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ROBERTS DYING WITH MOUTH SHUT

Has Made No Statement and Will Not Allow Him Questioned

CAN'T LIVE MUCH LONGER

Efforts to Make it Appear That He Was the Victim of a Highwayman Have Failed Miserably—Efforts to Cover Up the Scandals by Baltimore Police—Mrs. Roberts With Her Husband But Suffering From Nervous Prostration—Death Matter of a Few Hours.

(By Leased Wire to The Times)

Atlantic City, N. J., Aug. 31.—Charles B. Roberts, Jr., the Baltimore clubman, who was shot last Wednesday night while riding in a roller chair, with Mrs. W. S. G. Williams, also of Baltimore, whose husband was formerly one of Robert's closest friends, is dying in the Atlantic City Hospital.

Efforts were made late last night to get an ante mortem statement but his condition is such that the physicians in attendance will not permit him to be questioned and it is more than likely Roberts will die without making a further statement.

Efforts of the police and certain influential persons here to keep all facts leading up to the shooting of Roberts a secret, and to make it appear he was a victim of a highwayman, have failed miserably. In fact, only yesterday the police and other state authorities were inclined to let the matter drop and cease further investigations. In this it was said they had the approval and moral backing of the police of Baltimore, who are inclined to keep covered any scandals in the exclusive circles of the Maryland metropolis that may be dug up in getting at the truth of the shooting of Roberts.

The physicians have contended all along that Robert's injury was not necessarily mortal, and with the attendants at the hospital have declared that Robert's liver was only slightly punctured by the bullet. It now develops that the liver was ripped almost in half, the bullet passing through Robert's body and lodging in the muscles of the back. That there is almost no chance for Roberts to survive was admitted today by Dr. Darnell, who is in charge of the injured man.

Robert's relatives were informed last night that his death was only a matter of a few hours, a day or two at most. Septic poisoning has already set in and at an early hour this morning he was growing weaker.

Mrs. Roberts is not at the Hotel Brighton, where Mrs. Williams has been stopping, as has been reported, but is in the hospital where her husband is lying. Her hospital suite adjoins that of her husband, and she has conversed with him on several occasions. Whether she has talked of the shooting with Roberts is not known, as motives of delicacy compelled those in attendance on Roberts to get out of earshot when the wife was at his bedside.

Whatever the reasons behind the shooting of Roberts, Mrs. Roberts' love for him has not been cooled in the least. The excitement of the trip from New Hampshire, where she was when she learned of the shooting, and the anxiety that has followed has unnerved Mrs. Roberts completely, and she is also under the care of the hospital physicians.

BOY BEATEN TO DEATH.

Louis Werner Died Yesterday From Inhuman Treatment at Hands of Tramps.

(By Leased Wire to The Times.) Chicago, Aug. 31.—Louis Werner, nine-years-old, 404 Maxwell street, died yesterday, following two days of horrible agony at the county hospital, as the result of savage torture and mistreatment at the hands of two vicious tramps in the yards of the Illinois Central last Friday.

The attack on the boy brought a hurry order from Chief Shipley for a sweeping man-hunt of the railway yards and 168 tramps were gathered in.

The crime which resulted in the death of the Werner boy is characterized by the police as inhuman.

FLOOD SUFFERERS ARE GIVEN FOOD

A Carload of Provisions From Atlanta Taken Up in One Hour

CLAMORING FOR FOOD

Many People Begging on the Streets for Something to Eat and Wear. Relief Associations and Individuals Doing All They Can to Relieve the Distress—Visitors to the City Give All But Their Railroad Fares to the Unfortunate—Relief Greatly Needed.

(By Leased Wire to The Times)

Augusta, Ga., 31.—The flood sufferers in Augusta are receiving first attention. All the work done Sunday was to relieve the needy. A carload of provisions sent from Atlanta lasted less than an hour. Supplies were unloaded near the union depot, loaded into big transfer vans and hurried away to the stricken areas. Many begged on the streets all day. Near the North Augusta bridge half naked white women with children made piteous appeals to the sightseers for help and many kind-hearted passers-by gave all their money. Associated Charities are doing a noble work. The city has been divided into districts, manager appointed for each, relief bureaus all over town and the destitute are flocking to these places for help. Ministers of Augusta were out all day wading up to their knees in mud and water, distributing provisions, cheering the disheartened, praying with the sick, directing anxious sufferers to relief stations. The Southern Express Company volunteered the use of several of their wagons and garage owners gladly extended to the relief managers their cars.

Thousands of people flocked into the city, crowding the streets and many went away with only railroad fares. Now that the waters have subsided Augusta realizes more than ever the enormity of her disaster.

Although an estimate from Public Works Commissioner Wingfield places the damage to the streets at \$10,000, it is thought an expenditure five times that amount will be necessary to rebuild, repave and beautify the ruined thoroughfares.

All day Sunday pumps at work on the cellars. Rumors went abroad in the early morning that dead bodies would be found in several basements and morbid crowds of spectators gathered about many of the cellar doors. A loathsome stench arises from scores of alleys and streets. Mud is piled three feet high in many gutters. Water will be returned on three hours every morning. Steam pumps utilized to maintain the pressure during this time, even at that there is not sufficient water in the pipes to flush the sewers. They are stagnant channels of filth.

Relief from other towns, whether provisions or cash, will be gratefully appreciated, as both are greatly needed. Only those who have come to see for themselves can appreciate the situation.

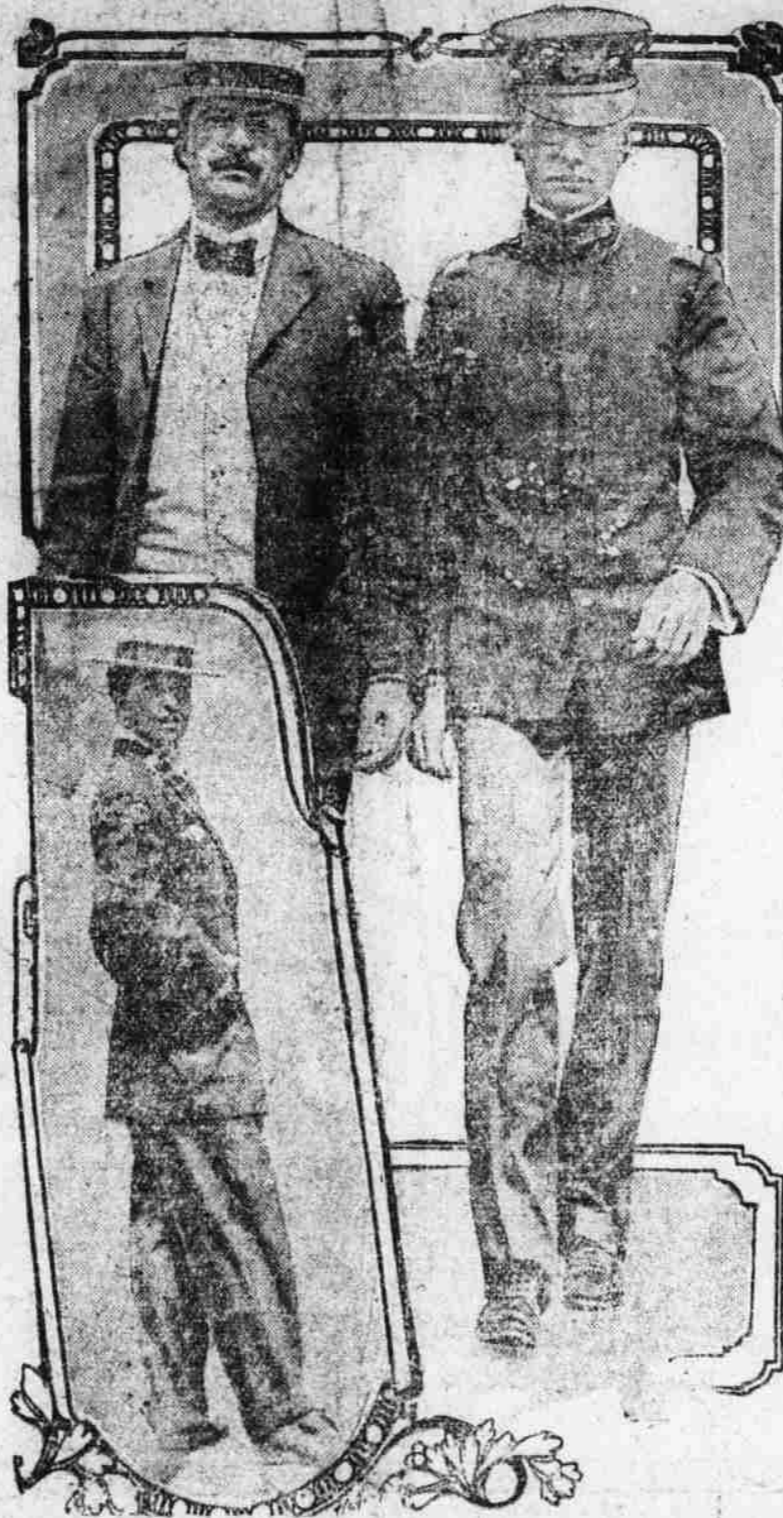
STOCK EXCHANGE OBJECTS TO PROBING

(By Leased Wire to The Times)

New York, Aug. 31.—The big gambling element in the membership of the stock exchange is making frantic efforts to prevent further probing into the abuses that led to the failure of A. O. Brown & Company. Members of the exchange are trembling lest the revelation of open manipulation by which a firm of brokers tried to break prices and close out small investors shall result in an investigation by the legislature as drastic as that which followed the revelations of crookedness in the management of the life insurance companies.

They fear that the general public will become too well acquainted with the fact that the institution is a privately managed concern; that it is not incorporated and that, although it makes and breaks tens of thousands of men annually, it is amenable only to rules that are made by its 1,100 members.

The Three Hains Brothers.



Capt. Hains and his brother Separation, handcuffed together. Lower picture is the third brother, Joor Hains.

ATHLETES VISIT THE PRESIDENT

About Sixty Members of the Teams Partake of His Hospitality

LAST OF FESTIVITIES

Party Left New York This Morning For Oyster Bay, Where They Were Guests of President Roosevelt. The President's Wish That the Members of the Team Come to Him For a Few Words of Good Cheer and He Asked That They Visit Him in a Body.

(By Leased Wire to The Times)

Oyster Bay, Aug. 31.—President Roosevelt today paid his compliments to the American athletes who participated in the olympian games, when he entertained those members of the olympic team now in New York at luncheon at his home in Oyster Bay. About 60 members of the team partook of his hospitality.

Entire Party Goes.

(By Leased Wire to The Times) New York, Aug. 31.—Today will see the wind-up of the festivities in which the victorious American olympic team of wonderful athletes have been the guests of honor. The entire party, together with the reception committee of Saturday's celebration and a few friends, will journey to Oyster Bay, where President Roosevelt will receive them upon the lawn in front of his summer home.

The party will be landed at the Emlyn, the Roosevelt dock, and will then form in line for a march through the woods and up Sagamore Hill. It was the president's wish that the members of the greatest team of athletes ever gathered together come to him for a few words of good cheer. The nation's chief executive was unable to be present in New York for (Continued on Page Seven.)

HISGEN WILL BE NOTIFIED TODAY

Exercises Will Take Place Tonight at Eight O'clock in New York

COL. GRAVES ABSENT

Both Candidates Were to Have Been Notified Tonight But Mr. Graves Who is in Virginia for His Health is Unable to go to New York—His Notification Will Take Place Later. Henry A. Powell to Make One of Notification Speeches.

(By Leased Wire to The Times)

New York, Aug. 31.—Thomas L. Hisgen, the first candidate for president of the Independence party, will be formally notified of his nomination at the National Independence Club, No. 17, Grammercy Park, at 8 o'clock this evening.

Mr. Hisgen will arrive in New York, accompanied by friends and business associates from his home. Henry A. Powell, chairman of the Kings county organization of the Independence party, will make one of the notification speeches.

While it was intended originally to notify both Mr. Hisgen and Col. Graves tonight, Col. Graves found it advisable to remain at Warm Sulphur Springs, Va., for a longer period. He went to Warm Sulphur Springs a week ago to recover from his recent illness and has been advised to continue his stay there. His formal notification of his nomination for vice president will therefore take place later.

William Randolph Hearst, chairman of the national committee of the Independence party, will be present tonight, as will Charles A. Walsh, secretary of the national committee, and a majority of the members of the national committee, as well as the members of the notification committee. Practically every state and territory (Continued on Page Seven.)

SUDDEN DEATH OF MAJOR, S. G. RYAN

Friends Missing Him Yesterday Went to His Room Finding Him Dead

DUE TO HEART FAILURE

Missed All Day Sunday—Appearances Point to an Attack of Asthma and Heart Disease—Funeral This Afternoon From Christ Church—Was Last Seen Alive About 11:30 O'clock Saturday Night Apparently in Good Health But Death Probably Came Soon After He Retired.

(By Leased Wire to The Times)

The body of late Major Samuel Garland Ryan was found in his room in the Commercial National Bank building, about 11:15 last night, by a few of his friends, who had become alarmed by his absence from his meals and by not being able to reach him over the telephone.

He was last seen going towards his room about 11:30 Saturday night, apparently feeling all right. But from all appearances when found, it seemed if he had gone to his room not feeling very good, and had lay down without turning off his electric light, and had died in a short while afterwards. He was a great sufferer from asthma, and a burnt match and the remains of some asthma cure beside his bed pointed to an attack of this trouble during the night.

Major Ryan had given Mr. J. A. Hinnant some chickens to have cooked at his home for him. Yesterday morning Mr. Hinnant called his office over the telephone to see if Major Ryan wanted the food brought to him, but the telephone was unanswered. Mr. Hinnant then went around to the office and found the door locked, the morning paper in the mail box and the electric light burning. He tried to gain an entrance but could not do so without breaking a lock. He became alarmed at the circumstances of Major's absence and notified several of Major's friends, all of whom thought that Major had probably gone out of the city unexpectedly. Last night Policeman Beasley and several intimate friends of the Major decided to force an entrance to the rooms and see if anything had happened. The janitor was sent for first to see if he had a key to the room, but he only had a key to one lock and there were two locks to the door. Then the gentlemen, among whom were Chief of Police J. H. Mullins, J. C. L. Harris, W. H. Penny, Marcus Crocker, J. A. Hinnant, Policeman Beasley and the janitor, Sylvester Jeffries, forced the door to his bed room and entered. When the door gave way before the great pressure against it and flew open, there lay Major Ryan cold and stiff, with his arms partly folded and his eyes wide open. His clothes were in a bed nearby and his asthma cure and a burnt match were near the bedside. Chief Mullins called in (Continued on Second Page.)

POSTMASTER GENERAL MEYER'S HOUSE ROBBED

(By Leased Wire to The Times)

Hamilton, Mass., Aug. 31.—Jewels valued at several thousands of dollars, the property of Postmaster General and Mrs. George Von L. Meyer, of Washington, were stolen from their palatial summer home in the town last evening while the family was at dinner. The robbery was discovered by Mr. Meyer, who immediately started a secret investigation in the hope of recovering the jewels, some of which were collected by himself and Mrs. Meyer while he was ambassador at the Italian and Russian courts.

Among the articles stolen are a set of rare and valuable black pearls, each the size of a pea; large diamond set in a pin, a diamond necklace and a box containing Mr. Meyer's personal jewels, which are priceless on account of their associations. So much was taken that it was impossible for Mr. Meyer to make up a complete list, and Mrs. Meyer was so overcome that she could not enumerate and describe her missing gems.

DARING ROBBERY IN WEST RALEIGH

A White Man and Negro Enter Residence of E. N. Grogan On Ellis Lane

WOMAN SHOOTS THEM

White Man and Negro Enter Home of Edgar N. Grogan—Mrs. Grogan Alone With Baby Shoots White Man in Hand—Negro Holds Woman While White Man Searches Trunks—They Get \$15—Blood on Sheets and in Trunk—Woman Drugged.

(By Leased Wire to The Times)

A daring burglary was committed yesterday morning at the home of Mr. Edgar N. Grogan, on Ellis Lane, in West Raleigh. Mr. Grogan is an employee of the Raleigh Milling Company and runs an ice machine on the night shift.

About one o'clock yesterday morning Mrs. Grogan was awakened by a noise on the back porch. She was frightened, but thought perhaps it was Mrs. Reeves, who lives in another part of the same house. She went to sleep. The clock had just struck three or four, when she was awakened the second time. This time the door which opened on the back porch was slowly pushed open and two men walked in. A lamp burning in the dining-room, which joined her bed-room and in its light she saw that one was a white man, a large fellow, wearing a sweater and rubber boots. The other man was a tall, slender negro. The white man partly closed the dining-room door—leaving only a little light. Mrs. Grogan sat up in bed, too scared to speak. She had a small new pistol, of the "bull-dog" variety, .32-calibre. It was under her pillow. The white man began to search her trunks, neither of which were locked. She said she never thought of shooting 'till she saw the man open her trunk. Her husband's razor was in the tray of the trunk and her first thought was that he would cut her throat with it. She grabbed her pistol and tried to shoot. She was so weak with fear and excitement that she "couldn't pull the trigger," to use her own words. She caught the gun in both hands and fired. The man uttered an oath and sprang for the bed. She slipped the gun under her body as he came toward her and threw up her hands and tried to scream. He caught her by the throat and said: "I haven't hurt you, d—n you, but I'm going to!" Then the negro came to the bed and took charge of her. He held her, one hand on her throat.

"Hold her tight," said the white man. "She's shot me in the hand." In a few minutes the man was through with his work.

"Then he took a pin or needle of some sort," said Mrs. Grogan, "and turned me over on my side and raised my arm and stuck the needle in me, right under my arm. I thought he was going to kill me. It hurt awful bad. Then they held me a little bit and started to go out. I got hold of my pistol again and I shot at them four times more. I don't think I hit them."

When seen this morning Mrs. Grogan was still very weak and nervous. She said she remembered very little after firing the last shot. She felt for her baby, which was sleeping with her. The white man had taken hold of it and pulled it out from under her as the negro was holding her. She said it didn't cry much and the last thing she remembers was hunting for it. Then she got so sleepy and drowsy she went off to sleep. She didn't want to go to sleep, but could not help it, she said. About 8:00 o'clock Sunday morning Mrs. Beaman, who lives next door, saw Mrs. Grogan's baby at the window with the pistol barrel in his mouth. She ran in and found Mrs. Grogan still unconscious. Her husband had not yet come in from his work.

Mrs. Grogan showed the stains on the sheets and her baby's gown. The cards, photographs and clothing in the tray of her trunk were also blood-stained. There was one bullet hole in the door and three in the plaster by the door.

Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, who live in the same house, two rooms away, heard the shooting, but thought it some one hammering or splitting wood. Mr. Grogan sometimes comes (Continued on Second Page.)