

On the day of the funeral services at Canton, business was suspended throughout the country and the doors of every business house of any respectable pretensions were closed. Memorial services were conducted in the churches and memorial parades were held in the larger cities. For five minutes after 2:30 o'clock there was absolute silence and quiet in the cities, except the tolling of church bells. Parades stopped and stood at attention, street cars stopped while the men conducting them stood with bared heads, telegraph instruments ceased clicking, and railway trains wherever they were stopped. Never before in the history of the nation had there been such a general demonstration of sorrow and such an outward exhibition of respect for the illustrious dead.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF ASSASSIN.

Czolgosz Indicted and Convicted of Murder in the First Degree at Buffalo—Executed by Electrocutation at Auburn, October 29, 1901.

L EON CZOLGOSZ, the assassin of President McKinley, was American born, the son of Polish emigrants. He was reared under good home and church influences. As a boy he was noted for his taciturn nature. After reaching young manhood he became studious, with a strong leaning toward the doctrines of Anarchy and kindred social societies, and from the evidence produced and his own statements, it is evident that the teaching of Anarchy spurred him on to commit the crime. To the last he maintained that he alone was responsible for the act and that he had no accomplices, saying, "I killed President McKinley because I believed it to be my duty. I don't believe one man should have so much service and another man should have none." By occupation Czolgosz was a laborer, and a shift-

less one at that, and the foregoing statement, coupled with his leaning toward Anarchy, indicates that he had brooded over his condition compared with that of those in the higher walks of life until he became possessed by the idea that in the removal of the President was a remedy for his imagined wrongs.

Ten days after the death of President McKinley his assassin had been indicted by the grand jury, put to trial, and convicted of murder in the first degree. The machinery of the law moved with unprecedented regularity and rapidity for a case of such prominence. There were no delays or dilatory proceedings.

The trial was before Judge White of Buffalo. The people were represented by District Attorney Penney in person, and Judge Lewis and Judge Titus were appointed by the court to appear for the prisoner. Czolgosz maintained during the trial the same stolidity that had characterized him since he committed the crime. When arraigned he pleaded guilty, but his plea was changed on the suggestion of the court and the advice of his counsel.

The testimony introduced by the people, while brief, covered every essential part of the crime. The defense offered no evidence. When the state rested its case, Judge Lewis, amid profound silence, arose to open the defense. He began his

brief address by explaining the position of himself and his colleague, and entreated that this position be understood as one of legal necessity and not one of choice. As he discussed the case his voice trembled with deep emotion, and tears rolled down his cheeks. He closed by saying: "That, gentlemen, is about all I have to say. Our President 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 was the saddest blow I have ever known."

As he concluded he sank into a chair and pressed a handkerchief to his eyes. So strange a defense for a murderer had never before been heard. Judge Titus then arose and said: "The remarks of my associate so completely cover the ground that it is not necessary for me to add anything."

In charging the jury Judge White paid a tender tribute to the memory of the dead President. The jury retired, and thirty-five minutes later brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree. This was the 24th of September. Two days later Leon Czolgosz was sentenced by Judge White to die during the week beginning October 28. The assassin showed signs of fear as the judge pronounced his doom. During the night following, Czolgosz was secretly removed to Auburn penitentiary to

await his execution. On arriving at the prison he collapsed and seemed to realize for the first time the magnitude of his offense.

Czolgosz was electrocuted on the morning of October 29, 1901, at exactly 7:12:30 o'clock. The witnesses assembled in the death chamber at 7:08 o'clock, and at 7:10:30 the murderer was brought in. He was intensely pale, and the four guards who accompanied him had to urge him forward after he had stumbled on the threshold of the entrance. The assassin had refused to make a confession or to call a priest, but as he was being seated in the death chair and the electrical apparatus was being fitted to his head he stared at the guards and said:

"I killed the president because he was an enemy of the good people—of the working people."

His voice trembled slightly at first, but gained strength with each word, and he spoke perfect English.

"I am not sorry for my crime," he said loudly, just as the guard pushed his head back on the rubber rest and drew the strap across his forehead and chin. As the pressure of the straps tightened and bound the jaw slightly he mumbled:

"I am awfully sorry I could not see my father."

It was exactly 7:11 o'clock when Czolgosz crossed the threshold. He had just finished his

last statement when the strapping was completed and the guards stepped back. Warden Mead raised his hand and at 7:12:30 Electrician Davis turned the switch that threw 1,700 volts of electricity into the living body.

The rush of the current threw the body so hard against the straps that they creaked perceptibly. The hands clinched suddenly and the whole attitude was one of extreme tenseness. For forty-five seconds the full current was kept on, and then slowly the electrician threw the switch back, reducing the current volt by volt until it was cut off entirely. Then just as it had reached that point he threw the lever back again for two or three seconds. The body, which had collapsed as the current was reduced, stiffened up again against the straps. When it was turned off again Dr. Macdonald stepped to the chair and put his hand over the heart. He said he felt no pulsation, but suggested that the current be turned on for a few seconds again. Once more the body became rigid. At 7:15 the current was turned off for good.

The physicians used the stethoscope and other tests to determine if any life remained, and at 7:17 the warden, raising his hand, announced: "Gentlemen, the prisoner is dead."

The witnesses filed from the chamber, many of them visibly affected, and the body was taken

from the chair and laid on the operating table. The autopsy proved that the brain was normal or slightly above normal. The remains were deposited in the prison cemetery and destroyed by acid and quicklime before being covered with earth.

Such was the end of one of the most despised men that ever breathed American air.



CHAPTER XXIX.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

BY MURAT HALSTEAD

Sketch of the life of the Hero of Santiago—His public career and important achievements—Unanimously nominated for the Vice-Presidency.

PRESIDENT WILLIAM McKINLEY has reason to be proud that on the Republican ticket for his re-election he has associated with him, as the candidate for the Vice-Presidency, Theodore Roosevelt. Both are men who were tried and proven true, weighed and not found wanting, in the hours of their country's peril and the days of their country's peace. In time of war both were at the front and both in places where there was the thunder with the deadly hail of battle about them. It may not be so well remembered by the brave boys of to-day, who in the enthusiasm of their victory over the Spaniards may forget the equally daring deeds of their fathers, but it remains true that just as Roosevelt urged on and was in front of his Rough Riders, the First United States Volunteer Cavalry, so it was with Major McKinley, of whom General