

The President is Dead

Assassins Bullet Performed Its Dastardly Mission.

United States Mourning For Its Murdered Chief Magistrate.

McKINLEY DIED LIKE A HERO, BOWING TO THE DIVINE WILL.

His Grief Stricken Widow Bearing Up Nobly.

KING EDWARD'S SYMPATHY—UNION JACK AT HALF MAST ALL OVER LONDON.

(Special to Daily Herald).

Buffalo, Sept. 14.—At 10 o'clock, the Milburn House which all through the morning had been silent and to outward appearance, deserted, showed a faint stir.

Relatives of President McKinley began arriving, and waiting attendants stood at open doors to receive them.

Mr. Milburn joined the party at 10 o'clock, and for a time stood at the door with bared head with some friends of the McKinley family. By that time a great, orderly crowd was banked on either end of the rope enclosure.

The most painful scene of the morning was caused by camera men. To the number of more than thirty, they gained admission to the police lines, and even the grief of the relatives of the dead president was not sacred to them. They pointed their cameras into the tear stained faces of crying relatives, and snapped the shutter.

The police declined to take responsibility of ejecting them.

Coroner Wilson arrived at the Milburn residence at 10 o'clock and officially viewed the body. He stated to the press representative that it had been his intention to empanel a jury, but he had been officially advised by the district attorney that such proceeding would be unnecessary. After autopsy he said he would issue a certificate of death and permit for the removal of the body.

Mrs. McKinley's Fortitude.

Milburn House, Buffalo, Sept. 14.—Dr. Waddin came from the house at 8.40. He said that Mrs. McKinley had rested well during the night and was feeling quite strong.

She bears up wonderfully well in her grief and some of the apprehension as to her is passing away.

Respect for President's Memory.

Buffalo, Sept. 14.—Director General Buchanan of the Pan-American exposition, today gave the following formal statement: "The board directors of the exposition, at a special meeting decided unanimously at once as a tribute of respect to the president who had been here as a guest of the exposition and of Buffalo, that the gates of the exposition should be kept closed today (Saturday 14th) and tomorrow (Sunday 15th) and that the exposition open as usual on Monday morning the 16th inst.

Grief in England.

London, Sept. 14.—From the towers of Westminster Abbey, from the gray building where the government of the empire is administered, from the Mansion House, law courts, from hotels, churches, business and private houses in London, Union Jacks are flying at half mast as a mark of sympathy for the murdered President.

All the stock and commercial exchanges are closed.

At the United States embassy are

quiet and sorrowful crowds, many of the visitors being in deep mourning. They passed in and out, recording their last respect for President McKinley. The first name signed was that of Mr. Charles Francis, United States Minister to Greece.

All the papers are issuing extras lined with deep black.

The King's Sympathy.

London, Sept. 14.—King Edward telegraphed to Ambassador Choate as follows: "Most truly do I sympathize with you and the whole American nation, at the loss of your distinguished and ever to be regretted president.

(Signed) Edward, Rex."

Milburn House, Buffalo, N. Y.—Sept. 14.—President McKinley died at 2.15 this morning. He had been unconscious since 7.50 p. m. His last conscious hour on earth was spent with the wife to whom he had devoted a lifetime of care. He died unattended by a minister of the gospel but his last words were an humble submission to the will of God in whom he believed. He was reconciled to the cruel fate to which an assassin's bullet had condemned him and faced death in the same spirit of calmness and poise which has marked his long and honorable career. His last conscious words, reduced to writing by Dr. Mann, who stood at his bedside when they were uttered, were as follows: "Good-bye all, good-bye. It is God's way. His will be done."

His relatives and the members of his official family were at the Milburn House, except Secretary Wilson, who did not avail himself of the opportunity and some of his personal and political friends took leave of him. This painful ceremony was simple. His friends came to the door of the sick room, took a longing glance at the dying statesman and turned away. He was practically unconscious during this time. But the powerful heart stimulants, together with oxygen, were employed to restore him to consciousness for his final parting with his wife. He asked for her, and she sat at his side and held his hands. He consoled her and bade her good-bye. She went through the scene with the same bravery and fortitude with which she has borne the grief of the tragedy which ended his life.

The immediate cause of the president's death is undetermined. His physicians disagree and it will possibly require an autopsy to fix finally the exact cause. The president's remains will be taken to Washington and there will be a state funeral. Vice-President Roosevelt, who now succeeds to the presidency, may take the oath of office wherever he happens to hear the news. The cabinet will, of course, resign in a body and president Roosevelt will have an opportunity of forming a new cabinet if he so desires.

The rage of the people of Buffalo against the president's assassin when they learned that McKinley was dying, was boundless. Thousands surrounded the jail and the entire police force of the city and two regiments of militia were utilized to insure the assassin's protection.

Before 6 o'clock last night it was clear to those at the president's bedside that he was dying and preparations were made for the last farewell from those who were dearest to him. Oxygen had been administered steadily but with little effect. The president came out of one period of unconsciousness only to relapse into another. But in this period, when his mind was partially clear, occurred a series of events profoundly touching in character. Down stairs, with strained and tear-stained faces, members of the cabinet were grouped in anxious waiting. They knew the end was near and that the time had come when they must see him for the last time on earth. This was about 6 o'clock. One by one, they ascended the stairway—Secretary Root, Secretary Hitchcock and Attorney General Knox. Secretary Wilson was also there but he held back, not wishing to see the president in his last agony. There was only a momentary stay of the cabinet officers at the threshold of the death chamber. Then they withdrew, the tears streaming down their faces.

Asked for His Wife.

After they left the sick room the physicians rallied him to consciousness and the president asked almost immediately that his wife be brought to him. The doctors fell back into the shadows of the room as Mrs. McKinley came through

the doorway. The strong face of the dying man lighted up with a faint smile as their hands were clasped. She sat beside him and held his hand. Despite her physical weakness she bore up bravely under the ordeal.

The president in his last period of consciousness, which ended about 7.30 chanted the words of the beautiful hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee," and his last audible conscious words as taken down by Dr. Mann at the bedside were "Good-bye all, good-bye. It is God's way. His will be done."

Then his mind began to wander and soon afterward he completely lost consciousness. His life was prolonged for hours by the administration of oxygen and the president finally expressed a desire to be allowed to die. About 8.30 the administration of oxygen ceased and the pulse grew fainter and fainter. He was sinking gradually like a child into the eternal slumber.

All the evening those who had hastened here fast as steel and steam could carry them, continued to arrive. They drove up in carriages at a gallop or were whisked up in automobiles, all intent upon getting here before death came.

At 9.37 Secretary Cortelyou, who had been much of the time with his dying chief, sent out formal notifications that the president was dying. But the president lingered on, his pulse growing fainter and fainter.

There was no need for official bulletins after this. Those who came from the house at intervals told the same story—that the president was dying and that the end might come at any time. His tremendous vitality was the only remaining factor in the result and this gave hope only of brief postponement of the end. Dr. Mynter thought he might last until 2 a. m. Dr. Mann said at 11 o'clock that the president was still alive and probably would live an hour.

Thus minutes lengthened to hours and midnight came with the president battling against death. At midnight the Milburn house was the centre of a scene as animated as though it were midday, although a solemn hush hung over the great crowd of watchers. The entire lower part of the house was aglow with light and the many attendants, friends and relatives could be seen within. In the upper front chamber the lights were low, and around on the north side, where the chamber of death is located there were fitful lights, sometimes burning brightly and then turned low.

Dr. Janeway, of New York city, arrived at the Buffalo depot at 11.40 o'clock. George Urban was waiting for him and they drove at a breakneck pace to the Milburn House. He was shown to the president's room at once and began an examination of the almost inanimate form.

Affecting Scenes.

"The president is slowly dying," Secretary Cortelyou sent this announcement from the house at 9.30 last night. At the same time Dr. Mynter, who had just come from the sick room, said there was hardly any pulse left and the body was getting cold, although the president's vitality was so strong that he might last until two o'clock in the morning, but he might die at any moment. The extremities were now cold with the approach of death.

The last sad offices about the bedside have been said and the president has again lapsed into unconsciousness after a brief period of consciousness. During his conscious moments Mrs. McKinley was brought into the chamber and there was an affecting farewell. Members of the cabinet, one by one saw the president momentarily and there was a hushed exchange. Then the president softly chanted a hymn. Just before he lapsed into unconsciousness he asked the doctors to let him die.

When the news of the President's death was imparted to those downstairs, a great sigh of anguish went up from the strong men there assembled. The members of the cabinet, senators and close friends remained but a few minutes. Then with mournful tread and bowed heads they came out in the darkness and went away. There was not one among them with dry eyes, and some moaned in an agony of grief.

McKinley's Career.

Born in Niles, Ohio, an obscure village, on January 29, 1843, William McKinley was educated at the public schools, and later at Poland Academy, and in 1860 entered Allegheny College at Meadville, Pa. In order to provide means for pursuing his studies he taught in public schools, but at the outbreak of the civil war enlisted as a private in Company E, Twenty-third Ohio Volunteers, an in-

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