

dence the news was broken to Mrs. McKinley as gently as might be by the members of the Milburn family. She bore the shock remarkably well and displayed the utmost fortitude.

A telegraph office has been established in the Milburn residence and bulletins giving the public the fullest information possible are issued at short intervals. Telegrams have been pouring in by the hundreds.

While the wounded president was being borne from the exposition grounds to the Milburn residence between rows of onlookers with bared heads a far different spectacle was being witnessed along the route of his assailant's journey from the scene of his crime to police headquarters. The trip was made so quickly that the prisoner was safely landed within the wide portals of the police station and the doors closed before any one was aware of his presence.

When the officers reached police headquarters with the prisoner, thousands of men surrounded the building. A cry of "Lynch him" went up, but a large force of policemen rushed the crowd and finally succeeded in dispersing it.

From a bystander who witnessed the attempt on the president's life, the following description was obtained by the correspondent of the Associated Press:

"When the man fired the shots President McKinley fell back a step, quivered slightly, but did not fall. Secretary Cortelyou, President Milburn and Detective Foster sprang to his aid, while Detective Ireland and James B. Parker threw his assailant to the floor, hurled themselves upon him and attempted to disarm him.

"Their prisoner struggled desperately and wrenching his arm free, attempted once more to fire at the president. The revolver, however, was struck from his hand, flying several feet away.

"President McKinley himself plucked from his side the bullet which had struck the breast bone and glanced, lodging in the skin, at the same time saying to the detective: 'Foster, I believe there is another bullet in there.'

"Shortly afterwards he said: 'Do not exaggerate this to Mrs. McKinley.'

"The president throughout displayed the greatest fortitude, and all the time until I saw him carried from the building his coolness and courage were wonderful."

Inquiries at the home of President Milburn at this hour, 3 a. m. (Saturday), are fruitless. The street in the immediate vicinity of the house where the president lies is roped off and guarded by police, who will admit nobody.

The would-be assassin is a Pole named Fred Nieman, twenty-eight years of age, stands five feet nine inches high, weighs 160 pounds, has dark brown hair, blue eyes, smooth face, regular features with prominent nose. He speaks very good English and has claimed to come from Cleveland, Chicago and Detroit, but has told so many stories that his home is still a matter of conjecture. It is not yet known whether he was born in this country or not. The district attorney is now closeted with him. All the police reserves have been called into the central office to guard against possible trouble and the police headquarters are roped off for a block distant in each direction.

At the home of John Nowaks, 810 Broadway, it was stated that Nieman came here last Saturday. He said he was from Toledo and that he came to Buffalo to see the exposition. He was alone and had no visitors. His valise contained an empty revolver case and a few clothes.

The police later learned that the real name of the would-be assassin is Leon Czolgosz. He was born in Detroit and came here from Cleveland.

Leon Czolgosz, the accused and self-confessed assassin, has signed a confession covering six pages of foolscap, which states that he is an anarchist, and that he became an enthusiastic member of that body through the influence of Emma Goldman, whose writings he had read and whose lectures he had listened to. He denies having any confederate and says he decided on the act three days ago and bought the revolver with which the act was committed in Buffalo. He has seven brothers and sisters in Cleveland. Some of them are butchers and others in different trades. He is now detained at police headquarters pending the result of the president's injuries. Czolgosz does not appear in the least degree uneasy or penitent for his action. He says he was induced by his attention to Emma Goldman's lectures and writings to decide that the present form of government in this country was all wrong and he

thought the best way to end it was by killing the president. He shows no sign of insanity, but is very reticent about much of his career. While acknowledging himself an anarchist he does not state to what branch of the organization he belongs.

Immediately upon learning of the attempt made on the president's life, Mr. Bryan sent the following telegram:

"President McKinley, Buffalo, N. Y.—Accept my profound sympathy and my earnest wish for your speedy recovery."

Latest Bulletin—Monday Morning

Secretary Cortelyou says President McKinley is holding his own. Last night was included in the critical period through which the patient must pass. It was said that if he came through the night without loss of strength, his chances for recovery would be much improved. The bullet in his abdomen has not been located. No attempt was made to use the Roentgen ray machine sent from New York, and none will be unless the bullet should cause pain or inflammation. The latest bulletin reads:

President's condition becoming more and more satisfactory. Untoward incidents are less and less likely to occur. Temperature, 100.8; pulse, 112; respiration, 28.

A Democratic Opinion.

In the presence of the great calamity that befell the American people yesterday we are all democrats, we are republicans, we are all populists, we are all imperialists and we are all anti-imperialists.

The animosities aroused in the heat of political strife, however aggravated they seem to be, are never strong enough to disassociate the intelligent partisan from the patriotic American.

When kings fall at the hands of assassins even those subjects of the kingdom who have no sympathy with monarchies and whose aspiration has been that the time might come when the monarchical form of government would be abolished, find their political opinions completely engulfed in their patriotic sentiments.

Such a disposition on the part of the subjects of a monarchy may be multiplied a thousand-fold, and then it will not adequately represent the sentiment of the citizen of a republic in the presence of an assault made upon the chief executive of his nation.

This same disposition of being first and above all things for one's own country and for one's own people is responsible for the fact that in the presence of an awful calamity such as that of yesterday, all political bias disappears, all considerations of party and of governmental policy are, for the moment, abandoned, while the people of the greatest and best government over which God ever reigned meet in the shadow of a great disaster to commiserate and sympathize with one another because of a blow that has been aimed at the heart of every American citizen.

In itself it is a fine tribute to pay to the character of American citizenship when it is said that all over this broad land, in every city, in every town, in every hamlet of this union of states, when the news of the attempt to assassinate President McKinley was announced there was no republican whose grief was greater or regret more sincere than that felt and expressed by every intelligent man in every other political party that deserves the consideration of honest men.

During the last two presidential campaigns the American people congratulated themselves upon the fact that both candidates for the high office of president were commended by their personal characteristics to the respect of the people. Whatever criticism may have been passed on the proposed policies of either of these candidates, intelligent and reasonable men conceded to both that for which their immediate neighbors gave them credit, the honor of being clean, upright and honorable men. Whatever criticism may have been passed concerning Mr. McKinley's policies no serious word has ever been uttered affecting his personal integrity or the honor and the uprightness of his individual character. It may not be out of place to say that the policies of his administration which many of us believe to be wrong were successfully established largely because of the popular confidence in Mr. McKinley's personality.

So, though the blow of the assassin had been aimed at the heart of William McKinley, the upright citizen, the gentle and tender husband, there would be profound regret among all men who had been brought to realize the very many excellent traits of his character. But when the arm of the assassin is raised against William McKinley, the chief executive of the greatest nation that, under

God, has risen to bless and prosper mankind, that arm is raised against the humblest as well as the greatest citizen in the land. And so today, without respect to political prejudice, the American people give substantial evidence that they feel the blow, and their tears mingle with the tears of the grief-stricken woman whose own afflictions have for so long a period been the subject of our president's most tender solicitude.

Let us hope that through the skill of the surgeons and under the providence of God, William McKinley may pass successfully out of the shadow that has now fallen over his life.

Let us hope that the people of the United States, who have been required to witness the assassination or attempted assassination, within one generation of three of their presidents, will not again be called to pass under the rod of this terrible affliction.

Let us hope that the nest of assassins whose blows are aimed at the constituted rulers of the earth may, in this instance, be cheated of its prey.

At this moment one thought, one hope is uppermost in the American mind. It is the thought and the hope that the president of this republic may survive.

At this moment one sentiment controls the American heart. It is the sentiment of devotion and loyalty to this nation, to society, to law and order. It is the sentiment of sympathy for the legally constituted head of this government and of tender commiseration for those dearest to him in this hour of their affliction.

At this moment there is one message foremost on the tongue of the American citizen. It is the message of that tenderness and sympathy that abounds in the American breast in every crisis in which is involved the honor and the safety of our government and its institutions.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the lakes to the Gulf, the hopes and the sympathies of the people of this country are aroused; and speeding over the prairies and rolling over the mountains and through the valleys of this nation of freemen these hopes and sympathies reach the bedside of the stricken president of this republic, and interpreted into living words breathe into the ear of the wounded statesman the tender message:

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee.
—Omaha World-Herald.

A Republican Opinion.

The terrible news from Buffalo has made the whole country sick with a common sorrow, in which poignant regret, intense indignation and a certain feeling of dismay are mingled.

It may be said of the president, who was so murderously assaulted, that he has had no personal enemies. Like Garfield, who perished by the assassin's hand just twenty years ago, like Lincoln, the earlier martyr, he has ever been the most amiable of men. Gentleness and kindness of heart were a natural endowment, which he has retained unimpaired throughout all the fierce storms of politics.

Like his predecessors whom we have named, he came, too, from the common people, who were exalted by his exaltation. He has been our most popular president since Lincoln, popular in every section of the country, and it well-nigh incomprehensible how any sane person could have meditated his murder.

But the anger against his assailant and against the ideas and the associations which he represents is at white heat. The nation demands his exemplary punishment and a stricter surveillance over anarchist clubs and all threatening enemies of the government. In this hour the lesson is fearfully enforced that we are much more likely to lose liberty through license than through a calculating tyranny.

It is an appalling thought that the great republic, with all its promises and all its deeds for oppressed humanity, exposes its chief magistrate to more deadly chances than does any empire or kingdom. But seven men regularly elected president in the last thirty-six years, and three of them brought low with the assassin's bullet!

The predominant feeling now, however, is one of anxious hope for the innocent and much revered sufferer at Buffalo and of no less anxious sympathy for his stricken wife. Upon her he has lavished such a wealth of rare tenderness and devotion that all women call him blest. He has been her strength and her shield through many years of sickness, the very ideal of what a husband should be. From thousands of homes the prayer is raised that he may still be spared to her, and that she may not be completely shattered by the dreadful event of yesterday.—Chicago Record-Herald.