

the worst without bravado but also without fear, and who accepts the decree of death as the will of Heaven. At no time in his varied and successful career had his character seemed so admirable as in the last trying hours.

THE THREE MARTYRED PRESIDENTS.

The careers of no public men better represent the possibilities of American life than those of the three Presidents who have fallen at the hands of assassins. All were poor boys with no other aids to ambition than their own qualities of character. In his amiable frailties as a public man not less than in his strongest attributes the President whose death we mourn was a representative American. Born in Ohio where the streams of trans-Allegheny migration from North and South met and commingled and political agitation was ceaseless, at a time when the overshadowing sectional question pressed for final settlement, and having been educated chiefly in the public schools, where all the influence was democratic, it was natural and almost inevitable that the first ambition of the young man William McKinley should be political.

He demonstrated the depth and sincerity of his youthful patriotism by enlisting as a private soldier in the volunteer army for the preservation of the Union. In that service he revealed an amiability of temperament which easily won the votes of his fellows in favor of his promotion and assured the popularity of his later years. He was a friendly man, and he loved his fellow men.

At the time when as a young lawyer William McKinley entered actively into politics party lines were strongly drawn. Not to be a Republican was almost to be a traitor in the eyes of the leaders of "Ben" Wade's type. It would have been peculiar if young McKinley had been less devoted to his party or less submissive to its decrees. The spirit of that time continued to influence his political actions throughout his lifetime, and it will account for the degree to which the President was willing to recede from his own opinion whenever it was opposed by the aggressive leaders of his party.

CHAPTER IX.

Story of the Assassination of President McKinley—Graphic Picture of the Tragic Act—The Assassin Caught and Roughly Handled—Public Indignation and Horror.

FIVE minutes before the appalling tragedy that ended the life of the President, the dense crowd was in the most cheerful humor, in the Temple of Music, at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo. The police had experienced no trouble of any kind, and when the President's carriage, containing besides the Chief Executive, President Milburn of the Pan-American Exposition, and Private Secretary Cortelyou drove up to the side entrance of the Temple, it was met by a mighty salute of cheers and applause.

The three gentlemen alighted, and were escorted to the door of the building. Immediately the carriage containing Secret Service Operatives, George Foster and S. R. Ireland, drove up and these detectives, with several other Secret Service men, entered the building together. Inside they were met by Director General Buchanan, who had arrived but a moment before, and he directed them as to where to stand.

In passing to the place, the President took off his hat and smiled pleasantly to a little group of newspaper men and to the guards which had been stationed in the place. To one of the reporters he spoke, smilingly, saying: "It is much cooler in here isn't it?" The interior of the building had been arranged for the purpose. From the main entrance, which opens to the southeast from the Temple on the wide esplanade, where the thousands had gathered, an aisle had been made through the rows of seats in the building to near the centre.

This aisle was about eight feet wide, and turned near the centre to the southwest door of the temple, so that there was a passage dividing the south part of the structure into a right

angle. It was so arranged that the people, who would shake hands with the President would enter at the southeast door, meet the President in the centre and then pass on out the southwest door.

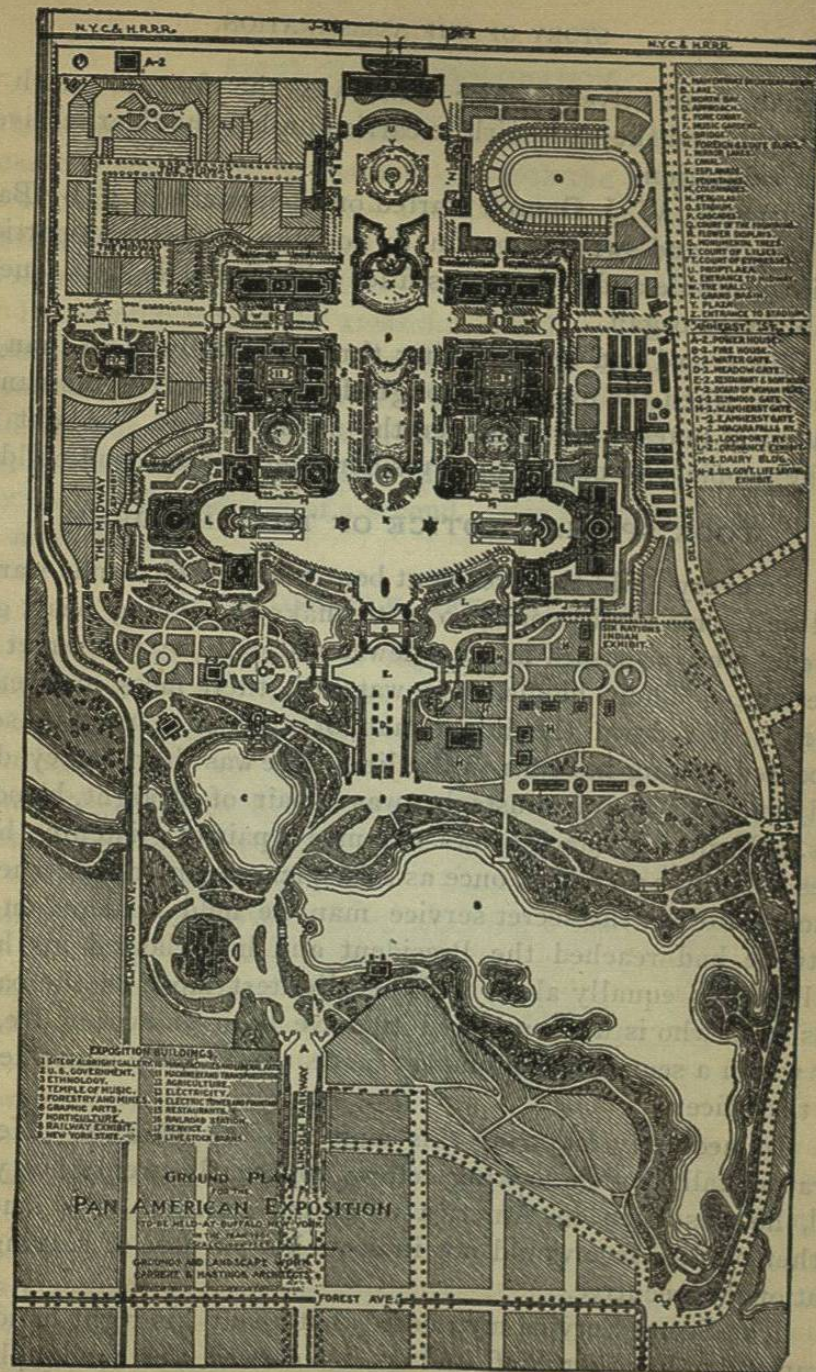
From the southeast door, and extending on up to and around the curve, was a line of soldiers from the Seventy-third Sea Coast Artillery on either side, and these were interspersed with neatly uniformed guards from the Exposition police, under the command of Captain Damer. When the Presidential party was within the building, the soldiers were ordered to come to "attention," and all took their places.

WAITING FOR THE CROWD.

The President was escorted to the centre of the palm bower, and Mr. Milburn took a position on his left so as to introduce the people as they came in. Secretary Cortelyou stood by the President to the right, Secret Service Operator Foster, who has traveled everywhere with the President, took a position not more than two feet in front of Mr. Milburn, and Secret Service Operator Ireland stood by his left, so that he was the same distance in front of the President as was Foster in front of the Exposition President.

Through this narrow two-foot passage the people, who would meet the President, must pass, and when all was ready, with detectives scattered throughout the aisle, the President smiled to Mr. Buchanan, who was standing near the corporal in charge of the artillerymen, and said that he was ready to meet the people. He was very pleasant and, as he waited for the doors to open, he rubbed his hands together, adjusted his long Prince Albert coat, and laughingly chatted with Mr. Milburn, while Secretary Cortelyou gave a last few instructions to the officers as to the manner in which the crowds were to be hurried on through, so that as many as possible could meet the Executive.

Mr. Milburn ordered the door open and immediately a wavering line of people, who had been squeezed against the outside of the door for hours, began to wend its way up through the line of soldiers and police to the place where the President stood. An



GROUND PLAN OF THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION AT BUFFALO.

old man, with silvery white hair, was the first to reach the President, and the little girl he carried on his shoulder received a warm salutation.

Organist W. J. Gomph started on the sonata in F, by Bach; low at first, and swelling gradually to more majestic proportions, until the whole auditorium was filled with the melodious tones of the big pipe organ.

The crowd had been pouring through hardly more than five minutes, when the organist brought from his powerful instrument its loudest notes, drowning even the scuffle of feet. About half of the people who passed the President were women and children.

TOOK SPECIAL NOTICE OF THE CHILDREN.

To every child the President bent over, shook hands warmly and said some kind words, so as to make the young heart glad. As each person passed he was viewed critically by the secret service men. Their hands were watched, their faces and actions noted. Far down the line a man of unusual aspect, to some, appeared, taking his turn in the line. He was short, heavy, dark, and beneath a heavy mustache was a pair of straight, bloodless lips. Under the black brows gleamed a pair of glistening black eyes. He was picked at once as a suspicious person, and when he reached Foster, the secret service man, he held his hand on him until he had reached the President and had clasped his hand. Ireland was equally alert, and the slightest move on the part of this man, who is now supposed to have been an accomplice, and for whom a search was promptly made, would have been checked by the officers.

Immediately following this man was the assassin. He was a rather tall, boyish looking fellow, apparently twenty-five years old, he was born in America of Polish parents. His smooth, rather pointed face would not indicate his purpose of slaying the National Executive.

The Secret Service men noted that about his right hand was wrapped a handkerchief, and as he carried the hand uplifted, although supported by a sling under his coat, the officers believed

his hand was injured, and especially as he extended his left hand across the right so as to shake hands with the President.

It was noticed that the Italian who was in front of the assassin held back, apparently to shield the young man, so that it was necessary for Ireland to push him on.

Innocently facing the assassin, the President smiled as he extended his right hand to meet the left of the man before him. As the youth extended his left hand he whipped out his right hand, the one which held the revolver, and before any one knew what was transpiring, two shots rang out, one following the other after the briefest portion of a second. For the first moment there was not a sound.

HE SUDDENLY REELED BACK.

The President drew his right hand quickly to his chest, raised his head and his eyes looked upward and rolled. He swerved a moment, reeled and was caught in the arms of Secretary Cortelyou to his right. Catching himself for the briefest second, President McKinley, whose face was now the whiteness of death, looked at the assassin as the officers and soldiers bore him to the floor, and said feebly, "May God forgive him." The President was carried first one way, then a step in another direction. The excitement was so sudden and the pandemonium so great, that for a minute no one knew what to do. Finally, some one said to carry him inside the purple edge of the aisle and seat him. This was the only thing to do at the moment and preparations were made at once to find a resting place.

A couple of men tore the benches aside and trampled the bunting down, while Mr. Milburn and Secretary Cortelyou half carried the President over the line and into the passageway leading to the stage, which had not been used. The President was able to walk a little, but was leaning easily on his escorts. In passing over the bunting his foot caught, and for a moment he stumbled. A reporter extricated the wounded man's foot, and the President was carried to a seat, where a half dozen men stood by and fanned him vigorously.

Quick call was sent for doctors and to the ambulance. While seated for a moment, Secretary Cortelyou leaned over the President, and inquired: "Do you feel much pain?" White and trembling the President slipped his hand into the opening of his shirt front, near the heart, and said: "This wound pains greatly." As the President withdrew his hand, the first and second fingers were covered with blood. He looked at them, his hand dropped to his side, and he became faint. His head dropped heavily to his chest, and those about him turned away.

"O MY GOD, ARE YOU SHOT?"

Minister Aspiroz, of Mexico, broke through the little crowd excitedly, and awakened the faint into which the President had sunk by dramatically exclaiming in English: "O my God, Mr. President, are you shot?" While the excited diplomat was being restrained from caressing the Executive, and falling at his feet, the President replied, gasping between each word: "Yes—I—believe—I—am."

The President's head then fell backward, he partially fainting again. Mr. Milburn placed his hand back of the wounded man's head, and offered a support for it. This seemed to resuscitate the President, and afterward he sat stoically in the chair, his legs spread out on the floor and his lips clinched firmly, as though he would fight determinedly against death, should it be appearing. He was giving the fight of a soldier, and more than one turned away, and tremblingly—all in the building trembled and shook, not from fear, but the tension, and remarked: "He is certainly a soldier."

While all this was transpiring, the drama had not yet ended on the scene of the shooting. The shots had hardly been fired when Foster and Ireland were on top of the assassin. Ireland, quick as thought, had knocked the smoking weapon from the man's hand, and at the same time he and his companion officer, with a dozen Exposition police and as many artillerymen, literally crushed him to the floor. While the President was being led away, the artillerymen and guards cleared the building in a few

minutes of those who had entered to meet the President, but to do this it was necessary to draw their sabre bayonets and use extreme force.

FOSTER CLUTCHED HIM BY THE THROAT.

Foster reached under the crowd, and by his almost super-human strength pulled the intending murderer from under the heap. The assassin was grabbed by a half dozen guards and soldiers and by the secret service men who were near the scene at the time. Forcing the youth, for that is what he is, to the open, Foster clutched him by the throat with his left hand, and saying: "You murderer!" then struck him a most vicious blow with his fist squarely in the face. The blow was so powerful that the man was sent through the guards and went sprawling upon the floor. He hardly touched the floor, when he was again set upon, this time by the guards and soldiers. He was kicked repeatedly, until Captain Damer rushed in and drew back the guards. Foster made another attempt to get at the assassin, but he was held back, although he protested that he had possession of his mind and that he knew what he was doing. The prisoner was hurried into a little room just off the west stage of the Temple of Music, being dragged through the crowd by Patrolmen James and McCauley. His lip was bleeding and his face was swelling from James's blows. Around him there were a group of officers. Once inside, the door was closed with a bang, and the mob surging against that door of the building, with a blind impulse to get near him, fairly made the walls creak.

The entire scene in the room was for a moment confusion. There were eager officials going in and out of the door. Some people were trying to conceal the fact that the prisoner was there, and others betraying the fact in a loud voice as soon as they had left the room. One excited Exposition official invited the people to go in and get the man as he hurried out on some mission that had come to him.

In the room with the prisoner were Colonel Byrne, Commandant of the Exposition Police; Captain Vallely, Chief of the Detec-

tive Bureau ; Detective Ziegler, Buffalo Police Detectives Solomon and Geary, Secret Servicemen Sam Ireland, Foster and Captain Damer, of the Exposition Police ; Major Robertson of the Exposition Police ; Mr. John N. Scathered and a few others coming and going.

COWARDLY CONDUCT OF THE ASSASSIN.

Czolgosz was on the table in the room, and sat there, now and then putting his sleeve to his lip ; at other times looking at the floor or keeping his shoes close together, rubbing them nervously. He would now and then breathe deeply with his nervous agitation, but for other signs there were none. He remained silent. Outside the building could be seen the great tumultuous throng of people. From all quarters of the grounds they were gathering toward the common centre. Now and then a woman's face, red with the heat, could be seen peering up over the heads of those in front, and struggling to raise her hand, she would wipe away the tears from her eyes. On a lofty porch on one of the great staff flower jardinières an old man, with a long white beard, a broad brimmed veteran's hat and a G. A. R. button in his lapel, sat shaking his head in sorrow.

Now and then some man's voice would call out, "Don't let him get away !" and there would be a score of answering shouts of "Kill him ! Hang him !" "Take him up on the arch and burn him !"

Around the main doors was a squad of fifteen police and a detachment of the United States marines. They had just arrived at the station and were in command of Captain Leonard. They formed their line, and in a loud clear voice, came the order, "Load rifles !" The breeches clicked, and the men held up to plain view the hard steel and the encasing brass as they filled the Lee-Metfords with cartridges. The moral effect was obvious, for the women started the movement to draw back, and the tense wave of vengeance seemed broken. Men and women who had been dry eyed began to cry. The lips of soldiers and policemen were twitching, but the heads on the broad shoulders were

motionless as the breath was held firm and steady. So men look when facing a mighty duty, with a mighty heart. The little room, where the prisoner was, contained a quantity of rope of different sizes and sorts. It is the rope used for shutting off the esplanade at times of drill and especial fetes. "Rope off the south approaches to the building so that we can get the wagon in here," said Colonel Byrne. "You will never get that wagon with him in it forty feet away," said Sam Ireland.

HURRYING THE CULPRIT TO PRISON.

"We must have a carriage and horses ; the people can stop an automobile better than they can horses." Some distance away was the carriage in which a portion of the committee had come to the Temple of Music.

"Get that carriage over there," said Scathered to the sergeant of the police at the southwest door. On the box of the carriage was a stockily built little Irish coachman. As he received his orders that it was to be his carriage that was to take away the would-be assassin through that eager, bloodthirsty, vengeful mob, a slow smile of pleasure spread into a delighted grin. "All right," he said curtly, and never another word until the prisoner was safe behind bars.

"Colonel Byrne, send for another platoon of police. Had you not better get them from the Second Precinct ? Gentlemen, every minute of this delay is making the task all the more dangerous. This crowd is getting more and more worked up, and it is getting bigger. It reaches way out over the esplanade now. Give this man to me, and I give you my word I will get him to Buffalo. Here are two Buffalo officers who will go with me."

"The best plan is to jump him right into this carriage coming, and get right out of here," said Samuel Ireland. Captain Damer and Colonel Byrne quietly directed exterior movements of the police and informed the military guards, both marines and artillerymen.

The roped off space was sufficient to admit the carriage. Colonel Byrne gave the signal. Guards James and McCauley

were on either side of the prisoner on the edge of the table. Captain Valley led the way, and Detectives Solomon and Geary just behind. The Irish coachman whipped up his team, dashed into the door, the marines and artillerymen dropped their guns till the bayonets were at charge. The carriage drew up at the door, a policeman swung open the carriage door. The door of the southwest entrance, leading into the little room opened, and out came the prisoner and convoy. He was literally hurled into the carriage by the burly patrolmen. Secret Serviceman Foster slammed the door, and the carriage was off on a mad dash for the triumphal causeway and the Lincoln Park gateway beyond.

WILD CRIES FROM THE ENRAGED CROWD.

At the minute the carriage drew up a wild mad surge of the people came from all the other doors, for a ragged yell had gone up, "Here he comes! This door, this door!" The lines of soldiers and policemen swayed but held firm. "There he is! Kill him! Kill him! Hit him! Hit him! Don't let that carriage get away, you cowards! Stop it! Hang him! Kill the bloody Anarchist!" was a Bedlam of curses and yells from people fighting in closer, waving their fists, with here and there a revolver gleaming, as its bearer threw it up in the sunlight above his head for the safety of those around him. The roar of that mob was a sound never to be forgotten by any who have heard it. It had the deadly, intense growl, the wild, bloodthirsty shriek, and the savage note that is heard only in the voices of the angered mob.

As the carriage moved away Captain Valley swung himself free from the crowd of officers and leaped with one bound to the seat beside the coachman. As the carriage forged its way to the limit beyond the rope men, and even women, sprang forward and caught the fenders, snatched at the horses' harness, and scores of them were struck by the horses' shoulders as the crowd behind refused to let them retire sufficiently to make passageway. The driver had a long, keen whip and plied it alternatively on the horses and the faces and heads of the crowd. Once, as the carriage neared the triumphal causeway, the crush became too

dense for it to seem possible to force through. Behind strong limbed, angry men were in pursuit in the wake, the carriage had seemed to swirl them in, and they were frantically endeavoring to find a hold on the smooth, polished surface and the rounded corners as they would slip and fall and be trampled on.

TERRIBLE EXECRATIONS ON THE ASSASSIN.

It looked as if the carriage was going to be stopped in front, but the coachman smiled, and standing up sped his long lash out in front over the horses' heads. They increased their speed to a gallop and the crowd succeeded in opening. Once on the causeway all was well, for the outer limits of the crowd had been reached and the narrowness of the way beyond, as well as the downhill slope, facilitated the movement.

Hard and fast the carriage went to the Lincoln Park gate, which swung open as the carriage drew near. From this point straight down Delaware avenue the journey was uninterrupted, only that three or four bicyclists followed, and spread the news. The prisoner from the moment he had touched the cushions of the carriage cowered in the rear left hand corner, now and then raising his head; as he would look out of the windows when fighting through the crowd, and he could hear their awful imprecations as they struggled to get near enough to take the vengeance of brutes, convulsive shivers ran through his slender body, and his eyes rolled with terror. His lips were dry and parched, and he wetted them constantly with his tongue. Just south of Utica street the carriage met the light police wagon, containing Superintendent of Buffalo Police Bull, who wheeled, and followed the carriage down to headquarters, at Station No. 1, at the junction of the Terrace, Erie and Seneca streets.

The carriage drew up sharply, and the prisoner was taken in while a score of idlers about looked on with bare interest. A moment later, the bike men who were following had told them that the President had been shot, and the man who had done it was the prisoner who had just been taken in. From that germ the mob fever grew and swelled. All over the vicinity, into the

neighboring saloons and railroad men's quarters, the tidings spread and knots of people that formed the nucleus of the downtown mob began to collect. Back at the Temple of Music the crowd continued to grow larger. Rumors spread that the man who had done the shooting was still in the building, and it was necessary to hold the guards there for hours. The very fact that the guards remained convinced the people that they had been made victims of a ruse, and it was at a late hour that the last of the throng dispersed.

IDENTITY OF THE ASSASSIN DISCOVERED.

It was learned by the police shortly before midnight that the man who attempted President McKinley's life is Leon F. Czolgosz, a Polish lad, who came from Cleveland.

The prisoner at first proved quite communicative, so much so, in fact, that little dependence could be placed on 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 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, and that his home was in Toledo. He had been alone at all times about Nowak's place, and had no visitors. In his room was found a small traveling bag of cheap make. It contained an empty cartridge box and a few clothes. With these facts in hand, the police went at 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 the result of a pre-concerted 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 Penny with being the instrument of an organized band of conspirators, he protested vehemently that he never even thought of perpetrating the crime until this morning. After long and persistent questioning, it was announced at police headquarters that the prisoner had made a partial confession, which he had signed.

HIS BOASTFUL CONFESSION.

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 decided Polish extraction. His home is in Cleveland. He is an avowed Anarchist, and an ardent disciple of Emma Goldman, whose teachings, he alleges, are responsible for to-day's 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 the most effective way to remedy it was to kill the President. These conclusions, he declares, he reached through the teachings of Emma Goldman.

He denies having any confederate, and says he bought the revolver with which the act was committed in Buffalo. He has seven brothers and sisters in Cleveland, and the Cleveland directory has the names of about that number living on Hosmer street and Ackland avenue, which adjoin. Some of them are butchers and others in different trades. 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.