

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY DIED AT 2.15 A. M.

A Battle Royal With Death Ended in Defeat.

Buffalo, Sept. 14.—At 2.15 o'clock this morning President McKinley breathed his last. Words of consolation to his wife were the last that passed his lips, and they came of a gentle "Good-bye" said to the American people, whom he loved so well, and of whose manhood he was so fine a type.

Only three times from the time he received his death wound did he speak of him who had so wantonly struck him down, and it was characteristic of the President's gentle, magnanimous character that in each of these instances his words were those of pity for what he in his broad charity regarded as the delusions of one misguided.

At the actual moment of dying the President had long been to all intents and purposes beyond the world forever. For hours he had been unconscious. His living became purely automatic, the functions gradually growing weaker and weaker until at last they ceased altogether.

The physicians had long ceased plying him with drugs and restoratives. It was but useless work. From the moment that his final collapse developed in all its seriousness they knew in their hearts he was beyond their aid. Yet with all their energy and skill they worked on and on, until at last it was too clearly only a case of whether the dying man's last moments should or should not be freed from what only made them more painful without hope of any benefit.

The beginning of the end came in the same way that the crisis of last night began. There was a sudden show of weakness, and the heart action became faint and fluctuating. Then in rapid succession came a series of bulletins, some formal and some informal, hurried by Secretary Cortelyou. They all told one story, the President's condition was very grave; he was very low; he was practically dying; there was little or no hope. Then came State Senator Dodge, from the Cleveland district, an old friend of the President. His face showed strong signs of emotion. He spoke hardly above a whisper to the throng of reporters who gathered about him. "The President is dying," he said. "He is unconscious. He recognizes none of those about him."

The report now came at 7.55 o'clock that the President had recovered consciousness; that he fully realized that the end was at hand, and that he had asked for Mrs. McKinley. She was taken into the room and to her husband's bedside. All left the room then save one nurse. The President was able to speak faintly as his wife bent over him. What he said only he and she knew.

Those who knew how tenderly and constantly he has cared for her and how great his anxiety has been for her ever since he was stricken down by the Anarchist's bullet, can hardly speak of that pitiful scene without breaking down.

Next the door of the sick room was thrown open, and those nearest the President were quietly gathered about it. In the group were Mr. and Mrs. Abner McKinley, Mrs. Baer, the President's niece; Miss Barber, Mrs. McKinley's niece; Judge Day, Secretary Root, Hitchcock, and Wilson. Senator Hanna, and Mrs. McWilliams.

Up to this time the crowd had been steadily gathering at the outer barriers of rope stretched across the streets two blocks away in all directions. The news of the relapse had spread over the city. It was first reported that the President was dying, then the rumor spread that he was dead.

PRESIDENT'S LAST HOURS.

Gradually Sunk After Bidding Farewell to Wife and Friends.

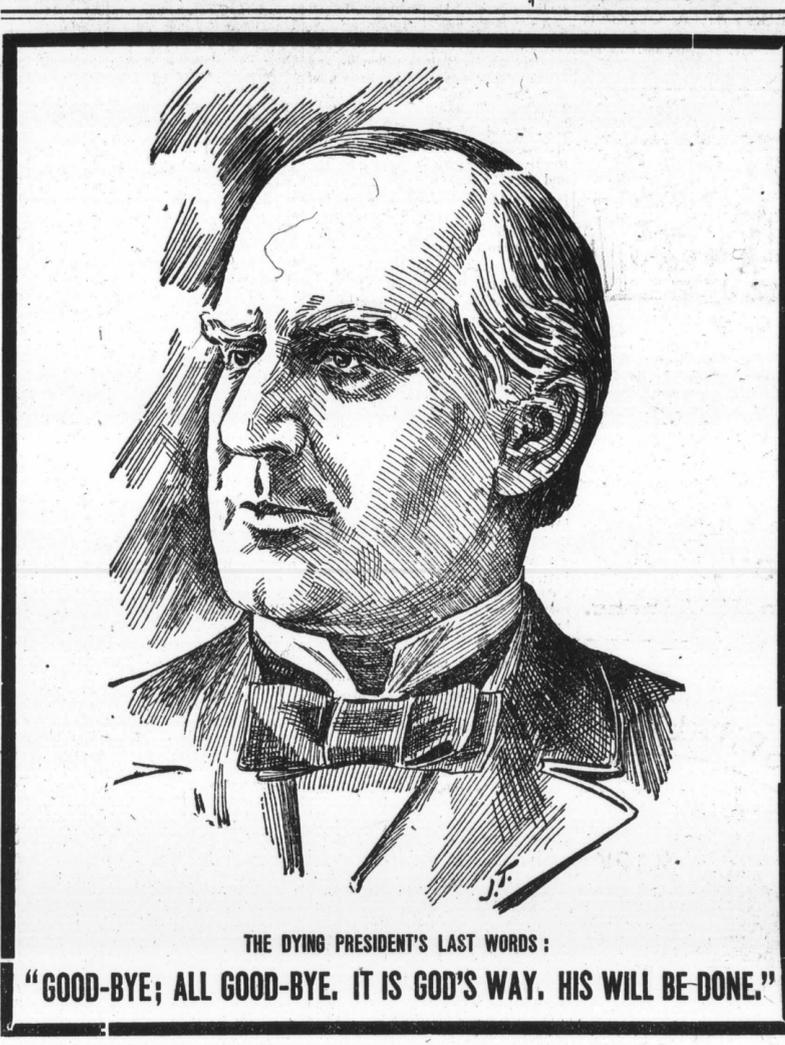
Buffalo, Sept. 14.—President McKinley died at 2.15 o'clock this morning.

Before six o'clock it was clear to those at the President's bedside that he was dying, and preparations were made for last sad offices of farewell. 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 profoundly touching character downstairs. With tear-stained faces, members of the Cabinet were grouped in anxious waiting. They knew the end was near, and that the hour when they must see him for the last time.

This was about 6 o'clock. 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 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 7.40 o'clock, chanted the words of the beautiful hymn, "Nearer, My God, to



THE DYING PRESIDENT'S LAST WORDS:

"GOOD-BYE; ALL GOOD-BYE. IT IS GOD'S WAY. HIS WILL BE DONE."

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

Waiting for the End.

Below stairs the grief-stricken gathering waited sadly for the end. 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. 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.

Rev. C. D. Wilson, a Methodist Minister, of Tonawanda, N. Y., who was the President's pastor for three years at Canton, called at the residence to enquire whether his services were needed, but did not enter the house. Another Methodist minister, who had a church nearby, remained at the Milburn residence for two hours in the belief that his services might be desired.

At 9.37 Secretary Cortelyou, who had been much of the time with his dying chief, sent out information that the President was dying, but the President lingered on, his pulse growing fainter and fainter. At 11.58, when Dr. Janeway arrived, the President was just barely alive.

No Need for Bulletins.

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 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. Myette thought he might last until 2 a. m.

Dr. Mann said at 11 o'clock that the President was still alive, and would probably live an hour. Thus minutes lengthened to hours, and midnight came with the President still battling against death.

Secretary Root and Secretary Wilson came from the house about midnight, and paced up and down the sidewalk. All that Secretary Root said was: "The end has not come yet."

No Efforts Spared.

Despite the fact that vitally continued to ebb as midnight approached, no efforts were spared to keep the spark of life glowing. Dr. Janeway, of New York City, arrived at the Buffalo depot at 11.40 o'clock, and 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.

Secretary of the Navy Long arrived at the Milburn house at 12.08 o'clock. This was his first visit to the city, and he had the extreme satisfaction of seeing the President alive, even though he was not conscious of his visitor's presence.

Vice-President Roosevelt had been notified early in the day of the critical state of affairs, and word came from him that he was on his way in a special train.

Constitutional Procedure.

There was no longer a doubt that in the approaching death of the President a complete change in the Executive Administration of the Government would ensue. When Mr. Roosevelt would take the oath of office was wholly a matter of conjecture. President Arthur took the oath at 2 a. m. after the death of Garfield, and in that case Justice Brady, of New York, administered the oath. There is no requirement that the oath shall be administered by a justice of the United States Supreme Court, although that procedure is adopted when circumstances permit. Without unseemly haste the mem-

bers of the Cabinet will tender their resignations and the new President will then be free to initiate his own policy and choose his own Cabinet.

There is little possibility to-night that Mr. Roosevelt will get here. Mr. Ansley Wilcox, who entertained the Vice-President when he was here last, urges that the best information he had was that Mr. Roosevelt would be here to-morrow morning, and that not until late in the morning would the Vice-President be able to reach a railroad station, much before 4 o'clock to-morrow morning, and that would bring him here about 4 o'clock. Mr. Wilcox said in explanation of Mr. Roosevelt's being so far out of

that there was no hope. It seemed but an instant when crowds formed at every corner, swarmed towards the newspaper bulletins, and when they found that the rumors were confirmed somebody shouted, "Let's find the assassin!" With one impulse the crowd started for the station-house where Colquhoun is confined. Telephones were utilized, and the police notified, and when the crowd arrived they found the police out in force. Superintendent Bull anticipated trouble, called out the city's force, and in addition asked 4th Brigade headquarters to be in readiness to assist.

Col. Welch, in charge, answered by ordering two companies each from the 65th and 74th Regiments to the armories to await immediate call. Around the station house at 8 o'clock it was estimated that at least 6,000 people were gathered. They were not particularly ugly, and were quite quiet, and when the police proceeded to drive them back there was little resistance. At 9 o'clock they had been sent back two blocks on each side of the police station, and before 10 o'clock, weary with waiting for definite news, they had dispersed or gone to the newspaper bulletins.

Up about the corners near the Milburn house was a picturesque, but rather gruesome scene, when it is remembered that the crowds gathered there were waiting the President's death.

The half-dozen tents and the two big election booths made it look like the Midway of a fair, but the ropes stretched from corner to corner, the solemn-looking police guard, the pacing soldiers, and, above all, the quietness of the assembled multitude, bore evidence of the solemnity of the occasion. At intervals a carriage would drive up, and then the newspaper men would move towards it. The Milburn house was hardly discernible among the trees, the lights in the house having been dimmed, but at a few minutes intervals there would come out some person who had information to bear, and then the eager crowd would surround him.

But from the time that Secretary Cortelyou told that the President was very weak, there was nothing to encourage any belief that there could be recovery.

AFTER ROOSEVELT.

A Crank Leaves Berlin, N. H., to Kill the Vice-President.

Berlin, N. H., Sept. 13.—Learning that a man who had left here this forenoon for New York had declared that he was on his way to Washington to kill Vice-President Roosevelt, Chief of Police Youngellis has telegraphed the Chief of Police of New York to look out for him. The man was a foreigner. He tried to buy a ticket to Washington, but could not do so, and bought one for New York.

New York, Sept. 13.—Captain Titus, Chief of Detectives of this city, said he had received a despatch from the Chief of Police at Berlin, N. H., giving the same information as that contained in the foregoing despatch from Berlin. The despatch described the man as being 5 feet 6 inches tall, smooth face, wearing a black sateen coat and black Derby hat. Captain Titus said he had detailed men at all the railroad stations to watch for the man.

FOUND ROOSEVELT HUNTING

Received Despatches Announcing President's Relapse on Mountain.

North Creek, N. Y., Sept. 13.—Vice-President Roosevelt started at 6 o'clock this morning from Tahawus Club with guides on a hunting trip through the forests. On receipt of the despatches stating that President McKinley's condition was critical men were immediately started in search of him. Up till 5 o'clock it was impossible to locate him, but he was finally found on the top of Mount Marcy, a distance of ten miles from the club house, at which point the despatches from Buffalo were delivered to him. The Vice-President immediately started for the club, at which place teams were waiting to convey him with the quickest speed.

MISS GOLDMAN HEARS NEWS.

She Expresses Sorrow For Mrs. McKinley—Otherwise Unconcerned.

Chicago, Sept. 13.—When shown the Associated Press despatch announcing the inevitable death of the President, Emma Goldman, the Anarchist, now being held at the Harrison street station, carefully adjusted her glasses, read the bulletin, and after a moment's pause, without a change of expression, said, "Very sorry." Absolutely no shade of regret or pity showed itself on her countenance. "I do not see how that can affect my case," she added, "if it is carried on lawfully and legally. They have no evidence against me. Chief Bull and Chief O'Neil have admitted they have none. They are holding me without evidence. The death of McKinley would only lengthen my term of imprisonment if they convicted me. I feel very bad for the sake of Mrs. McKinley; outside of that I have no sympathy."



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THEODORE ROOSEVELT
THE NEW PRESIDENT.

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