

SHOT TO KILL!

A Deliberate Attempt To Assassinate President McKinley.

ANARCHIST PUT TWO BULLETS INTO HIS VICTIM.

Recovery Probable Unless Complications Arise.

GRAPHIC DETAILS OF A HORRIBLE CRIME.

(Special to Daily Herald).

Buffalo, Sept. 7.—President McKinley passed an easy night, and unless complications set in, will probably recover.

Senator Hanna and members of the cabinet called early today and were admitted to his room.

There was some talk last night of lynching the prisoner, but no riot occurred.

There is much excitement in Buffalo, but the crowd is orderly.

The President has two wounds, one is in the breast and is not serious, the other bullet penetrated the stomach, making a clean wound on entering, but a ragged one on its exit.

The bullet has been extracted from the breast, but that which entered the stomach has not been located.

The assassin has been photographed and his picture distributed. He says he has no associates, but the police have arrested several anarchists in Chicago. The Cleveland police are also investigating to discover accomplices.

Expressions of sympathy by Canadian and European press and numerous messages of condolence have been received.

Mrs. McKinley is keeping up well.

Details of the Shooting.

Buffalo, Sept. 7.—While President McKinley was receiving in the Temple of Music at the Pan American Exhibition yesterday afternoon, he was approached by a man with one hand covered with a handkerchief. As the man extended his hand to the president to shake hands with him, he fired two shots, one entering the president's right breast, the other his abdomen. The would-be assassin was captured at once.

The president, though well guarded by United States Secret Service detectives, was fully exposed to the attack. He stood at the edge of the raised dais upon which stands the great pipe organ, at the east side of the structure. Throughs of people crowded in at the various entrances to see the chief executive and, if possible, clasp his hand.

The good-natured mob, every minute swelled and multiplied. The president was in a cheerful mood and was enjoying to the full the hearty evidences of good will which everywhere met his gaze. Upon his right stood John G. Milburn, of Buffalo, president of the Pan-American exposition, chatting with the president and introducing to him especially, persons of note who approached. Upon the president's left stood Mr. Cortelyou.

It was shortly after 4 p. m. when one of the throng which surrounded the presidential party, a medium sized man of ordinary appearance and plainly dressed in black, approached as if to greet the president.

Both Secretary Cortelyou and President Milburn noticed that the man's hand was swathed in a bandage or handkerchief. Reports of bystanders differ as to which hand. He worked his way amid the stream of people up to the edge of the edge of the dais until he was within two feet of the president.

President McKinley smiled, bowed and extended his hand in that spirit of geniality, the American people so well know, when suddenly the sharp crack of a revolver rang out loud and clear above the hum of voices, the shuffling of feet and waves of applause.

The president stood stock still, a look of heistancy, almost of bewilderment on his face. Then he retreated a step while a pallor began to steal over his features. The multitude, only partially aware that something serious had happened, paused in the silence of surprise, while necks were craned and all eyes turned as one toward the rostrum.

Then came a commotion. Three men threw themselves forward as with one impulse and sprang toward the would-be

assassin. Two of them were United States Secret Service men, whose duty it was to guard against such a calamity. The third was a bystander, a negro, who had only an instant previously grasped in his dusky palm the hand of the president. The trio hurled themselves upon the assailant. In a twinkling he was borne to the ground, his weapon wrenched from his grasp and he was pinioned down before the vast multitude began to realize what had happened. A murmur arose, spread and swelled to pandemonium. The crowds surged forward toward the stage, while a hoarse cry welled up from a thousand throats and a thousand men charged forward to lay hands upon the perpetrator. For a moment the confusion was terrible. The crowd surged forward regardless of consequences. Men shouted and fought, women screamed and children cried. Some of those nearest the doors fled in fear of a stampede, while hundreds of others from the outside struggled blindly forward in the effort to penetrate the crowd. Of the multitude which witnessed or bore a part in the scene, there was but one mind which seemed to retain its equilibrium, that of President McKinley.

After the first shock of the assassin's shots, he retreated a step, then as the detectives leaped upon his assailant, he turned, walked steadily to a chair and seated himself, at the same time removing his hat and bowing his head in his hands. In an instant Secretary Cortelyou and President Milburn were at his side. His waistcoat was hurriedly opened, the President meanwhile admonishing those about him to remain calm and telling them not to be alarmed.

"But you are wounded," cried his secretary; "let me examine."

"No, I think not," answered the President. "I am not badly hurt, I assure you."

Nevertheless his outer garments were hastily loosened and when a trickling stream of crimson was seen to wind its way down his breast, spreading its telltale stain over the linen, the worst fears were confirmed. A force of exposition guards were on the scene by this time, and an effort was made to clear the building. By this time the crush was terrific. Spectators crowded down the stairways from the galleries, the crowd on the floor surged forward toward the rostrum, while, despite the strenuous efforts of police and guards, the throng without struggled madly to obtain admission.

The president's assailant in the meantime had been hustled to the rear of the building by exposition guards, where he was turned over to Superintendent Bull, of the Buffalo police department, who took him to No. 13 police station and later to police headquarters. As soon as the crowd in the Temple of Music had been dispersed sufficiently, the president was removed in the automobile ambulance and taken to the exposition hospital where an examination was made. The best medical skill was summoned and within a brief period several of Buffalo's best known practitioners were at the patient's side.

The president retained the full exercise of his faculties until placed on the operating table and subjected to an anaesthetic. Upon the first examination it was ascertained that one bullet had taken effect in the right breast just below the nipple, causing a comparatively harmless wound.

The other took effect in the abdomen, four inches below the left nipple, four inches to the left of the navel, and about on a level with it.

Upon arrival at the exposition hospital the second bullet was probed for. The walls of the abdomen were opened, but the ball was not located. The incision was hastily closed, and after a hasty consultation it was decided to remove the patient to the home of President Milburn. This was done, the automobile ambulance being used for the purpose.

Arriving at the Milburn residence, all persons outside the medical attendants, nurses and the officials immediately connected, were excluded and the task of probing for the bullet which had lodged in the abdomen was begun by Dr. Parke.

When the news was telephoned to the home of President Milburn, where Mrs. McKinley was resting, immediate steps were taken to spare her the shock of a premature statement of the occurrence before the true condition of the president should be ascertained. Guards were stationed and no one was permitted to approach the house.

When it was decided to remove the president from the exposition hospital to the Milburn residence, the news was

broken to Mrs. McKinley. She bore the shock remarkably well.

While the wounded president was being borne from the exposition to the Milburn residence, between rows of on-lookers with bared heads, a far different spectacle was being witnessed along the assailant's route from the scene of his crime to police headquarters. The trip was made so quickly that the prisoner was safely landed within the wide portals of the police station and the doors closed before anyone was aware of his presence.

The prisoner at first proved quite communicative. He first gave his name as Fried Nieman, said his home was in Detroit, Mich., and that he had been in Buffalo about a week. He said he had been boarding at a place in Broadway. Later this place was located at John Nowak's saloon, a Raine's Law hotel, No. 1078 Broadway. Nowak said he knew very little about his guest. He came there he declared, last Saturday, saying he had come to see the Pan American and that his home was in Toledo. He had been alone at all times about Nowak's place and had no visitors.

In his room was found a small traveling bag of cheap make. It contained an empty cartridge box and a few clothes.

As near as could be learned last night the facts contained in the confession are as follows:

The man's name is Leon Czolgosze. He is of Polish-German extraction. His home is in Cleveland, where he has seven brothers and sisters. He is an avowed anarchist and an ardent disciple of Emma Goldman, whose teachings, he alleges, are responsible for yesterday's attack on the president. He denies steadfastly that he is the instrument of any coterie of plotters. He declares that he did not even have a confederate. His only reason for the deed, he declares, is that he believed that the present form of government in the United States was unjust.

Dr. Rixey broke the news to Mrs. McKinley. When it became dusk and the president had not arrived, she began to feel anxious concerning him.

"I wonder why he does not come," she asked one of her nieces.

It was 7 o'clock when she began to feel anxious, for her husband was due to return to Mr. Milburn's house about 6 o'clock.

At 7 o'clock Dr. Rixey arrived. At 7:20 he came out. After Dr. Rixey had gone, Director General Buchanan said that the doctor had broken the news in a most gentle way to Mrs. McKinley. He said she stood it bravely. If it was possible to bring him to her, she said, she wanted it done.

Buffalo, Sept. 7.—Secretary Cortelyou last night gave out the following statement:

"The following bulletin was issued by the physicians at 7 p. m.:

"The president was shot about 4 o'clock. One bullet struck him on the upper portion of the breastbone, glancing and not penetrating; the second bullet penetrated the abdomen five inches below the left nipple and one and a half inches to the left of the median line. The abdomen was opened through the line of bullet wound. It was found that the bullet had penetrated the stomach. The opening in the front wall of the stomach was carefully closed with silk sutures, after which a search was made for a hole in the back wall of the stomach. This was found and also closed in the same way. The further course of the bullet could not be discovered.

"The patient stood the operation well; pulse of good quality, rate of 130; condition at the conclusion of operation was gratifying. The result cannot be foretold. His condition at present justifies hope of recovery."

To-Day's Bulletins

Buffalo, Sept. 7. The president's physicians issued the following bulletin at 1 a. m.

"The president is free from pain and resting well. Temperature 102.2; pulse 120; respiration 24."

Buffalo, Sept. 7.—The following bulletin was issued at 5 a. m.:

"The president has passed a good night, temperature 102, pulse 110, respiration 24."

Incurable Diseases.

E. Moore, professor of magnetic healing, is at Mr. White's, King street, near Cooper's carriage factory. Those wishing to consult him regarding any disease will kindly call on him at Mr. White's. The professor is particularly anxious for bad cases, such as are commonly called incurable diseases. This is not a faith cure, the patient need have no faith whatever.

Professor Moore is a graduate of a magnetic school of Missouri and has practised not only in larger American cities but also right here in New Brunswick and York County.—d&w.

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Agents for New Idea Patterns, 15c. each.

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