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DAILY HERALD.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1901.

ANOTHER WAR.

Lord Kitchener seems to be winding up the war in South Africa, but events in that line nearer home are attracting public attention, and promise very serious results.

The citizens of Fredericton are discovering that the city council which they elected last March is far too big for the city building. The eminent gentlemen of that learned and enlightened body have been trying to house themselves in the city building for some months, but have not yet comfortably disposed themselves, and it is quite probable that an addition will have to be made to the civic edifice if bloodshed is to be avoided.

The trouble seems to be in finding office room for the various civic functionaries, and in the hunt for accommodation the mayor, the police magistrate, the treasurer and the chief assessor have become more or less embroiled. The first attack was made on the magistrate; it was proposed to move him somewhere, and give the mayor an office, but the gallant colonel unsheathed his sword, and defied the civic hosts. The colonizers then dropped him and turned their attention elsewhere, the mayor still teeing without a place to rest his weary feet. It was finally decided to place His Worship in the committee room, where the chief assessor had been doing his work and fit up the city clerk's back room for the assessor, and here is where the present trouble arises. The city clerk refuses to relinquish any of his prerequisites, claiming a right to retain both his rooms, his private business requires his present premises, and after the carpenters had been in possession a day making some changes, Mr. Beckwith's indignation reached the boiling point and he locked the artisans out. The mayor it is reported also took a hand to enforce obedience to the order of the council, and the rival hosts are arrayed ready for battle when the council meets.

There does not seem to be any need for all the threatenings and heartburnings, and open war among the civic fathers and their officials. There is room enough in the building for all of them, now that the junior alderman for Carleton ward is absent from the city, and the difficulty should be settled without bloodshed.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

The man who attempted to assassinate President McKinley claims that he was goaded to action by the speeches of Emma Goldman, a leader in the Anarchist group of the United States. The police have arrested the Goldman woman hoping in some way to connect Czolgosz with the Anarchist society and to make the latter responsible for the crime.

Emma Goldman came to the United States seventeen years ago from Russia, and soon became an advocate of anarchy in its most desperate and bloody form. Only a few weeks ago she was chased out of New York by the police. One of her public utterances, which resulted in a year's imprisonment, was reported as follows:

"You want bread, but who will give it to you? No one will give it to you. If you want it you must take it. If you do not get it on your own demand take it by force. Go out into the social revolution. Prepare yourselves. The capitalists have prepared themselves with the police, who are armed with pistols and clubs. You can defend yourselves with sticks and stones, if attacked. I tell you again, organize and

go and demand what you want, and, if it is not given, then take it by force. If you take bread alone it will not help you much. Take everything. March to the palaces of the capitalists and demand your rights, and if they are not given to you take them by force. You will be attacked by the militia and the police. You must be prepared to defend yourself with sticks and stones. Either you will have to do what I tell you or you can go home quietly, lay yourselves down and die of hunger. It is true you are not prepared, but we also know where the weapons are to be obtained. We are living in a time when we must act. Now that you know what you have to prepare yourselves. May Anarchy live!"

It was a typical Goldman speech. Her speeches today are on the same order. She always advises violence, no matter what the evil. She seems to have great power over her ignorant audiences, and soon has everything about her boiling over. It is only excitement, however, and never before has she persuaded anyone to a deliberate act of violence, if, indeed, she did so this time.

Emma Goldman is now about thirty-five years old. When she came to America, a girl, she was rather pretty. She had a wealth of dark hair and flashing eyes. Her figure was good, even when poorly dressed. The life she has been leading, however, has blotted out all of her youthful charms. Her eyes still gleam, but it is the unnatural gleam put there by liquor. Her face and figure are bloated from the same cause. She lives on the cheap fame which has come to her from Anarchistic speeches.

Halifax opposition to the Murray government have met with a set back early in the campaign. The gentleman whom they nominated to lead their ticket declined and is off to Europe in a few days to remain a year. A new convention has been called, but it will be difficult to secure so desirable a candidate as Mr. Walter Allison.

Mr. Pitts, with his usual recklessness, declares that "the Grits are afraid to stand up and fight." Well, the Grits would like to see something worth fighting before they fully don their war paint. Surely Mr. Pitts does not think he and a few other soreheads are taken seriously by the Grits. The last time Mr. Pitts stood up to fight he was so completely knocked out by a 1500 man power vote that his political remains were never even gathered up.

Mr. Pitts has a lot to say about the election, but he has not yet drawn his checks to repay the Conservatives the money they subscribed to prosecute alleged bribees. The gentlemen are weary waiting for Mr. Pitts to put up the stuff, or to at least furnish them with an account of how the money was spent.

Mr. Pitts' anxiety for the future of the editor of the Herald is extremely thoughtful, but entirely unappreciated. If our erratic friend exhibited a similar care for the interests of the Conservative gentlemen who claim to have money in his hands, he would hand over their checks without further delay.

Mr. McLeod already wears a look that betokens overwhelming defeat. He evidently regrets that he did not follow good advice and stick to the pulpit and his newspaper. It is not yet too late for him to retire from a hopeless contest.

Governor McClellan has never donned the handsome Windsor uniform to which his position entitles him, but the Herald learns that His Honor has a brand new one ready for use in welcoming the royal party to New Brunswick.

If only to lay the dust the rain is welcome, but it has a higher mission, to start the after grass on the uplands and meadows and feed the farmers' flocks until ready for winter housing.

A Canadian nurse is in charge of President McKinley. The young lady is Miss Maud Mohan of Brockville, Ontario.

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The attempted assassination of President McKinley will increase his popularity. He is coming through the ordeal like a hero, and men worship heroes—if they are not naval heroes in the United States. The bullets of Czolgosz did not kill the President but they may give him a third term.

Halifax Liberals have renominated their old members for the local house—Macpherson, Mitchell and Keefe, two Scotchmen and an Irishman, and a winning team.

President McKinley is evidently out of danger, but will not be fit for duty for some weeks yet. He will not go so extensively into the handshaking business in future.

Two noted specialists in mental disorders have examined Czolgosz, the man who shot President McKinley, and declare him perfectly sane.

The Czar and the Kaiser met at Hecla Prussia yesterday and embraced. There were no anarchists present.

Dr. James Hannay, of St. John, is among the guests at the Queen.

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