

President Will Recover.

Most Encouraging News From the Sick Bed

Danger Point Seems to Have Been Passed.

MAN WHO DID THE SHOOTING HAS CONFESSED.

Messages of Sympathy from the King and Premier of Canada.

(Special to Daily Herald.)

Buffalo, Sept. 9.—President McKinley's condition is so much better today that there is practically no doubt that he will recover.

This morning Secretary Gage telephoned his department at Washington, that the last reports of the physicians was so satisfactory that it was believed the president would undoubtedly get well.

Mr. Gage expects to return to Washington in a day or two and will be followed at intervals by other members of the cabinet.

Irish Sympathy.

London, Sept. 9.—Redmond, the Irish leader, cables Vice-president Roosevelt as follows: "In the name of the Irish Nationalist party I send an expression of deepest sympathy. Ireland abhors dastardly crime."

Talmage's Wish.

New York, Sept. 9.—In the course of a sermon at Ocean Grove, N. J., yesterday Rev. Dewitt Talmage said: "I wish that the policeman in Buffalo who seized the pistol of the scoundrel who shot our adored President had taken the butt of the weapon and dashed the man's brains out."

Ten thousand people in the auditorium applauded the sentiment.

Today's Bulletins.

Buffalo, Sept. 9.—The following bulletin was issued by the President's physicians at 6 a.m. "The president passed a somewhat restless night, sleeping fairly well, general condition unchanged, pulse 120, temperature 101, respiration 28."

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 8.—Throughout this quiet Sabbath every word that came from the Milburn residence where President McKinley lies battling for life, was reassuring and tonight chances of his recovery are greatly increased. The developments of last night and today were dreaded, but hour after hour passed and the distinguished patient showed not an unfavorable symptom. Five times during the day the doctors and surgeons assembled for consultation and each time the verdict was unanimous that what change had occurred was for the better. Not the slightest premonitory symptom of peritonitis appeared, and the fresh hope born with the morning grew stronger and stronger as the day advanced until toward evening the confidence expressed in the president's recovery seemed almost too sanguine. Dr. Charles McBurney, the famous New York surgeon who had been summoned in consultation, after a thorough examination, in which he said he had not found a single unfavorable symptom, joined in the last afternoon bulletin which declared that the president's condition was satisfactory to all the president's physicians present.

It is not strange, therefore, that the vice-president, the members of the cabinet and other visitors who called, came away with lighter hearts.

The news spread over the exposition city with lightning rapidity and thousands came to learn for themselves of the faith and confidence that existed about the Milburn House. When extra editions of the newspapers containing the announcement "The president will live" appeared on the streets, the waiting crowds suppressed shouts of thanksgiving only out of consideration for the patient. And yet, despite all this optimism, the president is by no means out of danger. Not one of his physicians will go so far as to say that.

But if he continues to improve for one more day the danger of peritonitis, which is most dreaded, will have practically disappeared. Yesterday one of the doctors thought 48 hours would be the limit of the danger from that source but his more

conservative colleagues believe at least 24 hours, possibly 36 from this time, must elapse before the possibility of peritonitis shall have vanished. That disposed of, still other complications may arise. Blood poisoning might set in or an abscess form where the bullet is imbedded in the muscles of the back. Thus far the ball, which is still in the body, gives the physicians no anxiety. But if the slightest inflammation appears the ball will be immediately extracted. No difficulty is anticipated in this regard. One of Edison's best X-ray machines and the most skilful and trusted operator, Dr. H. A. Knolle, arrived today. The batteries were charged and the machine is ready for instant use. With it the physicians say there is not the slightest doubt that the ball can be located perfectly for an operation.

They do not deem it advisable to sap any of the president's reserve strength at this time. All the president's reserve force is needed now to resist the danger of peritonitis and septic poisoning.

All the effects of the ether which was administered when the operation was performed on the exposition grounds had disappeared this morning and the president's mind was perfectly clear during the time he was awake today.

While he was still more or less under the influence of the anaesthetic his slumber was restless and disturbed and did him little real good, but today between 9 and 4 o'clock he slept naturally for about four hours and the physicians stated unofficially that his sleep had been "quiet and reposeful" and had helped the sufferer a great deal.

Today also for the first time nourishment was administered. It was in liquid form and was injected hypodermically to avoid the possibility of irritating the walls of the stomach where the sutures are healing. The exterior wound was dressed this morning and is progressing satisfactorily.

The Culprit Confesses.

Chicago, Sept. 8.—The statement of Leon Czolgosz, made to the police, transcribed and signed by the prisoner, is as follows:

"I was born in Detroit, nearly 29 years ago. My parents were Russian Poles. They came here 42 years ago. I got my education in the public schools of Detroit and then went to Cleveland, where I got work. In Cleveland I received books on Socialism and met a great many Socialists. I was pretty well known as a Socialist in the west. After being in Cleveland for several years, I went to Chicago where I remained several months, after which I went to Newburg on the outskirts of Cleveland, and went to work in the Newburg wire mills.

"During the last five years I have had as friends Anarchists in Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit and other western cities, and I suppose I became more or less bitter. Yes, I know I was bitter. I never had much luck at anything and this preyed upon me. It made me morose and envious, but what started the craze to kill was a lecture I heard some little time ago by Emma Goldman. She was in Cleveland and I and other Anarchists went to hear her. She set me on fire.

"Her doctrine, that all rulers should be exterminated, was what set me thinking, so that my head nearly split with the pain. Miss Goldman's words went right through me, and when I left the lecture I had made up my mind that I would have to do something heroic for the cause I loved.

"Eight days ago, while I was in Chicago, I read in a Chicago paper of President McKinley's visit to the Pan American exposition at Buffalo. That day I bought a ticket for Buffalo and got here with the determination to do something, but I did not know just what. I thought of shooting the president, but I had not formed a plan.

"I went to live at 1078 Broadway, which is a saloon and hotel. John Newak, a Pole, a sort of politician who has led his people for years, owns it. I told Newak that I came to see the fair. He knew nothing about what was setting me crazy. I went to the exposition grounds a couple of times a day.

"Not until Tuesday morning did the resolution to shoot the president take hold of me. It was in my heart; there was no escape for me. I could not have conquered it, had my life been at stake. There were thousands of people in town on Tuesday. I heard it was president's day. All those people seemed to be bowing to the great ruler. I made up my mind to kill that ruler. I bought a 32 calibre revolver and loaded it.

"On Tuesday night I went to the fair grounds and was near the railroad gate when the presidential party arrived. I tried to get near him, but the police forced me back. They forced everybody back so that the great ruler could pass. I was close to the president when he got into the grounds, but was afraid to attempt the assassination because there were so many in the bodyguard that watched him. I was not afraid of them or that I should get hurt, but afraid I might be seized and that my chance would be gone for ever.

"Well, he went away that time and I went home. On Wednesday I went to the grounds and stood right near the president, right under him, near the stand from which he spoke.

"I thought half a dozen times of shooting while he was speaking, but I could not get close enough. I was afraid I might miss and then the great crowd was always jostling and I was afraid lest my aim fail. I waited until Wednesday, but a lot of men were about him and formed a cordon. I was tossed about by the crowd and my spirits were getting pretty low. I was almost hopeless that night as I went home.

"Friday morning I went again to the exposition grounds. Emma Goldman's speech was still burning me up. I waited near the central entrance for the president, who was to board his special train from that gate, but the police allowed nobody but the president's party to pass out while the train waited, so I stayed on the grounds all day waiting.

"During Friday I first thought of hiding my pistol under my handkerchief. I was afraid if I had to draw it from my pocket I would be seized by the police. I got to the Temple of Music the first one and waited at the spot where the reception was to be held.

"Then he came—the president—the ruler—and I got in line and trembled and trembled until I got up to him, and then I shot him twice through my handkerchief. I would have fired more, but I was stunned by a blow in the face—a frightful blow that knocked me down—and then everybody jumped on me. I thought I would be killed and was surprised at the way they treated me."

Czolgosz ended his story in utter exhaustion. When he had about concluded he was asked: "Did you really mean to kill the president?"

"I did," was the cold blooded reply. "What was your motive; what good could it do?" he was asked.

"I am an anarchist. I am a disciple of Emma Goldman. Her words set me on fire," he replied with not the slightest tremor.

"I deny that I have had an accomplice at any time," he told District Attorney Penny.

"I don't regret my act, because I was doing what I could for the great cause. I am not connected with the Paterson group, or with those anarchists who sent Bresci to Italy to kill Humbert. I had no confidants; no one to help me. I was alone absolutely."

Expressions of Sympathy.

Ottawa, Sept. 9.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier has forwarded the following telegram to Lord Pauncefoot, British ambassador at Washington:

Ottawa, Sept. 7.—I have the command of his excellency the governor general to ask your lordship to convey to Mr. Hay, the secretary of state, the expression of the sense of horror with which the government and people of Canada have learned of the fiendish attempt upon the life of the president of the United States, and the deep sympathy which they feel in the distress of the American nation and Mr. McKinley's family. They fervently hope and pray that it may please Providence to foil the hand of the assassin and to preserve a life held in such high reverence, not only by the people of the United States, but of all other nations and particularly by the people of the Dominion of Canada.

(Sgd.) "WILFRID LAURIER,"

"Prime Minister."

Milburn House, Buffalo, Sept. 8.—The following are the messages from King Edward and Emperor William:

"Kiel, Sept. 7, 1901.

"To the President of the United States, Buffalo, N. Y.:

"Am horrified beyond words at the dastardly attempt on your life. My best and warmest good wishes and most earnest hopes for your recovery.

(Sgd.) "EDWARD."

"Koenigsberg, Sept. 8.

"To the President of the United States of America, Buffalo:

"Deeply distressed by the news of the dastardly attempt on your life, I express to you how I and the whole of the German people, feel for you and of the anguish through which your country has to pass. May the Lord grant you a sure and speedy recovery.

(Sgd.) "WILLIAM I.R."

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