

Paper: McIntosh County Democrat

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*Victim(s):
Crockett Williams*

*COVERAGE:
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Harry Sohns

MAJESTIC THEATER

Six Nights Commencing Monday, Aug. 10

Harry Sohns Players.

Special Scenery, New Plays, Best of Vaudeville

Opening Play: "THE CROOK"

Popular Prices.



Ida Root-Gordon

HUNG BY MOB.

Crockett Williams Taken From Jail at Eufaula and Hanged to a Tree.

TOWN WAS NOT DISTURBED.

W. D. Hogan, Night Guard, Could Not Stand Off 150 Determined Men.

The Democrat last week told of the brutal murder of Johnson King, a well known and prosperous Creek Indian, which occurred just west of Eufaula Tuesday evening, and the subsequent arrest of Crockett Williams and two other negroes, but the last and most thrilling chapter of this tragedy was put on at Eufaula on an early hour Saturday morning when a company of 150 masked men quietly entered the town, marched to the county jail and overpowering the night guard took Williams into a small patch of corn four blocks from the jail and hanged him to a tree. That all the plans were pre-arranged is borne out by the fact that there was not the slightest hitch in the program, even to the spot where the negro was to end his existence at the end of a rope. The men evidently had their meeting place selected on the outskirts of the town and entered and carried out their work in such a quiet manner that few citizens knew what had happened until arrived at the jail during Saturday morning.

The mob, according to the story of Jailer W. D. Hogan, did not put in appearance until after 1 o'clock. All of the 150 men were masked, but scarcely any were armed, he says. The leaders were upon the jail door and demanded admittance. When Hogan refused they quietly beat the door down.

The jailer leveled his gun on the men but one of the leaders sprang forward, grabbed it and tied and gagged him. Hogan had hid the keys to the cells when he heard the mob coming and the men spent several minutes before they found them.

Then they turned on the lights, unlocked the cell and demanded that Williams come out. Whimpering, the negro came and plead for his life but his cries for mercy were unanswered. The men, all acting as silently as possible, carried the negro about four blocks away and there in the center of town hung him.

No shots were fired and the negro's body was not harmed. The men quickly dispersed as soon as their work was over. The jailer when released notified the authorities but declared that he could not recognize any of the men.

Officials made preparations for a rigid investigation but at the outset confessed that it was unlikely anything could be done.

Crockett Williams was arrested last Tuesday for the murder of Johnson King, a fullblood Indian, whom, it was asserted, he had kill-

ed for \$40. Sam Barnett and Lewis Perryman, also negroes, have been arrested for complicity. The murder was a brutal one, the Indian's neck being broken with blows of heavy iron bar swung by Crockett Williams, while a 13-year-old son of King's was forced to look on.

There were threats of lynching as soon as Crockett was arrested and a mob besieged the jail Wednesday night. On that occasion, entreaties of the officers had effect and the mob dispersed without completing its purpose.

Friday night's mob, however, is supposed to have been made up largely of men from the country and of different temper. The jailer says he recognized no voices. The men, if they came from the country, were not seen slipping into town and authorities stated that they must have assembled outside the city and slipped in at midnight.

The negro's body was strung up to a tree in the center of a little corn patch, growing in the city limits. It made an ideal place for hiding the mob while the lynching was going on, and authorities believe that the mob had decided on the place before going to the jail.

No attempt was made to get the other negroes held for the murder and the sheriff believes that trouble is over.

The affair created great excitement in Eufaula and hundreds of the more curious went on to the little corn patch during the early morning to take a look at the victim before he was cut down, and later as many more visited the undertaker's parlor.

New Arrivals.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Taylor, near Okapa, was made exceedingly bright on Monday by the arrival of a pair of boys. Mother and boys are doing fine, and the father is showing improvement.

One more plate was added to the table of Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Ingram living at Pawnee on Tuesday by the arrival of a son.

H. M. Vance Lands.

In the primary election in Cherokee County Tuesday Attorney H. M. Vance, formerly of this city was nominated for the office of county attorney.

Card of Thanks.

We desire to return our sincere thanks to the kind friends and neighbors who gave us so freely of their assistance during the illness and following the death of Father And. R. Y. Andi and family.

R. Y. Andi left today for Kansas City and St. Louis and will be absent several days.

Mrs. Dr. McPherson and daughter, Essie, of Sasasa, who have been visiting in the home of Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Nelson, for the past week, departed Saturday for Clarksville, Ark., where they will visit with relatives for a few weeks.

NOW DRY TERRITORY.

Fort Smith Went on the Water
Wagon for Sure Last
Saturday.

Fort Smith, the source of supplies in the wet goods line for eastern Oklahoma, went on the water wagon for sure last Saturday and no one realized it more forcibly than Fort Smith citizens who were accustomed to their "steens" at frequent intervals. Judge Daniel Hon entered his formal order revoking all saloon licenses on the morning of that day and there is gloom among those bivalvously inclined.

This order is the result of Judge Hon's findings that the petition for license did not contain a sufficient number of signatures.

Every wet goods house in the city operated with an increased sales force. Many of the stocks were almost depleted. One of the largest wholesale houses reported Friday that it had sold more than \$7,000 in whiskey alone.

During the past two weeks, when it became apparent that the life of the saloons was near an end this house sold an average of \$3,000 worth of whiskey daily.

Everybody that uses liquor in either large or small quantities begins laying in a supply in anticipation of the drought. Beer wagons roamed throughout the residence section from early hours to past midnight. More liquor was sold in Fort Smith Friday than has been sold in the past two months, according to the estimates.

The city was full of bootleggers who, too, are laying in a supply in anticipation of the drought.

Thousands and thousands of dollars worth of whiskey was sold just prior to the closing order to prevent the thirst penetrating communities that are supposed to be dry.

Advertised Letters

The following is the list of letters remaining unclaimed in this office for the week ending Aug. 2, 1914, and if not called for by Aug. 16, 1914, will be forwarded to the dead letter office:

Louis Benton, Mrs. Chet Brown, George Dowdle, Miss Bennett Howard, Mrs. Estella Johnson, Mrs. L. A. Manney, Mrs. B. E. Tate, Jaxie Wiley, Mrs. Doris White.

When calling for above please say "advertised."

Walter B. Hensley, P. M.

W. A. Ellington and wife departed yesterday for St. Louis and Chicago and other points buying goods for the Dunlap store. They will be absent about two weeks. Miss Icie Laws, of Broken Arrow accompanied them.

Mrs. Dr. McPherson and daughter, Essie, of Sasasa, who have been visiting in the home of Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Nelson, for the past week, departed Saturday for Clarksville, Ark., where they will visit with relatives for a few weeks.

Miss Fannie and Mae Monroe, of Lockhart, Tex., arrived in the city Tuesday and will spend several days in the home of their uncle, Thos. Monroe and family.

concerning his literary pursuits it was to read her a page here and there, and in sum an unaccustomed way as to how she had been educated. He said she had found no enjoyment in these performances and gave them up altogether. Night and day he thought of his work and she had been more lonely, still he did not doubt his attraction for her, but she could not be satisfied with an occasional caress or a gentle word, as the whole expression of his face.

One day, at the little station near their home, she met Ralph Barnes, a youth, and the instant of admiration that came to his eyes was not displeasing to her. She had grown so weary of solitude that another being would have been a welcome relief.

He was staying with a relative in the neighborhood, he told her, his physician had advised the country, but for his part he hated it. He did not grow away from it, however, and was always meeting the pretty wife of the author, who found no time from her books to entertain her. She was too much of a woman, not to know her worth, remained with him.

She did not admit it to herself, though deep in her heart she was pleased with the admiration she had awakened in this portion of the world, but he had a sense of weariness with his surroundings, and everything. It was something to be with another who had seen everything and despised it. She was so much alone that he found little difficulty in getting her to go with him. She began to look forward to their meetings, a rightful release from the chores round of everyday life, to which she had been subjected. He was so ready to offer every attention to anticipate her slightest wish, to discover what was pleasing or interesting to her and make that the companion of his study that the companionship ripened fast.

Tonight she had been unusually quiet and depressed. The days of her girlhood came back to accentuate the lack of friends and confidants. Two brothers and a sister had made a lively household, in which they were free from care and loneliness. Now she was forced to find entertainment within herself and she found the task burdensome.

The stillness of the house, accentuated by the rustling of the thin sheets pen in the other room, oppressed her. She went to the window and looked out. The moonlight fell soft over the landscape. Down at the lower end of the hill a red light shone and disappeared to glow again at regular intervals. She could see a shadowy form moving backward and forward under the trees. Down there she knew was a cemetery, an old one, and she was afraid to go there.

She glanced into the room where her husband sat writing. If only he would give up his work for this evening and talk with her! She plucked him from its silent sleep and softly in to his piping one arm about his neck and laying the blossom on the page before him. He did not look up, but with a hurried gesture pushed the flower aside and bent over his work again. She knew he was out of his life and turned away with clouded eyes. A few minutes later she was going slowly down the dead path under the tall trees toward that gloomy end of a clearing.

"Dear wife, you are so cold," he said tenderly. "I might have told her, but I wanted the surprise to come when the work is over so that there will be no interruption to our conversation."

"Dear wife, you are so cold," he said again, reading the paper. He did not hear the rustle of his wife's gown as she returned to the house and ran hurriedly up the stairs. Nor did he hear as she lay down with a small portmanteau and her cloak.

She paused at the door and threw a hurried glance into the room where he was, still at his desk. Then she glided away in the moonlight.

An hour later the book was completed, and, with a sigh of satisfaction,

she anchor plashed the pages from him and picked up a letter, of which the address she had written on it drew out the contents from the envelope and, opening the narrow blue sheet disclosed a check.

He went through the rooms, the papers and the letters and the contents of his pockets and six months in Europe for preparation and study," he soliloquized. "At last we shall see something of the world under favorable circumstances, sweetheart. Too bad I can't tell you where you were in here just now. I wouldn't have kept the secret a moment if I had spoken. We will make up for this long imprisonment. I must have been quite dull for you. I'm used to loneliness."

He went through the rooms, the check in his hands and a smile of contentment on his face. Passing the open door he paused and took out into the darkness. Overhead, she looked down upon nature, serene, fragrant, sweet. Suddenly out of the darkness leaped the shrill cry of a locust. It was a long evening, he thought, before another night had passed his wife, for whom he had worked so faithfully, could be with him aboard a train on the way to the land of romance and history. There came the puffing of the engine as it gathered head for another onward rush with its load of human freight. The author turned into the house and mounted the stairs, a glad light in his eyes.

"She will be so happy," he whispered, "so happy!"

SEEK RICHES IN METEORITE

English Expedition Will Go to Break Up Big Stone Believed to Have Fallen From Moon

An expedition is shortly starting from England for Diana Island, off the coast of Greenland, with the object of breaking up and bringing away the meteorite there.

It weighs over 100 tons, and the theory is that it was projected on to this earth from the moon countless years ago.

Fragments of it have already been carried away and lost, and the English expedition, organized to anticipate the loss, will be on hand to obtain the remains.

Now polonium is a cousin of radium. Hence the expedition. The organization of an army to fit out and extract from the meteorite even a small fraction of an ounce of radium their fortunes are made.

It is quite possible, too, they say, that the stone may be composed of diamonds. It has been suggested that the mass may be composed of diamonds inside.

There, too, there is in existence a diamond, a fair specimen from a meteorite near Tucson.—*Ar.*

Leech Breeding

Breeding leeches is the occupation of a class of people called "Chokas" in the United Provinces of India. In April or May selected leeches are put into a shallow dish containing "red clay" and a little water, and the pots are put out of reach of disturbances, for the leeches are very sensitive when handled.

When they are formed and have dried, they are picked up and put into closed cups of clay, which are changed every alternate day for a fortnight. Then the breeders help round the pots and cover them with shells. Each cocoon contains five or six young ones. The young leeches are reared in fresh water, and the breeder gives them meals from his own body, which he holds for the purpose and is said to lose their power of breeding; so special "seed leeches" are put aside. The Chokas clean a gorged leech by puncturing it dorsally near the head and pressing it dorsally near the tail forwards.