

# PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

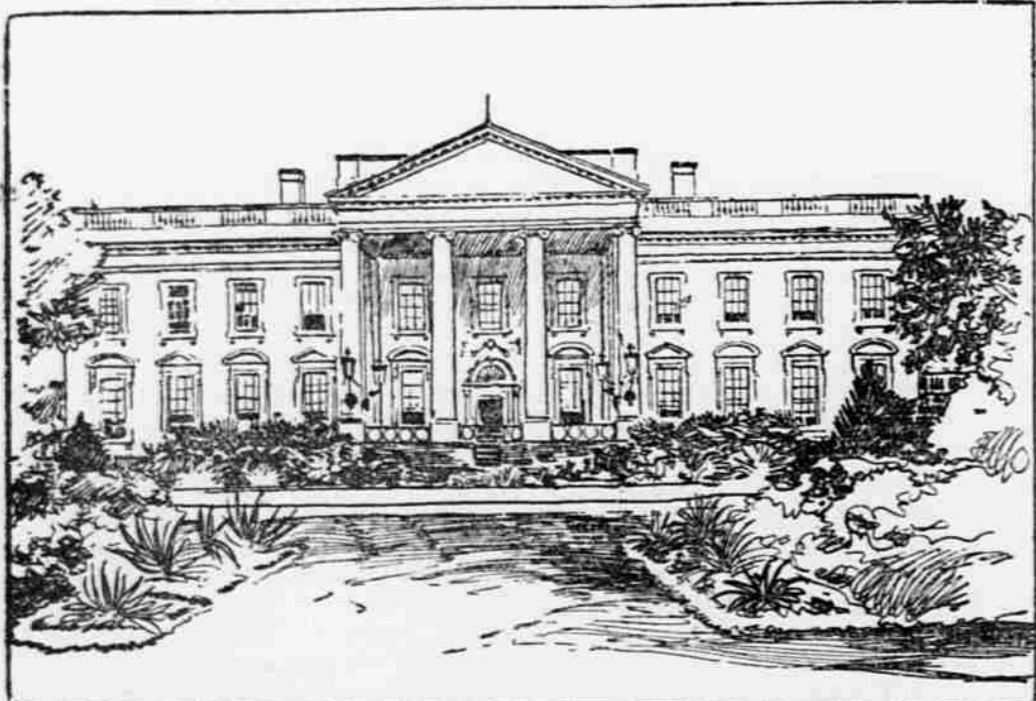
The Man Who Now Becomes the Chief Executive of the Nation—Striking Personalities Which Have Made Him a Unique Character in National Politics—He Believes in the Strenuous Life.



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.



MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



THE WHITE HOUSE.

## PRESIDENT MCKINLEY DEAD

Chief Executive Passes Away in Peaceful Slumber.

END CAME AT 2:15 IN MORNING.

All Efforts to Sustain Life Prove to Be Unavailing.

YIELDS TO ASSASSIN'S BULLET.

Stricken Wife Sat Alone and Fondled the Face of Her Dead Husband Buffalo Public Given Chance to Take Last Look Upon Revered President.

Milburn House, Buffalo, Sept. 14.—President McKinley died at 2:15 this morning. He had been unconscious since 7:50 p. m. His last conscious moment on earth was spent with the wife to whom he devoted a lifetime of care. He was unattended by a minister of the gospel, but his last words were an humble submission to the will of the God in whom he believed. He was reconciled to the cruel fate to which an assassin's bullet had condemned him and faced death in the same spirit of calmness and poise which has marked his long and honorable career.

The president in his last period of consciousness, which ended about 7:40, chanted the words of the hymn "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and his last audible conscious words as taken down by Dr. Mann, at the bedside, were: "Good bye, all; good bye. It is God's way. His will be done."

Then his mind began to wander and soon he completely lost consciousness. His life was prolonged for hours by the administration of oxygen and the president finally expressed a desire to be allowed to die. About 8:30 the administration of oxygen ceased and the pulse grew fainter and fainter. He was sinking gradually, like a child, into the eternal slumber. By 10 o'clock the pulse could no longer be felt in his extremities and they grew cold. Below stairs the grief-stricken gathering waited sadly for the end.

Last Sad Farewells Taken. Before 6 o'clock it was clear to those at the president's bedside that he was dying and preparations were made for the last sad offices of farewell from those who were nearest and dearest to him. Oxygen had been administered steadily, but with little effect in keeping back the approach of death. The president came out of one period of unconsciousness only to relapse into another. But in this period, when his mind was partially clear, occurred a series of events of profoundly touching character. Down stairs, with strained and tear-stained faces, members of the cabinet were grouped in anxious waiting. They knew the end was near and that the time had come when they must see him for the last time on earth. This was about 6 o'clock. One by one they ascended the stairway—Secretary Root, Secretary Hitchcock and Attorney General Knox. Secretary Wilson was also there, but he held back, not wishing to see the president in his last agony. There was only a momentary stay of the cabinet officers at the threshold of the death chamber. Then they withdrew, the tears streaming down their faces and the words of intense grief choking in their throats. After they left the sick room the physicians rallied him to consciousness and the president asked almost immediately that his wife be brought to him. The doctors fell back into the shadow of the room as Mrs. McKinley came through the doorway. The strong face of the dying man lighted up with a faint smile as their hands were clasped. She sat beside him and held his hand. Despite her physical weakness, she bore up bravely under the ordeal.

All the evening those who had hastened here as fast as steel and steam could carry them continued to arrive. They drove up in carriages at a gallop, or were whisked up on automobiles. One of the last to arrive was Attorney General Knox, who reached the house at 9:30. He was permitted to go upstairs to look for the last time upon the face of his chief.

Vitality Was Wonderful. At 9:37 Secretary Cortelyou, who had been much of the time with his dying chief, sent out formal notification that the president was dying. But the president lingered on, his pulse growing fainter and fainter. There was no need for official bulletins after this. Those who came from the house at intervals told the same story—that the president was dying and that the end might come at any time. His tremendous vitality was the only remaining factor in the result and this gave hope only of brief postponement of the end.

Shortly after midnight the president's breathing was barely perceptible. His pulse had practically ceased and the extremities were cold. It was recognized that nothing remained but the last struggle, and some of the friends of the family who had remained through the day began to leave the house, not caring to be present at the final scene.

Such an intense state of anxiety existed among the watchers that rumors gained frequent circulation that death had already occurred.

Final Scenes in Death Chamber. From authoritative officials the following details of the final scenes in and about the death chamber were secured:

The president had continued in an unconscious state since 8:30 p. m. Dr. Rixey remained with him at all times and until death came. The other doctors were in the room at times and then repaired to the front room, where their consultations had been held. About 2 o'clock Dr. Rixey noted the unmistakable signs of dissolution, and the immediate members of the family were summoned to the bedside. Mrs. McKinley was asleep and it was deemed desirable not to awaken her for the last moments of anguish.

Silently and sadly the members of the family stole into the room. They stood about the foot and sides of the bed where the great man's life was ebbing away. Those in the circle were Abner McKinley, the president's brother; Mrs. Abner McKinley, Miss Helen, the president's sister; Mrs. Sarah Duncan, another sister; Miss Mary Barber, a niece; Miss Sarah Duncan, Lieutenant J. J. McKinley, a nephew; William M. Duncan, a nephew; Hon. Charles G. Dawes, comptroller of the currency; F. M. Osborn, a cousin; Webb C. Hayes, John Barber, a cousin; Secretary George B. Cortelyou, Colonel W. C. Brown, the business partner of Abner McKinley; Dr. P. M. Rixey, the family physician, and six nurses and attendants.

In adjoining rooms were the physicians, including Drs. McBurney, Wasdin, Park, Stockton and Mynter.

It was now 2:05 o'clock and the minutes were slipping away. Only the sobs of those in the circle about the president's bedside broke the awful silence. Five minutes passed, then six, seven, eight.

Now Dr. Rixey bent forward and then one of his hands was raised as in warning. The fluttering heart was just going to rest. A moment more and Dr. Rixey straightened up and with choking voice said:

"The president is dead."

Secretary Cortelyou was the first to turn from the stricken circle. He stepped from the chamber to the outer hall and then down the stairway to the large room where the members of the cabinet, senators and distinguished officials were assembled. As his tense, white face appeared at the doorway a hush fell upon the assemblage.

"Gentlemen, the president has passed away," he said.

For a moment not a word came in reply. Even though the end had been expected the actual announcement that William McKinley was dead fairly stunned these men who had been his friends and counselors. Then a groan went up. They cried outright like children. All the pent up emotions of the last few days were let loose. They came from the house with streaming eyes.

First Sad Rites at Buffalo. Private Services at the Milburn House Rife with Pathos.

Buffalo, Sept. 14.—Buffalo yesterday was a city of mourners. The gay and flaming decorations of the Pan-American exposition gave way to the symbol of sorrow. The black drapery of the city's streets muffled the tolling of bells of the churches. Bits of crepe appeared on every sleeve. The sorrow was everywhere apparent. In the morning a simple service took place at the residence on Delaware avenue, where the martyred president died.

A hymn was sung and prayers were offered over the dead body. That was all. Only the immediate family and the friends and political associates of the late president were present. The scene was pathetic in the extreme.

The day was gray and cheerless. Long before the time set for the funeral services the vicinity of the Milburn house was astir with preparations. At 9 o'clock long platoons of police officers, mounted and on foot, arrived at the grounds and were posted in details along the streets approaching the house. For a block in each direction the streets were roped off to keep back the gathering crowds. The time was now approaching for the service. The tramp of the assembling military could be heard, and the walks leading up to the Milburn house began to be lined with those who were to be assembled about the bier.

The naval contingent from the gunboat Michigan had arrived only yesterday, in order that all branches of the military, naval and marine service might be fittingly represented.

President Enters House. It was just eight minutes before the opening of the service when a covered barouche drove up to the house bringing President Roosevelt. As the president passed within the house and the services were about to begin, the long line of soldiers and sailors swung in columns of fours into Delaware avenue and formed in battalion front along the beautiful thoroughfare opposite the house and immediately facing it. On the extreme left were the regulars, on the right the sailors and marines, in the center the national guardsmen. They stood at parade rest, with colors lowered, each flag wound about its staff, and bound with crepe.

Services had hardly begun when there was a clatter of hoofs down the avenue, and four high-stepping black horses came into view, drawing the hearse which was to bear the casket of the dead president. It was a heavy vehicle, without plumes or any trappings to relieve the dead black.

The hearse halted at the corner to await the conclusion of the services. In the House of Death. Within the house of death was woe unspeakable. In the drawing room to the right of the hall as President Roosevelt entered the dead chieftain was stretched upon his bier. On his face was written the story of the forbearance with which he had met his martyrdom. Only the thinness of his face bore mute testimony to the patient suffering he had endured. He

was dressed as he always was in life. The black frock coat was buttoned across the breast where the first bullet of the assassin had struck. The black string below the standing collar showed the little triangle of white shirt. The right hand lay by his side, the left was across his body.

Stricken Wife Takes Leave. The family had taken leave of their loved one before the others arrived. Mrs. McKinley, the poor, grief-crushed widow, had been led into the chamber by her physician, Dr. Rixey, and had sat awhile alone with him who had supported and comforted her through all their years of wedded life. But though her support was gone, she had not broken down. Dry-eyed, she gazed upon him and fondled his face. She did not seem to realize that he was dead. Then she was led away by Dr. Rixey and took up her position at the head of the stairs where she could hear the services. The friends and public associates of the dead president all had opportunity to view the remains before the service began. The members of the cabinet had taken their leave before the others arrived.

When President Roosevelt reached the head of the line of cabinet officers, he kept his head away from the casket. The president appeared to be stealing himself for a look into the face of him whose death had made him the first ruler of the world. The tension in the room was great. The minister of the gospel stood with the holy book in his hand ready to begin. Perhaps it might have been 60 seconds. It seemed longer. Then the president advanced one step. He bowed his head and looked down upon the man whose burden and responsibility he had taken up. Long he gazed, standing immovable, save for a twitching of the muscles of the chin as he labored with heavy breath to repress his emotion. At last he stepped back. Colonel Bingham, the aide to the president, glanced in the direction of Rev. Charles Edward Locke, of the Delaware Avenue Methodist Episcopal church, who was to conduct the service. The pastor was at the door leading into the hall, a station whence his words could be heard at the head of the stairs. The signal was given and there swelled out from the hall the beautiful words of "Lead, Kindly Light," sung by a quartette. It was President McKinley's favorite hymn.

When the singing ended the clergymen read from the words of the 15th chapter of the First Corinthians. All had risen as he began and remained standing throughout the remainder of the service.

The funeral director was about to step forward to place the cover on the casket when suddenly there was a movement behind Governor Odell. Senator Hanna, who had risen, saw that the last opportunity to look into the countenance of his dead friend had come. Pressing forward, in an instant he was at the side of the casket and bending over looked down into it. Almost two minutes passed and then he turned away and the coffin was closed.

Eighty Thousand Take Last Look. Then the body was borne out to the waiting cortege on the brawny shoulders of eight sailors and soldiers of the republic. The cortege passed through walls of living humanity, grief-stricken, to the city hall.

A remarkable demonstration occurred which proved how close the president was to the hearts of the people. Arrangements had been made to allow the public to view the body from the time it arrived, at about 1:30 o'clock, until about 5 o'clock. But the people were wedged into the streets for two blocks. Two lines formed. They extended literally for miles. When 5 o'clock came 40,000 people had already passed and the crowds waiting below in the streets seemed undiminished. It was decided to extend the time until midnight. Then for hours longer the streets were dense with people and a constant stream flowed up the steps of the broad entrance into the hall and passed the bier. When the doors were closed at midnight it was estimated that 80,000 people had viewed the remains, but thousands of disappointed ones were still in the streets. The body lay in the city hall until morning. At 8:30 the funeral train started for Washington over the Pennsylvania railroad. Mrs. McKinley, the president, the cabinet and relatives and friends of the dead president accompanied the remains. Mrs. McKinley bore up bravely during the service at the Milburn house, and Dr. Rixey, her physician, thinks she will be able to support her trying part in the state funeral at Washington.

A Rat Story. "One day not long ago," said a brick manufacturer, "one of my workmen saw three rats carrying a straw across the brickyard. It seemed such an unusual sort of proceeding that he stopped his work to watch them. Two of the rats held the straw at opposite ends while the third supported the center. They were making straight for the river which flowed by one side of the yard. When they arrived at the bank, they laid down the straw and took a long drink. Then they proceeded to take up the straw again in the same manner as before and returned by the same way they had come."

"This so interested the workman that he determined to watch if they would come again. And sure enough, at about the same time the next day, they appeared, carrying the straw exactly as before. Having provided himself with a gun, he shot all three to see if possibly he might thereby solve the mystery. He discovered that the rat in the center was blind and therefore concluded that this was the animals' kind method of leading their afflicted comrade to the water to drink."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

## CZOLGOSZ IS INDICTED

First Step Taken in Prosecution of President's Assassin.

REFUSES TO ANSWER QUESTIONS

Anarchist Is Stubbornly Silent When Arraigned in Court and Judge Emery Appoints His Counsel—Murder in First Degree Pronounced.

Buffalo, Sept. 17.—Leon Czolgosz, alias Fred Nieman, was indicted by the grand jury for murder in the first degree, for the shooting of President William McKinley at the Temple of Music, in the Pan-American exposition grounds, at 4:16 p. m., Sept. 5. When arraigned before Judge Emery, the prisoner stubbornly refused to answer questions repeatedly asked of him by District Attorney Penney as to whether he had counsel or wanted counsel. The district attorney then suggested that inasmuch as the defendant refused to answer, counsel should be assigned.

Judge Emery assigned Hon. Lorain L. Lewis and Hon. Robert C. Titus, former supreme court justices of this city, whose names had been suggested by the Erie County Bar association. Czolgosz probably will be arraigned today to plead against the indictment.

After the indictment was returned, the prisoner was driven to the jail across the street from the hall. Czolgosz was then taken under strong guard through the tunnel under the street to the basement of the city hall and up the stairs to the courtroom on the second floor. The prisoner was shackled to a detective and another detective held his other arm. Assistant Superintendent Cusack marching in front and a number of patrolmen behind. When the prisoner was taken before the bench, the crowd in the room surged about him on all sides. They were compelled to resume their seats. Czolgosz is of medium height, of fairly good build and has light curly hair, but a ten-days' growth of beard on his face gave him an unkempt appearance. Apparently he feigned insanity, not stupidity, and his glance roamed about, but his eyes were always downcast. Not once did he look the county prosecutor or the judge in the face.

Judge Emery directed the officers to notify the attorneys and remove the prisoner.

Czolgosz was handcuffed to the detectives, who started out of the courtroom with him. The crowds surged after them, but found the exit barred by policemen. Outside the courtroom door the prisoner was surrounded by policemen and hurried down stairs into the basement, whence he was taken through the tunnel to the jail across Delaware avenue. Whether he was left there for the night or taken elsewhere the police refused to say. District Attorney Penney said Justices Lewis and Titus would be notified and given an opportunity to talk with the prisoner.

WOULD KILL NEW PRESIDENT.

Cleveland Man Says Secret Society Will Give \$50,000 for His Murder. Cleveland, Sept. 17.—Frank Idings, 22 years old, a blacksmith, was arraigned before Judge Kennedy at the Central Police court yesterday on suspicion of being implicated in a plot to kill the president. In a sloop on St. Clair street Idings is said to have said: "I belong to a society that will give \$50,000 to any man who will kill President Roosevelt."

Idings at his hearing did not deny that he made the statement. He was remanded to jail and will be given a hearing Wednesday. In the meantime the police will try to learn all about the prisoner.

First Yacht Race Sept. 26.

New York, Sept. 17.—After a perfectly harmonious meeting yesterday at the New York Yacht club, lasting nearly two hours, between the America's cup challenge committee and the representatives of the Royal Ulster Yacht club, it was decided that as a mark of respect to the memory of the late president the date of the first race for the America's cup should be changed to Sept. 26. The succeeding races are to follow according to the original plan, so that they will be sailed Saturday, Sept. 28; Tuesday, Oct. 1; Thursday, Oct. 3, and Saturday, Oct. 5.

Will Release Chicago Anarchists. Chicago, Sept. 17.—Efforts to connect the Chicago anarchists with a plot to assassinate President McKinley will be abandoned, and the prisoners probably will be released today. Chief O'Neil regards it as likely that they will want, for the present, to be allowed to stay in the city, but it is feared their release just before the obsequies of the president will be taken advantage of by violent persons.

Throws Woman Out of Office.

Jefferson, Ia., Sept. 17.—While in the office of V. H. Lovejoy, editor of a local paper and a city councilman, Mrs. Chamberlain made a slighting reference to President McKinley. An altercation followed, Lovejoy tearing off part of the woman's waist, choking her, and finally throwing her out of the office. The age and sex of the offender alone saved her from violence from citizens.

Unknown Falls Under Wheels.

McPaul, Ia., Sept. 17.—A man was found dead on the main line track near the depot yesterday. The body was badly mangled, the head, legs and one arm being separated from the body. The dead man is unknown.