

McKINLEY SHOT AT BUFFALO

Anarchistic Assassin Shoots Chief Magistrate.

In the presence of thousands of people President McKinley was shot down by an assassin a few minutes after 4 o'clock Friday afternoon in the Temple of Music at the Pan-American exposition grounds, Buffalo, N. Y. One bullet struck the breastbone, glanced aside into the flesh and was easily removed by surgeons. The other entered the abdomen, pierced the front and rear walls of the stomach and buried itself in some spot in the president's body not reached at the time of this writing by the probes of the surgeons. This more serious wound was dressed and closed with several stitches and the physicians are now

briskly, while the stream of crimson welled from the wound in his breast and spread in an ever-widening circle on his white shirt front. "But you are wounded," exclaimed Mr. Cortelyou, "let me examine." "No, no," insisted the president, "I am not badly injured, I assure you." With a bullet in his breast and another through his stomach, he did not lose consciousness. He sat almost as stanch and straight in his chair as though his assailant's shots had missed and he seemed the calmest and least perturbed of the immense gathering. President Milburn and Secretary Cortelyou were almost frantic

PRESIDENT WILLIAM M'KINLEY.



awaiting results, declaring the president has a fair chance of recovery.

Assassin Is Arrested.

The assailant, who says he is Leon Czolgosz, was arrested immediately and the police of the entire country at once began the search to establish his identity. It was soon learned he came from Cleveland and subsequently he confessed he was an anarchist and a disciple of Emma Goldman. The startling attack on the president took place while the president was exchanging pleasant greetings with visitors to the exposition. Many hundred people had shaken hands with the president, one of the last being a burly colored man. He murmured his acknowledgments of the honor and moved on to make way for a heavily built young fellow about 28 years old who was slowly following him in the long line. There was nothing to mark him from the thousands around him, except that he carried a handkerchief in his hand and even that, perhaps, was scarce worthy of note, for the building was small and crowded, the weather was sultry and thousands of handkerchiefs were in constant requisition. The young man moved rapidly to a position immediately in front of the president, so close that he could have shaken his hand. As he had done so many hundreds of times in the preceding half hour, Mr. McKinley bowed, smiled genially and extended his hand. But the young man did not grasp it. So quickly that the watchful eyes of the president's bodyguard had no hint of the menace in his movement, he raised the hand in which the handkerchief was held and fired two shots at the president. The handkerchief had covered a revolver, which he had carried thus openly through the crowd.

Assailant Quickly Seized.

At the sound of the shots Detective Ireland of the secret service force leaped upon the man like a tiger and close behind him came the colored man who had just shaken hands with the president. While they struggled with him on the floor President McKinley took a step backward and was instantly clasped in the arms of Detective Gerry, another member of his bodyguard. The president did not fall, nor did he reel, although both bullets had struck him. Half turning his head to the officer, he asked:

"Am I shot?" Evidently he had been so stunned with surprise that he had not felt the impact of the bullets. While he was speaking the officer and Secretary Cortelyou had been leading him backward to a chair and had torn open his vest. Blood was on his shirt front and Detective Gerry, answering his question, said:

"I fear you are, Mr. President." Secretary Cortelyou sank on one knee beside the president's chair and gazed anxiously into his face.

Tells Friends Not to Fear.

"Do not be alarmed," said the president, "it is nothing." His head sank forward into his hands a moment and then he raised it

with alarm, but the wounded man continued to assure them that his injuries were trifling. This dramatic scene upon the little platform was enacted in the midst of a terrible tumult, which continued uninterruptedly for many minutes.

When the secret service men and the colored man first threw themselves upon Czolgosz, the assailant of the president, and pinned him to the floor lest he should try to use the revolver again, twenty more men hurled themselves upon the scrambling quartet and buried Czolgosz from sight. Every man in that struggling, crazy throng was striving to get hold of Czolgosz, to strike him, to rend him, to wreak upon him in any way the mad fury which possessed them instantly they realized what he had done.

The greater part of the crowd was stunned for an instant by the enormity of the crime they witnessed, but when the reaction came they surged forward like wild beasts, the strongest tearing the weakest back out of the way and forcing themselves forward to where the prisoner was held by his captors. All the time a tumult of sound filled the place, a hollow roar at first, punctuated by the shrieks of women, swelling into a medley of yells and curses. Men said unintelligible things as they pushed and crowded toward the center of the swaying mob. They wanted to lynch Czolgosz, whoever he was. They wanted to see him and they shouted vainly at the police officers in front to drag him out.

Mad Effort to Get Revenge.

A little force of exposition guards, penned in by the clamoring mob, fought desperately to hold their prisoner from the bloodthirsty crowd. They had Czolgosz safe and fast. His revolver had been wrenched from his hand in the instant that Detective Ireland fell upon him and he was helpless, bruised and bleeding. His face was cut when he was thrown to the floor and a dozen eager, vicious hands had struck at him and reached him over the shoulders of the officers. Slowly, very slowly, the little force of police made their way through the crowd, dragging the prisoner between them. They were determined there should be no lynching. Things were bad enough as it was and a lynching would have been the crowning horror of the day. From outside the building, where the news had spread from lip to lip, more thousands pushed and jostled and shouted in their eagerness to enter the building. Those inside were struggling in two directions—the more timorous to escape from the place before a stampede should crush out their lives and the hot-headed to reach Czolgosz—only to reach Czolgosz was their one idea.

On the stretcher of an ambulance which had come clanging to the door the president was tenderly carried from the building and borne in the ambulance to the emergency hospital, near the service building, within the exposition grounds. Though this takes long in the telling, probably it was not

more than five minutes from the time the shots were fired until the president was in the hospital and a hasty examination was begun by the surgeons.

In a Critical Condition.

The first official bulletin regarding the condition of President McKinley was issued by Private Secretary Cortelyou at 7 o'clock in the evening. He prefaced it with the statement that it had been prepared by the doctors. It reads thus:

"The President was shot about 4 o'clock. One bullet struck him on the upper portion of the breastbone, glancing and not penetrating. The second bullet penetrated the abdomen five inches below the left nipple and one and one-half inches to the left of the median line.

The abdomen was opened through the line of the bullet wound. It was found that the bullet had penetrated the stomach. The opening in the front wall of the stomach was carefully closed with silk stitches, after which a search was made for a hole in the back wall of the stomach. This was found and also closed in the same way.

"The further course of the bullet could not be discovered, although careful search was made. The abdominal wound was closed without drainage. No injury to the intestines or other abdominal organ was discovered.

"The patient stood the operation well. Pulse of good quality, rate of 130. Condition at the conclusion of the operation was gratifying. The result cannot be foretold. His condition at present justifies hope of recovery.

"GEORGE B. CORTELYOU,
Secretary to the President."

Grief of Distinguished Persons.

Among distinguished persons who telegraphed expressions of their grief at the national calamity were Vice-President Roosevelt, who started at once from Burlington, Vt., for Buffalo; Senator M. A. Hanna of Cleveland, who was greatly shocked; Sir Thomas Lipton, on board the yacht Erin at New York; Grover Cleveland, who was fishing at Tyringham, Mass.; Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, Mrs. Barber of Canton, O., sister of the President; William J. Bryan of Lincoln, Neb.; the lord mayor of London, King Edward, who was traveling from Frankfurt to Hamburg; Attorney-General Knox, at Pittsburg; Secretary Gage, at Chicago; Secretary Hitchcock, at Dublin, N. H.; former Attorney-General Griggs, at Paterson, N. J.; Secretary of War Root, at Southampton, L. I.; Postmaster-General Smith, at Philadelphia; Secretary Long, at Buckfield, Me.; Senator Fairbanks, at Indianapolis; R. A. Alger, at Detroit; Senator Platt, of New York, and the governors of New York, Wisconsin, Michigan, Iowa, Arkansas, Texas, South Carolina, Georgia, Ohio and Louisiana; also Abner McKinley, of Colorado, brother of the President.

President McKinley's Life.

William McKinley, twenty-fifth President of the United States, was born at Niles, Trumbull County, Ohio, Jan. 29, 1843. His ancestors were of Scotch-Irish descent, and came to this country about a century and a half ago. William McKinley, father of the President, married, in 1829, Nancy Campbell Allison, who was of English and Scotch-German descent. The President is the seventh of their nine children. Iron manufacturing and molding was the trade of the elder McKinley and of his father. They were men of strong character and ability, devout members of the Methodist Church, and in politics ardent Whig and Republican. The father of the President lived to see his son Governor of Ohio, and his mother saw him President. She died Dec. 12, 1897, at the age of 83. William's education was

MRS. WILLIAM M'KINLEY.



SHE IS BEARING UP HEROICALLY UNDER THE TERRIBLE STRAIN.

begun in the public schools of Niles, but when he was 9 years old the family moved to Portland, Mahoning County, Ohio, where his schooling was continued in Union Seminary. He remained here until he entered Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa., in 1860. Soon after this, although he was fond of athletic sports, his health failed on account of overstudy. Upon recovery he became a clerk in the Poland postoffice, and held this position when the civil war broke out in 1861. June 11 of that year he enlisted as a private in Company E of the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

This organization became a famous regiment, and numbered among its officers and men General W. S. Rosecrans, General R. B. Hayes (who became President of the United States in 1877), General E. P. Scammon, General James M. Comley and many other well-known men. The regiment saw active service throughout almost the entire war, McKinley served on the staffs of Hayes, Crook and Hancock.

The four years of army life proved beneficial to the young soldier, who was much stronger physically at the close of the war than at its beginning. Of his military record it has been stated that McKinley, both as private and officer, in the commissary department, was courageous, clear-headed and self-possessed. For services rendered in the winter camp at Fayetteville he received his first promotion, becoming a commissary sergeant, April 15, 1862.

On the Field of Battle.

Feb. 7, 1863, while at Camp Piatt, he was promoted to first lieutenant, and July 25 of the following year, when he was 21 years of age, he was made captain. Previous to this his regiment had taken part in engagements at Cloyd's Mountain, New River Bridge, Lexington, Buffalo Gap, Buchanan, Otter Creek, Lynchburg and Bufford's Gap. At Berryville, Sept. 3, 1864, his horse was shot under him. On March 14, 1865, he received his commission as major by brevet "for gallant and meritorious services at the battles of Opequan, Cedar Creek and Fisher's Hill.

Elected Governor in 1891.

In 1891 he was elected Governor of Ohio by a majority of about 21,000, over ex-Governor James E. Campbell, Democrat.

Election to the Presidency.

In the November election following the total popular vote was 11,930,942, of which the McKinley electors received 7,104,779, being a plurality of 601,854 over those cast for William Jennings Bryan of Nebraska, and a majority over all candidates of 311,742. The vote in the electoral college was 271 for McKinley and 176 for Bryan. The issues on which the campaign was fought were chiefly on the free coinage of silver and the restoration of a protective tariff.

He was nominated for President a second time at St. Louis in 1900, there being no other candidate, and he was re-elected in the following November.

CONFESSES HIS GUILT.

Leon Czolgosz, Without Remorse, Tells of Attack on President.

Leon Czolgosz, the accused and self-confessed assassin, has signed a confession covering six pages of foolscap, in which he says that he is an anarchist, and that he decided on the act three days ago and bought in Buffalo the revolver with which it was committed. He is unmarried. He claims to be a member of the Golden Eagles. Czolgosz has seven brothers and sisters in Cleveland, and the directory of that city has the names of about that number of persons of his name living on Hosmer street and Ackland avenue, a Polish settlement in the far southwestern part of the city.

In Bible Times.

"Your daughter is very ill." "But you must save her, doctor; she is the baby of the family, and we can't lose her; she is only 97 years old."—Smart Set.

SHOT BY AN ANARCHIST

President McKinley Falls Before the Bullets of an Assassin.

UNCERTAINTY AS TO THE OUTCOME

Doctors Are Puzzled to Trace the Course of One Ball Through the Body—The Assassin Carries His Revolver Under Cover of a Handkerchief.

BUFFALO, Sept. 7.—President McKinley was shot and seriously wounded by a would-be assassin while holding a reception at the Temple of Music at the Pan-American grounds a few minutes after 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

One shot took effect in the right breast, the other in the abdomen. The first wound is not of a serious nature, and the bullet has been extracted. The second bullet pierced the abdominal wall and has not been located.

Just a brief twenty-four hours ago the newspapers of the city blazoned in all the pomp of headline type, "The Proudest Day in Buffalo's History." Tonight in sackcloth and ashes, in amber type, surrounded by gruesome borders of black, the same newspapers are telling in funeral tales to a horrified populace the deplorable details of "The Blackest Day in the History of Buffalo."

It was a few moments after 4 p. m., while President McKinley was holding a public reception in the great Temple of Music on the Pan-American grounds, that the cowardly attack was made, with what success time alone can tell.

Standing in the midst of crowds numbering thousands, surrounded by every evidence of good will, pressed by a motly throng of people, showered with expressions of love and loyalty, besieged by multitudes eager to clasp his hands—amid these surroundings and with the ever-recurring plaudits of an army of sight-seers ringing in his ears, the blow of the assassin fell and in an instant pleasure gave way to pain, admiration to agony, folly turned to fury and pandemonium followed.

Down at police headquarters, surrounded by stern-faced inquisitors of the law, is a medium-sized man of commonplace appearance, with his fixed gaze directed to the floor, who presses his lips firmly together and listens with an air of assumed indifference to the persistent stream of questions, arguments, objections and admonitions with which his captors seek to induce or compel him to talk.

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

Official Bulletin.

The following bulletin was issued by the physicians at 7 o'clock:

The president was shot about 4 o'clock. One bullet struck him on the upper portion of the breastbone, glancing and not penetrating; the second bullet penetrated the abdomen five inches below the left nipple and one and one-half inches to the left of the median line. The abdomen was opened through the line of the bullet wound. It was found that the bullet had penetrated the stomach. The opening in the front wall of the stomach was carefully closed with silk stitches, after which a search was made for a hole in the back wall of the stomach. This was found, and also closed in the same way. The further course of the bullet could not be discovered, although careful search was made. The abdominal wound was closed without drainage. No wound to the intestines or other abdominal organs was discovered. The patient stood the operation well—pulse of good quality, rate of 130. Condition at the conclusion of the operation was gratifying. The result cannot be foretold. His condition at present justifies hope of recovery.

GEORGE B. CORTELYOU,

Secretary to the President.

At 1 o'clock this morning the president's physicians issued the following bulletin: "The president is free from pain and resting well. Temperature, 100.2; pulse, 120; respiration, 24."

3 a. m.—Inquiries at the home of President Milburn at this hour (3 a. m.) 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. It was announced earlier in the evening that official bulletins would be issued at regular intervals, and upon these the public must wait, as the physicians and officials refuse absolutely to give out any information.

Senator Hanna Shocked.

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 7.—"My God, it can't be possible," cried Senator Hanna when the Associated Press dispatch was read to him saying that President McKinley had been shot.

"It's terrible, and I am too shocked to express my feeling," he added. The senator was prostrated by the news and begged that all dispatches relating to the condition of the president be telephoned to him as fast as they arrived.

PRESIDENT DRAWS A CROWD.

Record-Breaking Attendance at the Pan-American Exposition.

BUFFALO, Sept. 6.—What is probably the greatest crowd that ever gathered on the Esplanade at the Pan-American exposition grounds greeted the president as he entered the stand erected there. The Esplanade was crowded to suffocation and the vast assemblage overflowed to the Court of Fountains. President Milburn introduced the president, who spoke at some length, saying, among other things:

"President Milburn, Director General Buchanan, Commissioners, Ladies and Gentlemen: I am glad to be again in the city of Buffalo and exchange greetings with her people, to whose generous hospitality I am not a stranger and with whose good will I have been repeatedly and signally honored. Today I have additional satisfaction in meeting and giving welcome to the foreign representatives assembled here, whose presence and participation in this exposition have contributed in so marked a degree to its interests and success. To the commissioners of the Dominion of Canada and the British colonies, the French colonies, the republics of Mexico and of Central and South America and the commissioners of Cuba and Porto Rico, who share with us in this undertaking, we give the hand of fellowship and felicitate them upon the triumphs of art, science, education and manufacture which the old world has bequeathed to the new century.

"Expositions are the timekeepers of progress. They record the world's advancement. They stimulate the energy, enterprise and intellect of the people. They go into the home. They broaden and brighten the daily life of the people. They open mighty storehouses of information to the student. Every exposition, great or small, has helped to some onward step. Comparison of ideas is always educational, and as such instructs the brain and hand of man. Friendly rivalry follows, which is the spur to industrial improvement, the inspiration to useful invention and to high endeavor in all departments of human activity. It exacts a study of the wants, comforts and even the whims of the people. The question of trade is an incentive to men of business to devise, invent and economize in the cost of production. Business life, whether among ourselves or with other people, is ever a sharp struggle for success. It will be none the less effective in the future. Without competition we would be clinging to the clumsy and antiquated processes of farming and manufacture and the methods of business of long ago and the twentieth century would be no further advanced than the eighteenth century. But though commercial competitors we are, commercial enemies we must not be.

"The Pan-American exposition has done its work thoroughly, presenting in its exhibits the highest skill and illustrating the progress of the human family in the western hemisphere. This portion of the earth has no cause for humiliation for the part it has performed in the march of civilization. It has not accomplished everything; far from it. It has simply done its best and without vanity or boastfulness, and recognizing the manifold achievements of others, it invites the friendly rivalry of all the powers in the peaceful pursuits of trade and commerce and will cooperate with all in advancing the highest and best interests of humanity. The wisdom and energy of all the nations are none too great for the world's work. The success of art, science, industry and invention is an international asset and a common glory."

Mr. Bryan Buys a Newspaper.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 6.—The National Watchman Publishing company today filed a bill of sale transferring to William Jennings Bryan the plant and newspaper known as the National Watchman, successor to the Silver Knight Watchman. The consideration was \$5.

Boer Barbarity, Say the British.

LONDON, Sept. 6.—The colonial office published today a dispatch from the governor of Cape Colony, Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, received September 1, announcing that the Boers, August 25, captured two unarmed British scouts near Haareekloof and shot them in cold blood.

British Buy More Mules.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Sept. 6.—The purchase of mules for the British army in South Africa was resumed after an interval of three months. Several hundred were selected.

Convicts Escape from Pen.

LINCOLN, Sept. 6.—Fred Pierson, under sentence of one year for forgery committed in Lincoln county, and Newton Houck, under sentence of three years for criminal assault committed in York county, escaped from the penitentiary by climbing over the prison wall. Both were employed in the bakery. The guard on duty in the building was absent from his post when the men escaped and he was discharged for neglect of duty.