

OFFICER AND NEGRO SHOT.

Negro Crazy With Liquor and Cocaine Attacks a Policeman, Shooting Him Down and is Shot in Turn.

Charlotte Observer, Saturday.

Shot from his speeding motorcar yesterday afternoon, near 12:15 o'clock, at South Tryon street and Park avenue, without the least sign of warning, Mounted Policeman L. L. Wilson yesterday displayed bravery and nerve rarely equaled when, perhaps mortally wounded, he crawled under the heavy machine which had fallen upon him, and rising to his knee, shot his assailant, Joe McNeeley, a cocaine-crazed negro, down upon the street where he stood. Mr. Wilson is in the Presbyterian Hospital in a desperate condition while the negro is in the Good Samaritan Hospital not seriously wounded.

Mr. Wilson was dispatched to the scene of the pistol duel by Chief of Police Moore, in answer to a dozen or more hurry calls, all stating that a negro man had run wild with his revolver and was shooting at everyone in sight. Mr. Wilson left the city hall at about 12:15 o'clock and in less than three minutes he was standing over the negro, the officer, with one pistol ball through the lungs and in his head, another which had fractured his jaw and ranged downward. The negro lay prone upon the ground with three balls in him, all in the region of the groin, and with his head battered by the officer's club.

Eye-witnesses, and there are a dozen or more, state that when the negro saw Mr. Wilson approaching upon his machine, he reloaded his revolver and stepping to the curbing remarked to another negro:

"Yonder he comes! Now watch me stop him!"

Having no definite information as to the scene of the negro's activities, Mr. Wilson was very naturally paying more attention to the running of his machine than to pedestrians along the sidewalk and before he could have known what happened the negro had taken a pot-shot at him as he approached.

GAME UNDER FIRE.

The officer and the cumbersome machine went to the pavement, the machine on top. It is thought this was the shot which struck the officer in the corner of the ear and went out at the point of the jaw.

When Mr. Wilson fell, and before he could climb from beneath his machine, the negro ran out into the street and standing above him fired point blank into his side. This last was seen by a number of witnesses and must have been the last shot, because the powder marks on the officer's coat showed the gun was at close range when fired. Another small abrasion was made in Mr. Wilson's shoulder, but the ball was found in his coat, not having entered the flesh. This wound is only slight.

After having been shot through the lungs by the negro Mr. Wilson crawled from under his machine and pulling his own pistol opened fire on his assailant. Three of the five shots took effect and the negro fell at the curbing. Mr. Wilson then crawled up to him and fearing he would become too weak to watch until aid arrived, struck him over the head with his club several times and when the other officers arrived they found the negro unconscious with Mr. Wilson weakly standing over him. The negro, seeing Mr. Wilson approach, feebly told the officer that he was killed and begged the officer not to shoot again, while a brother, Robert McNeeley, pulled Mr. Wilson from him. Detective W. M. Johnson locked up the last named negro for interference.

In three or four minutes after Mr. Wilson left the city hall, a telephone call sent the greater part of the police department in that direction, for it was stated that "a policeman" had been killed by a negro. Chief Moore hurried out in an automobile with a riot gun and the other officers appropriated another automobile and hurried to Mr. Wilson's relief. As usual there was a large crowd present watching the officer, who, though standing seriously wounded, was standing guard over his prisoner, whom he had disarmed and beaten senseless.

OPERATIONS PERFORMED.

Mr. Wilson was immediately hurried to the Presbyterian Hospital where, after a consultation, Doctors Pressley, Brenner and Rose operated in an effort to locate the bullet which entered under the right shoulder blade, passed through the lower lobe of the right lung and liver and it was thought had passed through other vital organs, including the intestines. The operation proved fruitless for the leaden pellet was not found.

The shot which struck the point of Mr. Wilson's ear ranged forward towards the point of the jaw and broke that bone. This was not considered serious. The surgeons completed their work about four o'clock and though at the time were unable to state how seriously Mr. Wilson was injured, they were all of the opinion that the chances were greatly against him.

The negro, it seems, was not so badly injured after all; only one shot was serious looking, this having entered the groin and passed back of the intestine, lodging in the back of the peritoneal cavity, from whence it was removed by Doctors Hawley and De Armand. He will

recover barring any complications. Another ball entered the leg.

Chief Moore has detailed officers J. E. Hunter, J. C. Pressley and C. E. Earnhardt, to guard him until he can be carried to jail. There isn't much chance of his making an escape and with the irons which will place on his legs, he would stand but slight chance in case he were to get out.

MC'NEELEY WAS RAMPANT.

A scene more lawless could hardly be depicted than that created by McNeeley yesterday. From witnesses it was learned that as early as 9 o'clock he was out with his pistol and a quart of whiskey and was beginning to get troublesome. Later he secured some cocaine and began the operations which ended in the pistol duel.

He went all over the entire section of the town in the neighborhood of South Tryon street and Park avenue, and it is said fired some twenty or thirty times before Mr. Wilson arrived. He snapped his pistol several times at his brother, (who pulled the officer off him) he fired at a white lady carrying a babe in her arms, he attempted to kill a small white lad and in fact, he either shot at or snapped at almost every one he met and it seems that he covered the territory extremely well.

The very fact that he had a cheap .38 calibre pistol and one which would snap about as often as it would fire, doubtless averted more trouble than actually resulted for had his gun fired at all those above mentioned, as well as several other colored people, including his own sister, it is practically certain that he would have hit more than he did.

NEGRO FORTUNATE.

A rather significant feature of the affair, is the fact that Mr. Wilson only the day before the shooting, had traded an old and rather useless pistol for a new .38 special Colt's revolver and had struck the negro in a vital place with this powerful gun, this would have been a different story. The negro probably owes his life also to the fact when Mr. Wilson was showing his gun to Chief Moore, the chief advised him to take out the cartridge under the plunger to prevent accidental discharge. Mr. Wilson removed the one ball and remarked that he carried a rather meagre supply of ammunition. Had this ball been in the gun he probably would have killed the negro before he thought, for he snapped at him and attempted to reload his revolver but was either too weak or could not locate the extra ball. He ejected the empty cartridges from his gun however.

Treasury Department Putting Out the Money.

Washington, Aug. 21.—The Treasury Department today began making deposits of the additional \$50,000,000 Government funds that are to be placed with banks in the agricultural States to aid in the crop movement. The first deposits were made in the reserve cities in the Southern States among which it is unofficially stated were Baltimore, Richmond, Atlanta and Memphis, the three latter each receiving \$750,000.

The apportionment of the funds has been completed according to the information at the department. It was stated unofficially that the largest deposits would be made with the National banks at Chicago, this being the most important reserve city in the agricultural States. The next largest deposits are to be made in St. Louis, with Baltimore second and New Orleans third.

No official announcement of the amount sent to these cities has been made, but unofficially it has been learned that Baltimore will receive between \$1,000,000 and \$2,000,000 and that Chicago and St. Louis will divide in the neighborhood of \$15,000,000.

Boy of Seven Rescues Girl From Fire.

Memphis, Tenn., Aug. 23.—Homer Strong, aged 7, today heroically rescued his 2-year-old sister, Florence, from fire in their attic bedroom. When he discovered the flames in the hallway Homer rushed back into the room, locked the trunk containing all the family's valuables and then aiding his sister to his back, carried her down the steps, where he was aided by the neighbors. The children were alone at the time of the fire.

The Union of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America (Northern Presbyterian Church) and the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, erected in 1906, was upheld by Judge A. S. VanValkenburg in the United States District Court in Kansas City.

Members of the Cumberland Church are forever enjoined from interfering with the use by the United Church of Church property in Missouri.

In Chicago an enraged father who took the law in his own hands and killed the man the courts had acquitted of the charge of attacking his 13-year-old daughter, was exonerated by a coroner's jury. The verdict said that Edward J. Duprey was "laboring under a great mental strain on account of injury he believed has been done to his daughter by the deceased" when he shot and killed Henry Gronimus, a photographer.

Americans annually spend \$600,000,000 on music.

CHARLOTTE NEGRO MOBBED

MAN WHO SHOT POLICEMAN THE VICTIM.

At Two O'clock Last Night Crowd Went to Hospital and Wounded Negro Out and Emptied Pistols Into His Body.

At two o'clock last night a mob went to the Good Samaritan Hospital in Charlotte, took out Joe McNeeley; the negro who shot Policeman Wilson, and emptied their pistols into his body, leaving him for dead.

The deed for which McNeeley was held is told elsewhere. The officer is yet living.

THE MOB'S WORK.

The following account of the lynching is taken from The Observer this morning:

The negro, who had been chained to prevent the possibility of his escape, was in an upstairs room, guarded by two policemen, Officers Tarterton and Everett Earnhardt.

About 1 o'clock this morning it was noted that groups of men were standing about on back streets. But the first real intimation given the public that anything unusual had occurred was the detonation of 15 or 20 pistols as they hurled their missiles into the prostrate form of Joe McNeeley.

Only a few seconds, if at all, before the arrival of the mob, it seems, did the authorities at the hospital suspect anything untoward. When the crowd arrived, having pursued their way through the darkened streets of the negro settlement, they found the hospital door shut and locked.

One man advanced to the door, banged on it and called for Policeman Earnhardt.

"You'll not get in this house tonight," replied one of the colored women nurses sharply.

For answer the man hurled his weight against the door which yielded and the crowd thronged in and up the stairs. Those on the outside say they heard them demand, "Which is the right one?" "Show us the right one." The woman shrieked in terror. Never in the history of Charlotte had just such a scene been enacted.

The two policemen on guard leveled their revolvers at the crowd and ordered them to stand back, but the vengeance seekers leaped upon them and tore the pistols from their grasp.

"Then," said a spectator on the outside, narrating his experience afterward, "we heard the clinking of the chains as they brought him down the stairs."

The rest must have happened in a very few seconds. A score of pistols flashed in the faint gas light and from the helpless form on the ground came not even a moan.

THOUGHT HAD SUCCEEDED.

The swiftness with which the mob dispersed, according to those who saw the occurrence, indicates their confidence that their aim had been deadly and that the object of their foray had been accomplished. But when the police station was notified, the patrol sent down and the negro's body examined it was found that life was not extinct. He was taken to police headquarters.

The greatest excitement naturally prevailed in the hospital while the unexpected visitors were achieving their gruesome mission.

When the mob demanded to know which was the right one, Joe McNeeley, whom they sought, pointed to another negro lying on a bed on the other side of the room. "That's the man," he cried. "He's the one you want."

"For the Lord's sake, no," shouted the other. "I'm not the one."

The intruders forced one of the officers, it is said, to say which one was McNeeley, in order that a totally innocent man might not be the victim.

In the pistol duel last Friday in which Policeman Wilson was virtually shot from ambush as he rode on his motorcycle to arrest McNeeley, Joe received two bullet wounds, neither of which proved to be serious, but they had necessitated hospital treatment. McNeeley evidently under the influence of cocaine, was running amuck on extreme South Tryon street, firing his pistol at whomever approached.

Although the Good Samaritan Hospital is located in the center of a negro residential district and there had been well-grounded apprehensions that serious race troubles would break out if the negroes learned of the plan in time to take a hand in it, the quietness with which the whole affair was manipulated prevented them from gaining even an inkling. Their first knowledge came with the volley of shots which lingered a second and ceased as rapidly as it had begun. Both before and after the raid on the hospital, a deathly quiet pervaded the entire neighborhood.

Persons who were in the hospital say that those who entered it wore handkerchiefs over their faces as masks. Only a portion of the attacking party came inside.

At 3:30 this morning McNeeley was conscious and able to talk. He asked that the old bandage across his neck be pulled away so that he could pray.

It was said that his chances to recover was very slim.

HOW MR. TAYLOR WAS KILLED.

Story of the Tragic Death of Young Man Very Close to Monroe People — Death Was Instantaneous and He Probably Did not Know What Hit Him.

Written for The Journal.

The people of Monroe were greatly shocked when the message was received here on last Wednesday afternoon that Mr. Karl F. Taylor of Mt. Croghan, S. C., had been struck and instantly killed at 11:25 o'clock that morning by a train on the Carolina and North-Western railroad, on a crossing about one mile south of Newton. The train was passenger No. 19, bound for Lenoir and Edgemont, and was in charge of Conductor Gordon and Engineer Bob Smyre. It is said to have been running at the rate of 20 miles an hour when the horrible accident occurred.

Mr. Taylor left Monroe on Friday, August 8th, in his automobile, for Lenoir and Blowing Rock, and was accompanied by his cousin, Mr. Marvin Richardson. They were joined by Mr. R. D. Crow at Lenoir on the next day and on the following Monday, Mr. Crow and Mr. Taylor went to Blowing Rock in the machine, Mr. Richardson remaining at Lenoir with his brother, Mr. S. A. Richardson. They returned to Lenoir on Sunday, August 17th, and on Monday Mr. Crow came on to Monroe by rail. On Tuesday Mr. Richardson returned to Monroe also, leaving Mr. Taylor, who desired to stop with friends in Hickory till Wednesday. He left Hickory Wednesday morning about 9:30 o'clock for Charlotte, where he expected to spend the night with relatives. On arriving at Newton, he stopped to enquire the way south and left immediately on his journey. Just below town he took the wrong road and had gone several hundred yards before he discovered his mistake. He ran back up town, stopped at a drug store, got a drink at the fountain, put up his storm curtains, as it was raining some, and again took his departure. Thus tucked comfortably and snugly in his car, in a few minutes, he was hurled into eternity, on a most dangerous grade crossing one mile below Newton.

He approached the crossing at a moderate rate of speed, according to Roy Simms, colored, the only eye witness, and just as his machine was standing at full length across the track, the engine choked down, and in a few seconds the car was struck near the center of the body by the engine of the train. The automobile was knocked completely around and almost totally wrecked, while Mr. Taylor was thrown some twenty feet, landing on top of a pile of cross ties, which had been placed there only the afternoon before. Both of his arms were broken above the elbows, there was a bad gash just below his left jaw and his skull was fractured. Death was instantaneous and it is very likely that the young man never knew what struck him, the engineer of the train being among the number to express this opinion. Owing to a curve in the dirt road, and the sudden ascent, and the fact that his wind shield and storm curtains were up, it would have been almost impossible for him to see the train. The crossing is a most dangerous one, and there have been frequent predictions that some one would meet death there. The crossing is to be investigated by the Corporation Commission for its hazardousness to travel.

The body was carried to Newton by the train crew and turned over to an undertaker, who prepared it for burial. Owing to a number of letters and an identification card, which Mr. Taylor had on his person, there was no trouble in ascertaining his name and address, and the address of his brother, Mr. J. O. Taylor of Mt. Croghan, who was immediately notified. His cousin, Mr. S. A. Richardson, of Lenoir was notified over the long distance telephone of the distressing occurrence about three o'clock that afternoon by some friends at Hickory, and he left for Newton at once. He took charge of the body and left Newton that evening at 10:30 o'clock with it, for Mt. Croghan by way of Salisbury, Charlotte Hamlet and Cheraw. He passed Monroe with the remains Thursday morning about 6 o'clock and was joined here by Mr. J. O. Taylor, a brother of the deceased, and several relatives and friends.

The funeral services were conducted from the Methodist church at Mt. Croghan, Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock, by the pastor, Rev. Mr. McGraw. He paid a splendid tribute to the young man, and especially touched upon his usefulness to the church at that place, he being superintendent of the Sunday school and a steward. The remains were carried to Antioch church and there laid to rest beside his parents and his brother.

Karl Frank Taylor was a son of the late Frank P. Taylor, one of the most prominent citizens of Chesterfield county, and was only 26 years old when he met such a tragic death at Newton last Wednesday. He was only eleven years old when his father died, and his early training was looked after by his mother, Mrs. Corneilla Taylor, who died some seven years ago, and his older brother, Mr. Oscar Taylor, who alone survives him. Often his mother stated that Karl had never given her one moment of trouble, and those who

knew him never doubted it, for he was one of the finest gentlemen that ever lived. He was educated at South Carolina Military Academy, and he possessed a breadth of vision surpassed by no young man in his section of the State. He drew friends to him as if by magic and had not an enemy at his death. An older citizen, and one of much prominence, whom he recently met in the western part of the State, was heard to make the remark the other day: "I haven't met a young man in ten years that has made as fine an impression on me as young Taylor did." He was gentle in manners, kind in spirit and generous in heart. As a business man he was most successful, possessing discernment and sound discretion. He was the leader of his community in all church, social, political and school affairs, and his death is a distinct loss to Chesterfield county. An estimate of his character and usefulness may be gained from the following sentence taken from a letter to his brother, Mr. J. O. Taylor, written by Hon. W. F. Stevenson of Cheraw. Mr. Stevenson says: "I regarded him as one of the most promising young men in the county, in business, politics, and everything, and the loss to me personally is very great."

Never have we seen a death affect a whole community more personally than the death of Mr. Taylor. There were from 1500 to 2000 at the funeral, and it was a most pathetic scene to see citizens ranging in age from the buoyancy of youth to the lengthening shadows of a setting sun, with bowed heads and tears streaming down their cheeks, and to hear the universal expression, "I have lost my best friend." The floral contributions were most varied and profuse and were a strong token of the esteem in which the young man was held.

Mr. Taylor was most prominent in fraternal circles, and was a member of the Masonic order, and several other secret orders. He was buried with Masonic honors.

Karl Taylor was well known in Monroe, having been a frequent visitor here for the last several years. He had many friends here who were saddened and shocked by his tragic death. Mrs. S. S. Richardson is an aunt of his, being the only sister of his father. He is survived by only one brother, Mr. J. Oscar Taylor of Mt. Croghan.

Killed the Wrong Man But Got Excused.

Rockingham Post.

"Justifiable Homicide," was the verdict of the coroner's jury which held an inquest over the remains of Jim Arnold, who was shot last Friday in Drowning Creek Swamp by Gaston Tyner, who thought him to be Jim Cameron for whom possess were looking for the murder of Mr. Arch Blue which occurred near Keyser several weeks ago.

John C. Tyner and Gaston Tyner, were members of a posse out searching for Cameron who was reported as seen in that neighborhood. They followed tracks for several hundred yards up an old tram road into the swamp. The evidence introduced at the inquest is that hearing some one knocking on a log, they crept up as near as possible and thinking the negro whom they had found to be Cameron, they called to him to throw up his hands. Instead of doing this the negro warned them not to come a "damn step nearer." John C. Tyner seeing something in the negro's hand and not knowing what it was, ordered him a second time to throw up his hands, and the supposed Cameron not complying, he called to his brother to shoot. Gaston fired at once, the entire load entering the negro's chest. He threw up his hands and called, "Don't shoot again," and fell dead.

At the inquest he was identified as Jim Arnold, wanted at Keyser for rape several years ago. He was captured but made his escape and had not been heard of since.

His father lives nearby and was notified of the shooting, but would not claim the body, so it was buried in the swamp at the expense of the county.

Col. McWhorter Recalls Battle of Ream's Station.

On the 25th day of August, 1861, forty-nine years ago yesterday, the notable battle of Ream's Station was fought. The 48th Regiment, in which there were four Union county companies, was in line of battle on the west side of the Petersburg and Weldon railroad, with the others of Heth's brigade. Word came for us to load our guns and fix bayonets, to be ready for a charge on the enemy's breastworks immediately after a bombardment by Col. Pegram who was to shell them with eighteen guns. In front of their works the enemy had cut down all the timber for fifty or seventy-five yards, leaving the limbs sharpened into points, in order to retard our advance. Our orders were to give a tremendous yell as soon as we emerged into the open and not to fire a gun until we reached the breastworks. When we got in the open I could not see a Yankee behind their works, but soon I saw a blue streak rise behind the works. At that moment we raised the yell and made for their breastworks, which we captured in a few minutes with prisoners. We lost several good men. The position of the 48th was near the centre of the line, and the timber in our front being thinner than the other, we reached the enemy's works first.

WILLIAM McWHORTER,
Waxhaw, R. F. D. 2.

A SOUTH CAROLINA HERO.

The Spartanburg Sheriff Who Stood Off a Mob When the Governor Had Refused Help.

Greensboro News.

At Spartanburg Monday night a deed was done that ought to give immortality to the man that did it.

A negro had been arrested because he was suspected of a crime against a white woman. The crime was not proven; the suspect had not even been presented to his supposed victim for identification, but about 8 o'clock the usual mob began to gather.

The sheriff saw the danger mounting and wired for help. But Bleasie rules in South Carolina, and all the officer got was an ironic offer to call a special term of court for the trial of the case September 1.

Within the jail were the wife of the sheriff and his two sick children; outside was a murderous mob howling for blood. They attacked the great gate of the jail yard, and it crumpled and gave way before the assault. They hurled dynamite over the wall. They knew that they were under the protection of the Governor of the State, therefore they were absolutely reckless of the lives within the jail. If ever a sheriff was justified in surrendering, this was the man.

But when he took office this man had sworn an oath to uphold the laws; and being a man he regarded his oath above all else. So, as the gate went down and the first surge of the bloodthirsty mob swept toward the opening, he stepped into the breach with his gun in hand and swore another.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I hate to do it, but, so help me God, I am going to kill the first man that enters that gate!"

This was a new and unexpected development, and the mob, always most careful of its own skin, paused. Then a voice exclaimed "He means it, boys!" And not a man entered.

That is all there is to the story. But in our opinion that short tale tells of a deed that is sublime. William J. White was tested in those few minutes with every acid that might corrode the character of a man, but he came out unscathed. Merely to face the mob took courage, even with the power of the State behind him; but White stood alone, while the Governor, on whom he should have been able to count for help, lolled in his easy chair at Columbia, laughed at his extremity. It took courage far rarer than mere physical bravery to defy public opinion by choking off a lynching in South Carolina. White knew that in all probability he was signing his own political death warrant when he halted that mob. But most fearful of all was to know, when the dynamite was raining, and the gate was creaking on its hinges, that those most dear to him were directly in the path of the flying death. Two sick children! Could man have been subjected to a more frightful test?

South Carolina must bow her head in shame over many of her sons, but she can lift it high when this man is named.

Account By Home Paper.

Catawba News, Newton.

"In the midst of life, we are in death." The young man Taylor rode by our office Wednesday in his car and we thought as he passed, how snug and comfortable he looked, although the rain was falling fast—within fifteen minutes he was a dead man—was struck at the crossing near the dog kennel.

The young man stopped at Clapp's drug store, procured some gasoline and was making his way toward Charlotte. His car was struck by the train just as the front wheels were crossing the track. His skull was crushed, leaving some of the brains near the track, his arms were broken and the body bruised up. His face was not badly disfigured.

He spent Tuesday night in Hickory with some friends, who came down and gave J. F. Herman & Son directions as to his body and put them in touch with his brother, who lives at Mt. Croghan, S. C.

Mr. S. A. Richardson of Lenoir, a cousin of the young man, accompanied the body to Mt. Croghan on train No. 16, Wednesday morning.

Mr. Crosby, superintendent of Transportation of the C. & N. W. R. R. was here, and had the very best casket and fixtures to be had, furnished for the body and did all that could be done under the circumstances.

Mr. Bob Smyre, one of the most faithful engineers of the road, was at the throttle, being on the opposite side of the engine from which the unfortunate young man approached the crossing. Mr. Smyre has been in the service of the road more than thirty years and has a splendid record for an engineer.

No one will ever know just why the young man undertook to cross the track with the train so near. Being closed in, he could not hear the noise, and likely his attention was given to the hill leading up to the track, which is a bad one.

Passengers on this train said the whistle was blown for the crossing as usual. The engineer some think, ought to have seen the automobile, but it is all over with the poor fellow and we can only regret that a man in the prime of life—apparently 25 or 30 years old—should meet such an untimely death.

It is impossible for a crooked man to have a good standing.