

# 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 bareheaded men and weeping women and children, fringed by a wall of soldiers, marching military and civilians passed with the mourners of the distinguished dead.

**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.

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 on over the hills about the city.

**"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 averted. 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, Tillman 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 stately 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 from 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



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-draped 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 reeds pealed out the strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

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. Tazewell, department commander G. A. R., of Ohio, and staff.  
Canton Post, No. 2, Canton, O.  
Buckley Post, No. 12, Akron, O.  
Bell Liarmon Post, No. 35, Warren, O.  
C. G. Chamberlain Post, No. 86, East Palestine, O.  
Given Post, No. 133, Wooster, O.  
Hart Post, No. 134, Massillon, O.  
Other Grand Army posts.
- Second Division.**  
Maj. Charles Dick, commanding.  
Eighth Regiment Military Band.  
Detachment Ohio National Guard.  
Troop A of Ohio National Guard, guard of honor.  
Official clergymen.  
Funeral car and bearers.  
Honorary 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.

# THE PRESIDENT WORKS

Cabinet Gathers Around Council Table of the New Chief Executive.

## SECRETARY LONG IS TO RESIGN

**Other Members Will Probably Finish Their Terms—Senators Pay Respects to Mr. Roosevelt—Secretary Cortelyou Remains With Roosevelt.**

WASHINGTON, Sept. 21.—After a suspense of three days as a mark of respect to the dead president the business of the government at Washington was resumed yesterday. The train bearing President Roosevelt and his cabinet arrived at the Pennsylvania station at 9:20 o'clock and fifteen minutes later the president entered the white house and going to the elevator proceeded at once to the cabinet room, where President McKinley was wont to do most of his work. When the new chief executive reached the white house he walked briskly to the big front door, which swung wide open to receive him.

Secretary Long, who soon joined him, informed the president as to the condition of affairs in his office and was asked as to the work of the Schley court of inquiry. With Senator Cullom, President Roosevelt exchanged pleasant greetings and received the assurance of the hearty support of the Illinois senator. With Senator Proctor there was a similar exchange of expressions of good will.

The president's former secretary, Mr. Loeb, jr., will remain with him probably as assistant secretary. Mr. Cortelyou, at the president's earnest request, will retain his position as his secretary.

At 11 o'clock all the members of the cabinet had arrived at the white house and soon were seated around the familiar table. President Roosevelt occupied a seat at the head and in the chair long occupied by his predecessor. It all seemed strange to these devoted advisers of the dead president, to sit at the table without him at its head, and the gloom and solemnity which characterized the meeting was not unbecomingly the occasion. Nearly all the members of the present cabinet are quite sure to remain during Mr. Roosevelt's term, but it is very probable that Secretary Long will retire within the next few months. He feels that he can resign without embarrassment to Mr. Roosevelt and therefore it is thought that within the next few months he will ask the president to permit him to retire to private life.

The cabinet was in session about an hour and a half, all of the time being spent in a general review of the more important questions which will require the attention of the new president.

All the members were present except Attorney General Knox, who stopped for a few days in Pittsburgh. Each member explained to the president the policy which had been followed in dealing with the matters under consideration and their present status. No new business was taken up.

Members subsequently expressed themselves as having full confidence in Mr. Roosevelt's ability to give the country a strong, able and conservative administration, and he will have their loyal support to the same degree as they gave it to the late president. It is thought that Tuesdays and Fridays will be selected by the new chief executive as cabinet days, following in this the preference of Mr. McKinley.

## DIETRICH HOMEWARD BOUND

**Senator Reaches San Francisco and at Once Starts for Nebraska.**

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 21.—United States Senator Charles H. Dietrich of Nebraska, who has been on a visit to the Philippines, returned on the Nippon Maru and immediately started for his home. He left there June 20 on the transport Hancock for Manila, in company with Adjutant General Corbin, General Weston and Congressman Julius Kahn. Soon after reaching the Philippines these officials, with Surgeon General Sternberg, made a circuit of the archipelago on the transport Lawton. All were highly pleased with the progress made under American administration, no dissatisfaction among the Filipinos being apparent. The more southerly parts of the island, of which comparatively little could be heard, were found to be prosperous, with American and Filipino fraternizing. The future of the Philippines, in the opinion of Senator Dietrich, is very promising.

## Seeking Roosevelt's Sister.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 21.—The police are looking for a man who approached several pedestrians today and asked the address of President Roosevelt's sister, the wife of Commodore Cowles of the navy. Several officers were detailed to guard the Cowles residence. The man is described as about 40 years old, speaks with a foreign accent, has a light moustache, wears dark clothes and carried a box about eight inches long and three wide.

## No Tobacco at Italian Court.

The King and Queen of Italy cannot endure the smell of tobacco and in waiting are permitted to smoke when doing their turns in service, and no smoking is allowed in the royal apartments. This aversion of the royal couple for tobacco is the more surprising when one recalls the fact that the young queen's mother and sisters all smoke cigarettes, and she was brought up at the Russian court, where smoking by ladies is the rule rather than the exception, and when one remembers how passionately fond of his cigars was the late King Humbert.

## The Booming West.

"I was in a little Wisconsin town the other day," said a Boston man recently, "and know of a gentleman who came there with some stock of an eastern concern to dispose of at par. It was good property, to be sure, but in that one small town he sold \$6,000 worth of the stock in less than a half day. The West is far more prosperous this year than last, although last year was looked upon at the time as a record breaker. The railroads are carrying a vast amount of produce to the Orient, and, mind what I tell you, our exports by the Pacific coast before many years will equal and surpass our exports from the Atlantic seaboard. Only two or three years ago nobody ever dreamed of a mighty export trade on that side."

## She Danced for Charity.

A French woman has invented a new plan for securing contributions to charity. She is a great favorite in her own circle. Recently while staying at a country place near Paris she attended a charity fete. One of her men friends sought her hand for a dance and the lady said: "With pleasure. Twenty francs, please." "I beg your pardon," said the puzzled man. "I had the honor to ask you for a waltz." "To be sure," said the emoiselle. "I thought it was a quadrille. A waltz will be 40 francs." Then she explained that for that evening she was dancing for the poor and her partners must contribute. The other belles took up the idea and the result was a handsome increase in the fund.

## A DISTINGUISHED MISSIONARY.

Washington, Ind., Sept. 23d.—There is at present, living at 106 East 15th street in this city, a most remarkable man. He is Rev. C. H. Thompson, and he came to Washington from Little Rock, Ind., a short time ago. Mr. Thompson spent many years of his long and useful life as a missionary among the Indians of the West. The great exposure and the drinking of so much bad water brought on Diabetes, and at Wagoner, Indian Territory, he was struck down while preaching.

Physicians, one of them a Chicago specialist, pronounced his case hopeless. Dodd's Kidney Pills were recommended, and as a last resort he tried them. He was completely cured, and restored to good health and his case and its cure has caused a sensation among the physicians.

## His Silver Wedding at 80.

Most Reverend Frederick Temple, archbishop of Canterbury, who is 80 years of age, has been celebrating his silver wedding. He was not married until he was 55 years of age, yet he is an excellent specimen of Queen Victoria's favorite type of a bishop and happy family man.

## Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

## Ants Damage Brick Paving.

A curious menace to brick street paving has come to light in Council Bluffs, Ia. Numerous ants began burrowing into the sand beneath the bricks and removed so much of it to other and unknown quarters that the city engineer was called in to repair the damages. One street was made unfit for travel for several blocks.

## Incubator Triplets.

The triplets of Morris J. Cohen, who were sent from New York to Buffalo to be placed in the baby incubators there, are expected home in a few days. The little things not only lived but have more than doubled in weight and are as fine a collection of babies as could be found anywhere. They would undoubtedly have died had it not been for the incubators. The triplets are the first in this country and the second in the world to go through the incubator process.

## Ladies Can Wear Shoes.

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. All druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N.Y.

## Won His Wager.

A wager was made by a resident of London that he could cook a plum pudding ten feet beneath the surface of the Thames. He won the bet by placing the pudding in a tin case and putting the whole in a sack of lime. The heat of the lime, slacking when coming in contact with the water, was sufficient to cook the pudding in two hours.

## Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

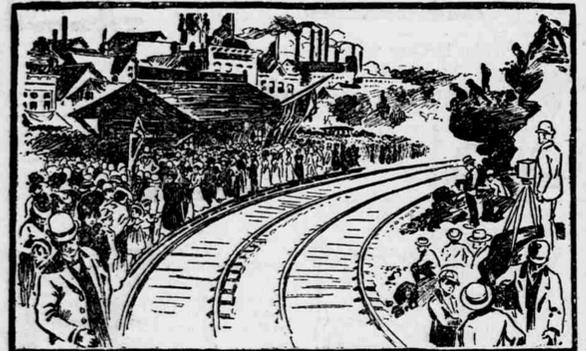
"Heart shakes" are splits which radiate from the center to the circumference of a tree.

## We thank you for trying Wizard Oil

for rheumatism or neuralgia, then you will thank us. Ask your druggist.

## Live on \$90 a Year.

Life on \$90 a year was the experience of A. M. Torrance, chairman of the London county council, when, at the age of 16, his career began in Glasgow. Mr. Torrance made \$90 meet all his needs, and he bought a book or two besides, which he almost learned by heart. He admires punctuality, loves a Scotch song above all things, and tells a Scotch story with no end of "pawky" humor.



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

nominations said the simple services. Great Throng Joins in Hymns. 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 Dalzell 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