churches of the national capital and hundreds of other cities.

TRIBUTE FROM W. J. BRYAN.
Memorial exercises for the dead President were held at the Auditorium in Lincoln, Neb., and were largely attended. W. J. Bryan was one of the principal speakers. He said in part:
"As monuments reared by grateful



SAILORS AND SOLDIERS BEARING THE CASKET.

went Secretary Cortelyou, the man who had made every effort that a loyal heart could prompt to save the life which had gone out under the bullet.

Members of Family Seated.
Then came the members of the family, all being seated to the left of the central aisle. Abner McKinley, brother of the dead president, and his wife walked slowly at the head of the black-clad line. He was seated in the pew directly behind the men of the navy and just across the aisle from President Roosevelt. After Dr. and Mrs. Boer came the venerable Joseph Saxton, uncle of Mrs. McKinley. The great organ had left the funeral march and now the reads pealed out the strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

hands to the memory of heroes testify to the virtues of the living as well as to the services of the dead, so the sorrow that has overwhelmed our nation, obliterating the distinctions of party, race and religion, is as complimentary to the patriotism of our people as to our departed magistrate. It would indeed be a disgrace to our nation if the murder of a President concerned only the members of the dominant party. While no recent campaigns have aroused deeper feeling than those through which Mr. McKinley passed, yet in no contests did the minority more cheerfully acquiesce in the will of the majority as expressed at the polls. He was the President of all the people, and their dignity and sovereignty were attacked when he was assaulted."

DR. MANCHESTER'S SERMON

Delivered at the McKinley Funeral in Canton.

A SWEET AND TENDER STORY.

McKinley's Devotion to His Invalid Wife
—How the Dead Statesman Became a Christian—The World's Grief Over Our Nation's Loss.

The following is the full text of the sermon of Dr. C. E. Manchester at the McKinley funeral in Canton Thursday:
Our President is dead. "The silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken, the pitcher is broken at the fountain, the wheels go about the streets." "One voice is heard—a wail of sorrow from all the land, for the beauty of Israel is slain upon the high places. How are the mighty fallen! I am distressed for thee, my brother. Very pleasant hast thou been unto me." Our President is dead. We can hardly believe it. We had hoped and prayed, and it seemed that our hopes were to be realized and our prayers answered, when the emotion of joy was changed to one of grave apprehension. Still we waited, for we said, "It may be that God will be gracious and merciful unto us." It seemed to us that it must be his will to spare the life of one so well beloved and so much needed. Thus, alternating between hope and fear, the weary hours passed on. Then came the tidings of a defeated science, of the failure of love and prayer to hold its object to the earth. We seemed to hear the faintly muttered words: "Good-bye all, good-bye."



REV. DR. C. E. MANCHESTER.

It's God's way. His will be done. And then, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

Passes On to His Rest.
So, nestling nearer to his God, he passed out into unconsciousness, skirted the dark shores of the sea of death for a time and then passed on to be at rest. His great heart had ceased to beat. Our hearts are heavy with sorrow.

"A voice is heard on earth of kinkfolk weeping.
The loss of one they love;
But he has gone where the redeemed are keeping.
A festival above.

"The mourners throng the ways and from the steeple
The funeral bells toll slow;
But on the golden streets the holy people
Are passing to and fro.

"And saying as they meet, 'Rejoice, another
Long waited for is come.
The Savior's heart is glad, a younger brother
Has reached the Father's home."

The cause of this universal mourning is to be found in the man himself. To the inspired penman's picture of Jonathan, likening him unto the "Beauty of Israel," could not be more appropriately employed than in chanting the lament of our fallen chief. It does no violence to human speech, nor is it fulsome eulogy to speak thus of him, for who that has seen his stately bearing, his grace and manliness of demeanor, his kindness of aspect, but gives assent to this description of him.

Loved by All Who Knew Him.
It was characteristic of our beloved President that men met him only to love him. They might, indeed, differ with him, but in the presence of such dignity of character and grace of manner none could fail to love the man. The people condescended to him, believed in him. It was said of Lincoln that probably no man since the days of Washington was ever so deeply embedded and enshrined in the hearts of the people, but it is true of McKinley in a larger sense. Industrial and social conditions are such that he was, even more than his predecessors, the friend of the whole people. A touching scene was enacted in this church last Sunday night. The services had closed. The worshippers were gone to their homes. Only a few lingered to discuss the sad event that brings us together today. Three men of a foreign race and unfamiliar tongue, and clad in working garb, entered the room. They approached the altar, kneeling before it and before the dead man's picture. Their lips moved as if in prayer, while tears furrowed their cheeks. They may have been thinking of their own King Humbert and of his untimely death. Their emotion was eloquent, eloquent beyond speech, and it bore testimony to their appreciation of manly friendship and of honest worth.

Soul Clean and Hands Unsullied.
It is a glorious thing to be able to say in this presence, with our illustrious dead before us, that he never betrayed the confidence of his countrymen. Not for personal gain or pre-eminence would he mar the beauty of his soul. He kept it clean and white before God and man, and his hands were unsullied by bribes. "His eyes looked right on, and his eyelids looked straight before him." He was sincere, plain and honest, just, benevolent and kind. He never disappointed those who believed in him, but measured up to every duty and met every responsibility in life grandly and unflinchingly. Not only was our President brave and heroic and honest; he was as gallant a knight as ever rode the lists for his lady love in the days when knighthood was in flower. It is but a few weeks since the nation looked on with tear-dimmed eyes

Some of the Abuses of Reading.
What are the abuses of reading? These: 1. Hurried reading without concentration. 2. Reading for mere entertainment without reflection. 3. Reading when we ought to be doing some other thing.
Governor Loves Fine Horses.
Governor Geer of Oregon is a lover of fine horses. He has given a great deal of time to this and is now said to be the best judge of horses in the state.

LITTLE CLASSICS.
Believe me, upon the margin of celestial streams alone those simples grow which cure the heartache.—Longfellow.
"Those are really highest who are nearest to heaven; and those are lowest who are the farthest from it.—Sir John Lubbock.
"Economy may be styled the daughter of prudence, the sister of temperance, and the mother of liberty.—Dr. Samuel Smiles.

as it saw with what tender conjugal devotion he sat at the bedside of his beloved wife, when all feared that a fatal illness was upon her. No public clamor that he might show himself to the populace, no demand of a social function was sufficient to draw the lover from the bedside of his wife. He watched and waited while we all prayed—and she lived.

Tender Story of His Love.

This sweet and tender story all the world knows, and the world knows that his whole life had run in this one groove of love. It was a strong arm that knowledge leaned upon and it never faltered. Her smile was more to him than the plaudits of the multitude and for her greeting his acknowledgments of their must wait. After noting the fatal wound his first thought was that the terrible news might be broken gently to her. May God in this deep hour of sorrow comfort her. May his grace be greater than her anguish. May the widow's God be her God. Another beauty in the character of our President, that was a chapter of grace about his neck, was that he was a Christian. In the broadest, noblest sense of the word that was true. His confidence in God was strong and unshakable. He was steady in many a storm where others were driven before the wind and tossed. He believed in the fatherhood of God and in his sovereignty. His faith in the gospel of Christ was deep and abiding. He had no patience with any other theme of pulpit discourse. "Christ and him crucified" was to his mind the only panacea for the world's disorders. He believed it to be the supreme duty of the Christian minister to preach the word. He said: "We do not look for great business-men in the pulpit, but for great preachers."

Ever a True Christian.

It is well known that his godly mother had hoped for him that he would become a minister of the gospel, and that she believed it to be the highest vocation in life. It was not, however, his mother's faith that made him a Christian. He had gained in early life a personal acquaintance of Jesus which guided him in the performance of greater duties and vaster than have been the lot of any other American President. He said at one time, while bearing heavy burdens, that he did not discharge the daily duties of his life but for the fact that he had faith in God. William McKinley believed in prayer, in the beauty of it, in the potency of it. Its language was not unfamiliar to him, and his prayer addresses were infrequently made. The fact, it was perfectly consistent with his life-long convictions and his personal experiences that he should say as the first critical moment after the assassination approached, "Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done," and that he should declare at the last, "It is God's way; his will be done." He lived grandly; it was fitting that he should die grandly. And now that the majesty of death has touched and enfolded him we find that in his supreme moment he was still a conqueror.

Lessons from the Sad Event.

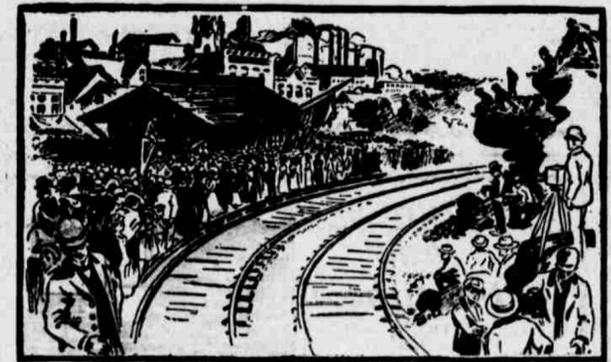
Let us turn now to a brief consideration of some of the lessons that we are to learn from this sad event. The first one that will occur to us all is the old, old lesson that "in the midst of life we are in death." "Man goeth forth to his work and to his labor until the evening." "He fleeth as it were a breath, and never continueth in one stay." Our President went forth in the fullness of his strength, in his manly beauty, and was suddenly smitten by the hand that brought death with it. None of us can tell what a day may bring forth. Let us, therefore, remember that "No man liveth to himself and none of us dieth to himself." May each day's close see each day's duty done. Another great lesson that we should heed is the vanity of man and the greatness. In the presence of the dread messenger, how small are all the trappings of wealth and distinction of rank and power. I beseech you, seek him who said: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." There is but one Savior for the sick and the weary. I entreat you, find him, as our brother found him. But our last words must be spoken. Little more than four years ago we bade him good-bye as he went to assume the great responsibilities to which the nation had called him. His last words as he left us were: "Nothing could give me greater pleasure than this farewell greeting—this evidence of your friendship and sympathy, your good will, and, I am sure, the prayers of all the people with whom I have lived so long and whose confidence and esteem are dearer to me than any other earthly honors. To all of us the future is as a sealed book, but if I can, by official act or administration or utterance, in any degree add to the prosperity and unity of our beloved country and the advancement and well-being of our splendid citizenship, I will devote the best and most unselfish efforts of my life to that end. With this thought uppermost in my mind, I reluctantly take leave of my friends and neighbors, cherishing in my heart the sweetest memories and thoughts of my old home—my home now—and, I trust, my home hereafter, so long as I live." With him that was his work was done, freed from the burdens of his great office, crowned with the affections of a happy people, he might be permitted to close his earthly life in the home he had loved.

Sadness of the Home-Coming.

He has, indeed, returned to us, but how? Borne to the strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and placed where he first began his struggle, that the people might look and weep over so sad a home-coming. But it was a triumphal march. How vast the procession. The nation rose and stood with uncovered head. The people of the land are chief mourners. The nations of the earth weep with them. But, O, what a victory. I do not ask you in the heat of public address, but in the calm moments of mature reflection, what other man ever had such high honors bestowed upon him, and by so many people? What poignant grief could this be? Look upon tonight? We gave him to the nation only a little more than four years ago. He went out with the light of the morning upon his brow, but with his task set, and the purpose to complete it. We take him back a mighty conqueror.

"The church yard where his children rest,
The quiet spot that suits his best;
There shall his grave be made,
And there his bones be laid.
And there his countrymen shall come,
With memory proud, with pity dumb,
And strangers far and near,
For many and many a year;
For many a year and many an age,
While history on her simple page,
The virtues shall enroll
Of that paternal soil."

The bloom on fruit is said to be nature's waterproofing. Where it is rubbed off damp accumulates an decay soon follows.



FUNERAL TRAIN EN ROUTE FROM WASHINGTON TO CANTON—A SCENE AT A WAY STATION.

nominations said the simple services.

Great Throng Joins in Hymn.

Troops banked the streets about, but the thousands who had gathered near and stood in places for five hours held their ground, catching up the broken strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee." The silence of calm had come; the silence of supreme excitement had passed. "It was not at him," said the minister of the church, all but hidden from sight by the mountains of blooms and floral pieces that bound in the pulpit and choir loft, "that the fatal shot was fired, but at the heart of our government." Then he added: "In all the coming years men will seek, but will seek in vain, to fathom the enormity and the wickedness of that crime."

New President in Tears.

These words brought home with crushing force the warning that the last scenes were being enacted. Among those who sat with bowed heads was President Roosevelt. The tears welled into his eyes as he heard the petitions that God might guide his hands aright. Then came the last stage of this journey to the city of the dead. Members of the United States senate, those who sit in the house of representatives, officials and citizens from practically every state in the union, soldiers, military organizations—a column of more than 6,000 men followed the funeral car on this last journey.

Path is Carpeted in Flowers.

The skies were hidden by clouds of gray, but not a drop of rain fell. The path of flagging leading to the iron-gated vault was buried beneath a covering of blooms. This carpet of flowers came as an offering from the school children of Nashville, Tenn. But the men of the war days of forty years ago, with whom the martyred president had marched in his youth, passed up this road before the funeral car approached. They caught up the flowers as they passed, pressing them to their lips. Just ahead of the hearse marched the handful of survivors of the late president's own regiment. They, too, gathered up the blooms as they limped by.

Blooms Taken as Mementos.

So it happened that when the men of the army and of the navy carried the black casket within the shadow

pages, while to convey an adequate idea of the feature of it all which was most conspicuous—the depth and silence of the grief displayed—is beyond words. In that respect it was the scenes of Wednesday enacted over again with increased intensity. All along through the great black lane of people that stretched from the McKinley home to the cemetery—quite two miles—were men and women weeping as though their dearest friend was being borne to the grave.

Every Eye Dim With Tears.

About the tomb itself the outburst of grief was still more striking. As the casket was borne into the vault there was not a member of the cabinet who was not visibly affected, while several were in tears, with their handkerchiefs to their eyes. Secretary Root, although controlling himself to some degree of outward calm, was deeply moved, while President Roosevelt repeatedly pressed his handkerchief to his eyes.

Great Picture of Desolation.

Among the bystanders many scarcely made an effort to conceal their emotion. It was a scene under the cheerless gray skies and in the bleak wind, as cold as a November day, that even the radiant glory of all the great mass of flowers could not relieve the picture of all of sorrow and desolation that death leaves in its wake. As the one on whom this terrible blow falls hardest was not there this agony was spared her.

Will Sleep in Bed of Granite.

Here in this vine-covered vault the remains of President McKinley will lie until they are buried in granite. There remain now only the plans for a monument to his memory. Already these are under way. Thursday morning Speaker Henderson of the house of representatives, accompanied by Congressman S. E. Payne of New York, and Congressman Dalsell of Pennsylvania, were driven to Westlawn cemetery and viewed the location of the McKinley plot.

Congress to Build a Monument.

The newer part of the cemetery was also visited, and although the statement is not definitely made, it is suggested that the coming session of congress will probably appropriate funds