

Statement of Would-be Assassin.

Statement made by Leon Czolgosz to the police:

"I was born in Detroit nearly 29 years ago. My parents were Russian Poles. They came here 42 years ago. I got my education in the public schools of Detroit, and then went to Cleveland where I got work. In Cleveland I read books on socialism and met a great many socialists. I was pretty well known as a socialist in the West. After being in Cleveland several years I went to Chicago, where I remained seven months, after which I went to Newberg, on the out skirts of Cleveland, and went to work in the wire mills.

During the last five years I have had as friends anarchist in Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit and other western cities, and suppose I become more or less bitter. Yes, I know I was bitter. Never had much luck at anything, and this preyed on my mind and made me morose and envious; but what started the craze to kill was a lecture I heard some little time ago by Emma Goldman. She set me on fire.

"Her doctrine that all rulers should be exterminated was what set me to thinking so that my head nearly split with the pain. Miss Goldman's words went right through me and I determined to do something. I had a beloved girl, and she was a Chicago girl. I went to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. That date I bought a ticket for Buffalo and got there with the determination to do something, but did not know just what. I thought of shooting the President, but had not formed a plan.

"I went to live at 1078 Broadway, which is a saloon and hotel, John Nowk, a Pole, a sort of a politician who has led people here for years, owns it. I told Nowk I came to see the fair. He knew nothing about what was setting me crazy. I went to the exposition grounds a couple of times a day.

"Not till Tuesday morning did the resolution to kill the President take hold of me. It was in my heart; there was no escape for me. I could not have conquered it if my life had been at stake. There were thousands of people in town on Tuesday, and heard it was President's day. All these people seemed to be bowing to the great ruler. I made up my mind to kill him, so bought a 32-caliber revolver and loaded it.

"On Tuesday night I went to the fair grounds, and was near the railroad gate when the Presidential party arrived, and tried to get near him, but the police pushed me back. They forced every body back so the great ruler could pass. I was close to the President when he got into the grounds, but was afraid to attempt the assassination because there were so many men in the body guard that watched him. I was not afraid of them or that I should get hurt, but afraid I might be seized and my chance be gone forever.

"On Wednesday I went to the grounds and stood right near the President, right under him near the stand from which he spoke.

"I thought half a dozen times of shooting while he was speaking, but could not get close enough. I was afraid I might miss, and then the great crowd was always posting, and was afraid lest my aim fail. I waited Wednesday, and the President got into his carriage again and a lot of men were about him and formed a cordon that I could not get through. Tossed about by the crowd, my spirits were getting pretty low and was almost hopeless that night as I went home.

"Yesterday morning I went again to the exposition grounds. Emma Goldman's words were burning me up. Waited near the central entrance for the president, who was to board the special train at that gate, but the police allowed no one but the President and party to pass where the train waited, so I stayed in the grounds all day waiting.

"During yesterday the thought of hiding the pistol under my handkerchief occurred to me. I was afraid if I had to draw it from my pocket I would be seen and seized by the guards. I got to the Temple of music the first one, and waited at the spot where the reception was to be held.

"Then he came, the President—the ruler—I got in line and trembled and trembled until I got right up to him, and then shot him twice through my white handkerchief. I would have fired more, but was stunned by a blow in the face—a frightful blow that knocked me down—and then everybody jumped on me. I was surprised the way they treated me."

Czolgosz ended in utter exhaustion. When he concluded he was asked:

"Did you really mean to kill the President?"

"I did," was the cold-blooded reply.

"What was your motive; what good could it do you?" he was asked.

"I am an anarchist; a disciple of Emma Goldman. Her words set me on fire," he replied without the slightest tremor. "I deny that I have had any accomplice at any time."

The prisoner told District Attorney Penney: "I don't regret my act, because it was doing what I could for the great cause. I am not connected with the Patterson group, or with those who sent Bresci to kill Humbert. I had no confidants; no one to help me. I was alone, absolutely."

Mr. Cleveland on Fishing.

Mr. Cleveland's next contribution to The Saturday Evening Post, of Philadelphia, will be an extremely readable paper, in which he sings the praises of his favorite sport. The Reflections of a Fisherman shows very pleasantly the genial "unofficial" side of the former President.

Malheur's Hot Tomato Factory.

Baker City Herald: Malheur county is destined to come into prominence as the possessor of the latest and most unique manufacturing institution in the cow country. Hon. "Jack" Matthews, Judge Carey and W. P. Keady, of Portland, joined hands and propose to make use of the big boiling springs near Vale, Oregon, by converting its surplus energy into the manufacture of hot tomatoes from the countless thousands of bunnies that roam the valley. These worthy gentlemen will erect a cannery at the springs, with the necessary machinery to convert the festive jack rabbit into the toothsome delicacies so loved by the greaser and the haughty dons of old Castile. It seems that Matthews, whose practical eye lets nothing get away, saw the herds of bunnies and immediately conceived a scheme which has every appearance of feasibility and which met the instant approval of Carey and Keady. The Honorable Matthews states that he will now cease the pleasant but not profitable employment of packing primaries and will devote his time and talents to the packing of a new brand of Oregon goods, Malheur hot tomatoes.

LEASING THE PUBLIC RANGE. giving them nearly 3,000,000 acres of land and no roads? Why did congress vote away millions of acres of land to railroads all over the country? Did the people ask it or did the capitalist ask it? In a recent issue of the Peoria Daily Herald, Lieutenant Governor Northcut, of Illinois, says, "all the big syndicates have combined to aid each other in getting such legislation as they demand." The Lieutenant-Governor went further and declared "all the laws passed at the last session of the Illinois legis-

ture were dictated by one senator; that every bill this member favored passed both houses, and every measure he opposed was defeated." Now, what about congress? It is my opinion there is imminent danger of this lease bill becoming a law, so no stone should be left unturned to defeat it. It means shut out from the public domain to every small stock farmer in the range sections of the United States. Let this be a government of, for and by the people, and not a government of, for and by the syndicates.

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Peter Clemens, Burns, horse; cattle same on left side; split in left ear, swollen under lip in right.

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J. H. Bunyard, Burns, horse; marks, crop off left ear, under lip in right.

J. E. Elliott, Burns, horse; left side; upper slope on each ear, and left ear.

J. W. Jones, Burns, horse; right side; upper slope on each ear, and left ear.

J. P. Peterson, Burns, horse; left side; upper slope on each ear, and left ear.

J. W. Higgs, Burns, horse; left side; upper slope on each ear, and left ear.

J. C. Crossman, Burns, horse; left side; upper slope on each ear, and left ear.

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