

CHAPTER XIV.

Additional Account of President McKinley's Death—Hope Ending in Despair—Medical Skill Exhausted—Cause of the Final Relapse.

The President's last day, which ended in despair, was begun in hope. The ills that came on Thursday afternoon, when the organs of digestion refused to handle the solid food that had been taken earlier in the day, had seemingly been overcome by midnight, and when the new day came it found the President relieved and resting. Hope that had suddenly dropped from the high place which it had held, began to revive. The healing of the wounds had progressed favorably, general conditions were in the main quite satisfactory, and the immediate future of the case seemed to hold no threat.

The physicians who had been in almost constant attendance during the night parted, and the watch in the sick room was reduced. Suddenly there was a failure of the heart, which, for several days had been manifesting signs of weakness, and the President sank toward unconsciousness. This was at two o'clock in the morning. There was an immediate application of restoratives, and a general call went out to the absent physicians and nurses. Digitalis, strychnia and saline solution were administered to the patient, but there was no immediate response to treatment.

The physicians admitted that he was desperately ill, and Secretary Cortelyou decided to send for the relatives and close friends of the President, the Vice-President and members of the Cabinet. Those within reach were called by telephone or messenger, and telegrams were rushed to those who had left the city. The first of the messages went out at 2.30 o'clock, and within half an hour the Milburn house began to fill again. The serious condition of the President and the general call sent out gave rise to a general feeling of alarm that was never again allayed.

Desperate measures were resorted to in order to stimulate the heart, and the sinking spell was over by four o'clock. It was decided to continue the treatment, and the physicians laid their greatest hope on weathering the day. It was agreed that if the wounded man could be carried for twenty-four hours that his chances would be very favorable, for the wounds were healing splendidly.

It was decided to summon Dr. W. W. Johnston, of Washington, and Dr. E. G. Janeway, of New York, heart specialists, and telegrams were hurried out asking that they come at once. Before dawn a dozen of the relatives and friends of the President arrived at the Milburn house. They assembled in the drawing room, where they waited for tidings from the sick room above them. The physicians assured them that the President had a fighting chance for life and to the hope that in the end victory would be his, they clung all day.

PROFOUND GRIEF AND HORROR.

Hundreds of visitors came during the morning, and if the police had not kept the streets clear and barred entrance to Delaware avenue there would have been thousands. Senator Hanna, a close personal and political friend of the President, hurried up from Cleveland by special train. Other friends arrived by regular trains, and all through the day they came in increasing numbers. Their regret and sympathy were profound. The day developed but little encouragement for them, however.

During the forenoon the President made a slight gain of strength, and held it well into the afternoon. His physicians announced that they had again given him nourishment, and it was thought that possibly there was a chance for a further gain of strength. It was known, however, that he was in a very serious state, and every interest was centred in the sick room in the Milburn house, where the struggle was in progress.

Suddenly, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, there was a repetition of the heart attack, and those in the presence of the stricken man knew that the end was at hand. This knowledge soon spread to

the street, and the waiting newspaper men bulletined it to the world. Every one who came from the house was besought for an expression as to the state of the President. Each succeeding report was worse than its predecessor, and the official bulletins were absolutely without hope.

The following account of the impending calamity is from the pen of a correspondent who was at the Milburn house: "Since five o'clock this afternoon President McKinley has made a brave but hopeless fight against death. His physicians said early in the day that he had a fighting chance, and the President made the most of it. He lay limp and nearly lifeless all day, and hardly conscious of the presence of physicians, who were expending all the resources of their profession to preserve the vital spark. All ordinary expedients failing, desperate means were resorted to. Oxygen was administered to keep up respiration. Powerful stimulants were employed to aid the action of the heart. There was an early response to these extreme methods, but, after a time, collapse came, and with it the announcement that the President was dying.

FAILURE OF VITAL ORGANS.

"The President's relapse is admittedly the result of the failure of his digestive organs to assimilate the food which he ate yesterday. Important bodily functions became impaired. The result was loss of the previous gains that had given the doctors so much hope of the ultimate outcome of the gallant struggle for life. It became absolutely essential to relieve the President's distress, which was threatening and immediate. Calomel was resorted to. It was administered in a small dose, under the direction of Dr. Stockton. With it, drugs calculated to stimulate the heart were also administered.

"The calomel, after hours of anxious observation on the part of the attending doctors, operated as they hoped, but with a result that was distressing to the President. He thereafter became weaker and more helpless. He acted as if he had undergone a strain that had fearfully impaired his slender store of vitality.

Hope was abandoned early in the evening, although the physicians kept up the endeavors to prolong his life.

"The President was unconscious up to 7.20 o'clock. He then came to and asked for Mrs. McKinley, who was waiting to be admitted to the chamber. He recognized her, but a few moments later became unconscious. Digitalis and strychnine were losing their potency as heart stimulants, and saline solution was no longer efficacious. Artificial respiration was promoted with the aid of oxygen, and life and breath were literally being pumped into the President. Mrs. McKinley continued with him, praying for the success of these experiments, but with her hopes well nigh exhausted.

RELATIVES AND FRIENDS ADMITTED.

"When the physicians decided there was no hope for the President, the relatives and intimate friends waiting in the drawing room below were admitted one by one to faintly grasp the hand of the President in a silent farewell. None of these was recognized by the President. Senator Hanna, whose grief won the respect of all, held the nerveless fingers of the President and looked vainly into his eyes for a sigh of recognition.

"All this time the doctors were spending their efforts on the President, determined to fight the battle to the end. Dr. Charles McBurney, who had come post-haste to the President's bedside, arrived too late to be of service, and could only approve of the methods being used by the other physicians. Senator Depew, Secretary Root, Senator Fairbanks and Secretaries Wilson and Hitchcock called at the house through the evening, but received not a glimmer of hope. A little before 10 o'clock it was observed that the President's extremities were growing cold, while his pulse was fluttering and his respiration was irregular and forced. Reports from those leaving the house continued unfavorable.

"When Dr. Mynter came out, at 11.30 o'clock, he said the end was very near, although he might live an hour. The doctors had practically abandoned the exhausting effort to maintain life. No more powerful stimulants were administered, and death was allowed to take its progress. But the President held on tena-

ciously. Each new statement from the house said he could live but a few minutes, but the President continued to breathe. 'He is alive, that is all,' was the word sent out by Secretary Cortelyou at midnight."

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.

SILENCE AND SADNESS.

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; Miss Barber, a niece, Miss Sarah Duncan, Lieutenant J. F. McKinley, a nephew; William M. Duncan, a nephew; Hon. Charles G. Dawes, the Comptroller of the Currency; F. M. Osborn, a cousin; Colonel Webb C. Hayes; John Barber, a nephew; 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 an adjoining room sat 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 awe-like silence. Five minutes passed, then six, seven, eight.

Now Dr. Rixey bent forward, and then one of his hands was raised as if 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 closest confidants and advisers. Then a groan of anguish went up from the assembled officials. They cried outright like children. All the pent up emotions of the last few days were let loose. They turned from the room and came from the house with streaming eyes.

CAME AS A TERRIBLE SURPRISE.

The city, not only in those parts near the Milburn house, but all over, and even out in the Exposition grounds, went into a state of ferment when the news of the sudden collapse of the President was announced. The ill news of the early day had been somewhat softened by the later afternoon announcement that there was a slight improvement, and the sudden announcement of his approaching dissolution came as a great surprise.

Up about the corners, near the Milburn house, was a picturesque but rather gruesome scene, when it is remembered that the crowds gathered there were awaiting the President's death. The half dozen tents and the two big election booths made it look like the midway of a fair, but the ropes that were stretched from corner to corner, the solemn looking police guard, the pacing soldiers, and, above all, the quietness of the assembled multitude, bore witness to the solemnity of the occasion.

The Milburn house was hardly discernible among the trees, the lights in the house having been dimmed; but at a few minutes' intervals there would come out some person who had information to bear, and then the eager crowd would surround him. But from the time that Secretary Cortelyou told that the

President was very weak, there was nothing to encourage a belief that there could be a recovery.

A further description of the solemn scene is from an eyewitness and is as follows:

"Once more the muffled drums are beating for a murdered President. The piteous half-masted flag again hangs mournfully above the housetops for the man chosen of the people, who has been stricken down by an assassin. Men and women in the streets of Buffalo, in the cars and in their hotels and homes mutter this thing and lapse into mute wonder that it can be so.

"Our people are not given to vociferations. As they went about their affairs to-day, clad in light colors—the women at least—one could but faintly guess the self-respecting sorrow at their hearts, which would seem to call for sombre black, if color can be emblematic of grief. But the deep grief was there. A word to one of them brought the emotion to the surface. So I have seen tears well up and trickle down manly faces and brows knit closely and hands clutched ominously, for the President was dead.

THE WORLD KNEW IT.

"All the world knew it now. The world could and did share their sorrow, but that did not lighten the load of sorrow upon William McKinley's fellow citizens here. Anger was strong that their President had been shot down—an anger that no mere wreaking of vengeance on the wretched murderer could satisfy, but their tenderest pity, sympathy and love was for the man so

'Rich in saving common sense,

And, as the greatest only are,

In his simplicity sublime.'

"Herein it was that though the busy city, shocked to the core, paused not in its daily round, all hearts were beating with the muffled drums for the murdered President, for the beloved man stricken, like Lincoln and like Garfield, in the rich moment of a nation's trust and at the pinnacle of a nation's power, and beating as well for the widowed woman sitting in a daze of grief in the room where the southern sun was sending light that

brought no comfort and warmth that could master the chill upon him at rest in the room near by.

"So the gray morning dawned on Buffalo. All the watchers were weary at the Milburn house, and most of them were sleeping, for now vigil would not avail. Like all the houses on either side of Delaware avenue, the house stands apart from its neighbors, with a strip of verdant lawn between it and the sidewalk of the elm and maple shaded street. There are finer houses on the avenue—which is the avenue of such elegance as Buffalo knows—a fine dignified highway, bespeaking wealth and refinement in its dwellers, and marking the various architectural steps in the succession of builders.

HOUSE WHERE HE DIED.

"The Milburn house, with its ivy-clad porch, its pointed gables, and wings painted in sober brownish gray where the ivy is not clambering, would not be distinguished from a hundred like it; but in this world of mystery—that is, of things happening which we fail fully to understand—it had become perforce the spot most to be regarded in the world to-day, and for a day to come. After that the scene will shift to other places, as in the way of the world of change.

"You have been told of the way the house is, and has been, guarded since the fateful Friday at the Exposition, a mile or so away—the avenues and the cross streets roped off; of policemen guarding the ropes and soldier sentinels pacing up and down upon the green sward immediately surrounding the house; at the rope barriers, silent, whispering groups, waiting a word from those within.

"Add the coming of night to that, the lights beginning to show faintly in the house, and fear on the faces of all who come and go upon the threshold. Step by step the way the grim battle was going was known to those without—the turn for the worse of the night before; the heroic measures taken to whip up the tired out heart of the patient.

"It has been a day of gloom around the Milburn house. In

dignified silence many of the great men of the country have entered the house of death, and in silence passed out of it. The tense excitement and awful suspense of the preceding twenty-four hours were followed to-day by a peace and quiet expressive of the nation's mourning. American flags were early draped on the front of the house, but otherwise there was no evidence of mourning except in the sad hearts and faces of the hundreds who called to pay their respects.

"On the lawns of the Milburn house the guards paced silently to and fro, while policemen kept back the crowds that pressed thick against the ropes which a block away cut off access to the streets leading to the house where the body of the martyred President lies. By four o'clock this morning the nerve racking tension of those who for a day and a night had watched near the bedside of the dying President, awaiting the announcement that the end had come, gave way to calmness and resignation, and only a few of the newspaper men and the telegraph operators remained at the corner which a few hours before had been so thronged. While the telegraph keys clicked off the details of one of the saddest deaths in history the darkness slowly melted into dawn and another day was ushered in.

SHOWING REMARKABLE FORTITUDE.

"After the Milburn house became quiet at five o'clock this morning the first word was brought out by Miss Duncan, who said Mrs. McKinley was bearing up bravely. The undertakers were then in the house and Secretary Cortelyou was sleeping. Since Mr. McKinley was shot he had previously had only eight hours sleep.

"Miss Helen McKinley, Miss Mary Barber and Mrs. Lafayette McWilliams were the first callers. Lieutenant James McKinley followed, and then Mrs. Garret A. Hobart arrived. In a few minutes Mrs. McWilliams came out of the house, and as she stepped into her carriage she said: 'Mrs. McKinley is resting quietly. She realized long before many others what the outcome might be, and during the last few days had prepared herself.'

"Secretaries Wilson, Hitchcock, Root and Smith, and Attorney-General Knox arrived at half-past ten o'clock, and a few minutes later Senator Hanna, Senator Burrows, Colonel Herrick and former Judge Day came up. The Cabinet at once went into session in the library, and invited Senator Hanna, Colonel Herrick and Judge Day to join in their deliberations.

"The scene in the vicinity of the Milburn house at midnight, the last midnight that William McKinley was to see for evermore, was weirdly pathetic. It was intensely dark with a thin mist in the air, arising above the tree tops and making the electric lights blind and glimmer uncanny. In the tents and election booths devoted to the newspaper correspondents and telegraph operators the light shone brightly, throwing the shadows of the workers in sable silhouette against the gleaming whiteness of the tents. Under the dark foliage of the arching trees on Delaware avenue the gleam of a sentry's gun flashed now and then as the noiseless figure in blue came and went like a ghost."

GRIM SENTINELS IN BLACK.

Stretching away to the west along Ferry street, was a row of yellow lights from carriage lamps where automobiles stood like grim sentinels in black, waiting to bear the darkest tidings to the country that it has heard in two score years. Just within the confining limits of a cable that gleamed like a streak of saffron under the electric light, a policeman paced to and fro, pausing now and then to say a few words in an undertone to the groups of waiting, restless, whispering correspondents, who either lined up against the rope or else conversed in groups in the street rapidly disintegrating to surround the latest comer from the house that was covered not only by the blackness of the night but by the shadow of impending death.

Absolute silence reigned within the cordon established a week ago by the police. At all the intersecting streets two squares away hundreds of people, men and women, some on wheels, others in carriages, hundreds on foot, stood silently

waiting news from where the pale lights glimmered in the house of death. Every comer from that direction was held up and questioned by the obliging policeman, while everyone stood on tip-toe and listened with bated breath for the details.

The coming and going of notables occupied the attention of the newspaper men, and furnished bulletins for the waiting world. Over in the telegraph booths some of the correspondents who had been on duty for forty hours almost constantly, tried to get a few winks of sleep in hard, uncomfortable chairs. Messenger boys lay prone on the floors of the booths and slept the sleep of exhaustion. Scattered through the crowds of correspondents outside were secret service men and plain clothes detectives. Just what they were doing no one seemed able to fathom.

A NIGHT TO BE REMEMBERED.

Thus the dreary hours dragged on till midnight and after. Word came that newsboys down town were calling extras that the President was dead. Then the police began moving a crowd of morbidly curious women and their escorts who had crowded around the telegraph booth. Tired messenger boys were roused from their sleep and sent skurrying down town with bunches of "specials" as fast as bicycles could go under the pressure of wearied legs. Some kind soul with the spirit of a samaritan sent in some refreshments in liquid form to the fagged operators and tired correspondents.

There was a lull for ten minutes, the telegraph instruments clicked out noisily with strident sounds in the chill darkness. Somebody who had been there began drooning a story of Santiago and Schley, and the next instant, like a hurricane, a squad of breathless men burst into the postal booth. There was a murmur of "dead," a scurrying grab for copy paper, and a dozen hands were writing the culmination of the story.

"Coroner Wilson has just gone into Milburns; he was summoned at 12.10," exclaimed someone. Then there was a break from the booth to where a little knot gathered at the ropes and under the trees. Before half the correspondents could get across

the street two figures, one that of Coroner Wilson, the other of Harry Hamlin, disappeared under the trees toward the house.

"Stop it! Stop it!" came a sharp imperious voice. "Kill that bulletin. He is not dead. Dr. Mann says he is still alive, and that Janeway is conducting an examination." It was a Washington correspondent, of national fame and wide experience who uttered the words.

A hasty investigation revealed the truth of his announcement, and then the bulletins were recalled. The President still lived.

Down in the heart of the city a different scene was being enacted. There all was life and bustle, excitement, execration, anxiety; every newspaper office had a thousand men and women about it. Five-minute bulletins were posted as received by telephone.

STREETS PACKED WITH PEOPLE.

Downtown, Main street was a human hive. Crowds as great as any which have filled the streets in noontide packed the sidewalks and made passing of street cars almost impossible. Women were almost as numerous as men. Here again police precaution was evident, mounted police, the entire service, rode up and down, pushed over toward the pavement, and kept the roadway clear, and the throngs on the street moving. It was a queer sight this thing of mounted police in the heart of the city.

Then above the clang of car gongs and the hoarse cries of fakirs already on the streets with "souvenirs" of the assassin, came the shrill resonant cries of the newsboys calling a midnight extra. "The death of McKinley." It was a fake to be sure, but it caught, and though the President was still this side of the Dark River the cruel enterprise of the newsmonger had him robed for the grave.

Rumors were thick, every other man on the street had a fresh one and the latest was no worse than the first. Curious crowds, mostly women, gathered around the telegraph offices and craned their necks to watch the weary operators and hurrying correspondents at their work. It was all unnatural, strange,

almost incomprehensible. To this crowd on the street was added from time to time groups recruited from the arriving trains, gaping yokels with lunch for three days in a splint basket, trim tourists and the cannaille of the curb. It was believed to be the President's death night, and all were eager, sympathetically eager, for the latest facts.

Another authority, who had a full knowledge of the situation made the following statement:

"President McKinley never had one chance to recover from the assassin's bullet, according to the widespread report of the autopsy held this afternoon. Nature, doctors say, could not help along the work of the surgeons. The President died of "toxemia caused by necrosis of the tissues." That is another way of saying that gangrene killed him. This could not have been prevented, the doctors say, by any surgical or medical treatment.

EVERY PROSPECT OF RECOVERY.

"The world was permitted to believe that President McKinley was on the road to recovery, because some of the attending physicians in talking for publication consented to construe the President's condition as highly favorable after a considerable period of time had elapsed without unfavorable symptoms being made manifest. Professional etiquette restrains the doctors who talk now from naming their fellows who were responsible for this. All were too sanguine.

"Some of the doctors, notably Dr. Wasdin, are inclined to believe that President McKinley was shot with poisoned bullets. This is not proved. The only way in which it can be proved is by examination of the remaining bullets, and particularly of the bullet which struck the President in the breast. But the President would have died of his wounds if the bullets were perfectly clean. His system did not possess the vitality to repair the damage done to his vital organs. This does not mean that the President's system was in bad condition, but only that his vitality was low, or, in other words, that he had small recuperative powers, as result showed.

"When the President was shot he received the best possible surgical attention at the earliest possible moment. The surgeons exhausted all the resources of their science and skill. After that they had to depend upon nature coming to their assistance and nature failed them. The complications which followed the mending of the President's wounds were, the doctors confess, fully beyond their ken. The gangrenous affection did not manifest itself in any way that could be detected by them. It brought about those conditions of the heart and of the intestines which, during the last two days, showed to the physicians that something was wrong, but what it was they never knew to a certainty until they made the autopsy to-day.

THE BULLET A MYSTERY.

"Lodgment of the second bullet in the abdominal wall back of the stomach had nothing to do with the President's death. It did all of its damage in the abdominal cavity. That bullet remains a mystery. It was not located during the President's life, and two hours of careful search for it after death failed to find it. The fact that this bullet remained in the President's body without setting up any disorder where it stopped, militates against the theory that it might have been poisoned.

"The fatal bullet did more damage to the President's vital organs than even they knew until to-day. They have assumed that when they had repaired the wounds of the stomach they had attended to all that was necessary. Damage to the suprarenal capsule and the left kidney was never discovered by them during the operation which was expected to save the President's life. Why this was so has not yet been explained.

"The autopsy shows that the bullet passed through the stomach near its lower quarter and then entered the muscles of the backbone behind the kidneys and aorta. From that spot surgical skill would have been utterly powerless to extract it if it had been discovered. On its way the bullet tore away the suprarenal capsule and pierced the left kidney, destroying the upper part of that organ.

"When the gangrene which developed also affected the pancreas, this set free poisons which entered the blood and affected the heart, and so, in the end, produced death. The absorption of these poisons was what caused the weakness and exhaustion of the President. The cathartics administered Wednesday and Thursday may have caused further weakness, but death would have been inevitable without them. The wounded kidney of itself was not a serious matter, according to Dr. Mann. He says the injury to that organ might have developed in abscess, but that it was not necessarily a part of the fatal conditions. The gangrene which developed in the stomach wounds primarily and was communicated to the pancreas, which supplies food to the stomach, was the basic cause of death.

THE FIRST SHOT.

"The doctors commenced work on the autopsy about noon, as soon as Coroner Wilson had officially viewed the President's body, and had given them permission. They found that the first bullet fired at President McKinley by the assassin did not pass through the skin. It probably struck a button on his shirt or vest and was deflected. After the cause of death had been determined the doctors searched for the second, or fatal, bullet. They looked for two hours, Dr. Mann says, and finally gave it up. A suggestion was made that the X-ray apparatus be used to obtain a skiagraph of the wounded region, but it was not done.

"After the autopsy the following official report, written by Dr. Mann, the surgeon who performed the operation in laparotomy on the President's stomach, was issued after being signed by all of the consulting staff except Dr. McBurney. Eight other physicians also signed. The report follows:—

"The bullet which struck over the breast bone did not pass through the skin, and did little harm.

"The other bullet passed through both walls of the stomach near its lower border. Both holes were found to be perfectly closed by the stitches, but the tissue around each hole had become gangrenous. After passing through the stomach the bullet passed

into the back walls of the abdomen, hitting and tearing the upper end of the kidney. This portion of the bullet track was also gangrenous, the gangrene involving the pancreas. The bullet has not been found.

"There was no sign of peritonitis or disease of other organs. The heart walls were very thin, and there was no evidence of any attempt at repair on the part of nature, and death resulted from the gangrene, which affected the stomach around the bullet wounds as well as the tissues around the further course of the bullet. Death was unavoidable by any surgical or medical treatment, and was the direct result of the bullet wound.

"(Signed) Harvey D. Gaylord, M. D.; Herman G. Matzinger, M. D.; P. M. Rixey, M. D.; Matthew D. Mann, M. D.; Herman Mynter, M. D.; Roswell Park, M. D.; Eugene Wasdin, M. D.; Charles G. Stockton, M. D.; Edward G. Janeway, M. D.; W. W. Johnson, M. D.; W. P. Kendall, U. S. A.; Charles Cary, M. D.; Edward L. Munson, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., and Hermanus L. Baer, M. D.'

CONCLAVE OF DOCTORS.

"Drs. Rixey, Mann, Mynter, Park and Wasdin were the attending surgeons. Dr. Stockton was added to the staff Thursday night. Drs. Janeway and Johnson were the heart specialists sent for on Friday. Dr. Baer is Abner McKinley's son-in-law. The others were Buffalo practitioners of note, who were merely called in to assist at the autopsy."

Dr. Roswell Park, speaking of the probable direct cause of the President's death, said: "Apparently the bullet after passing through the stomach penetrated to the pancreatic gland, though we were not able to discover this fact while the President lived. The ball cut a small groove through an edge of the left kidney and then reached the pancreas, afterward imbedding itself somewhere in the muscles or tissues of the back. There was nothing to indicate that the pancreas had been struck by the bullet in the examinations that were made at the time of the first operation.