

AN UNEVAPORATED OUTPOURING OF A NATION'S FEELING.

SERVICES AT CANTON EXQUISITELY SIMPLE

The Beauty and Number of the Floral Offerings Surpass Anything Known in Our History—Mrs. McKinley, Palsied by Her Woe, Is Unable to Appear.

By The Press Wire from The Associated Press.

Canton, Sept. 19.—With majestic solemnity, surrounded by his countrymen and his townspeople, in the presence of the president of the United States, the cabinet, justice of the United States supreme court, senators and representatives in congress, the heads of the military and naval establishments, the governors of states and a great concourse of people who had known and lived near him, all that is mortal of the third president to fall by an assassin's bullet was today committed to the grave. It was a spectacle of mournful grandeur. Canton ceased to be a town and swelled to the proportions of a great city. From every city and hamlet in Ohio, from the remote corners of the South and from the Eastern West, the human tide flowed into the town until 100,000 people were within its gates, here to pay their last tribute to the fallen chief.

The final scenes at the First Methodist church, where the funeral service was held, and at the beautiful Westlawn cemetery, where the body was consigned to a vault, were simple and impressive. The service at the church consisted of brief oration, prayers by the ministers of three denominations and singing by a quartette. The body was then taken to Westlawn cemetery and placed in a receiving vault, pending the time when it will be finally laid to rest beside the dead children who were buried years ago.

The funeral procession was very imposing and included not only the representatives of the army and navy of the United States, but the entire military strength of the state of Ohio and hundreds of civic, fraternal and other organizations. It was two miles long.

One of the most pathetic features of the day was the absence of Mrs. McKinley from the funeral services at the church and from the cemetery, where the body of her husband was laid to rest. Since the first shock of the shooting, then of the death and through the ordeal of state ceremonies she had borne up bravely. There was a limit to human endurance, and when today came it found her too weak to pass through the trials of the final ceremonies. Through the open door of her room she heard the prayer of the minister as the body was borne out of the house. After that she remained close by her side, and although the full force of the calamity had come upon her, it was believed by those about her that there was a Providential mercy in her tears, as they gave some relief to the anguish of the heart within.

At 7 o'clock tonight, President Roosevelt and the members of the cabinet started back to Washington.

FUNERAL SERVICES NOTABLY SIMPLE

Canton, O., Sept. 19.—As the time approached for bearing the body of the dead president from the McKinley home to the church, the little cottage on North Market street was the center of a vast concourse of people. Regiment after regiment of soldiers acting as guards were in double lines from curb to curb to the lawn. The walks had been cleared and every square bit of lawn where they formed a solid mass of humanity surging forward to the lines of soldiers. In front of the McKinley cottage were drawn up the two files of body bearers—eight soldiers of the navy and eight soldiers of the army—awaiting the order to go in and take up the casket.

Just at 1 o'clock the black chargers of the Cleveland troop swept down the street, their riders four abreast in their brilliant huzzar uniforms, with flags bound in crests and every salute bill bearing its fluttering emblem of mourning. Their coming was the signal for the approach of President Roosevelt and the members of the cabinet. The presidential party moved up the walk to the entrance of the house and formed in a group to the left. The president's face looked very grave and he stood there silently with uncovered head awaiting the body of the dead chieftain. Beside him stood Secretary Gage, Secretary Root, Secretary Wilson and Secretary Hitchcock and just across, Attorney General Knox, Postmaster General Smith, Assistant Secretary Hill, representing Secretary Hay, and Secretary Cortelyou. Extending further down the walk was the guard of honor, the ranking general of the army on the right and the chief figure of the navy on the left. Lieutenant General Miles, in the full uniform of his high rank, with sword at side and band of crepe about his arm, stood alongside the members of the cabinet, and with him were Major General Brooks, Major General Otis, Major General MacArthur and Brigadier Gen-

erals. Next were arranged the admirals of the navy with Admiral Paraghar at the head. Just inside the gate stood the civilian honorary in double line, including Governor Nash, of Ohio; Governor Caldwell, Judge Williams, of the Ohio supreme court; Henry B. McFarlan, president of the commissioners of the District of Columbia; Mayor Diehl, of Buffalo; Judge Day, the life-long friend of the president; Mr. Milburn, at whose house he died, and others in civil life near and dear to the dead chief. As the presidential party came up the black chargers of Troop A swung into battalion front facing the house and the long line of flashing sabres advanced to salute.

At 1:15 o'clock and every stepple in Canton gave forth its dolorous plaint. It was 1:15 o'clock and the time had come for taking up the body. A brief private service had been held within the church, where Mr. Manchester, saying a prayer while the relatives gathered around and Mrs. McKinley listened from the half open door of her adjoining room. The double file of body-bearers now stepped into the room and, raising their flag-wrapped caskets to their shoulders, bore it through the open entrance. A solemn hush fell upon the multitude as the bearers advanced with measured tread. Not a hush fell upon it, not a strain of the hymns the dead ruler had loved so well. The scene was majestic in its silence. As the casket was borne along above the line of heads could be seen unfolding Stars and Stripes and on top great masses of white crepe and grizzled veterans. After them moved the coffin with its floral decorations, and the coffin was committed to the bearers and the silence was broken as the order to march passed from officer to officer.

The march to the church. The great procession now took up its mournful journey, passing under the sweep of giant arches robed in black, and between two living lines of humanity massed along the streets, covering house tops and filling the windows. While the march still wore tolling, mingling their dismal tones with the cadence of the funeral dirge. Preceding the funeral car and forming the first division rode General Torrence, national commander of the Grand Army of the Republic with a large line of grizzled veterans. After them moved the National Guard of the state of Ohio, platoon after platoon, under command of General Charles A. Dick. Then came the solemn funeral cortege, the president's favorite command, Troop A, riding ahead at the head of each of the tall black horses drawing the hearse, marched a soldier. The heads of the horses bore tall black plumes and over them were thrown long pallis of black.

At either side of the hearse marched the general of military and naval honor, the generals on the right led by General Miles and the admirals on the left led by Admiral Paraghar. Then came the large line of carriages for the relatives and friends and after them the innumerable military and civic organizations that had assembled to pay this last honor to the fallen chief. In the line were divisions after division of Knights Templar, Knights of Pythias, Masons, Odd Fellows and representatives of benevolent orders, chambers of commerce, as well as delegations of citizens from cities and towns throughout the state and country.

Within the sanctuary. It was 1:30 o'clock when the procession turned into Tuscarawas street to 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 way for the advancing cortege and the long train of mourners. The hearse halted, when President Roosevelt and members of the cabinet alighted. Again they placed themselves at either side of the entrance, with uncovered heads, and awaited the passing of the casket. 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. The mourners, too, passed inside of the edifice, but the stricken widow was not among them. She had remained behind in the old home, alone with her grief.

The scene within the church, when the casket was carried in on the mahogany shoulders of the soldiers and the black horse-drawn hearse, relieved at intervals by narrow white lanes falling to the floor, swept completely around the interior. Only the gilt organ pipes, back of the pulpit, rose above it. The vestibule on either side of the channel leading into the church

were black tunnels, the stained glass windows on either side were framed in black and the balcony of the Sunday school to the rear, thrown open into the church by large sliding doors, was shrouded in the same sombre colors. Graceful black streamers festooned along the grained arches of the nave formed a black canopy above the channel. From this, directly above the flower-covered catafalque on which the casket was to rest, hung a beautiful silk banner, its blood red and snow white folds tied midway with a band of crepe.

Beautiful display of flowers. But it was the floral display at the front of the church which filled the whole edifice with glory. The centre of it all was a great wreath of American beauties framing a black bordered portrait of President McKinley. From the wreath extending outward and upward, was a perfect wealth of gorgeous blossoms. The effect was as if a great rushing wave of color had broken into flowers at the foot of the bier. They extended up even to the organ pipes, against which brilliant stars in a black sky, broken as if to represent the quarters of the moon. It was exquisite. Words went away powerless before the tender beauty. Purple and green were the dominant notes, orchids, violets, palms and evergreens against the sombre background. There were many handsome pieces. Against the walls on the other side were floral flags and upon the pulpit rested an urn in white carnations, broken at the base to represent the water flowing from it. On another side of the urn were crosses of Knight Templars and crown of the Knights of Pythias, while to the east was the square and compass of Masonry. Almost directly above the support for the coffin, a sunburst of lights glittered like brilliant stars in a black sky. The light from without came dimly through the stained glass windows. Under the quivering folds of the stately banner, with the lights shedding their effulgence from above, the fragrance of the flowers hovering all about and the music of Beethoven's grand funeral march pulsing from the organ, the body bearers gently lowered the flag-draped and flower-adorned coffin to its support.

Notable persons in attendance. The members of the Local Legion, Governor Nash, Governor McMillan of Tennessee, and Governor Longino, of Mississippi, each with his full military staff, had already entered the church from the west side of the building, followed the body and occupied the front of the house. The members of the senate and the house of representatives had preceded the coffin through the door at the side of the channel, through which it entered. They were followed by the delegates of the members of the grand army of each body. Senators Allison, of Iowa, and Hite, of Tennessee, headed the senatorial representation, of which there were about forty. And Speaker Henderson and Representative McClellan, of Ohio, headed the membership must have been present. The congressional party filled up the entire east section of pews and the rear half of the two center aisles. The local legionmen occupied the seats below the organ usually occupied by the choir.

All had risen as the coffin was borne in. The generals and admirals of the army and navy, who composed the guard of honor, in their resplendent uniforms, followed the body and occupied the first pew on either side of the center aisle. President Roosevelt and the cabinet came slowly after. All were in black and wore black gloves. The president only had on an overcoat. He took his place immediately behind Lieutenant General Miles in the second row to the eastward. So close was he to the coffin he could almost have leaned over and touched it. Secretary Cortelyou, Justice McKenna, of the supreme court, John W. Milburn and John N. Sweeney, of Buffalo, and several others took seats immediately in the rear of the cabinet. Then followed the mourning relatives, who occupied the tier of pews in left of the center aisle. Mr. and Mrs. Abner McKinley led the way, followed by other immediate relatives, Senator Mrs. Fairbanks, Comptroller and Mrs. Dawes, Colonel and Mrs. Myron T. Herrick, of Cleveland, and a few other close personal friends. The fourth row from the front, that always occupied by President McKinley, was draped in black and remained vacant.

Members of the old regiment. After these had been seated the door leading into the Sabbath school was opened and the seats arranged below as well as those in the balcony, were soon filled with representatives of various organizations and the fellow-townsmen of the martyred president. Except among those were the survivors of the Twenty-third Ohio, President McKinley's old regiment, who brought into the church the tattered battle flags the regiment had carried throughout the Civil war.

Services simple in the extreme. It was after 2 o'clock when the quartet arose and lifted up their voices with the touching words of "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere." When the sound of the last line had died away, Rev. O. B. Milligan, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, where President and Mrs. McKinley were married thirty years ago, offered a fervent prayer. Every head within church bent in solemn reverence as the invocation went up.

Dr. John A. Hall, pastor of the Trinity Lutheran church, then read from

the Bible the beautiful nineteenth psalm, and Rev. E. P. Herbruck versus 41-45 of the twenty-fifth chapter of I Corinthians. With great feeling he read the beautiful words of the hymn, "mystery that all would not sleep but all be changed. The quartette then sang Cardinal Newman's grand hymn, "The beautiful words floating through all the church:

Lead kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on. Where the soul of the departed, Dr. C. E. Manchester then delivered an address, which lasted twenty-four minutes, on the life of the late president and the lessons taught by his noble character and death. Bishop I. W. Joyce, of Minneapolis, followed with the singing of the hymn which President McKinley repeated on his death-bed, "Nearer, My God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee."

The entire congregation arose and joined in the last stanza. Father Valtman, of Chicago, chaplain of the Twenty-ninth infantry, pronounced the benediction. Then the notes of the organ again arose. The coffin was taken up and borne from the church. The relatives and those in official station went out in the order they had entered.

The solemn pageant reappears. It was shortly after 3 o'clock when the silent and anxious throng outside the church saw the solemn pageant reappear through the church doors. First came the guard of military and naval honor, the generals and admirals, forming in double line leading from the entrance to the waiting hearse. Again the flag-wrapped coffin, the wealth of flowers, appeared and was committed to the hearse. The president and members of the cabinet followed, arm in arm, and stepped into the waiting carriages. The relatives occupied carriages next. Then the squadron of mounted police from the battalion front and, wheeling into platoons, took up the march to the grave. In the long line of carriages were United States senators and members of the house of representatives from every section of the country, justices of the United States supreme court, the ranking heads of the army and navy, governors of states and mayors of cities and the dead president's fellow townsmen.

Our Tuscarawas street the long procession moved through a section of the city where the sorrow-stricken had not before been heard. But it presented the same sorrow-stricken aspect that had been observed in the heart of the city. Funeral arches spanned the street, some of them, it is understood, which formed a canopy over the hearse. The houses erected by school children, the homes of the bereaved, the banks, the stately elms along the way had their trunks enshrouded in black and white drapery.

Placing the dead in resting place. Canton, O., Sept. 19.—The line of the funeral march from the church to the cemetery was about one and one-half miles in length. Four hours even before the time set for the funeral exercises at the McKinley home, the streets along the entire length of line of march were crowded with spectators. From the gates of the cemetery to the doors of the church, a line of black and white soldiers and on all the interesting streets detachments of the militia were posted about one hundred feet from the thoroughfare upon which the cortege was to go and nobody was permitted to pass in either direction.

Streets kept clear by military. All day long the streets were kept clear by the military, and not a vehicle of any description save those belonging to the funeral cortege was permitted to enter upon them. Notwithstanding the dense crowds there were no accidents of any kind reported. No greater reverence has ever been shown to any man, living or dead, than was exhibited toward the dead president today. As the funeral car passed through the streets, men and women sobbed convulsively. It was a white-hot tribute of surpassing love that was rendered today in his native place to the memory of William McKinley, and it will be long before greater or more reverent honor is paid to any man.

Services were brief at the vault. It was exactly four minutes after four when the funeral car bore the remains of the dead president through the gateway of his last resting place. Twenty minutes after that time the hearse arrived at the vault where over, and the members of the family and the distinguished men of the nation who had come so far to do him honor, had passed through the gates on their homeward way. One hour and forty minutes after the hearse had entered the cemetery after the place was clear and the dead president was resting alone under the watchful care of men from the regular army. A sentry's measured tread resounded from the cement walk of the vault, another kept vigil on the grassy slope above, and at the head and at the foot of the casket stood armed men. Before the door, which was not closed tonight, was pitched the tent of the guard and there it will

remain until the doors are closed tomorrow. Sentries will then guard the vault every hour of the day and night until the body has been borne to its final resting place.

Dirge strains herald approach. For nearly an hour before the head of the funeral procession arrived at the gate of the cemetery, the strains of the dirges played by the bands came over the hill top to the watchers by the vault, telling them that the procession was on its way. Finally at 3:30 o'clock the dirge came solemnly around the corner of Lincoln street and passed up West Third street to the cemetery gates. Behind them came the Grand Army band of Canton, and solemn notes of "Nearer, My God to Thee." A moment after, emerging from the cemetery, the music was changed to Chopin's funeral interlude and it was to the sound of this that the band continued out to Kentucky avenue. Behind the band came the Grand Army post of fifty-five hundred veterans marching by.

Living president salutes the dead. From the first carriage that stopped at the foot of the road leading up to the vault, President Roosevelt and Commander Cowles of the navy alighted. From the second carriage alighted Secretaries Root and Gage and Attorney General Knox. The president walked slowly to the vault and took a position on the south side of the walk close to the door. Secretary Root assumed a similar position on the north side of the walk and other members of the cabinet ranged themselves by the side of the president and secretary of war. With bowed heads the president and members of the cabinet, who were followed by the army and navy officers, stood on either side of the walk, the lines reaching just to the edge of the roadway.

The burial service. Bishop Joyce, of Minneapolis, then led the burial service of the Methodist church, slowly, but in a voice that could be heard distinctly by all who were grouped around the vault. His eyes lowered to the catafalque, Abner McKinley and Mrs. Barber alighted from their carriage and stood at the foot of the line of mourners. They remained here for a few seconds and then passed up to the top of the casket, where they remained during the brief services.

Reading of the will. Bishop Joyce, of Minneapolis, then led the burial service of the Methodist church, slowly, but in a voice that could be heard distinctly by all who were grouped around the vault. His eyes lowered to the catafalque, Abner McKinley and Mrs. Barber alighted from their carriage and stood at the foot of the line of mourners. They remained here for a few seconds and then passed up to the top of the casket, where they remained during the brief services.

Procession homeward bound. The president, the members of the cabinet and the officers of the army and navy then entered their carriages and followed by the members of the family passed out of the cemetery and returned to the city. The delay caused by the services at the vault being over, every man in the line save those in uniform who rendered appropriate honors in other ways went past the casket with uncovered head. As the head of the division containing the Knights Templars wheeled into the cemetery, their quartette took up a position to the south of the vault and sang "Farewell My Brother." This hymn was followed by others including "Rock of Ages," "The Christian's Good Night" and "The Wayside Cross." The selections were beautifully rendered and no part of the funeral ceremonies in Canton was more impressive.

The last of the procession passed the bier at 4:45 and then orders were given by Captain Biddle that the cemetery should be cleared. The order was quickly carried out and the president was left in the care of his guard of honor.

Unexampled in the annals of national mourning is the tribute of respect and honor yesterday paid by the American people to their martyred chief. From North to South, from East to West, one story comes—a story of the outpouring of the nation's heart in grief and veneration. Not alone in the formal ceremonies and services or in the complete pause given to the bustling activities of business was the depth of the people's sorrow exemplified; the dirges that were heard everywhere, the feeling was of an intense personal loss, an affliction reaching into the inmost recesses and compelling anguish on every side. Of the hundreds of dispatches received last night, a few are given below as indicative of the trend of all. It was a day without a counterpart in human history.

Mr. Cleveland then spoke touching of the scenes of the funeral service at Washington.

Observances in various cities. New York, Sept. 19.—All business except of necessity was suspended in this city today in respect to the memory of President McKinley and the day of mourning was observed by persons of all religious beliefs. In all churches and synagogues special services were held and public meetings were held at various places. Addresses were made eulogistic of the life and public services of the dead president. In marked contrast to the ordinary holiday custom for today were either abandoned or postponed. With the closing of stores, banks and other places of business it was announced that all street car traffic would stop for a period of five minutes at the time of the funeral services were to begin at Canton. At this time set for the removal of the late president's remains to the cemetery, the Commercial Cable company's cables and land lines in America, England, Ireland, Scotland, France, and the Azores Islands were silent for five minutes. The lines of the Postal Telegraph company observed the same ceremony and the leased wire service of the Associated Press also suspended.

Not a wheel turned in Philadelphia. Philadelphia, Sept. 19.—The entire population of this city today united in the expression of profound sorrow for the untimely death of President McKinley. Every public office, government and municipal, and all the business houses, large and small, remained closed during the day, while not a wheel turned in the many industrial establishments of the city. There were no sessions in the schools, and all places of amusement closed their doors as a tribute of respect to the martyred president. For five minutes the regular systems of the Union Traction company was suspended and during the hour when the last sad rites over the body of the president were in progress the deep tones of old State House bell called a solemn requiem. In the general observance of the day of mourning, services were held by the schools and marines at the League Island navy yard, by the National Guard regiment and in a majority of the churches.

Philadelphia's tribute to the martyred president was pronounced by many in high station. Mayor Ambler presided and delivered a short opening address. The other addresses were made by the Hon. Wayne MacVough, who was in President Garfield's cabinet; Archbishop Ryan, of the Roman

Cleveland's eulogy. Princeton, N. J., Sept. 19.—All formal exercises at Princeton university were suspended today, and at 11 o'clock memorial exercises were held in Alexander hall. The faculty and board of trustees attended the exercises in their gowns without their hoods. The big hall was filled with students and visitors as the faculty, led by former President Cleveland and President Patton, slowly filed up the aisle to the rostrum. President Patton opened the exercises with prayer, read the Forty-sixth Psalm, made a few remarks eulogizing the late president and introduced Mr. Cleveland who was visibly affected and with tears in his eyes, eulogized the dead president. Mr. Cleveland said, in part:

The grave class over the man that had been chosen by the people of the United States to represent their sovereignty, to protect and defend their constitution, to faithfully execute the laws made for their welfare and to safely uphold the integrity of the republic. He passed from the public sight, not bearing the wreaths and garlands of his countrymen's approving acclaim, but amid the wail and tears of a mourning people, the which nation lost their president. His kindly disposition and affectionate traits, his amiable consideration for all around him, will live in the hearts of his countrymen. He used them in return with an unselfishness which would say to them, "It is God's will, I am content." There is a lesson in such life ideals, let it be known to those who still live and have the destiny of their country in their keeping.

First in my thoughts are the lessons to be learned from the career of William McKinley by the young men and women of our universities. They are not obscure or difficult. The man who is universally mourned today was not deficient in education, but with all you will find that he was a man of high character, you will not find that what he accomplished was due entirely to his education. He was an obedient and affectionate son, patriotic and faithful to his duty, honest and upright in all his dealings, generous and devoted as a husband, and truthful, tender, unselfish, moral and clean in every relation of life. He never thought any of those things were too good for the man who was to take his place. Here was a most distinguished man, a great man, a useful man, who became distinguished, great and useful because he had, and retained throughout his life, the qualities of heart which I fear university students sometimes feel like being in the background or abandoning.

There is a most serious lesson for all of us in the tragedy of our late president's death. If we are to escape further attacks upon our peace and security, we must boldly, resolutely grapple with the monster of anarchy. It is not a thing that we can safely leave as he dealt with by the ordinary or partnership. Nothing can protect us against the menace except the teaching and the practice of the best citizenship, the expansion of the rule and aims of the gospel of disinterested and loyal social order, and the brain expansion and extension of cooperative laws.

The universities and colleges cannot refuse to join in this battle against the monster of anarchy. Their help is needed in warning against the relationship between the vicious comports and deeds of blood, and their studying industries as required upon the demands of our nation. It is our duty to cultivate and preserve the qualities that made him great and useful, and let us determine to meet the all of our nation's needs in the future.

Speeches were also delivered by Woodrow Wilson, head of the department of politics, and by Professor John H. Finlay, a personal friend of President McKinley. Professor Finlay spoke of the late president as he knew him, as a friend. The exercises were closed with the benediction by President Patton.

Memorial services were held in the First Presbyterian church this evening. Rev. Matiland W. Bartlett, pastor of church officiated. Addresses were delivered by ex-President Grover Cleveland, President Patton, Dr. John B. Dewitt, of the Theological Seminary; Rev. J. H. Davies, pastor of the Second Presbyterian church, and Rev. Benjamin G. Green, pastor of the Methodist church. Mr. Cleveland said in part:

The death of our lamented president and the solemnities that follow it have especially touched me. I feel not only within my full share of grief, which is common to all our citizens, but it seems to me that I have been brought within a more near circle of relationship to those things, exclusively my own, I read with sharp discernment which to many is today news to me from his home to receive in a surrender from my hands the great office to which he had been elected, an incident which is interesting, that

Yesterday's weather. Local data for September 19, 1901. Highest temperature 68 degrees. Lowest temperature 47 degrees. Relative humidity 71 per cent. Wind S. by E. at 10 m. per hour. Precipitation 24 hours ended 8 p. m., none.

Weather forecast. Washington, Sept. 19.—Forecast for Eastern Pennsylvania: Fair today, light north-easterly rain probable today, partly cloudy, rising temperature, light north-easterly wind.

Continued on Page 2.