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SHOT BY A CRANK.

Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of Chicago, Murdered.

VICTIM OF AN OFFICESEEKER.

The Assassin Invades the Mayor's Home and Shoots Him Down in the Hallway. He Afterward Surrenders to the Police and Gives His Name as Eugene Patrick Prendergast.

CHICAGO, Oct. 30.—Another crazy crank has done his deadly work, and Carter H. Harrison, five times mayor of Chicago, and one of the best known men in the west, lies dead at his home, 231 South Ashland boulevard. Three bullets entered his body, two of them making wounds sufficient to cause death.



HON. CARTER H. HARRISON.

The murder was committed by Eugene Patrick Prendergast, a paper carrier, who declared that Mayor Harrison had promised to make him corporation counsel and had not kept his word. This, he said, was his only reason for committing the crime.

The only persons in the house at the time besides Mr. Harrison were his son, William Preston Harrison, 25 years of age; his affianced wife, Miss Annie Howard, to whom he was to have been married November 7 next, and his servant.

Shortly before 8 o'clock Saturday night the door bell rang, and when Mary Hansen, the domestic, opened the door she was confronted by a man.

"Is Mr. Harrison in?" asked the man, in a quiet, pleasant voice.

"Yes, sir," responded the girl as she threw the door wider open to permit his entrance.

"I would like to see him, please," said the man, as he walked toward the back end of the hall. Mr. Harrison was in diningroom, which opens into the rear end of the hall. Hearing the man ask for him, he rose, and stepped into the hall, walked toward Prendergast, who, by the time he caught sight of Mr. Harrison, had advanced about 10 feet from the doorway.

Without saying a word Prendergast drew his revolver and commenced to fire. He pulled the trigger but three times, and every bullet hit the mark. One ball shattered Mr. Harrison's left hand, another passed into the lower right side of the abdomen, making a wound that would have been mortal within a few days; the third bullet entered the chest, slightly above the heart. This bullet was the immediate cause of death.

As soon as Prendergast began to fire Mr. Harrison turned and walked rapidly toward the diningroom. He walked through the door, across the diningroom and passed into a butler's pantry opening off the room, where, weakened by the loss of blood, he fell to the floor. Prendergast did not follow up his victim or make any attempt to ascertain how deadly his aim had been. He replaced his revolver in his pocket with the same deliberation that marked all of his actions and started toward the door.

Just he was passing through the doorway William Preston Harrison, the mayor's son, came tearing down the stairs from the upper part of the house just as Mr. Harrison's coachman ran into the rear end of the hall. The cries of Mary Hansen directed the son to where his father lay, but the coachman was after other game. He had a revolver of his own, and as quickly as he realized what had occurred he leveled his weapon and sent a bullet after the disappearing form of the murderer. A second time his revolver spoke, but both bullets went wild.

Running to the door, the coachman was unprepared to continue hostilities, but sev-

eral people were entering to learn the cause of the shooting, and by the time the coachman had reached the sidewalk Prendergast had been swallowed up in the darkness.

Across Ashland boulevard, directly opposite the residence of Mr. Harrison, is the house of W. J. Chalmers, the wealthy maker of mining machinery. Mr. Chalmers was standing upon the front steps of his residence when the shots were fired. He bounded down the steps, and, dashing across the street, met Prendergast almost at the gate.

"What is it?" said Mr. Chalmers. The man walked rapidly north on Ashland avenue without replying, and Mr. Chalmers hastened into the house. He reached Mr. Harrison's side almost at the same instant that William Preston Harrison had found where his father lay.

"Are you hurt?" asked Mr. Chalmers, as he and the son of the dying man strove to raise him.

"I've got my death wound, Chalmers," responded the mayor. Noticing a spot of blood on the mayor's waistcoat, Mr. Chalmers said: "I guess not."

"I'm shot in the heart and I'm a dead man," was the only reply. A moment later he said with a voice which was rapidly losing strength: "Unbutton my vest, Chalmers. There's where the trouble is."

By this time the stricken man had been borne to a couch in an adjoining room, and as quickly as he spoke Mr. Chalmers gently opened his waistcoat. The front of his coat was soaked in blood, which welled rapidly from two holes, one just above the heart, the other in his abdomen.

"It's through the heart," said the mayor again, his voice now scarcely above a whisper. A moment later he sank into unconsciousness, and in 20 minutes after receiving the wounds Mr. Harrison was dead.

Every effort was made to secure medical attendance for Mr. Harrison, but when Dr. Lyman, the first physician to arrive at the house, reached the mayor's side, he was a dead man. Drs. Thomas, Foster and Washburn followed in quick succession, but they were unable to do anything, and they soon left the house.

The Police Notified.

When young Mr. Harrison came running downstairs to learn the cause of the shooting he passed a burglar alarm. He reached out his hand and turned in an alarm, and before he had reached his father's side a patrol wagon filled with officers from Lake street station, about a third of a mile distant, was dashing toward the mayor's home.

By the time the officers arrived all trace of the murderer had been lost, and even before the mayor breathed his last officers from every station in the city were on the outlook for a small, smooth-shaven man, 25 years of age.

The Murderer Gives Himself Up.

About 25 minutes after the shooting Sergeant Frank McDonald was standing in the office of the Desplaines Street station. Every available officer had already been hurried to work on the case. Sergeant McDonald, who had just come in from other work, was preparing to follow. The door was pushed gently open and in walked a small, smooth-shaven man, poorly dressed, and carrying a revolver in his hand. He shook like a man with the palsy, his face was white and drawn, great drops of perspiration chased each other down his face and his tottering limbs seemed scarcely able to hold him upright. He walked up to McDonald, who is a powerful fellow, six feet tall, and looking him straight in the eyes, said:

"I did it." "You did it?" asked McDonald.

"Yes, I did it." "Did what?" said the officer, as he laid one hand on the fellow's shoulder, and with the other quietly took the revolver.

"I shot Mayor Harrison, and that's what I shot him with," was the reply, as Prendergast made a motion with his hand toward the revolver.

"What made you do it?" asked McDonald.

"He said he would make me corporation counsel, and he did not do it. That's what I shot him for."

That was all there was about it. Nothing dramatic nor bravado. He spoke of his crime as though it was nothing out of the ordinary, and a matter entirely to be expected. He was trembling so that he could scarcely stand, and the officer led him to a chair and asked a few more questions, to which Prendergast had but one reply: "He said he would make me corporation counsel. He did not, and I shot him. I meant to shoot him, and I went there to do it."

He said that after leaving the Harrison house he had taken a streetcar and started toward Desplaines street station with the object of giving himself up.

"The car did not go very fast," he said, "or I would have been here sooner."

As the station where he gave himself up is just four blocks over one mile from the Harrison residence he scarcely had time to do otherwise than as he said.

The cell door had hardly closed behind the murderer when excited crowds began gathering about the Desplaines street station. Patrol wagons rattled up to the place, their bells clanging as the officers jumped from their seats and rushed into the station. Cabs and carriages came by the score, and their occupants crowded and pushed their way up the steps and into the office. There were many threats of vengeance, for Mr. Harrison was popular with the masses.

The streets were soon filled for

blocks, and the officers, as they looked out of the station windows upon the surging sea of angry faces, became alarmed for the safety of their prisoner. A hasty conference of the officers was held, and it was decided to remove Prendergast to the Central station in the city hall. The trembling, pale-faced prisoner was led, between startled officers, to a rear door and hurried away in the darkness.

Meantime, tidings of the murder had swept like an electric shock through the city. The telephone wires fairly burned with service as queries and confirmations flew over the circuits. City officials, politicians and business men dropped their evening papers as the startling news came to their homes, and hurried to the center of the city to swell the crowds that clustered.

At Central Station.

The prisoner, as soon as he had reached the office, sank exhausted into a chair, his head fell back, and his livid face and staring eyes presented a ghastly picture. He is a slender man, perhaps 24 years of age, with beardless and cadaverous face, and a stupid, almost idiotic expression. His attire was that of a laboring man and was not overdressy.

For a time the man refused to answer any questions that were addressed to him. In a scarcely audible voice he said:

"I am sick; I'm sick." Chief Shea reached over, placed his finger on the man's wrist and told him that it was a doctor who questioned him.

"Why did you kill the mayor?" asked the chief.

"Well," the man responded feebly, "he told me he would make me corporation counsel and he did not do it. So I shot him. I went to his door and rang and I went in and shot him. I just shot him. That's all. I shot him."

"What is your name?" asked the detective.

"Prendergast, Patrick Eugene, or Eugene Patrick. Makes no difference which. The last name is Patrick."

"Where do you live?"

"I don't know. Don't know where. Around here somewhere, I guess. But,"

and the man raised his head to make his answer more emphatic, "I don't live at the railroad tracks. I'll tell you that," and no amount of inquiry could induce him to give his place of residence.

Chief Shea asked him if he had ever been a lawyer, and Prendergast responded that he did not know; he did not believe he had.

"Then why did you expect to be made corporation counsel?" asked the officer.

"The mayor promised me. That's all," was the answer.

In attempting to learn the man's means of livelihood the officers experienced great difficulty. His replies were incoherent and rambling. But at last the examiners became convinced that he had been a newspaper carrier, whose route was along Ashland boulevard and in the vicinity of the mayor's home.

For several hours the examination was continued, but little of importance was developed. Other witnesses were examined, including servants who were in Mr. Harrison's house at the time of the shooting and people who had arrived soon after the murder. The prisoner was finally placed in a cell under the city hall, and additional policemen were stationed about the building for the night vigil. All night long crowds came and went about the place.

During the course of his talk the prisoner stated that he had originated a plan for elevating the railroad tracks within the city limits, and that he desired to be corporation counsel so that he could carry out this plan.

"You see," said Prendergast, "I have done some work in a political way in my ward during the last few campaigns, and all for Harrison. I knew a large number of people, and because of my influence Harrison promised me a position if he was elected in the last campaign. I was asked what I wanted and I said that I had a scheme for the elevation of the railroad tracks. I wanted to be corporation counsel, so that I could push this scheme. I was told that I might have the position. Since election I have asked for the office again and again, and have been put off repeatedly. The office was given to another. The mayor had betrayed me and I resolved to have revenge. I have it."

"You wanted to have the tracks elevated, did you? You did not have any particular plan, did you?" asked the chief, thinking, perhaps, Prendergast was crazy on that subject.

"Yes, I had a plan that would have cost the railroads little or nothing. But I have forgotten it now," he continued wearily, and a moment later began to talk again, incoherently, about Mr. Harrison's failure to give him a position.

A Single Tax Crank.

Late at night officers called at the home of Prendergast's mother at 609 James street. The young man had not lived with his mother for over two years, and she knew nothing about his crime. She said the young man was all right mentally, "except," she added, "he often talks of Henry George and the single tax." The officers gave the mother no information, and she does not yet know of the night's tragedy.

Patrick King, an uncle of Prendergast, was next called upon and asked about his nephew. He, too, knew nothing of the murder, and replied to the questions concerning the young man:

"He is a good boy; never drank and never smoked."

"Has he any peculiarities?"

"He has only one of which I know," replied King, "and that is his single tax idea. This is his pet hobby, and he knows a great deal about it."

"Has Prendergast an education?"

"He was well brought up and had a fair education."

Dr. G. Laidlaw, the family physician, says that Prendergast is not insane, un-

less he has become so very recently. He declares that he has known him since his birth, and that he was never weak-minded or had a day's sickness in his life.

The Harrison Family Notified.

Miss Annie Howard, the fiancée of Mr. Harrison, was in the house at the time the fatal shot was fired. In accordance with the wounded man's request she was at once summoned to his side, and was present when the end came. When it became evident that Mr. Harrison could not survive his injuries, and could live but a few moments at most, Miss Howard's grief was pitiable. She was completely overcome, and was led away by friends, who feared for the effect upon her of her grief. She was taken in a closed carriage to the house of Carter H. Harrison, Jr., where she spent the night.

Carter H. Harrison, Jr., was at Jackson park when the news of his father's death reached him. As soon as possible after the shooting a messenger was sent to the fairgrounds to find him, as it was known he had intended to spend the evening there. He would hardly believe the news when it was told him, but immediately left the fair grounds and as quickly as possible went to the family residence on Ashland boulevard.

Mrs. Hester Owsley, the mayor's daughter, resides at 504 Erie street, on the North Side, fully five miles from her father's residence. The news was conveyed to her by telephone, and she hurried to Ashland boulevard with all the speed her horses could make. She came too late, however, to see her father alive, as he had been dead fully an hour when she reached the house.

UNIVERSAL SORROW.

The City Overwhelmed With Sorrow and Shame.

CHICAGO, Oct. 30.—Chicago is overwhelmed with sorrow and shame. Her citizens mourn for the man who stood closer to the people's heart than any other who has lived or died within her boundary lines or has been in any way connected with the city's growth and progress.

The feeling of shame is that just at the close of the greatest and most glorious period of her municipal history, just at the dawn of a brighter period than she has ever before experienced, the dark crime of murder should leave a red blot on the record. It was a thing no man could prevent, a calamity that no human intellect could foresee. But the crime is done, and the stain and the disgrace of having her chief executive shot down is part of history now.

The act of a maniac, or at the best a weak-minded youth, has plunged Chicago into mourning just at the period of her greatest triumph.

From all ranks and conditions of men there comes but one voice and it is that of grief. If Chicago's spirit soared too high, if her ambitious soul reached out beyond those things to which mortal man may aspire—and her daring hand was ever at the edge of the universe—it has been temporarily checked. The blow was heavy and it struck Chicago to the heart.

Carter Henry Harrison was without question the most popular man among the residents of Chicago. He was the most widely known and best beloved of all Chicago's sons. Political enemies have time and time again sought to read the riddle of his popularity, they have sought to decry his fame, and when his friends from his side, they utterly failed in all.

There is a touch of nature beyond what humanity knows, and it is called genius. This Carter Harrison had in his dealings with his fellowmen. He drew them to him, and he held them to the last by the force of his genial nature, and the undiscovered something which all men felt who came in contact with him. His enemies were as bitter as his friends were warm, but they were the foes of his methods, not the foes of his personality.

He had within his frame more of the condensed spirit of audacity, endurance and activity than any other man. He was nearer the embodiment of the Chicago spirit than any other man. The people knew this and held him closer in their embrace than they have ever held another, and it will be long before another man usurps the place that Carter Harrison held in the heart of Chicago.

The feeling of personal sorrow which all citizens feel, is not stronger than the mortified civic pride which burdens them down. Her man of men, the one whom she honored most, was foully slain, and the great city which has done so much, and which for six months has been the most prominent place on earth, was utterly helpless. There may be for Chicago days of greater pride, of higher glory than any she has yet beheld. There can never be a day of deeper grief, of more poignant sorrow.

His political enemies, and he had many of them, all had a warm spot for the genial personality of the man, and his friends, whom he numbered by thousands, fairly worshipped him. The manner of his death silenced all things that could be said against him, and the grief over his awful death is almost universal in Chicago. The most signal evidence of sorrow will be the absence of all festivities at the closing of the fair.

At the Residence.

The family residence was thronged with sorrowing friends all day. There was a crush of carriages and people before the Harrison mansion, and for blocks in all directions during the afternoon, sorrow was expressed with sincerity on all sides. The sidewalks were impassable. Six policemen kept the crowd moving on and two more officers were stationed before the main entrance of the house to prevent its being overcrowded with visitors.

H. Granville W. Browning, an intimate friend of the family, assisted by

Mr. Fulton of The Times, Mr. Fitzhugh Harrison, a relative, and several others received all callers who came during the afternoon and evening.

The members of the family were denied to all but the most intimate friends. All of them bore up bravely under the terrible affliction, the real significance of which could hardly be realized by them. Miss Howard, the late mayor's fiancée, although prostrated by the shock, rested quietly during the day in the apartments to which she had been taken when the true nature of the terrible event had been revealed to her.

Telegrams and letters of sympathy in great numbers were received during the day from public and private friends of the late mayor in various parts of the country, as well as in Chicago. Many prominent politicians, who were of the same political faith as Mr. Harrison, and many of those who had been his political opponents, called at the house in person to offer their condolences.

Among the first cards to be received were those of Vice President and Mrs. A. E. Stevenson, which were brought to the bereaved household by Miss Stevenson, daughter of the vice president.

Letters of sympathy to various members of the family were received from William B. McClure and L. Val Le Moine of the University club, Charles M. Walker and Dr. John Bartlett, and many others.

Among the many telegrams was one from Secretary of State Gresham, who had been a most intimate friend of Mr. Harrison; Henry Irving, the Japanese commissioner of the world's fair, the Old Guard of New York, the mayors from a dozen different cities, and many others.

The remains lay all day in the room which had been occupied by Mr. Harrison as a sleeping apartment, in the second story of the south wing of the house.

Late in the afternoon a death mask was executed by Sculptor Fuchs at the express wish of the family. The result is said to be a most lifelike representation of Mr. Harrison's countenance, the undertaking being a success in every way.

Arrangements For the Funeral.

The arrangements for the funeral of the murdered mayor will not be made until after the special meeting of the city council. It has, however, been decided that the obsequies will take place Wednesday. The body will be placed in a vault at Graceland cemetery, and the interment, which will be private, will occur later. Mayor Harrison's body will lie in state in the city hall for at least a day. The council will probably ask that the body be taken to the city hall at once, where it will remain until the funeral, which will probably take place there.

It has been decided that the active pallbearers will be chief police captains, who will be selected by Chief of Police Brennan. The honorary pallbearers, who have been chosen by the family, will be the following: Thomas W. Palmer, H. N. Higinbotham, General Nelson A. Miles, ex-Governor Richard Oglesby, Judge Lyman Trumbull, F. A. Winston, General Fitzsimmons, H. J. Jones, C. K. G. Billings, Adolph Kraus, P. D. Armour, Frank Mentor, ex-Mayor John A. Roach, ex-Mayor Joseph Medill, ex-Mayor Hempstead

Washburn, Judge Francis Adams and R. A. Waller.

The Inquest.

The inquest on the body of Mayor Harrison was held yesterday at his late residence on Ashland boulevard. Except a technical description of the wounds but little news was elicited. The verdict was in accordance with the facts, and recommended that Prendergast be held for the murder until discharged by due process of law.

During the inquest Deputy Coroner Kelly asked Prendergast if he had a statement to make, but the prisoner refused to speak. Then he was taken back to the Central station, and finally lodged in the county jail, where he will remain until his case is finally disposed of. He still maintains the same stolid demeanor which has characterized him all through.

The Acting Mayor.

Oscar D. Wetherell, city comptroller of Chicago, who by the death of Mayor Harrison becomes acting mayor, is a Republican. He is a native of New Hampshire, but removed to Chicago many years ago and became a prominent lumberman.

Something like twelve years ago he was elected to the city council of Chicago and served for at least two terms as chairman of the finance committee. Three years ago he was elected president of the Globe National bank and last spring, on Harrison's election, Mr. Wetherell was appointed comptroller. He is about 60 years of age.

HARRISON'S CAREER.

A Brief Account of His Extraordinary Life.

Carter H. Harrison was born in Fayette county, Ky., Feb. 25, 1825. Richard I. A. Harrison, Cromwell's lieutenant general, who led Charles I to the block, is his earliest ancestor preserved in the family's archives. The name was conspicuous in Virginia during the colonial period, and Carter Harrison, his great-grandfather, and his brother, Benjamin Harrison, the signer of the declaration of independence and father of President William Henry Harrison, are enrolled in the annals of the infancy of the United States of America.

Early inter-marriages linked the Harrison family with the Randolphs, Cabells and Carters, two prominent Virginia families. Through the former Thomas Jefferson and John Randolph were near kin, to the latter the Revenues of Virginia, and the Breckinridges of Kentucky, Robert Carter Harrison, grandfather of our subject, located in Kentucky in 1812. His