

was a grand man. I watched his career for twenty years, and always had the profoundest esteem for him. He was a tender and devoted husband, a man of finest character, and his death is the saddest blow I have ever known."

He concluded abruptly, sank into his chair, and pressed a handkerchief to his eyes. It was the strangest plea for a murderer ever heard. Judge Titus then arose.

"The remarks of my associate," he said, "so completely cover the ground that it is not necessary for me to add anything."

#### SENTENCED TO DEATH.

This sudden action on the face of the expectation of expert testimony on insanity was a great surprise, and a buzz of talk followed. Silence fell again when District Attorney Penney arose for the last speech. It was brief, but full of feeling. He dwelt upon the entire certainty of the people's case and the utter absence of defense and urged that just as a defendant must be presumed innocent until proved guilty, so he must be presumed sane until proved otherwise.

Apart from that argument the Prosecutor spoke of the horror of the crime and the eminent virtues of the martyr in such a strain of simple eloquence that men and women wept alike. Czolgosz never moved a muscle.

It was 3.25 o'clock when Judge White charged the jury. He, too, paid tender tribute to the memory of the dead man and then instructed the jury in the legal requirements of the city.

They retired at 3.51, and thirty-five minutes later brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree.

On September 26th, Leon Czolgosz was sentenced to die during the week beginning October 28th. The sentence was pronounced by Justice White before whom the murderer was tried. The assassin showed signs of fear as the voice of the Judge pronounced his doom. During the night following, guarded by nearly a score of deputy sheriffs, he was removed to Auburn Penitentiary. He collapsed on arriving at the prison, said he was sorry for his deed and expressed sympathy for Mrs. McKinley.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

**Our New President—Hon. Theodore Roosevelt Hurries to Buffalo on Receiving News of Mr. McKinley's Death—Sworn in as President with Impressive Ceremony—Pathetic Scene—His First Official Act.**

WHEN our martyred President breathed his last, Vice-President Roosevelt was far up in the Adirondack Mountains of northern New York. A few hours later his private secretary gave out the following statement:

"The Vice-President wishes it understood that when he left the Tahawus Club house yesterday morning, (September 13th) to go on his hunting trip into the mountains, he had just received a dispatch from Buffalo stating that President McKinley was in splendid condition and was not in the slightest danger."

Having been summoned to return instantly to Buffalo, Mr. Roosevelt was wildly careering over the mountain passes of the Adirondacks in a swinging, bouncing buckboard when President McKinley expired, and he became in fact the President of the United States. He thought he was racing with death, but death had already won. He was on the last relay before reaching Aden Alair, and Orrin Kellogg, one of the surest drivers in the North Woods, was urging his two bronchos to do their best up the winding inclines and down again.

It was at Aden Alair that "Mike" Cronin took the impatient Vice-President in charge and at the same time earned for himself eternal fame as the most level headed and uncommunicative person the world ever saw. In his pocket there reposed a telegram, conveyed by telephone and written down, addressed to Mr. Roosevelt. He knew it contained the fateful news from Buffalo.

He noted Mr. Roosevelt's increasing nervousness and thought it the part of discretion and wisdom to deliver the telegram at the

other end of the twenty mile route. Mr. Roosevelt was in absolute ignorance of the termination of the fatal tragedy at Buffalo, and the astute driver thought it best not to increase his impatience or further try his nerves. So, for a score of long, tortuous miles he grimly sat alongside his lone, but distinguished passenger, keeping as tight a grip on his secret as he did on his reins.

This is Secretary Hay's official notification to Mr. Roosevelt, sent before daylight in the morning, and which "Mike" Cronin, the driver, did not deliver until the perilous ride over the Adirondacks was over:—

"Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, North Creek, N. Y.

"The President died at 2:15 this morning.

"JOHN HAY, Secretary of State."

#### DASH DOWN THE MOUNTAIN ROADS.

But the story of the dash down the rocky mountain roads is best told by "Mike" Cronin himself. First, he must be described. He is the landlord of the Aden Lair Lodge. In the sturdy manhood of the thirties, he is the perfect type of the hardy mountaineer, rugged and strong, with the eagle's eye and the bulldog's nerve and tenacity. He is just the man to guide the chariot of the hills, the vehicle that flies, the buckboard. When the Vice-President jumped out of the Kellogg buckboard, Cronin was ready. Two horses, just as impatient as the man they were to haul, had long been hitched and standing alongside the road. A lantern was suspended over the dashboard. Its flickering light only made the driving reins more clearly visible. The black night it made blacker.

But this is the way the Spyhnx of the Mountains tells it:—

"I received notice at noon, over the telephone, to have everything ready for quick work, and that is just exactly what I did, and I was soon ready to start at any moment Mr. Roosevelt might reach Aden Lair. I had a span of blacks—fast steppers—hooked up, and, what was still better than their speed, they knew the road as well as I did myself, having made the trip from three to

six times a week all summer. I had expected Mr. Roosevelt along several hours sooner—as he might have been had it not been for the careless bungling in getting word to him. He ought to have been hustled along faster, too.

"My! I made the last sixteen miles in one hour and forty-three minutes. It was the darkest night I ever saw. I could not even see my horses, except the spots where the flickering lantern light fell on them. This time beat the best record ever made before by a quarter of an hour, and that record I had made myself, with a two-seater, in daylight.

"While I was watching for Mr. Roosevelt I was fooled several times. There was a dance at a road house, three miles from my place, and after midnight the crowd was driving home—a regular stream coming, with lights in their wagons—and I kept thinking each one was Mr. Roosevelt. There was a rainy mist, or a misty rain, and this made the night, already very dark, perfectly black.

#### ROOSEVELT'S REMARKABLE NERVE.

"Mr. Roosevelt is the nerviest man I ever saw, and I ain't easily scared myself. At one place, while we were going down a slippery hill, one of the horses stumbled. It was a ticklish bit of road, and I was beginning to get somewhat uneasy and began holding the team back, but Mr. Roosevelt said: 'Oh, that don't matter. Push ahead!'

"At another place we were going around a curve on a dugout—which, you know, is a piece of road cut in a steep hillside. It was a dangerous place, for if we had been upset we would have been pitched headlong down seventy-five or a hundred feet. I told Mr. Roosevelt the danger as we drew near this risky spot, and suggested that I should slow up until we struck a better road. He replied: 'Not at all; push ahead. If you are not afraid I am not. Push ahead!' And so we did. Luckily we had a clear road, and did not meet a single team through the whole drive.

"Did the President talk much? Very little about the situation. Most of the time he seemed to be in deep thought and very sad. About all the words he spoke were 'Keep up the pace.' He

held his watch in his hand all the while, and kept continually asking how far we had come or how far we still had to go. Until he got to Aden Lair he had carried a lantern in his hand, and he offered to do the same with me, but I told him it would be only a bother. I tell you, Mr. Roosevelt is a nervy man. I shall never drive over that dark road again without seeming to hear him say, 'Push along! Hurry up! Go faster!'" That is the simple tale of a ride that is destined to be historic.

#### ANXIOUSLY AWAITING HIS ARRIVAL.

During the time that "Mike" Cronin was swinging through mountain defiles the little group of watchers at the North Creek station grew more anxious, as further news from the on-flying President was now shut off. Eagerly they watched the waves of light creep up the eastern sky, and guesses were made as to the probable hour of arrival, but they all proved at least an hour too late, for "Mike" Cronin is a veritable Jehu, and the President's eager anxiety caused a quick and tireless response. Some of the villagers began to stir about, and each one of those who had kept vigil through the night stood with eyes strained upon the turn in the road where the President was soon to appear.

At length, with a simultaneous cry of "There he comes!" the blacks swept in sight and fairly flew to the platform steps. With one bound Mr. Roosevelt was on the ground. With another he was on the platform receiving the greetings of his private secretary, Loeb, who, in low and hurried tones gave him his first news of President McKinley's death. The anxious face at once grew grave and sad. Then he gave the correspondent in waiting a cordial hand grasp. Another handshake with Station Agent Campbell and he rushed into his private car.

Superintendent Hammond waved his hand for the start and followed his distinguished guest. Secretary Loeb and the conductor also stepped aboard. Nobody else was allowed on the train. The veteran engine driver pulled the throttle, and the party vanished in the mist rising from the Hudson, here a mere ribbon of silver shining in the growing light.

Swiftly they flew along the bank of this classic stream, banks of vapor still sleeping in the lowlands, and the far summits of the green sloped mountains glowing in the beams of the morning sun, still concealed behind them. On they sped, never pausing at the villages still wrapped in slumber, past Luzerne, Corinth, Saratoga, without rest, until Albany was reached, the great dome of its towering capitol doubtless calling up strange dreams and memories in the mind of the nation's new Chief Magistrate.

The coming of the new President at Buffalo, the incidents that filled his life between 1 o'clock in the afternoon and the time he retired, were of the most momentous and impressive character. A special train whirled him from the wilderness of the Adirondacks to the deathbed of the President within the short space of nine hours. The train consisted of an engine and two cars, and was drawn up at the platform at North Creek, on the eastern slope of Adirondack range, at 5 o'clock in the morning.

#### THE LIGHTNING TRAIN.

As soon as Mr. Roosevelt was aboard, the engineer, with instructions to make the run of his life to Albany, pulled the throttle wide open and the train sprang out of the dawn into a stretch of track 104 miles long.

Mr. Roosevelt's only traveling companion was his secretary, Mr. Loeb. Albany was reached at 8.04 o'clock. With a pause only long enough to change engines the special pulled out of the Albany depot at lightning speed. The curtains of his car were drawn. No railroad train ever made the time between Albany and Syracuse that the Roosevelt special did. Syracuse was reached at 10 o'clock. The special sped through Rochester and passed a crowd of nearly 50,000 people, at 12.08. At 1.38 o'clock it pulled into the Buffalo depot, having broken every record for a run between Albany and that city.

General Roe and Mr. Wilcox were waiting for the Vice-President, who stepped briskly from the train. He clutched the arm of Mr. Wilcox and was guided through the crowd of 3000 people out of the depot to the sidewalk, where a closed carriage

was awaiting him. On the box of the carriage was a coachman in blue and white livery.

As the Vice-President and his companions came out of the depot three men sprang alertly to their sides. They were secret service detectives, instructed not to be five feet from the Vice-President until further orders. As soon as the Vice-President, Secretary of War and Mr. Wilcox had entered the carriage, the door was slammed and it dashed through the crowd.

Ten feet behind it was another carriage, containing the three secret service men. On either side of it were two mounted policemen. Following the carriage containing the detectives was a detail of the signal corps of the National Guard, brilliant in trappings of blue and gold, mounted on spirited horses and with sabres and chains clanking in accompaniment to the hoof beats of the horses.

#### THROUGH THE SILENT THROG.

The cavalcade swept through Exchange Place into Main street, which was choked with people. There were no cheers, no swinging of hats or waving of handkerchiefs. The Vice-President was engaged in earnest conversation with Mr. Wilcox.

As the carriage drew up in front of the Wilcox residence, on Delaware avenue, there were 5000 people gathered at the intersection of Allen and North streets. In the house President Roosevelt found waiting for him Mr. Milburn, Mr. Scatcherd, Secretary of War Root, Secretary Long and Postmaster-General Smith. He changed his clothing and partook of a light luncheon.

When he came to resume his headgear he discovered that he had not brought a silk hat with him, so Mr. Scatcherd, whose head is the same size as that of Mr. Roosevelt, sent to his house for one. The President wore that throughout the day. Ten minutes later he entered his carriage to go to the Milburn house. As Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Wilcox stepped into the carriage Mr. Roosevelt discovered that the signal corps was drawn up on either side of the street, forming a cordon through which his carriage was to pass.

The Vice-President hesitated a minute and then got into the carriage, but as the militia started to follow he leaned out of the window and said something to the coachman. The coachman pulled up his horses. The Vice-President turned, and, discerning Lieutenant Colonel Chapin, who had been detailed to provide a military escort for him, signalled for him to come up. The Vice-President leaned far out of the carriage and said, with manifest displeasure: "Colonel, tell your men that I don't want any escort, I only needed two men—two policemen will do. I desire the military escort to remain here."

"All right, Mr. President," said Colonel Chapin, saluting.

"Go on," said the Vice-President to the coachman of his carriage. The coachman whipped up his horses. The carriage had proceeded about twenty feet when the Vice-President leaned out of the window again. His attention had been attracted by the rattle of hoofs following him. He thought the militia was disobeying orders. He discovered it was a detail of mounted police that had been furnished by the city.

#### DOES NOT WANT ANY ESCORT.

"Hold on," he called to his coachman. Then, turning to the sergeant, riding at the head of the police detail, he said: "Sergeant, I do not want any escort to the Milburn house. Tell your men to stay here." The sergeant saluted and held his men back.

"Go on," said the Vice-President. The policemen turned back, and the carriage, followed by another vehicle containing the Secret Service detectives, dashed up the avenue, which was lined deep with people. As the Vice-President alighted from the carriage at the Milburn mansion a dozen photographers aimed their cameras at him, but he threw his arm up to prevent them catching his face.

The President after the meeting of the Cabinet saw a few personal friends and then putting on his hat said to Secretary Root: "Let us take a little walk; it will do us both good." Secretary Root assented and they walked out on the porch.

His host, Mr. Ansley Wilcox said: "Shan't I go along with you?" He replied, "No, I am going to take a short walk up the street with Secretary Root and will return again." When he got down to the foot of the walk a couple of policemen and a couple of detectives in citizens' clothes started to follow him. He turned and told his secretary to tell them that he did not desire any protection. "I do not want to establish the precedent of going about guarded."

The policemen and detectives touched their hats, but before he had gone a hundred yards two of them were walking just behind him and two of them were following him on the other side of the street. The two distinguished men attracted but little attention until they got near the police lines on Delaware avenue, when, as the President stopped to shake hands and say good-bye to Secretary Root, some of the crowd recognized him and he was surrounded. The police drove the crowd back and the President, when he found that he could not help attracting attention, said good-bye to Secretary Root and returned to the house alone.

#### MR. ROOSEVELT TAKES THE OATH OF OFFICE.

Hon. Theodore Roosevelt was sworn in as President of the United States at 3.36 o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, September 14th. Standing in a low-ceiled, narrow room in the quaint old mansion occupied by Ansley Wilcox, in the fashionable part of Delaware avenue, the aristocratic thoroughfare of Buffalo, Mr. Roosevelt swore to administer the laws of the Government of which he is now the head. He stood erect, holding his right hand high above his head. His massive shoulders were thrown well back, as, with his head inclined a little forward, he repeated the form of the oath of office in clear, distinct tones, that fell impressively upon the ears of the forty-three persons grouped about the room.

His face was a study in earnestness and determination, as he uttered the words which made him President of the United States. His face was much paler than it was wont to be, and his eyes, though bright and steady, gleamed mistily through his big-bowed

gold spectacles. His attire was sombre and modest. A well-fitting worsted frock coat draped his athletic figure almost to the knees. His trousers were dark gray, with pinstripes. A thin skein of golden chain looped from the two lower pockets of his waistcoat. While he was waiting for the ceremony he toyed with this chain with his right hand.

The place selected for the ceremony of taking the oath was the library of Mr. Wilcox's house, a rather small room, but picturesque, the heavy oak trimmings and the massive bookcases giving it somewhat the appearance of a legal den. A pretty bay window with stained glass and heavy hangings formed a background, and against this the President took his position.

Judge Hazel stood near the President in the bay window, and the latter showed his extreme nervousness by plucking at the lapel of his long frock coat and nervously tapping the hardwood floor with his heel. He stepped over once to Secretary Root, and for about five minutes they conversed earnestly. The question at issue was whether the President should first sign an oath of office and then swear in or whether he should swear in first and sign the document in the case after.

#### SECRETARY ROOT BREAKS DOWN.

At precisely 3.32 o'clock Secretary Root ceased his conversation with the President, and, stepping back, while an absolute hush fell upon every one in the room, said in an almost inaudible voice:

"Mr. Vice-President, I——" Then his voice broke, and for fully two minutes the tears came down his face and his lips quivered, so that he could not continue his utterances. There were sympathetic tears from those about him, and two great drops ran down either cheek of the successor of William McKinley. Mr. Root's chin was on his breast. Suddenly throwing back his head, as if with an effort, he continued in broken voice:

"I have been requested, on behalf of the Cabinet of the late President, at least those who are present in Buffalo, all except

two, to request that for reasons of weight affecting the affairs of government, you should proceed to take the constitutional oath of office of President of the United States."

Judge Hazel had stepped to the rear of the President, and Mr. Roosevelt, coming closer to Secretary Root, said, in a voice that at first wavered, but finally came deep and strong, while, as if to control his nervousness, he held firmly to the lapel of his coat with his right hand:

"I shall take the oath at once in accordance with your request, and in this hour of deep and terrible national bereavement I wish to state that it shall be my aim to continue absolutely unbroken the policy of President McKinley for the peace and prosperity and honor of our beloved country."

#### A HUSH LIKE THAT OF DEATH.

The President stepped farther into the bay window, and Judge Hazel, taking up the constitutional oath of office, which had been prepared on parchment, asked the President to raise his right hand and repeat it after him. There was a hush like death in the room as the Judge read a few words at a time, and the President, in a strong voice and without a tremor, and with his raised hand as steady as if carved from marble, repeated it after him.

"And thus I swear," he ended it.

The hand dropped by the side, the chin for an instant rested on the breast, and the silence remained unbroken for a couple of minutes, as though the new President of the United States was offering silent prayer.

Judge Hazel broke the silence, saying: "Mr. President, please attach your signature." And the President, turning to a small table near-by, wrote "Theodore Roosevelt" at the bottom of the document in a firm hand.

"I should like to see the members of the Cabinet a few moments after the others retire," said the President, and this was the signal for the score of the people, who had been favored by witnessing the ceremony, to retire.

As they turned to go the President said: "I will shake

hands with you people, gladly," and, with something of his old smile returning, he first shook hands with the members of the Cabinet present, then Senator Depew and finally with a few guests and newspaper men.

Those present in the room were Secretary of the Navy Long, Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock, Ansley Wilcox, his personal friend; William Loeb, private secretary of Mr. Roosevelt; Secretary of War Root, Postmaster General Smith, Senator Depew, Dr. Mann and Dr. Stockton and twenty-four representatives of American and English newspapers, who had been invited by Mr. Roosevelt to witness the ceremony. In a doorway stood Mrs. Wilcox, Miss Wilcox, Mrs. John G. Milburn, Mrs. Carlton Sprague, Mrs. Dr. Mann and Mrs. Charles Carrey.

#### INTIMATE FRIEND OF THE DEAD RULER.

The first man to enter the house after the ceremony attracted almost as much attention as the new President. It was Senator Mark Hanna, the most intimate friend of the dead ruler. The meeting between Senator Hanna and the new President was cordial, though naturally solemn. The Senator did not look well, his face was pale and furrowed with gray lines. His eyes lacked the steady gleam which politicians have known for many years. He leaned heavily on a stout cane.

President Roosevelt descried Mr. Hanna before he had mounted the steps of the house. He came alertly and expectantly through the crowd of well wishers surrounding him and held out both hands. "How do you do, Senator, I am glad to see you," he said, in tones rather modified from his usual resonant enunciation.

The lifelong friend of the dead President had his soft gray slouch hat in his right hand. He transferred it to his left, which held his cane, and holding out his right hand, he looked steadily at the new national chieftain. "Mr. President," he said, and those who were standing within a few feet thought they detected a quaver in his voice. "Mr. President, I wish you success and a

prosperous administration ; I trust that you will command me if I can be of service."

The two men, easily the two most interesting figures in the great tragedy, clasped hands for nearly a minute, but did not exchange another word. The President walked to the door beside the limping figure of the Ohio Senator, who, as he passed down the stone walk faced the crowd and received many hearty handshakes, and heard many words of sympathy, but it is doubtful if he appreciated them. He looked straight ahead as he went, and extended his hand in the most perfunctory manner.

As he entered the carriage waiting for him and was driven away his eyes were bent on the floor of the carriage, and he seemed to be thinking deeply. For an hour after the ceremony which had made him President, Mr. Roosevelt stood in the drawing room of the Wilcox mansion and heard expressions of good will. These were varied in form and he voiced his thanks most heartily.

#### FERVENT BLESSINGS ON ROOSEVELT.

"God bless you, Mr. President," "I wish you success, Mr. President, the country will pray for your success, Mr. President," were the customary forms of salutation and congratulation. A correspondent, who stood just back of Mr. Roosevelt, did not hear the words "I congratulate you," used once. There could be no congratulations over President McKinley's death.

When all of the persons who had witnessed the ceremony had left the house and the last of the callers had gone, the President retired to the apartments reserved for his use during his stay in Buffalo. The President passed the evening rather quietly at Mr. Wilcox's home, dining quite late. Governor B. B. Odell, of New York ; Congressman Lucius Littauer, of New York, and William Warden, of Buffalo, called during the evening, as did also Colonel Russell Harrison. The President, while affable, showed some effects of the long journey and the day's strain. However, he found time to have a chat with Governor Odell. The Governor told the President that he intended issuing a proclamation concerning the President's death, and discussed the tenor of it. President

Roosevelt said that he, too, would issue a proclamation, and that he had put it in the hands of Secretary Cortelyou to prepare as to form, after preparing the substance.

At a meeting of the Cabinet in the afternoon, President Roosevelt requested that the members retain their positions, at least for the present, and they promised that they would do so. He also received assurances that Secretaries Hay and Gage, who were absent, would remain for the time being.

The first official act of President Roosevelt was the issuing of the following proclamation, the appropriateness and felicitous expression of which could not be improved :

#### PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT.

"By the President of the United States of America, a proclamation :

"A terrible bereavement has befallen our people. The President of the United States has been struck down ; a crime committed not only against the Chief Magistrate, but against every law-abiding and liberty-loving citizen.

"President McKinley crowned a life of largest love for his fellowmen, of most earnest endeavor for their welfare, by a death of Christian fortitude ; and both the way in which he lived his life and the way in which, in the supreme hour of trial, he met his death, will remain forever a precious heritage of our people.

"It is meet that we, as a nation, express our abiding love and reverence for his life, our deep sorrow for his untimely death.

"Now, therefore, I, Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States of America, do appoint Thursday next, September 19, the day in which the body of the dead President will be laid in its last earthly resting place, as a day of mourning and prayer throughout the United States. I earnestly recommend all the people to assemble in their respective places of divine worship, there to bow down in submission to the will of Almighty God, and to pay out of full hearts their homage of love and reverence to the great and good President, whose death has smitten the nation with bitter grief.

"In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

"Done at the city of Washington, the 14th day of September, A.D., one thousand nine hundred and one, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-sixth.

"(SEAL.) THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

"By the President,

"JOHN HAY, Secretary of State."

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### The Hero of San Juan—President Roosevelt's Active Life—Ancestry and Education—His Strong Personality—A Man of Deep Convictions and Great Courage.

Presidents die, but our government continues with unimpaired vitality. Stocks fall, but values remain. The government of this Republic is based on the bedrock of the Constitution, and has in it, we fondly hope, the principle of immortality. A stricken nation weeps for its beloved President, William McKinley, but its grief has in it no element of serious doubt or apprehension for the future. There is no interregnum. Theodore Roosevelt is President of the United States.

No man ever came to the President's office so young as he, but for twenty years he has been in the public eye. He has had more political experience and has been more in touch with public events than a large number of our Presidents previous to their inauguration. He has been all his life a student of our history and of public questions. He is a man of high standards and strong convictions and intense patriotism.

His impetuous zeal and earnestness in whatever he undertakes has been heretofore one of the main sources of his strength and political success. Tempered and sobered by the grave responsibilities of his new position, these qualities, wisely directed, will make his administration a power for good, full of solid achievement that makes for the peace and happiness of the people.

While, therefore, we mourn with unaffected grief for our beloved and honored President, William McKinley, there is no cause for alarm or uneasiness for the future. In the language of President McKinley, in one of his public addresses, "The structure of the fathers stands secure upon the foundations on which they raised it, and is to-day, as it has been in the years past, and as it will be in the years to come, the Government of the people, by the people,