## PLANS TO STAMP OUT ANARCHY.

Biographical Sketch of Emma Goldman, Rabid Teacher of Revolution.

"I meant to kill the President. I am a disciple of Emma Goldman.

"I have heard Emma Goldman lec-ture and have read her writings. I have done my duty."—From state-ment made by Czolgosz to the Buffalo

Emma Goldman first came into prominence in New York City during the bread riots of the spring and sum-mer of 1893 growing out of the cloakmakers' strike.

Since then she has been the most reckless of all the incendiary speechmakers in the ranks of the Anarchists in this country. The character of the woman and her doctrines are best shown by her speeches. In these she has repeatedly said:

"I do not believe in God." "When I die I would rather go to hell than to heaven. All tyrants go to heaven."
"I am against all laws."

Emma Goldman spent ten months in the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island for a speech she made in Union Square on August 21, 1893, during the bread riots. She was convicted of in-

citing to riot.

It was her lover, Henry Berkman, who shot Henry C. Frick, of the Carnegie mills. After her fashion of mar-riage she had been his wife and publicly gloried in Berkman's act, which



ALBERT BURBELLO.

she inspired. The woman's strange power has made her the high priestess of the most rabid and fanatical of the Anarchists.

On the East Side she is known as the "Little Firebrand." Her views are extreme and revolutionary even for the average run of Anarchists.

Emma Goldman is thirty-three years old, short, pudgy of figure, hard featured and frowsy in appearance. Her hair is light brown and her eyes bluish gray. Her chin shows determined termination.

She is a remarkably fluent talker. and never fails to excite her Anarchist hearers to a high pitch. She speaks Russian, German, English and French and writes Spanish and Italian. She was born in Russia and educated in Germany. She was married when she was seventeen, and according to re-port has had several husbands since.

When she is in New York the Gold-man woman makes her home on the East Side. She spends much of her time in back rooms of saloons where Anarchists gather. A crowd of admirers constantly surrounds her. She hates women, and her life has been



passed mostly among men. tures are almost masculine. She formerly worked in a sweat-shop and is said to have been a trained nurse.

Mrs. Schwab, widow of Justus Schwab, runs the little basement barroom at 50 First street, New York, where Emma Goldman makes her headquarters. The saloon is a low Most. "Where is the law? This is ceiled, smoky, dirty room, with a short nonsense. It makes me laugh. Ha! bar extending lengthwise in the front. Ha!" Over Mrs. Schwab's head hangs a In the Russian and Polish quarter bass-relief of Marat, with an old-fash- of New York's East Side the Social-

The stepmother, the father and two

beards with gusto. Czolgosz is a here with them. As they talk of the at tempted assassination, their eyes glis-ten and their thin teeth shine cruelly between their lips, drawn tightly over their gums. The women nod approv-al and encouragement, and their shrill voices take part in the denunciation

Magistrate Brann, of New York, has proposed a plan whereby Anarchy in the United States may be stamped



Anarchists who make Schwab's saloon their headquarters hold their meet-ings. Many a night John Most or old Justus Schwab has pounded the table with a beer glass for a gavel while Emma Goldman has held forth on the

iniquity of law and order.

John Most goes daily to his headquarters in the saloon at No. 69 Gold treet, New York, and talks Anarchy. While grease dripped on his waistcoat from a piece of meat held about three inches from his mouth, Most on a recent occasion said:
'What good would it do to kill Me-

Kinley unless Roosevelt was killed too? Both must be put out of the way to do any good."

Then he looked most benignantly over his spectacles at a black haired, unshaven Anarchist at another table



EMMA GOLDMAN.

and the other man nodded his head and said, "Yes, both."

Most ate in silence for a minute or wo, and then suddenly put down his knife and fork and grew flery. "These people who say they are sorry," he said, "they are hypocrites, hypocrites. They are not sorry. They are glad. They know it in their hearts, but they

Most drew a long breath and broke out again: "The Secretary of War will drive Anarchists from the country, will he? Ha! Bah! Let him try! How will he do it? How will he know them? Would any one take me for an Anarchist?" Certainly no one would suspect the little fat German, with his white hair and beard, of being a blood

thirsty "red."
"He can't drive us away," continued

Leon Czolgosz's two brothers.

citizens rarely become Anarchists, and when they do it is because they are densely ignorant and have imbibed the malign teachings of Anarchists of

## "Was It One of Alfred's Ships?



nest of vipers!"

A CURIOUS CUSTOM. Girls Dancing Around John Knill

Cornwall, says a London exchange has many curious customs, but that new one of twenty-one years date

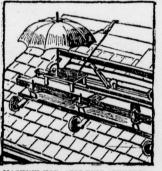


THE KNILL MAUSOLEUM AND THE DANC ING GIRLS.

called the Knill Celebration is, perhaps, the most curious of all. The late John Knill left \$25 to be equally di-vided between ten girls, under ten years of age, natives of St. Ives, and daughters of seamen, fishermen or tinners who shall dance and sing round the mausoleum containing his mortal remains on the anniversary of his death. Other curious gifts, such as \$25 to the native with most children, are also distributed. The ceremonies last week were very picturesque.

Conveniences For the Shingler.

The illustration shows a machine de signed to aid in the work of applying shingles to a roof, the invention having been patented by Charles D. El-kins. The inventor states that his object is to provide an adjustable carriage which can be raised or lowered by the roofer without the necessity of removing his weight from the bracket. To accomplish this end the apparatus is provided with a horizontal shaft extending from one end of the frame to the other and carrying a winding drum at either end, with an operating lever in the centre. The lever has a thumb-latch ratchet, which locks the shaft to hold the carriage at

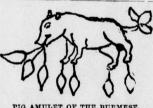


MACHINE FOR APPLYING SHINGLES.

any height, and the roofer has only to wind up or unwind the rope on the drums to raise or lower himself to any desired point. To further aid in the work the carriage on which the man sits rolls horizontally on a track, and he can thus slide back and forth along the rows, while the umbrella protects him from the glaring sun as he works

Strange Custom Followed by the Burmese In a recent number of the Journal of the Anthropological Institute Shaway Yeo contributes an interesting note on the odd custom among the Burmese of wearing engraved pieces of metal or stone under the skin. These amulets are either made of gold, silver animal devices, usually pigs. An incision is made in the skin and the piece of metal or stone is forced under

it. Many natives have long row-them over the chest, showing ' ...e knots through the skin. Venen they get into English prisons the jailer has them cut out, lest they bribe the turnkey with them. The usual result of their removal is to break the robber's



PIG AMULET OF THE BURMESE

spirit. Once the continuity of the charm is interrupted the consecra-Strange as it may seem, as a rule no injury is caused by the object's presence.

The Man With a "Weak Heart."
Dr. James F. Coodhart, consulting physician to Guy's Hospital, in the evening delivered an address before a crowded meeting in the Princess Hall. Speaking on the subject of medicine, he said the morbid sensitiveness of people in the present day was well shown by the rapidity with which they fly to medicine. Doctors tend to make their standard too severe for practical purposes. He hated the term "weak heart." It conflined or threw useless upon society many an otherwise useful life. Hearts were either diseased or healthy. They were all the better for plenty of work. Many a one who coddled a weak heart, died of disease which an indolent habit had produced -London Daily News.

Most civilized nations begin the day at midnight; astronomers and naviga tors since the time of Ptolemy begin it at noon.

DR. TALMAGES SERMON

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

fubject: The Power of Kindness - Λ Spirit of Amity and Good Feeling is to Be Commended - Victory Through Good W<sup>4</sup>II-Most Potent of Words.

Washington, D. C.—In this disc use Or. Talmage commends the spirit of anity and good feeling and mentions illustrious examples of that spirit; text, Acts xxviii, "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

examples of that spirit; text, Acts xxviii, "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

Here we are on the Island of Malta, another name for Melita. This island, which has always been an important commercial sentre, belonging at different times to Phoenicia, to Greece, to Rome, to Arabia, to Spain, to France, now belongs to England. The area of the island is about 100 square miles. It is in the Mediterranean Sea, and of such clarity of atmosphere that Mount Etna, 130 miles away, can be distinctly seen. The island is gloriously memorable because the Knights of Malta for a long while ruled there, but most famous because of the apostolic shipwreck. The bestormed vessel on which Paul sailed had "laid to" on the starboard tack, and the wind was blowing east-northeast, and, the vessel drifting probably a mile and a half an hour, she struck at what is now called St. Paul's Bay. Practical sailors have taken up the Bible account and lecided beyond controversy the place of the shipwreck. But the island, which has so rough a coast, is for the most part a garden. Richest fruits and a profusion of noney characterized it in Paul's time as well as now. The finest oranges, figs and olives grow there.

When Paul and his comrades crawled up on the beach, saturated and hungry from long abstinence from food and chilled to

when Faul and his contracts crawled up on the beach, saturated and hungry from long abstinence from food and chilled to the bone, the islanders, though called barbarians because they could not speak Greek, opened their doors to the ship-wrecked unfortunates. My text finds the ship's crew ashore on Malta and around a hot fire and with the best provision the islanders can offer them. And they go into government quarters for three days to recuperate, Publius, the ruler, inviting them, although he had sever scickness in the house at that time, his father down with a dangerous illness. Yea, for three months they stayed on the island watching for a ship and putting the hospitality of the islanders to a severe test. But it endured the test satisfactorily, and it is recorded for all the ages of time and eteraty to read and hear in regard to the inhabitants of Malta, "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

Kindness! What a great word that is! It would take a reed as long as that which the apocalyptic angel used to measure heaven to tell the length, the breadth, the height of that munificent word. It is a favorite Bible word, and it is early launched in the book of Joshua, embraced in the book of Ruth, sworn by in the book of Samuel, crowned in the book of Psalms and enthroned in many places in the New Testament. Kindness! A word no more gentle than mighty. I expect it will wrestle me down before I get through with it. It is strong enough to throw an archangel. But it will be well for us to stand around it and warm ourselves by its glow as Paul and his fellow voyagers stood around the fire on the Island of Malta, where the Maltese made themselves immortal in my text by the way they treated these victims of the sea. "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

Kindness! All definitions of that multipotent word break down half way. You say it is elemency, benignity, generosity; it is made up of good wishes; it is a contribution to the happiness of others. Some one else says: "Why, I can give you a de

the world except for rock blasting or pyrchine celebration.

but are you waiting and hoping for some one to be bankrupted or exposed or discomfitted or in some way overthrown? Then kindness has not taken possession of your nature. You are wrecked on a Malta where there at i no oranges. You are entertaining a guest so unlike kindness that kindness will not come and dwell under the same roof. The most exhausting and unhealthy and ruinous spirit on earth is a revengeful spirit or retaliating spirit, as I know by experience, for I have tried it for five or ten minutes at a time. When some mean thing has been done me or said about me, I have felt "I will pay him in his own coin. I will show him up. The ingrate, the traitor, the liar, the villain!" But five or ten minutes of the feeling has been so unnerving and exhausting I have abandoned it, and I cannot understand how people can go about torturing themselves five or ten or twenty years, trying to get even with somebody. The only way you will ever triumph over your enemies is by forgiving them and wishing them all good and no evil.

As malevolence is the most uneasy and profitless and dangerous feeling, kindness is the most healthful and delightful. And this is not an abstraction. As I have tried a little of the forgiving. I do not want to leave this world until I have taken vengeance upon every man that ever did me a wrong by doing him a kindness. It will schange the phase of everything. It will change the phase of

Arc you resolved to get it? It does not come by haphazard, but through culture under divine help. Thistles grow without culture. Rocky Mountain sage grass grows without culture. But that great red rose in the conservatory, its leaves packed on leaves, deep dyed as though it had been obliged to fight for its beauty and it were still reeking with the carryage of the battle, that rose needed to be cultured, and through long years its floral ancestors were cultured. O good, implant kindness in all our souls, and then give us grace to watch it, to enrich it, to develop it!

The King cf. Prussia had presented to him by the Empress of Russia the root of a rare flower, and it was put in the royal gardens on an island, and the head gardener. Herr Firtleman, was told to watch it. And one day it put forth its glory. Three days of every week the people were admitted to these gardens, and a young man, probably not realizing what a wrong thing he was doing, plucked this flower and put it in his buttonhole, and the gardener artested him as he was crossing at the ferry and asked the king to throw onen to more his gardens to the public. The king replied: "Shall I deny to the thousands of good people of my country the privilege of seeing this garden because one visitor has done wrong? No; let them come and see the beautiful grounds." And when the gardener wished to give the king the name of the offender who had taken the royal flower he said: "No; my memory is very tenacious, and I do not want to have in my mind the name of the offender, lest it should hinder me granting him a favor some other time." Now, I want you to know that kindness is a royal flower and not wear it on the outside of our nature, but wear it on the outside of our nature, but wear it on the outside of our out we not so good as usual, but foreign demand will make big prices. We are good to have such an autunn and winter prosperity as we have never seen."

On your way to noon luncheon you meet a pessimistic merchant. "What do you think of the commercial prospec

whom he gave the message until nearly two months after Thomas Guard had ascended.

So you can start a word about some one that will be on its travels and vigorous long after the funeral psalm has been sung at your obsequies. Kindness! Why, if fifty men all aglow with it should walk through the lost world methinks they would almost abolish perdition!

Furthermore, there is kindness of action. That is what Joseph showed to his outrageous brothers. That is what David showed to Mephibosheth for his father Jonathan's sake. That is what Dowid showed to Paul in the Rom. peniteriary. That is what William Cowper recognized when he said he would not trust a man who would with his foot needlessly crush a worm. That is what our assasinated President Lincoln demonstrated when his private secretary found him in the capitol grounds trying to get a bird back to the nest from which it had fallen and which quality the illustrious man exhibited some years before when, having, with some lawyers, in the carriage on the way to court passed on the road a swine fast in the mire, and after a while cried to his horses, "Ho!" and said to the gentlemen, "I must go back and help that hog out of the mire." And he did go back and put on solid ground that most uninteresting quadruped.

Suppose all this assemblage and all to whom these words shall come by printers'ink should resolve to make kindness an overarching, undergirding and all pervading principle of their life and then carry out the resolution, why, in six months the whole earth vould feel it. People would say: "What is the matter? It seems to me that the world is getting to be a better place to live in. Why, life, after all; exemt himse. Why there is Schlock.

but are you waiting and noping for some one to be bankrupted or exposed or discomfited or in some way overthrown? Then kindness has not taken possession of your nature. You are wrecked on a Maita where there at: no oranges. You are entertaining a guest so unlike kindness that kindness will not come and dwell under the same roof. The most exhausting and unhealthy and ruinous spirit on earth is a revengeful spirit or retaliating spirit, as I know by experience, for I have tried it for five or ten minutes at a time. When some mean thing has been done me or said about me, I have left 'I will pay him in his own coin. I will show him up. The interest of the come o

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE CZOLGOSZ FAMILY ON THE PORCH OF THEIR COTTAGE, NO. 306 FLE ET STREET, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

ioned flintlock pistol, the barrel wound with copper wire, swinging beneath it. On the wall opposite her is a blackboard with Anarchistic placards and notices on it.

ist and Anarchist sentiment is all for The men there gather in Czolgosz. dark, dirty little saloons and holes in the wall where liquor is sold, and talk and gesticulate and wag their scraggy

Beyond the bar are two or three round tables and a beer stained plano. Then comes another room, with a long table lined with chairs. There the

ANARCHISTS OF THE FREI HEIT GROUP DISCUSSING TI SASSINATION AT 69 GOLD STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

pass a law barring all immigration from the South of Europe, from which our Anarchists come, for ten years the expiration of that period, with restrictions at our ports of entry

"When Congress meets it should



CZOLGOSZ, THE ASSASSIN.

upon immigration, persons in Europe desiring to come to the United States should be required to make application to our Commissioner abroad. Each application should be investigated rigidly, and if the applicant is found to be an Anarchist, or of extreme So-cialistic views, he should be denied the right to come to this country. "Anarchy, which has been undoubt-

edly growing among the ignorant imearly growing among the ignorant im-migrants to this country, should be stamped out at any cost. We shut out the Chinese, who are quiet, peace-able people, seldom offending against our laws except by smuggling, and let in ignorant desperadoes who, not properly understanding our free Government, are opposed to it, or to all gov-



BAR OF SALOON AT 50 FIRST STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

In the course of some excavations which were being made in the River Lea the other day the old hulk of a ship, supposed to belong to the Anglo-Saxon period, was discovered sunk in the bed of the stream. From its resemblance to an old picture in House of Commons, it is thought that the hulk may have belonged to a fleet with which King Alfred fought the It has now been removed to the British Museum, together with some other curios, all found at the same time.—London News.



-"Time to clean out that