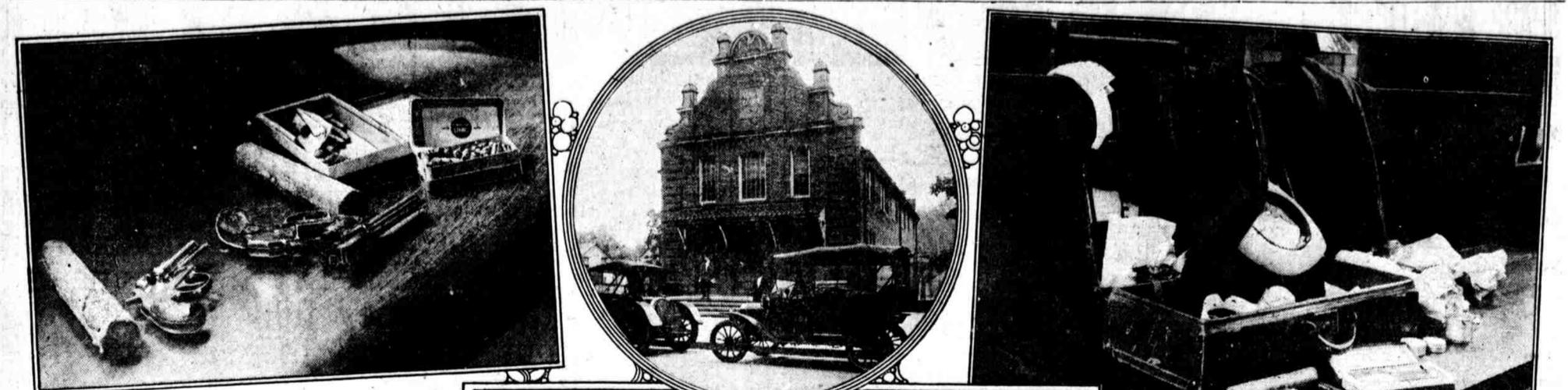


Sidelights On Attempt To Assassinate Great Financier Told Through Camera



Blocks of dynamite, revolvers, and bullets found on Holt after he had attempted to kill Morgan.

FANATIC NONCHALANT AS HE WENT TO HOME

Witnesses Tell of Holt's Actions on Way to Morgan Estate on Murderous Errand.

NEW YORK, July 4.—The story of Frank Holt's cunning movements which brought him face to face with J. Pierpont Morgan, whom he attempted to kill, is told today by persons acquainted with his actions from the time he stepped off the train at Glen Cove yesterday morning at 8:53 o'clock.

The nonchalance with which Holt engaged an automobile, went to the Morgan home and obtained entrance as "an old friend of Mr. Morgan," disarmed suspicion and it was not until the invader began to brandish a revolver that realization came of the danger.

When Holt alighted from the train at Glen Cove he was neatly dressed and carried a medium-sized suitcase. There was nothing unusual about his actions and he appeared to be a man of business.

Engaged Automobile. He engaged an automobile from a nearby garage, called Fred Ford, the proprietor, and asked to be driven to Mr. Morgan's country home.

Before the car started for East Island Holt asked Ford if he might sit in the driver's seat.

"I can see the country better if I sit with you," he remarked. "Besides I believe that Mr. Morgan is starting for New York city this morning and I don't know how he intends to use his yacht, the Corsair, or by train. Probably he will go by train. Do you know Hiram Campbell, Mr. Morgan's chauffeur?"

Ford replied that he knew Campbell well.

Planned Leap Into Car. "That's good," said Holt. "We may meet Mr. Morgan's automobile along the road. If we do, I want you to throw my suitcase into Mr. Morgan's car and I will jump in myself. I'm an old friend of Mr. Morgan's and he won't think anything of it. Old friends are allowed unusual privileges."

That placed in Holt's mind the first faint suspicion that his passenger was a person who needed watching. The driver couldn't do anything precipitate. He had nothing to do but wait.

When the car turned on the long, concrete bridge which spans the estuary from the Sound, Dosoris Ford, an expert of shallow water and swampy ground which cuts the Morgan estate on Peacock Point, East Island, from the mainland.

Within plain sight was the home of George F. Baker to the east of Mr. Morgan's place. Over beyond the hills to the south was the Percy Chubb place and the car had just spun through the beautiful extent of ground held by the Pratt family, of Brooklyn.

As the motor car began to cross the bridge, which was being repaired and stowed down to make the narrow, temporary roadway, Holt climbed back into the tonneau, saying to Ford:

"I expect I had better get a card out of my suit case. The servants might require one."

Arms Himself In Road. He opened the brown suitcase, which he had brought from New York, and extracted several articles. Ford was so busy with the management of his car in the slender bridge roadway that he did not observe exactly what Holt took from the case. He rather thought later that Holt had used the moment to remove two revolvers and possibly the sticks of dynamite which were subsequently found on his person and in the Morgan grounds.

At any rate, he found what he sought, regained his place on the driver's seat and told Ford to go on to a place near the front of the house. The automobile was stopped at the lodge of Superintendent McGregor, and there were two men in uniform. Ford shut off the power and glanced inquiringly at his fare. He saw, he says, that Holt's eyes were shining as a cat's in the dark. Only the man's eyes, however, revealed the excitement in him. His muscles were under perfect control. He even smiled slightly as he stepped lightly from the car and walked the short distance to the main entrance of Mr. Morgan's house.

Watched Him Closely. Ford watched him closely—still impressed by the notion that the man was queer—and saw him ring the bell. Then, as the butler answered the ring and half opened the door, the automobile driver saw something that made him utter a shout of alarm and sent him scurrying from the car to the Morgan garage, calling for help. He saw that Holt had drawn a revolver from the side pocket of his coat and that he was pressing the muzzle of the revolver against the butler's stomach.

This was all Ford saw of the preliminaries of the attack. The rest is known from what Holt himself confessed to a justice of the Peace Luyster and the assistant district attorney, what the butler, a valet, and a nurse saw, and from what Mrs. Morgan, who was part of the bravest and coolest, told friends of Mr. Morgan.

EYE-WITNESSES TELL OF MORGAN'S PLUCK

Thrilling Stories Detailed by Butler, Who Admitted Holt, and Banker's Wife.

NEW YORK, July 4.—A thrilling story of how J. P. Morgan, great financier, and his plucky wife grappled with Frank Holt as he sought Mr. Morgan's life, is told today by eyewitnesses of the frenzied attack in the Glen Cove country home of Mr. Morgan.

Even Holt, who met Mr. Morgan with two revolvers and the shout of a madman, gives the financier credit for gameness.

Mrs. Morgan, who struggled with her husband to wrest the revolvers from Holt's hand, and succeeded, tells how she and Morgan seemed more intent upon protecting her than himself.

Butler's Story. Henry Butzick, the butler, who admitted Holt only to become convinced a moment later that he had opened the door to a madman, said:

"Holt arrived here in a hired machine. He rang the front door bell. When I answered it I saw him standing there, looking fairly presentable in a new blue serge coat and light trousers. He handed me a card and said he wanted to see Mr. Morgan. On the card was a name which I do not recall, and the name of some recreation association which he was supposed to represent.

Claimed To Be a Friend. "I want to see Mr. Morgan," he said. "I am an old friend of his." When I said I would take his name in and asked him to wait, he replied:

"No, I won't wait. I am going in now." He pushed me to the side of the door and pointed it at me. I said, "Mr. Morgan is in the library to the right, although Mr. Morgan was really in the breakfast room to the left. The rooms are in the front of the house. Mr. Morgan was at breakfast. There were several guests, including Ambassador Spring-Rice.

"The man pushed into the hall before I could stop him and walked down into his hands, on a diminutive cot in the breakfast room and shouted for Morgan to go upstairs. He didn't know what I meant, but fearing something was wrong, he went up a back staircase accompanied by Mrs. Morgan. They looked around from room to room, and finding everything all right, walked to the front and started to come down the front stairs. I walked behind Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, and with me was Miss McCabe and Stuart.

Shouted, 'I've Got You!' "As Mr. Morgan reached the top of the stairs he met Holt coming up. Holt shouted: 'Mr. Morgan, I have got you!' and pointed two revolvers at Mr. Morgan. Mr. Morgan threw himself upon the man, Mrs. Morgan also jumped forward and grabbed him. The scuffle was everything all right, and Holt's shots were fired. Mr. Morgan threw the man to the floor and held him down. Holt called out, 'I also ran out and called for help. I brought back a piece of coal with me with which I pounded Holt's head to help subdue him.

"In the meantime several of the servants arrived with straps and ropes, and we tied the man up. Mr. Morgan got up and told us to telephone the police and to summon a physician.

The affidavits of the maid and valet contradicted the statements of the butler.

Describes Attack. Mrs. Morgan, after the excitement of the moment had subsided, described the assault to friends as follows:

"Mr. Morgan was very cool and his idea seemed to be to save me. I really didn't know what had happened until after it was over. I was so excited, and I didn't know Mr. Morgan was hurt till I heard them calling the doctor's number.

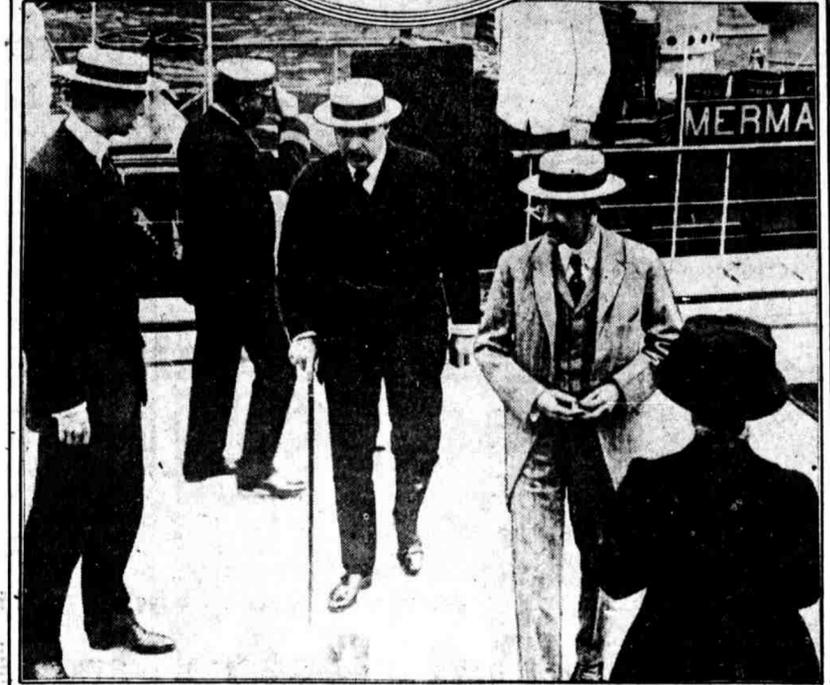
"We were with Sir Cecil Spring-Rice and Lady Spring-Rice and other guests when the bell rang. We didn't pay any attention to it until Physick called, 'Upstairs, Mr. Morgan, upstairs.' I heard them calling the doctor's number.

"Thinking it might be a fire, Mr. Morgan and I rushed upstairs by a rear stairway, and finding nothing, came down the front stairs. As we started down the steps, the man rushed at us, waving two revolvers. Mr. Morgan rushed right at him and grappled with him. I think he secured one of the revolvers and I got the other just after he had fired. Then Mike and I held him until the police came.

Morgan and his wife were to have entertained a party of friends at their summer home last night. Exactly thirteen invitations were sent out. Servants recalled this fact when the invitations were withdrawing the invitations were sent out.

De Rochambeau Killed. PARIS, July 4.—Count Jean de Rochambeau, great-great-grandson of Marshal de Rochambeau, who commanded the French forces at Yorktown, was killed in the fighting in the Vosges June 16. It is learned.

Young Rochambeau held a commission as lieutenant in the French army.



Below—The courthouse at Glen Cove, where Morgan's assailant was taken after his arrest. Above—Latest picture of J. P. Morgan, the world-famous banker, shot by a peace fanatic.

Tried To End Arms Exports, Not Harm Morgan, Says Holt

NEW YORK, July 4.—"I meant Mr. Morgan no harm. That really must be obvious. Now, really, young man, if you but just stop and think clearly you must surely realize I would not come here on the mission I did and then kill Mr. Morgan even before I had spoken to him. Cannot you see that, dead, Mr. Morgan could not have done that for which I was endeavoring to obtain his enormous influence—stoppage of the exportation of American munitions of war to the allies?"

It was a calm, deliberate but badly disheveled man who sat, his head bent forward, in the tiny Glen Cove jail. The head was bandaged, the temples rose and fell, and Frank Holt, who little more than an hour before had sought to end the life of J. Pierpont Morgan, was visibly torn by the pain that punctuated each of his words.

He had been beaten fairly within an inch of his life not alone by the wounded banker, but by Mrs. Morgan and the group of faithful servants and other employees who bore him down to the hard floor of the second floor hallway of the Morgan mansion. They had pounded his head with their hands, chunks of coal, or whatever other weapons they could find.

Was Silent At First. At first Holt refused to talk. He had made a brief statement a little earlier to William E. Luyster, justice of the peace, before whom he had been taken for arraignment.

Then suddenly the man thought of his wife when he was asked if he was married. The question seemed to carry more forcefully to the prisoner than had the transmission to him of any of the details of events following the shooting of the hall attendants and asked that he be forwarded immediately.

"You have money upstairs to pay for the hall attendants, you know you took my card from me when you brought me here."

The telegram was addressed, "Mrs. Frank Holt, No. 101 South Marselles street, Dallas, Tex." It stated, simply: "Man proposes, God disposes. Don't come till you receive my letters. Be true, Frank."

The telegram dispatched, Holt returned my pencil and seemed to deliberate whether the courtesy extended him in the hall attendants demand some return act on his part.

"What can I say to you?" he asked. Question after question was asked. He answered readily, except when an effort was made to learn any of the details of his private life or his movements except those that were directly concerned with the incidents connected with the shooting of Mr. Morgan.

To all of these questions he invariably made the same reply, as if the pain in his position frequently, as if the pain became greater than he could bear. "I have thought and read, and thought and read of this awful catastrophe."

"It seemed to me, each of you, you and I and Mr. Morgan, all were responsible for this horrible slaughter—no, it is murder, wanton murder—that is going on over there. It was on my conscience. This nation was not neutral; that is, the neutrality we were supposed to have proclaimed was not preserved. How could it have been, when we permitted the exportation of arms and other munitions, with which this repugnant murdering was being done?"

"Cannot you see? From my viewpoint, seeing the situation as I have, in the light it has presented itself to me from the vast thinking and reading of a trained mind, such as mine, I had to do something if I was to remain honest with myself. That is all. Is it not plain?"

"But did you have any definite idea of what you expected Mr. Morgan to do? Had you conceived any method you expected to lay before Mr. Morgan which he could either approve or disapprove, to carry into effect the ideas you had regarding stopping the exportations?"

"Not exactly that," came the answer, as the man in the cell straightened himself. "I had only the idea of seeking out Mr. Morgan and interceding with him to the end that he might use his enormous influence, for it is enormous—to bring about this most desirable end. What else could I do? It was not that that makes you and I contribute to this murdering that is going on over there?"

"Surely you must realize I could not go from arms manufacturer to arms manufacturer and make my personal plea that the sale of their product for exportation be stopped. You must see that, do you not?"

"What better course, what could have been a more reasonable course, than for me, reading as I have of Mr. Morgan's activity, and the activity of his firm, as the fiscal agents of the allies, and purchasers of supplies for the fighting armies, to have gone directly to Mr. Morgan as I did and seek to utilize his influence to accomplish the end I had in mind? I thought his banking connections, wide as they are, would render my task more easy, if only I could peacefully persuade him into adopting what is obviously the right course. Do you not yet see that I cannot but be right?"

Always the man displayed uneasiness, not to say nervousness, but really, seemingly because the interviewer did not appear to understand why it was the man had fought his way into the presence of Mr. Morgan.

"Why only this morning you newspaper men must have read of the flood of money that is being poured into the United States to be used for the money was obtained, if not for the continuance of this abhorrent killing of human beings?"

"You surely must see, that you and I, yourself and myself, by our mere sitting by unprotesting, are ourselves contributing to this murder? Can anything be more plain?"

"What was it, though, that influenced you to come to me today? Why did you not come sooner, if you had decided upon your course a month ago?"

"It was really the first opportunity I had," he answered.

"Did you read of the resignation of Mr. Bryan as Secretary of State? Did you think he did right, or did you approve of his course?"

First there was only a smile. Finally the man said:

"That was so silly it is quite useless, don't you think, to talk about it?"

"But are your sympathies with the Germans or with the allies?"

"I have tried to be absolutely neutral. However, not explained to you that it was our neutrality that was being violated by the exportation of arms against which I am complaining? Can you not see that I am an American and that I wanted to be thoroughly American and that I wanted America to be thoroughly American?"

"Did you not approve President Wilson's course in the attitude he has assumed to Germany, and did you not approve of the notes that were sent to Germany by this country?"

"I think the Wilson notes were fine. But do you not see that the President has got nowhere, that he did not, or rather has not, accomplished anything and that the exportation of arms goes on nevertheless? The President did nothing to stop this war, and if an embargo were placed on the exportation of arms the war would be stopped."

"Surely you must see I meant Mr. Morgan no harm. That really must be obvious to you. Now, really, young man, you must stop and think clearly you must surely realize I would not come here on the mission I did and then kill Mr. Morgan even before I had spoken to him."

"Cannot you see that, dead, Mr. Morgan could not have done that for which I was endeavoring to obtain his enormous influence, stoppage of the exportation of American munitions of war to the allies, with which this repugnant murdering is being done?"

"I came down from New York this morning merely to put my ideas before him. Did you come armed with revolvers and dynamite?"

"Well, I did not know what might happen, coming on the mission I did and to such a place as I did. I had to be prepared."

Asked About Contents of Bottle. "Why did you carry a bottle of nitroglycerin? To what use did you expect to put that?"

"Nitroglycerin? Oh, some fool upstairs called that nitroglycerin. It was really alcohol, or benzene, or something like that. Just for removing spots from my clothing, you know. It must have been a fool who called that nitroglycerin."

Yet the "benzene" or "alcohol" was of a light, yellowish color, looked exactly like nitroglycerin, and was carefully guarded during all of the day from fear of an explosion. It has not yet been analyzed or even carefully enough inspected to determine what it is.

He said that he was first of all an American citizen, but the question regarding his citizenship seemed to settle him more than any other. He said "I'm in the United States, and I'm a member of his family was a subject of Germany."

Suitcase carried by great financier's assailant, containing revolvers and dynamite, besides wearing apparel.

Friends Say Holt Was German Sympathizer

Friends at Cornell, Where He Took Degree in June and Where He Also Was Instructor in German, Did Not Think Him a Fanatic.

NEW YORK, July 4.—Frank Holt, the man who shot J. P. Morgan, was up to the close of last season, an instructor in the German department of Cornell University at Ithaca. He is of German and French descent, and a native of this country. He was known among his associates in the faculty as a German sympathizer, although he took little part in discussions of the war.

Holt went to Cornell two years ago and had been both an instructor and a student. He received the degree of Ph. D. at the commencement in June. In the session of 1909-1910 he was assistant professor of German in Oklahoma University. He left there at the close of the term to go to Vanderbilt University, where he taught French during the college year of 1910-1911. The next year he went to Emory and Henry College, in Virginia, where he taught French and German during the sessions of 1911-1912 and 1912-1913. The following session he went to Cornell.

A Brilliant Student. At Cornell, Holt proved to be a brilliant student, and soon distinguished himself. His proficiency in modern languages earned for him a recommendation for an instructorship by members of the German department. For the remainder of his first session at Cornell he taught in the elementary classes, and at the same time pursued his studies for the degree of doctor of philosophy, which was awarded at the commencement a little more than two weeks ago.

But are your sympathies with the Germans or with the allies? Holt tutored in private schools in Ithaca which prepare for entrance at Cornell.

His associates in the Cornell faculty say they believe overwork upset Holt's mind. His thesis was finished three months before the end of the term, and he had not been burdened with university work between that time and the close of the session. His associates said that Holt was not only well versed in German, but thoroughly familiar with French and Spanish, and spoke all three fluently. He became interested in Spanish some years ago when he made a gold prospecting trip to Mexico.

Lived in Germany. It was learned also that he had spent much time in Germany. He was free to tell his associates in Ithaca that he had condemned the export of arms from the United States to the warring nations of Europe, because Germany did not get square deal. It was said, however, that he never became excited in his discussions of the war, and was known as a most temperate man. In fact, he was considered a rather retiring person.

Following the news of his act yesterday, teaching at Cornell recalled that he had left Ithaca last month without turning into the office the marks of his students. This was remarked upon because he had been considered a most methodical and orderly man.

Work Satisfactory. His work at Cornell was eminently satisfactory, but at the close of the term he notified President Schurman that he wished to resign to accept the professorship of French in the Southern Methodist University in Dallas, Tex., which opens for its first session in September.

Before the close of the term he sent his wife and children to Dallas. When he left the university he told his associates he intended to stop in New York city a few days, and then to go on to Texas. That was the last they heard of him until yesterday.

Holt's appearance would scarcely attract a second glance from a Broadway crowd. He is tall and sparely built, with dark hair and features larger than ordinary. He is about forty years old, and has the face of a tired student.

Home in Dallas. Holt yesterday gave his home as Dallas, Texas. He said he was born in America, and that his ancestors were French and German. He is the son-in-law of the Rev. O. F. Sensabaugh, residing elder in the Dallas district of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. A dispatch from Dallas last night said that Mrs. Holt was with her parents, and had expected Holt next week. The dispatch said that Holt had signed the contract to teach at the new Methodist college, so that he could be near his relatives. Mrs. Holt went to Dallas following the Cornell commencement, leaving her husband in New York. She received a letter from Holt yesterday morning, in which he gave his address as the Mills Hotel, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-sixth street. The dispatch said the letter contained nothing to indicate that Holt had any design on Mr. Morgan or nursed any desire to avenge Germany upon any one.

Prof. Clark E. Northrup, of Cornell, was an intimate associate and a

warm friend of Holt. Prof. Northrup, who teaches English at Cornell is one of the visiting professors in English at the Summer School of Columbia University. He was dumfounded when he heard of what his friend had done, and for a long time he refused to believe the Frank Holt who shot Mr. Morgan was the Frank Holt he knew. When he was convinced, he said:

Must Be Holt. "I can scarcely believe it possible that my associate, Frank Holt, could do such a thing. And yet it must be he. I have known Mr. Holt intimately for two years. During that time, he has been teaching and studying at Cornell. He received his degree of Ph. D. this year in his thesis dealing on 'The Effect of the Works of Shakespeare on German and French Literature.' I believe, 'At the close of the last school year, two weeks ago, Mr. Holt resigned, to take the chair of romance languages in the New Methodist University which is to open this fall in Dallas. I think he is related by marriage to the president of the new institution. At least he was influential with those in charge, for he offered me the chair of English and I seriously considered accepting the offer until the question of religion made it seem inadvisable, I being an Unitarian."

Decidedly Pro-German. "Mr. Holt was from the South, and took his undergraduate work in a small Western college. I think he is of German extraction. At least, like all the other members of the Cornell German department, gave one, he was decidedly pro-German. I do not recall that Holt engaged in any active German propaganda beyond belonging to a society that used to meet to discuss the war. The Deutscher Verein of the university was forbidden to discuss the war, and a new society was formed by German sympathizers of the school and town for that purpose. Prof. Holt was interested in it."

Particularly Sane. "Holt always impressed me as a particularly sane, intelligent man. His scholarship was well founded, and he was considered an able teacher who might have held his position indefinitely. In my association with him I never detected any quirk that would give the slightest indication that he might do anything fanatical. I have known Mr. Morgan he was plainly mad when he did it."

Must Have Been Insane, Says Father-in-Law of Financier's Assailant

DALLAS, July 4.—"He must have been demented," said the father-in-law of Frank Holt, the Rev. O. F. Sensabaugh, gloomily discussing today the act of Holt in attempting to blow up the Senate wing of the Capitol and take the life of J. P. Morgan.

The Rev. Mr. Sensabaugh said, however, that he had never noticed within the last ten years signs of insanity in his son-in-law.

Developed Insomnia. Dr. John Bishop, of the Polytechnic College here, recalled today that Holt was an incessant student and developed insomnia before leaving that institution. He said that in those days Holt was considered "a bit strange" by some.

Sensabaugh seemed almost overcome by the news from New York and Washington concerning Holt's outrages. He said:

"The Rev. Mr. Sensabaugh said, however, that he had never noticed within the last ten years signs of insanity in his son-in-law."

Quiet and Peaceable. "He was extremely quiet and peaceable, and opposed to war. In fact, his peace views coincided exactly with those of former Secretary of State Bryan. He admired Bryan, but I did not think he knew him personally."

Asked whether Holt had entertained anarchistic or socialistic views, Sensabaugh declared he had not.

"He was of German extraction, born in Wisconsin. Mrs. Holt this morning had a letter from him from New York saying that he had been sick and was despondent."

Mrs. Holt, secluded from interviewers, is heartbroken. She has been depressed since the strain is killing her," her father said.