

PRESIDENT M'KINLEY SHOT

Victim of Bullets Fired by an Anarchist at Buffalo.

CZOLGOSZ MAKES A CONFESSION.

Would-be Assassin Boasts That His Duty is Done.

PRESIDENT IS RESTING EASILY.

Bullet Which Lodged in Breast is Removed, but One in Abdomen Remains—Physicians at Bedside State That Wounds Are Not Necessarily Fatal—Assassin Approached the President With Revolver in Hand—Kerchief and Shot With Pretense of Shaking Hands.

Buffalo, Sept. 7.—President McKinley was shot and seriously wounded by a would-be assassin while holding a reception in 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 is not of a serious nature and the bullet has been extracted. The latter pierced the abdominal wall and has not been located.

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

Details of the Crime.
Buffalo, Sept. 7.—President McKinley, the idol of the American people, the nation's chief executive and the city's guest, lies prostrate, suffering the pangs inflicted by the bullet of a cowardly assassin, while his life hangs in the balance. Out on Delaware avenue, at the home of John G. Milburn, president of the Pan-American exposition, with fearful face and heart torn by conflicting hopes and fears, sits the faithful wife, whose devotion is known to all the nation.

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 motley throng of people, showered with expressions of love and loyalty, besieged by multitudes, eager to clasp his hand—amid these surroundings and with the ever recurring plaudits of an army of sightseers 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.

A surging, swaying, eager multitude thronged the city's main thoroughfares, choking the streets in front of the principal newspaper offices, scanning the bulletins with anxious eyes and groaning or cheering in turn at each succeeding announcement as the nature of the message sinks or buoys their hopes.

Down at police headquarters, surrounded by stern faced inquirers 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, objurgations and admonitions with which his captors seek to induce or compel him to talk.

It was just after the daily organ recital in the splendid Temple of Music that the dastardly attempt was made.

Planned with all the diabolical ingenuity and finesse of which anarchy or nihilism are capable, the man had carried out the work designed, and only failed in his plans should the president recover, and divine providence should grant that result.

Exposed to Attack.
The president, though guarded by secret service detectives, was fully exposed to such an attack as occurred. He stood at the edge of the raised dais on which stands the pipe organ at the east end of the magnificent structure.

Thronged of people crowded in at the various entrances to gaze on their executive, perchance to clasp his hand, and then fight their way out in the good natured mob that every minute swelled and multiplied at the points of ingress and egress to the building. The president was in a cheerful mood and was enjoying to the full the hearty evidence of good will which everywhere met his gaze. On his right stood John C. Milburn of Buffalo, president of the Pan-American exposition, chatting with the president and introducing to him especially persons of note who approached.

Upon the president's left stood Mr. Cortelyou.

It was shortly after 4 p. m. when one of the throng which surrounded the presidential party, a medium sized man of ordinary appearance and plainly dressed in black, approached as if to greet the president. Both Secretary Cortelyou and President Milburn

noticed that the man's hand was swathed in a bandage or handkerchief. Reports of bystanders differ as to which hand. He worked his way amid the stream of people up to the edge of the dais until he was within two feet of the president.

President McKinley smiled, bowed and extended his hand in that spirit of geniality the American people so well know, when suddenly the sharp crack of a revolver rang out loud and clear above the hum of voices, the shuffling of myriads of feet and vibrating waves of applause that ever and anon swept here and there over the assemblage.

There was an instant of almost complete silence. The president stood stock still, a look of hesitancy, almost of bewilderment, on his face. Then he retreated a step, while a pallor began to steal over his features. The multitude, only partially aware that something serious had happened, paused in surprise, while necks were craned and all eyes turned as one to the rostrum where a great tragedy was being enacted.

Assailant Borne to the Ground.
Then came a commotion. With the leap of a tiger three men threw themselves forward, as with one impulse, and sped toward the would-be assassin. Two of the men were United States secret service men, who were on the lookout, and whose duty it was to guard against just such a calamity as had here befallen the president and the nation. The third was a bystander, a negro, who had only an instant previously grasped in his dusky palm the hand of the president. As one man the trio hurled themselves upon the president's assailant. In a twinkling he was borne to the ground, his weapon wrested from his grasp and strong arms pinioned him down.

Then the multitude which thronged the edifice began to come to a realizing scene of the awfulness of the scene of which they had been unwilling witnesses.

A murmur arose, spread and swelled to a hum of confusion, then grew to a babel of sounds and later to a pandemonium of noises.

The crowds that a moment before had stood mute and motionless as in bewildered ignorance of the enormity of the thing, now, with a single impulse surged forward toward the stage of the horrid drama, while a hoarse cry swelled up from a thousand throats and a thousand men charged forward to lay hands upon the perpetrator of the dastardly crime.

Confusion Was Terrible.
For a moment the confusion was terrible. The crowd surged forward regardless of consequences. Men shouted and fought, women screamed and children cried. Some of those nearest the doors fled from the edifice in fear of a stampede, while hundreds of others from the outside struggled blindly forward in the effort to penetrate the crowded building and solve the mystery of excitement and panic which every moment grew and swelled within the congested interior of the edifice.

Inside, on the slightly raised dais, was enacted within those few feverish moments a tragedy so dramatic in character, so thrilling in its intensity, that few who looked on will ever be able to give a succinct account of what really did transpire. Even those who attended the president came out of it with blanched faces, trembling limbs and beating hearts, while their brains throbbled with a tumult of conflicting emotions which could not be clarified into a lucid narrative of the events as they really transpired.

Of the multitude which witnessed or bore a part in the scene of turmoil and turbulence there was but one mind which seemed to retain its equilibrium, one hand which remained steady, one eye which gazed with unflinching calmness and one voice which retained its even tenor and faltered not at the most critical juncture.

They were the mind and hand and eye and the voice of President McKinley.

After the first shock of the assassin's shot he retreated a step, then, as the detectives leaped upon his assailant, he turned, walked steadily to a chair and seated himself, at the same time removing his hat and bowing his head in his hands.

In an instant Secretary Cortelyou and President Milburn were at his side. His waistcoat was hurriedly opened, the president meanwhile admonishing those about him to remain calm, telling them not to be alarmed. "But you are wounded," cried his secretary, "let me examine."

"No, I think not," answered the president. "I am not badly hurt, I assure you."

Nevertheless, his outer garments were hastily loosened and when a trickling stream of crimson was seen to wind its way down his breast, spreading its telltale stain over the white surface of the linen, their worst fears were confirmed.

A force of exposition guards were on the scene and an effort was made to clear the building. By this time the crush was terrific. Spectators crowded down the stairways from the galleries, the crowd on the floor surged forward toward the rostrum, while, despite the strenuous efforts of police and guards the throng without struggled to obtain admission.

The president's assailant in the meantime had been hustled by exposition guards to the rear of the building, where he was held while the building was cleared and later he was turned over to Superintendent Bull of the Buffalo police department, who took the prisoner to No. 13 police station and afterward to police headquarters. As soon as the crowd in the Temple of Music had been dispersed sufficiently the president was removed in the automobile ambulance and

taken to the exposition hospital, where an examination was made.

The best medical skill was summoned and within a brief period several of Buffalo's best known practitioners were at the patient's side.

The president retained the full exercise of his faculties until placed on the operating table and subjected to an anesthetic. Upon the first examination it was ascertained that one bullet had taken effect in the right breast just below the nipple, causing a comparatively harmless wound.

The other took effect in the abdomen, about four inches below the left nipple, four inches to the left of the navel, and about on a level with it.

Probing for the Bullet.

Upon the arrival at the exposition hospital, the second bullet wound was probed for. The walls of the abdomen were opened, but the ball was not located. The incision was hastily closed and after a hasty consultation it was decided to remove the patient to the home of President Milburn. This was done, the automobile ambulance being used for the purpose. Arriving at the Milburn residence all persons save the medical attendants, nurses and the officials immediately concerned were excluded and the task of probing for the bullet which had lodged in the abdomen was begun by Dr. Roswell Parke. When the news of the crime was telephoned to the home of President Milburn, where Mrs. McKinley was resting, immediate steps were taken to spare her the shock of a premature statement of the occurrence before the condition of the president was ascertained. Guards were stationed and no one was permitted to approach the house.

When it was decided to remove the president from the exposition hospital to the Milburn residence the news was broken to Mrs. McKinley as gently as might be. She bore the shock remarkably well and displayed the utmost fortitude.

At the Milburn Residence.
At 8:30 the representative of the Associated Press was admitted to the Milburn mansion, where Secretary Cortelyou gave him the official bulletin prepared by the physicians.

Secretary Cortelyou said that a telegraph office would be established at once in the Milburn residence and bulletins giving the public the fullest information possible would be issued at short intervals.

At the Milburn residence were Secretary Wilson, President Milburn, Director General Buchanan, Dr. Rixey and Secretary Cortelyou. Telegrams poured in by the hundreds and Secretary Cortelyou was kept busy replying to them. Two stenographers with their typewriters were placed in the parlor, which was quickly transformed into a bustling room.

While the wounded president was being borne from the exposition to the Milburn residence between rows of on-lookers 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 landed safely within the police station and the doors closed before anyone was aware of his presence.

The news of the attempted assassination having in the meanwhile been spread broadcast by the newspapers like wildfire it spread from mouth to mouth. Then bulletins began to appear on the boards along newspaper rows and when the announcement was made that the prisoner had been taken to police headquarters, only two blocks distant from the newspaper section, the crowds surged down toward the Terrace eager for a glimpse of the prisoner.

At police headquarters they were met by a strong cordon of police which was drawn up across the pavement on Pearl street and admittance was denied to any but officials authorized to take part in the examination of the prisoner.

Cries of "Lynch Him."

In a few minutes the crowd had grown from tens to hundreds, and these in turn quickly swelled to thousands, until the street was completely blocked with a mass of humanity. It was at this juncture that some one raised the cry of "lynch him." Like a flash the cry was taken up and the whole crowd, as if ignited by the single match thus applied, re-echoed the cry "lynch him," "hang him." Closer the crowd surged forward. Denser the throng became as new arrivals swelled each moment the swaying multitude. The situation was becoming critical, when suddenly the big doors were flung open and a squad of reserves advanced with solid front, drove the crowd back from the curb and across the street and gradually succeeded in dispersing them from about the entrance to the station.

By this time there were probably 50,000 people assembled in the vicinity of Pearl, Seneca and Erie streets and the Terrace. The crowd was so great that it became necessary to rope off the entire street in front of police headquarters.

Inside the station house were assembled District Attorney Penney, Superintendent of Police Bull, Captain Reagan of the First precinct and other officials. The prisoner at first proved quite communicative, so much so in fact that little dependence could be placed in what he said. He first gave his name as Fred Neiman, said his home was in Detroit, and that he had been in Buffalo about a week. He said he had been boarding at a place in Broadway. Later this place was located as John Nowak's saloon, a Raines law hotel, No. 1078 Broadway. Here the prisoner occupied room No. 8. Nowak, the proprietor, said he knew very little about his guest. He came there, he declared, last Saturday, saying he had come to see the Pan-American exposition, and that his home was in Toledo. He had been

alone at all times about Nowak's place and had had no visitors. In his room was found a small traveling bag of cheap make. It contained an empty cigarette box and a few clothes. With these facts in hand the police went to the prisoner with renewed vigor in the effort to obtain either a full confession or a straight account of his identity and movements prior to his arrival in Buffalo. He at first admitted that he was an anarchist in sympathy at least, but denied strenuously that the attempt on the life of the president was a result of a preconcerted plot on the part of any anarchist society. At times he was defiant and again indifferent. But at no time did he betray the remotest sign of remorse. He declared the deed was not premeditated, but in the same breath refused to say why he perpetrated it. When charged by District Attorney Penney with being the instrument of an organized band of conspirators, he protested vehemently that he never even thought of perpetrating the crime until that morning.

Prisoner Makes Confession.

After long and persistent questioning it was announced at police headquarters that the prisoner had made a partial confession, which he had signed. As near as can be learned the facts contained in the confession are as follows:

The man's name is Leon Czolgosz. He is of Polish-German extraction. His home is in Cleveland, where he has seven brothers and sisters. He is an avowed anarchist and an ardent disciple of Emma Goldman, whose teachings he alleges are responsible for his attack on the president. He denies steadfastly that he is the instrument of any body of anarchists or the tool of any coterie of plotters. He declares he did not even have a confederate. His only reason for the deed, he declares, is that he believed the present form of government in the United States was unjust and he concluded that the most effective way to remedy it was to kill the president. These conclusions, he declares, he reached through the teachings of Emma Goldman.

Story of a Bystander.

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.

"The prisoner struggled desperately and wrenching his arm free at tempted 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 afterward 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.'

Precautions Had Been Taken.

It was learned from an authoritative source that the greatest precautions had been taken to guard against the possibility of any such occurrence as transpired yesterday. Not only were the services of the local police and detective forces employed to the fullest extent, but specially detailed men have accompanied the presidential party in all its travels since inauguration day, and in addition to this the extra precaution was taken, upon the occasion of the president's visit to the Pan-American, of having with him three United States treasury secret service men of long experience and proven ability. In fact, to such an extent has this matter of the president's personal safety been carried that it has given rise to some criticism. Upon his visit to the exposition it was felt by those surrounding him that the president was liable to greater chances of danger than is usual even upon his travels, owing to the great crowds, the diversified character of the people assembled and the necessity for direct contact with the crowds. For these reasons the strict precautions above mentioned were resorted to. The president himself has always been averse to any such protection and the sight of officers of the law constantly near his person has been distasteful. He has always insisted in all his visits to various cities there should be at least one public reception where he could be brought face to face with the public and give those who desired it the privilege of a personal meeting.

Long after midnight crowds were walking the streets eagerly inquiring for information or loitering about the newspaper bulletin boards in the hope of additional information. The deepest feeling over the outrage was apparent and people of every partisan ship were unanimous in their expressions of abhorrence of the crime. The latest information obtainable at police headquarters was that District Attorney Penney was closeted with the prisoner, while mounted police patrolled the district roped off from the public. In the course of the evening five men were arrested on the charge of seditious utterances, but later all were released.

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 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. Early this morning the street in the neighborhood of the Milburn residence was deserted save for the policemen who were on guard and the streets down town were almost equally quiet.

Official Bulletin.

Secretary Cortelyou last night gave out the following statement: "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 breast bone, 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 sutures, 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 organ was discovered. The patient stood the operation well, pulse of good quality, rate of 120. Condition at the conclusion of operation was gratifying. The result cannot be foretold. His condition at present justifies hope of recovery.'

At 3 a. m. the following bulletin was issued:

"The president continued to rest well. Temperature 101.6, pulse 110, respiration 24."

Scenes at the Milburn Home.

Immediately the president was cared for at the exposition grounds, Director General W. L. Buchanan started for the Milburn residence to forestall any information that might reach there by telephone or otherwise. Very luckily, he was first to arrive with the information. The Niagara Falls trip had freed Mrs. McKinley and on returning to the Milburn residence she took leave of her niece, the Misses Barber and the president's niece, Miss Duncanson, as well as their hostess, Mrs. Milburn, and then went to her room to rest.

Mr. Buchanan broke the news to the niece as easily as he could, and it was thought best to await Mrs. McKinley's awakening, or shortly after when Mr. Buchanan should break the news to her, if in the meantime her physician, Dr. Rixey, had not arrived. Mrs. McKinley awoke from her sleep at about 5:30. She was feeling splendidly she said, and at once took up her crocheting, which, as is well known, is one of her favorite diversions. Immediately on Mr. Buchanan's arrival at the Milburn home he had telephone communication there with out for there had been several calls, and he decided on this as the wisest course to pursue, lest Mrs. McKinley, hearing the continued ringing of the telephone bell, might inquire what it meant.

While the light of day continued, Mrs. McKinley continued with her crocheting. When it became dusk and the president had not arrived, she began to feel anxious concerning him.

"I wonder why he does not come?" she asked one of her nieces. "There was no clock in Mrs. McKinley's room and when it was seven o'clock she had no idea it was so late, and this is when she began to feel anxious concerning her husband, for he was due to return to Mr. Milburn's home about 6 o'clock."

At 7 o'clock Dr. Rixey arrived at the Milburn residence. He had been driven hurriedly down Delaware avenue in an open carriage. As he came up, Mr. Buchanan was out on the lawn conversing with a reporter.

"Do you know," said Mr. Buchanan, "I had a sort of premonition. Since early morning I had been extremely nervous and feared that something might go wrong. Our trip to the Falls was uneventful, but what an awful sad ending to our day."

Mrs. McKinley Hears the News.

At 7:20 Dr. Rixey came out of the house accompanied by Colonel Webb Hayes, son of former President Hayes, who is a friend of President McKinley. They entered a carriage and returned to the exposition hospital. After Dr. Rixey had gone Director General Buchanan said that the doctor had broken the news in a most gentle manner to Mrs. McKinley.

He said that she had stood it bravely, though considerably affected. If it were possible to bring him to her, she wanted it done. Dr. Rixey assured her that the president could be brought with safety from the exposition grounds and when he left Mr. Milburn's it was to complete all arrangements for the removal of the president. A big force of regular patrolmen was assigned to the Milburn residence.

The Milburn home is on the west side of Delaware avenue, the second house north of Ferry street. It is a three-story, dark green, brick structure of wide dimensions. It is about 60 feet from the street line, the well kept lawn sloping to the sidewalk. The president is occupying one of a suite of rooms on the second floor of the house, in the northwest corner of the building. The president's is the one on the second floor, farthest removed from either Delaware avenue or Ferry street.

Many notable persons called at the house.

The first of them came long before the president was brought to the home. These included members of the diplomatic corps. Later, some time after the president had been brought into the house, Governor B. B. Odell and his private secretary, James Graham,

who were in Lockport when they heard the news, called.

At 11:28 United States Senator Mark Hanna arrived from Cleveland. Among other callers were Robert T. Lincoln of Chicago, son of the late President Lincoln, and H. B. McFarland, one of the commissioners from the District of Columbia.

BRITISH PRESS COMMENT.

London Editors Extend Sympathy and Prayers for President's Recovery.

London, Sept. 7.—All the newspapers this morning publish long accounts from Buffalo describing the attempt upon President McKinley's life, and dispatches from abroad regarding the reception of the news, which excites renewed and anxious discussion of means to prevent anarchist outrages, references to previous attempts and the urgent need of the adoption of greater police precaution than ever in republics and the great countries.

The newspapers without exception extend to President McKinley's family and the American nation the deepest sympathy and fervent prayers for the president's recovery, while heartfelt gratitude is expressed that the latest reports give ground for hope.

The Daily Telegraph says editorially: "It is with the profoundest regret that the world learns today that another distinguished name is added to the shamefully long list of the innocent victims of the assassin. The most unfeigned and heartfelt sympathy will go forth from every family in Christendom to Mrs. McKinley in this hour of deepest sorrow and trial. Americans will await with all anticipation of heartily when we claim that the blow will be felt with as much severity in Great Britain as in the United States."

ROOSEVELT OFF FOR BUFFALO.

Quits Vermont Friends as Soon as Recovered From Stun of Blow.

Burlington, Vt., Sept. 7.—The first news of the attempted assassination of President McKinley reached Vice President Roosevelt at Lake La Motte. The vice president seemed stunned by the news, but his hands to his head, then exclaimed: "My God!"

Those around him were immediately informed of the tragedy and it was decided to announce it to the company of a thousand people who had gathered to hear Colonel Roosevelt speak at the annual outing of the Vermont Fish and Game League.

Senator Proctor made the announcement and many persons in the audience burst into tears. A later bulletin was received stating that the president was resting quietly and that the chances were favorable for his recovery.

"God," exclaimed the vice president, and his face lighted up. He showed his pleasure by eagerly announcing the good news to the assembly. The vice president then left immediately on the yacht Elfrida, and came to this city. Colonel Roosevelt was asked at the wharf for a statement for publication and said: "I am so inexpressibly grieved, shocked and horrified that I can say nothing."

He boarded the train and left for Buffalo.

President's Brother Speeding East.

Denver, Sept. 7.—Abner McKinley, brother of the president, left last night in a special car attached to the Burlington fast train for Chicago. Should alarming symptoms in the president's condition arise, a special train will be placed at his disposal and the rest of the trip made in the briefest possible time. Mr. McKinley will go to Chicago and thence to Buffalo over the Lake Shore unless the president should die before Chicago is reached, in which case his brother will go direct to Buffalo. Mr. McKinley, his wife and two daughters, were making a pleasure trip up the Platte canon on a special train provided by the Colorado and Southern Railway company. The train was sidetracked at Bailey, 55 miles from Denver, when the first news of the shooting of the president was received. The return to Denver was made at once. Mr. McKinley was too severely shocked by the news to talk of the matter. While here he received a telegram from B. F. Montgomery, chief operator at the White house, in which he stated that the doctors estimate the chances of the president's recovery about even.

Chicago Anarchists Arrested.

Chicago, Sept. 7.—Six men were placed under arrest in this city last night on the charge of being implicated in the plot to assassinate President McKinley. The men were all found in one house at the corner of St. Johns Place and Carroll avenue on the west side. The arrests were made on information from the police officials of Buffalo, who said that the men were members of a society to which Neiman belongs and that they had knowledge of the plot. The police have not given out the names of the men taken into custody, but one of the men is known to be A. Isakk, president of the "Free Society" organization. He was formerly editor of an anarchist paper which bore the name of the Fire Brand. The information received from Buffalo is to the effect that the plot to kill the president was originated among the members of the Free Society and that the Buffalo prisoner was chosen by lot to commit the crime.

From Governor Savage.

Lincoln, Sept. 7.—Governor Savage sent the following telegram: "Mrs. William McKinley, Buffalo: The people of the state of Nebraska keenly sympathize with you in your sad affliction and are earnestly supplicating Divine Providence to spare the life of our illustrious president."