

THE PRESIDENT AT DEATH'S DOOR

THE DOCTORS SAY HE CANNOT RECOVER.

There was a Slight Improvement During Early Hours, but It Did Not Continue.

Trouble With the Heart Responsible For Relapse—Official Bulletins Issued During the Day.

Buffalo, Sept. 13.—The President is dying. His physicians have so announced to those near him.

Milburn House, Buffalo, Sept. 13.—5:15 p. m.—"The President's pulse has improved. His condition is grave at this hour. He is suffering from extreme prostration. Oxygen is being given. He responds to stimulation but poorly. Pulse 125, respiration 40. Sec. Cortelyou, secretary to the President."

Milburn House, 5:48.—The President's family have been summoned to the bedside. Colonel Brown says: "There is no hope, he is dying."

Last Night's Relapse.

Milburn House, Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 13.—President McKinley sank shortly after 2 o'clock this morning, after a critical period of 12 hours, in which alarm and hope mingled in the emotions of those who surrounded him.

The trouble began on the preceding afternoon through failure of the digestive organs to perform their functions. The necessity for nourishment had been pressing for several days, and the partial failure of artificial means led to the adoption of natural means. The rectum, through which nourishment had been injected previous to Wednesday, became irritated and rejected the enemata.

The first administration of beef juice through the mouth, however, seemed to give relief, and the physicians were highly gratified at the way the stomach seemed to receive the food. The breakfast of chicken broth, toast and coffee, given yesterday morning, was spoken of by all the physicians as strong evidence of the President's marked improvement. It was only when it became apparent late in the morning that this food had not agreed with the President that the first genuine anxiety appeared. The pulse was also abnormally high, 126 beats to the minute. With a temperature of 100.2 it should have been 99 beats lower. The weakness of the heart began to arouse serious concern. Instead of growing better the President's condition after that grew steadily worse.

The staff of physicians, augmented by Dr. Stockton, who had temporarily taken the place of Dr. McBurney, was summoned early in the evening, and there was a conference.

At 8:30 o'clock last night the physicians officially announced that the President's condition was not so good. The problem of disposing of the food in the stomach was becoming a serious one, and the danger of heart failure was increased. As midnight approached the situation was growing critical. Calomel and oil were given to relieve the President's bowels and digitalis to quiet the heart. However, just before midnight the President had two operations of the bowels, which relieved him very much, but the midnight bulletin was more favorable.

It was believed then that the opening of the bowels would have the effect of allaying the wild pulsations of the heart. His pulse did drop to 120, and the prospect was slightly brighter, but owing to the President's extreme weakness and his fatigue, no attempt was made to conceal the serious apprehensions which were felt. The feeling of depression increased in volume and intensity.

Secretary Cortelyou insisted that the truth should be made public by the doctors, and the bulletins themselves were telling their unfortunate story all too plainly. There was still hope that the worn and weary patient would be better in the morning, and at midnight Secretary Cortelyou said it was not probable that another bulletin would be issued until morning.

Shortly after 2 o'clock the physicians and nurses detected a weakening of the heart's action. The pulse fluttered and weakened and then sank toward collapse. The end appeared to be at hand. Restoratives were speedily applied, and the physicians fought the battle with all the reserve force of science. The action was immediate and decisive. Digitalis and strychnine were administered, and as a last resort saline solution was injected in the veins.

A general alarm went speedily to the consulting physicians and trained nurses as fast as messengers, the telegraph and telephone could carry it. The restoration was not at once prove effective, and it was realized that the President was in an extremely critical condition. That realization, with the shadow of death behind it, led to another call, and then a summons to the cabinet, relatives and close personal friends of the President. The messengers who returned with those within reach, and to those who were absent from the city telegrams con-

veying the painful tidings were quickly transmitted.

The physicians, after their consultation and the examination of the patient, could offer little encouragement. He was very weak, and his heart was so feeble that they feared lest his life might go out at any time. The bulletin they issued at 2:30 told of the very critical condition of the President.

When Dr. Mann and Mr. Mynter left for their homes, their only reassuring word was that they had not given up hope. During the whole of the dreadful night Mrs. McKinley knew nothing of the change that had come. In her feeble condition it was considered best not to inform her of the President's critical condition, and she slept peacefully in her room through it all.

Improvement Very Slight.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 13.—The first physician to arrive for the morning consultation was Dr. Wasson. He passed quickly into the Milburn residence. Two minutes later Abner McKinley walked down to the corner to tell his coachman, who had been waiting for him with a carriage for an hour, that he would not go to his hotel for breakfast.

The new detail of soldiers for guard duty for today arrived from Porter a few minutes later. The guard was changed and the sentries posted for the day.

Dr. Mynter arrived at 8:23. "I saw the President at 5 o'clock," said he, "his condition was then very grave."

The doctors finished their consultation at 9:40 a. m. They left the house together and stopped for a few minutes on the lawn to convey their verdict first to the President's brother. The physicians looked grave and serious as they

sponse to stimulation, but his pulse was up to 128 and the conviction grew that it was almost a forlorn hope.

It was learned that the physicians had decided that it would not be well for Mrs. McKinley to enter the sick room to-day, both on account of feeble health and the excitement it might cause the President.

So far as can be learned Mrs. McKinley had not been informed up to 10 o'clock of the grave condition in which her husband was.

A Specialist's Opinion.

Buffalo, Sept. 13.—All the cabinet officers were telegraphed to at 3 o'clock this morning, and are now presumably on their way thither. Dr. Johnston, of Washington, who is at Portsmouth on the Maine coast, and Dr. Janeway, of New York, both celebrated heart specialists, have been summoned. A celebrated heart specialist who has been watching the bulletins closely has expressed the opinion that the extreme weakness of the heart is due to the shock of the first bullet, which struck the President's breast bone, now manifesting itself for the first time.

The President is perfectly conscious despite his extreme weakness. The doctors believe he fully realizes how low he is, although he has not been informed.

When Mrs. McKinley was told that it would be better for her not to see him this morning, she assented without protest. She seemed to realize the full import of the case, though she said nothing.

Hope for Recovery.

Milburn House, Buffalo, Sept. 13.—There is a chance for the President's life. The physicians feel that if they can pull their patient through tonight there will be hope.

When the sinking spell occurred about 2 o'clock this morning it was feared the President might expire at any moment, as he did not respond to ordinary stimulants. It was only when recourse was had to the desperate remedy of injection into his veins saline solution, which saved Mrs. McKinley's life in San Francisco, that the circulation grew stronger, and after an hour he rallied somewhat. His pulse at one time was almost 140.

The painful ceremony was simple. His friends simply came to the door of the sick room, took a longing glance at him and turned tearfully away.

He was practically unconscious during this time. But the power of the heart stimulants, including oxygen, employed restored to consciousness for his final parting with his wife. He asked for her, she sat at his side and held his hand. He consoled her and bade her good-bye. She went through the heart-breaking 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 understood to be a rupture of the aorta, and it will probably require an autopsy to finally fix 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 race of the people of Buffalo against the President's assassin when they learned today that he was dying, was boundless. Thousands surrounded the jail and the police force of the city and two regiments of soldiers were necessary to secure his protection.

Book Farewell of President.

Buffalo, Sept. 13.—Before 6 o'clock tonight it was clear to those at the President's bedside that he was dying, and preparations were made for the last sad offices of farewell from those who were nearest to him. Oxygen had been administered steadily, but with little effect, in keeping back the approach of death. 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 of a profoundly touching character.

Down-stairs, with tear-stained faces, the 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 six o'clock. It was an awful moment for them. One by one they ascended the stairway. Secretary Root, Secretary Hitchcock and Attorney-General Knox. Secretary Wilson also was there, but he held back, not wishing to see the President in his last agony. There was only a momentary stay of the cabinet officials at the threshold of the death chamber. Then they withdrew, the tears streaming down their faces, and the words of intense grief, choking in their throats.

After they left the 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 clasped. She sat beside him and held his hand. Despite her physical weakness, she bore up bravely under the ordeal.

The President's last period of consciousness, which ended about 7:40 o'clock, chanted the words of the beautiful hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee." 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 afterwards 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 p. m. the administration of oxygen ceased and his pulse grew faint, very

walked away from the residence. Dr. Mann and Dr. Mynter came away together.

"We are very anxious," said Dr. Mann, "very anxious," he repeated as he entered the carriage if waiting.

"Have you given up hope?" "By no means," he replied.

"Is he better when you saw him last?" "He is better than he was in the early hours of the morning," he responded, as he directed the coachman to drive away.

Dr. Mynter had little encouragement to offer. "I am not absolutely without hope," he said. "The President has a fighting chance, but I would be more hopeful if the day were passed and he had gained a little strength. He has improved some since early this morning, but the improvement is very slight. The trouble lies with his heart; we are stimulating it and our treatment has been fairly successful."

Dr. Mynter admitted that saline solution and other means to keep up the action of the heart were being administered.

The bulletin, when issued, was slightly better, and indicated that the President's life might be prolonged, stating definitely that the President's condition had somewhat improved during the past few hours, and that there was better re-

THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT M'KINLEY

DIED AT AN EARLY HOUR THIS MORNING

He Was Restored to Consciousness For the Final Parting With His Wife.

Consolated Her and Bade Her Good-bye—His Life Prolonged by Administration of Oxygen.

Milburn House, Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 13.—President McKinley died at 2:15 a. m. He had been unconscious since 7:05. This last conscious hour on earth was spent with his wife, to whom he had devoted a life-time 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 peace which 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, not ours." His relatives and 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 close personal and political friends took leave of him.

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faint. He was sinking gradually, like a child into an eternal slumber. By 10 o'clock the pulse could no longer be felt in his extremities, and they grew cold.

Below waited the grief-stricken gathering waited sadly for the end. One of the last to arrive was Attorney-General Knox, who reached the house at 9:30 p. m. He was permitted to go up-stairs to look for the last time upon the face of his friend. Those in the house at this time were: Secretaries Hitchcock, Wilson and Root, Senators Fairbanks, Hanna and Burrows, Judge Day, Col. Herlick, Abner McKinley (the President's brother), and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Mary Barber, Miss Mary Williams, Mrs. McKinley's cousin, the physicians, including Dr. McBurney, who arrived after 3 o'clock; J. M. Milburn, John N. Scatcherd, Harry Hamlin, all of this city; Secretary Cortelyou and a number of others.

At 9:37, Secretary Cortelyou, who had been much of the time with the dying chief, sent out formal notification that the President was dying. But the President lingered on, his pulse growing fainter and fainter.

At the same time Dr. Mynter, who had just come from the sick room, said that there was hardly a pulse left and the body was getting cold, although the President's vitality was so strong that he might last until 2 o'clock in the morning. But he might die at any moment. The extremities are now cold with the approach of death. The last sad offices about the bedside have been said and the President has lapsed into unconsciousness after a brief period.

Governor Yates, of Illinois, who is here, issued the following proclamation, postponing Illinois Day, and on September 6th he was taken by train to Elberston, near Long Branch, N. J. The change proved of no avail. He died September 6th.

Secretary Wilson remained in the cabinet, grief-stricken, and was gathered in the drawing room of the Milburn House. The time had come when they too were to look upon the President for the last time in life. They ascended the stairway one after the other, noiselessly approached the threshold of the chamber where the dying man lay, and gazed within. Those who came first turned back.

Appalled and Overwhelmed, and did not pass within the chamber. Secretary Wilson remained below, unwilling to have imprinted on his memory the picture of his expiring chief. Secretary Long, who arrived on a late train, went at once to the chamber and passed directly to the bedside of the President, grasping the hand that was already clammy with approaching death.

By 10 o'clock there was no perceptible pulse. The physicians who remained at his side detected only the faintest heart-beats. Some of them departed knowing that all was over, while others lingered by the death-bed.

At 2 o'clock Dr. Rixey was the only physician in the death chamber. The others were in an adjoining room, while the relatives, cabinet officers and nearest friends were gathered in groups in the apartments below. As he watched and waited, Dr. Rixey observed:

A Slight Convulsive Tremor.

The President's spirit was entering the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Word was at once taken to the immediate relatives who were not present to hasten for the last look upon the President in life. They came in groups, the women weeping and the men bowed and sobbing in their intense grief. The minutes were now flying, and it was 2:15 o'clock. Silent and motionless, the circle of loving friends stood about the bedside. Dr. Rixey leaned forward and placed his ear close to the breast of the dying President. Then he straightened up and made an effort to speak.

"The President is dead," he said. He had passed away peacefully without the convulsive struggle of death, it was as though he had fallen asleep.

This closed the final chapter of the life of William McKinley.

The arrival of the new President, Theodore Roosevelt, was awaited with anxious interest.

Numerous telegrams had been dispatched to him along his route, but it was not known here whether or not they had been received. Mr. Roosevelt was expected to reach Buffalo at 11 p. m., and it was the belief that he would take the oath upon his arrival. Under the constitution he is now President of the United States, and the taking of the oath is merely a preliminary requisite to beginning the exercise of his presidential functions.

The assumption by him of the office of President means the disintegration of the President's cabinet. The resignations of all the cabinet officers will be submitted to Mr. Roosevelt at once, and he will be left free to formulate his own policy of government and to select his own advisers.

The wretch Czolgosz now stands accused of murder. It was with malice aforethought and as such was murder in the first degree, the punishment for which under the laws of the state of New York is death in the electric chair. The President's body will be taken to Washington on Monday morning. The corpse will lie in state in Washington and the interment will be made in Buffalo, Ohio, on Thursday.

President Roosevelt arrived in Buffalo at 1:40 and took the oath of office at Ansley Wilcox's residence.

The Cause of Death.

Milburn House, Buffalo, Sept. 14.—At the close of the autopsy it was announced that the bullet supposed to have lodged in the muscles of the back had not been

into being. But for the moment the transfer of the government is forgotten in

The Great Sorrow which has fallen on the nation in the passing of President McKinley, soldier, statesman, President, devoted husband and friend. He was beloved by all who knew him.

The death of President McKinley came in the small hours of the morning under circumstances of peculiar weirdness. For hours he had lain unconscious with all hope of his survival abandoned. As early as 10 o'clock last night the doctor's pronouncement him a dying man and thereafter the rigors of approaching death began to creep upon him. The administration of powerful stimulants was maintained until 7 o'clock, but with no effect. It was seen that

The End Was at Hand, and those nearest and dearest to the stricken President were summoned for the offices of the last farewell. He came out of a stupor about 7 o'clock, and while his mind was partially clear there occurred the last endowments, the last submission of the sufferer to the will of the Almighty, the last murmured expressions from his dying lips, and the last good-byes.

In this interval of consciousness the President awoke for Mrs. McKinley, and she was brought into the death-chamber. She came and sat beside him, held his hand and heard from him the last words of encouragement and comfort. Then she was led away, and not again during his living hours did she see him. The President, himself, fully realized that

His Hour Had Come, and his mind turned to His Maker. He whispered feebly, "Nearer My God to Thee," the words of the hymn always dear to his heart. Then in faint accents he murmured, "Good-bye all, good-bye, it is God's way. His will be done, not ours." With this sublime display of Christian fortitude, the President soon afterwards lapsed into unconsciousness.

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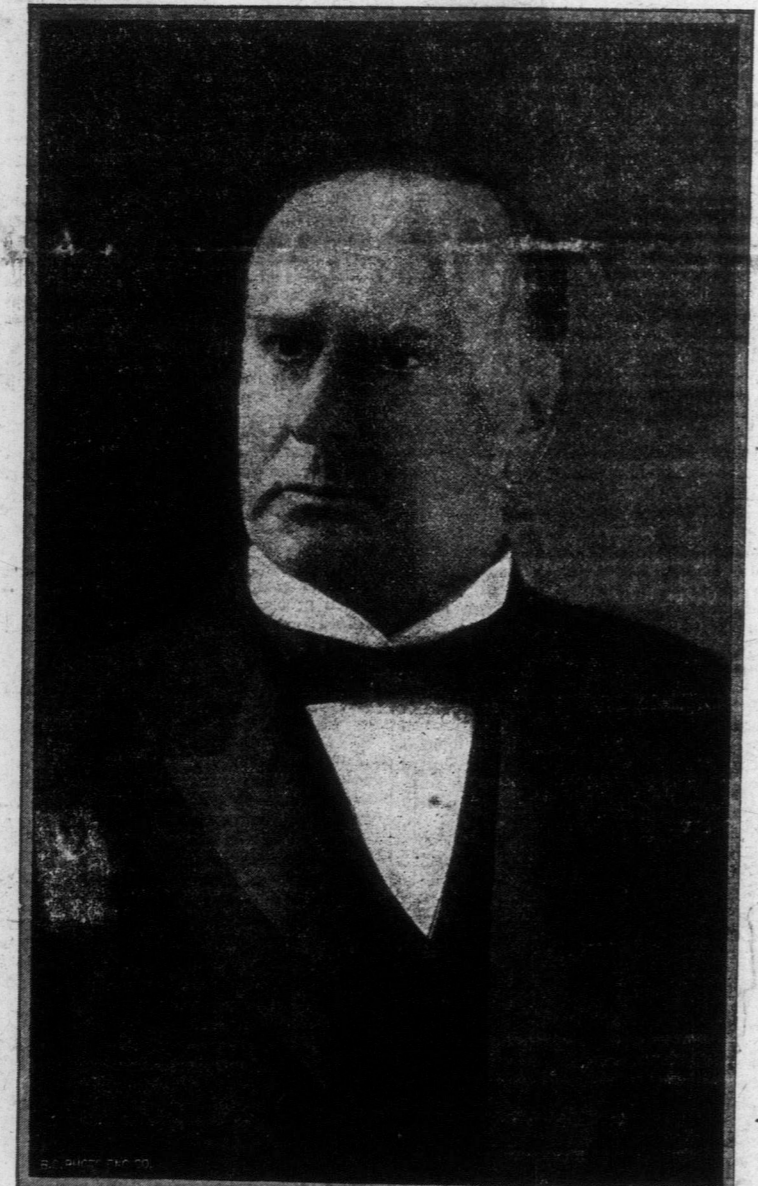
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PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

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