

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 lecture and have read her writings. I have done my duty."—From statement made by Czolgosz to the Buffalo police.

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

Since then she has been the most reckless of all the incendiary speech-makers 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 inciting to riot.

It was her lover, Henry Berkman, who shot Henry C. Frick, of the Carnegie mills. After her fashion of marriage 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 determination.

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 report has had several husbands since.

When she is in New York the Goldman 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



PETER FESTERE.

passed mostly among men. Her features 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 bar-room at 50 First street, New York, where Emma Goldman makes her headquarters. The saloon is a low celled, smoky, dirty room, with a short bar extending lengthwise in the front. Over Mrs. Schwab's head hangs a bass-relief of Marat, with an old-fash-

The stepmother, the father and two sisters.



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.

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



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

Anarchists who make Schwab's saloon their headquarters hold their meetings. 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 street, 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 McKinley 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 two, and then suddenly put down his knife and fork and grew fiery. "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 are afraid to say it."

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 Most. "Where is the law? This is nonsense. It makes me laugh. Ha! Ha!"

In the Russian and Polish quarter of New York's East Side the Social-

Leon Czolgosz's two brothers.



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

beards with gusto. Czolgosz is a hero with them. As they talk of the attempted assassination, their eyes glisten and their thin teeth shine cruelly between their lips, drawn tightly over their gums. The women nod approval and encouragement, and their shrill voices take part in the denunciation of law.

Magistrate Brann, of New York, has proposed a plan whereby Anarchy in the United States may be stamped out. Magistrate Brann, who has devoted considerable study to the problem, said:



THE KNILL MAUSOLEUM AND THE DANCING GIRLS.

called the Knill Celebration is, perhaps, the most curious of all. The late John Knill left \$25 to be equally divided between ten girls, under ten years of age, natives of St. Ives, and daughters of seamen, fishermen or tanners 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.



MACHINE FOR APPLYING SHINGLES.

The illustration shows a machine designed to aid in the work of applying shingles to a roof, the invention having been patented by Charles D. Elkins. 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 center. The lever has a thumb-latch ratchet, which locks the shaft to hold the carriage at



BAR OF SALOON AT 50 FIRST STREET, NEW YORK CITY. (Emma Goldman's Headquarters.)

ernment, for that matter. American citizens rarely become Anarchists, and when they do it is because they are densely ignorant and have imbibed the malign teachings of Anarchists of foreign birth."

Was It One of Alfred's Ships?

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 the House of Commons, it is thought that the hulk may have belonged to a fleet with which King Alfred fought the Danes. It has now been removed to the British Museum, together with some other curios, all found at the same time.—London News.



Uncle Sam—"Time to clean out that nest of vipers!"

A CURIOUS CUSTOM.

Fisher Girls Dancing Around John Knill's Mausoleum.

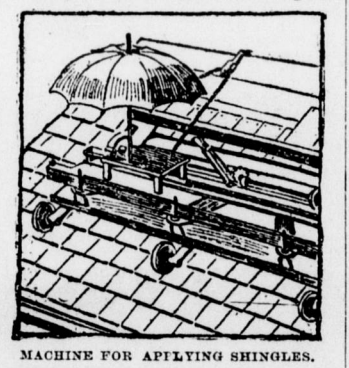
Cornwall, says a London exchange has many curious customs, but that new one of twenty-one years date



THE KNILL MAUSOLEUM AND THE DANCING GIRLS.

When Paul and his comrades 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 shipwrecked unfortunate. My text finds the vessel 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 severe sickness in his house at that time, his father down with a dangerous illness. Yea, for three months they stayed on the island waiting for a ship and putting the hospitality of the islanders to a severe test. But it endured the test satisfactorily, and it is recorded in the book of Acts and in the book of Genesis, caught up in the book of Joshua, embraced in the book of Ruth, sworn by in the book of Daniel, invoked in the book of Psalms and throned 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, as well for the good as the bad, 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 the vessel and the crew. The generous people showed us no little kindness."

Kindness! What a great word that is! It would take a reed as long as that which the apostle Paul used to measure heaven to tell the length, the breadth, the height of that magnificent word. It is a favorite Bible word, and it is early launched in the book of Genesis, caught up in the book of Joshua, embraced in the book of Ruth, sworn by in the book of Daniel, invoked in the book of Psalms and throned 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, as well for the good as the bad, 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 the vessel and the crew. The generous people showed us no little kindness."



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 Shway 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 or lead, and are engraved with curious 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 rows of them over the chest, showing the knots through the skin. When 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 consecration is gone. 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 conformed 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 navigators since the time of Ptolemy begin it at noon.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: The Power of Kindness—A Spirit of Amity and Good Feeling is to be Commended—Victory Through Good Will—Most Potent of Words.

(Copyright, 1901.)
WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage commends the spirit of amity and good feeling and mentions illustrious examples of that spirit; text, Acts xxviii, 1-4. 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 center, 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, so rough a coast, is for the most part a garden. Richest fruits and a profusion of money 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 the bone, the islanders, though called barbarians because they could not speak Greek, opened their doors to the shipwrecked unfortunate. My text finds the vessel 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 severe sickness in his house at that time, his father down with a dangerous illness. Yea, for three months they stayed on the island waiting for a ship and putting the hospitality of the islanders to a severe test. But it endured the test satisfactorily, and it is recorded in the book of Acts and in the book of Genesis, caught up in the book of Joshua, embraced in the book of Ruth, sworn by in the book of Daniel, invoked in the book of Psalms and throned 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, as well for the good as the bad, 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 the vessel and the crew. The generous people showed us no little kindness."

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