

# THE ASSASSIN HEARS DOOM

Leon Czolgosz Is Sentenced to Die in Electric Chair.

SAYS HE HAD NO ACCOMPLICES.

**Murderer of McKinley Tells Judge No One Else Was in Plot—Dramatic Scene in Court—Falters While Making His Statements to Judge.**

**History of the Trial.**  
Monday, Sept. 16.—Czolgosz arraigned in court before Judge White, charged with the murder of President McKinley on Sept. 7. He refused to answer the indictment.

Monday, Sept. 23.—Czolgosz placed on trial. Pleading guilty to charge. Plea not accepted and trial proceeds.

Tuesday, Sept. 24.—Czolgosz is found guilty as charged.

Thursday, Sept. 26.—Judge White, who presided at trial, sentences prisoner to be put to death in the electric chair at Auburn prison, sometime during the week beginning October 28.

**Czolgosz Receives Sentence.**  
Czolgosz was sentenced to death by Justice Truman C. White in the Supreme court at Buffalo Thursday

ex-Judge Titus, his counsel, held up a hand to support him.

He did not need the proffered aid, but straightened himself up of his own effort. It was with a feeling of relief that the assassin heard the words, "Remove the prisoner," pronounced by Judge White. He heaved a great sigh as he was manacled and was led away.

**Tells of His Life.**

"Stand up, Czolgosz, please," said Mr. Penny, turning to the prisoner. Nudged by bailiffs, the prisoner stood up, the center of all attention in the crowded room.

In answer to questions put by Mr. Penny, Czolgosz said under oath that he was born in Detroit, that he was educated in the common and church schools, that he had been a Catholic, that he was a laborer, and that he had lived in Cleveland and in Buffalo.

The court clerk then asked the question for which all had been awaiting. Judge Titus asked that the prisoner be permitted to make a statement in exculpation of his act.

Czolgosz leaned heavily on a chair. He then spoke, saying he alone committed the crime. No one had anything to do with his crime but himself, he said.

Judge White—"Before the passing of sentence you may speak on two subjects. First, you can claim that you are insane; second, that you have good cause to offer that judgment should

"Remove the prisoner."  
Considerable surprise was expressed that Justice White did not pronounce the customary appeal to the Almighty



DISTRICT ATTORNEY PENNEY.  
(From a sketch made at Buffalo.)

In concluding his sentence, "and may God have mercy on your soul."

The court quit at the middle of the customary formula in pronouncing the sentence.

**Manacled and Led Away.**

The hush as the solemn words were pronounced was like the silence of the tomb. For several moments the silence was unbroken. The click of handcuffs put a startling termination on the strain. Like a great sob the emotion of the court room welled up and were lost in the shuffling of feet. The final scene of the historic trial was concluded.

Manacled to detectives who had brought him into the court, the assassin was conducted away. Between the wall of bailiffs, policemen and spectators the murderer passed. He looked not into a single eye. Justified by himself or not, his deed lay heavy on his head. A groan of execration followed him down the broad court house stairs to the jail tunnel below.

**POWERS OF HEREDITY.**

**Some Remarkable Stories Told of Its Mysterious Influences.**

Doctors disagree as to the influence of heredity. Some hold that a great deal hinges upon it; others believe the contrary. Some of the authentic stories told to exemplify this mysterious bond between ancestors and descendants are very curious. There was a loan collection of old portraits exhibited in London lately and a young girl was among the visitors. She was an orphan and wealthy, but without near relatives, and was often heard to complain of the loneliness of her position. As she passed through the gallery one particular portrait attracted her attention and she went back to it more than once. Her companion saw in it nothing but the commonplace painting of a middle-aged man in the costume of the latter part of the last century. "It is such a nice, kind face," said the girl, rather wistfully. "I imagine my father might have looked like that had he lived." As most of the pictures were ticketed the visitors had purchased no catalogue, but, before going away, Miss B. bought one at the entrance and made a last visit to the portrait for which she had felt so strong an attraction. To her astonishment she found her own name opposite to its number and learned on inquiry that the original was one of her direct ancestors. Another occult coincidence or psychological phenomenon happened a few years ago to a southern statesman and financier whose family has always been of rank in his native state. This gentleman was overhauling old documents and letters which had been stored in a

# PRESIDENT SINGS IN CHURCH.



LITTLE CHAPEL OF THE DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH IN WHICH PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT WORSHIPS. IT IS THE SMALLEST CHURCH BUILDING IN THE CAPITAL.

President Roosevelt attends divine service at the German Reformed church, of which the Rev. Dr. J. M. Schiek is pastor. The church is situated at Fifteenth and O streets, Northwest, Washington.

The church is a small brick structure with a slate roof, and the regu-

lar congregation is only 21. The following telegram from Washington tells of the president's first Sunday at this church. The service on Sunday was the President joined with the congregation in singing the hymn, "Jesus, the Hope of Israel, the Desired of All Nations." The pastor announced as his text Ephesians iii, 17-19: "That

Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length and depth and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that we might be filled with the fullness of God."

**Russia's Neat Army.**

The Russian soldier's diet is largely vegetarian. Favorite dinner dishes include "stchee"—a cabbage soup—potatoes, peas, beans, macaroni and various kinds of porridges, eaten with onions and lard. Only half a pound of meat is allowed each man daily, and the Russian pound is ten per cent less than in this country. Mushrooms are consumed in great quantities when in season. Three pounds of black rye bread are included in the daily rations and if any is left over the men are at liberty to sell the remains. As the soldiers' bread is very nourishing and purer than the ordinary bakers', the extra rations sell well. In the way of drink, beer is too great a luxury for him, so he quenches his thirst with "qvas," a cheap substitute made from fermented black bread. On high days the soldiers are regaled with vodka, often at their officers' expense.

Their games are of the most primitive character. Their greatest pleasures are singing, dancing and playing on the "garmnika," a musical instrument like a concertina, or on the "bal-lalalka," a national musical instru-

ment something like a banjo, which will keep them amused for hours. Singing, however, is the soldier's greatest pleasure, and chorus singing is a great feature in the Russian army's accomplishments. The number of songs an ordinary soldier knows is beyond belief. Singing is encouraged by the officers, and the men with the best voices are especially rewarded. Among illiterate people the singer will always be able to exert a great influence. One has hardly to see a Russian regiment on the march to understand what moral power the singers can give the soldiers.

According to the latest returns for 1901, the statistics for the Russian army are as follows, on peace footing: Infantry, 900 battalions of foot, or 450,000 bayonets; cavalry, 59 regiments, or 51,000 sabers; artillery, 400 batteries, or 1,700 guns; Cossacks, 58,000 men and 108 cannon. The general total on peace footing, including those not in the ranks, garrison troops, and local reserve forces, amounts to 950,000 men, with 350,000 horses. On a war footing, including the reserves, the soldiers of the czar

amount to 3,500,000 men and 600,000 horses.

**The Japanese Maid.**

A Japanese maid is now an absolute necessity to the society woman who desires to be strictly up to date. Prominent women in New York are all adopting the idea, and they are finding that the pretty Jap women can attend to their wants far better than the French maid, who for so long has been in such demand by the smart set. There are several reasons why the Japanese woman makes a better maid than the French, German or English woman. In the first place she is the most cleanly person on the face of the earth, and that counts for a whole lot. Then she knows how to dress the hair better than any of her sisters and she knows more little secrets which are of value in millady's boudoir than the woman of any other nationality.

General Charles Heywood, commandant of the United States marine corps, holds the oldest commission in either branch of the fighting force. Next to him comes Admiral Dewey.

# Burial Place of Presidents.



THE TOMB OF THE LATE PRESIDENT M'KINLEY AT CANTON—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN THE DAY OF THE FUNERAL.

These Americans who fled out of Westminster Abbey all possessed by the idea that there should be one burial place for American presidents were singularly indifferent to the most impressive feature of President McKinley's funeral. Perhaps if they had been a little nearer home themselves they might then have caught the full meaning of that last home-coming.

The man of the people goes back to the people in death as he would have done in life had he survived his term of office. It is that close grip of the neighborhood, of the old circle of friends and acquaintances of the family, that habit of regarding his

official experience as but an incident of his American citizenship, that makes him in the truest sense a national character.

A great pantheon at Washington would rather separate him from the people than bring him to them. It would have too much of the official stamp, would have but one narrow significance as regards all its dead tenants, whereas the grave in the distant cemetery gives to the idea of the presidency the broadest significance possible. It is through belonging to his town, his county and his state that a president belongs in the most intimate way to the nation.

But while the last resting place of the body may be in Canton, or Springfield, or Cleveland, there is no reason why a national memorial should not be erected at Washington for any president or for all the presidents. A single magnificent presidential arch would have room for many inscriptions covering the succession for many years. Or if it were desired to select one man for special honor the structure might be made a beautifully artistic tribute of regard for him and his work.

Such monuments could be built most appropriately in the capital and without affecting the question of burial.



BRINGING CZOLGOSZ INTO COURT FOR SENTENCE. FROM A SKETCH MADE IN COURT.

afternoon. The assassin took advantage of the opportunity to speak, but he confined himself to taking upon his own shoulders the blame for the great crime of having murdered the president of the United States. He advanced no reason in justification of his monstrous deed. Not a word did he utter of anarchy, of his enmity to government or of the motives which prompted him to the commission of his crime.

**Hall Cleared by Police.**

Greater crowds gathered for the sentencing of the assassin than came for any one session of the trial itself. Before 12:30 p. m. a crowd had gathered in the corridor in front of Justice White's court room. By 1 p. m. the corridor was jammed. Capt. Regan then appeared on the stairs with a squad of 100 uniformed officers and cleared the hall. It was a case of first come first served after a line was formed, and the tickets of admission issued for the trial were worthless. It took less than ten minutes for the single file to fill the court room and then the doors were closed to be opened only upon the arrival of officials, counsel and others connected with the day's proceedings.

**Dramatic Scene in Court.**

In a hush that was like the silence of death Justice White pronounced the prisoner's doom. Physically tottering under the ordeal, but sustaining himself by sheer force of nerve, the murderer heard the words of death pronounced, was shackled and quietly submitted to be led away.

In no brazen fashion did the prisoner face the court. Swaying from side to side, boyish looking, trembling with nervousness, but held up by nerve, he stood leaning on the chair in front of him.

**Falters in His Words.**

Falteringly, hesitatingly, he spoke, after having been asked each question several times. He acted almost as if the words were being wrung out of him, it took him so long to find utterance, and he spoke so rapidly when the first word left his lips in response to a question.

His voice was hardly heard ten feet away, although every ear in the great court room was strained to catch the slightest sound from his lips.

His face paled at no time during the proceedings. It was flushed with the emotion it was costing him so much strength to master. As the preliminary to the pronouncing of sentence many questions were asked by the district attorney. Czolgosz evinced the utmost willingness to answer all these questions, but his utterance seemed to smother in his throat.

**Lawyer Offers Aid.**

It was only after an effort that each reply was blurted out. As he stood his breast heaved, his eyes blinked rapidly and once he almost recoiled, so that

not be pronounced against you; third, that you wish a new trial.

**Given Liberty to Speak.**

"These are the grounds specified by statute. You are now at liberty to speak."

Czolgosz—"I have nothing to say on those things."

Judge Titus then consulted the prisoner.

Judge Titus—"I think he ought to be permitted to make a statement in exculpation of his family, your honor."

Judge White—"The defendant may speak in exculpation of his father and brothers and sisters. If that is what he means to do it is proper."

**Says He Did It Alone.**

Czolgosz—"No other person had anything to do with it. No other person knew of this but myself; my father



REMOVING HANDCUFFS FROM CZOLGOSZ'S WRISTS IN COURT.

or mother or no one else knew nothing about it. I never thought of the crime until two days before I committed it and never told anybody about it."

Judge Lewis—"He says he did not make up his mind to do it until a few days before its commission."

**Judge Passes Sentence.**

Justice White—"Czolgosz, in taking the life of our beloved president you committed a crime that shocked and outraged all the civilized world. After learning all the facts and circumstances in the case, twelve good men have pronounced you guilty of murder in the first degree. You say that no other person abetted you in the commission of this terrible act. The penalty is fixed by statute, and it becomes my duty to impose sentence upon you. The sentence of this court is that on October 28, at the place designated and in the manner prescribed by law, you suffer the punishment of death.

musty chest for years and intended to publish whatever might be of historic value and interest. To his surprise he unfolded a letter yellow and time-stained which was written in his own peculiar handwriting, or seemed to have been written by him, although the date was two generations before his birth. The signature of the surname, which was the same as his own, was so markedly characteristic that he could scarcely believe his own hand did not pen the letters.—Montreal Herald and Star.

**Fewer Strikes in France.**

The statistics of the strikes in France for June have just been published. In all the month gave birth to 57, while the total for the first six months of the year was 306. The same period in 1900 yielded 475, which shows an agreeable falling off in the discontent of the working classes.