

HOW CZOLGOSZ DIED. BETRAYED NO SIGN OF FEAR.

"I KILLED THE PRESIDENT,"

He Said, "Because He Was an Enemy of the Good People—of the Good Working People—And I Am Not Sorry for My Crime"—Wished He Could See His Father—Ate and Slept Well and Talked as He Was Being Strapped to the Death Chair—No Hitch in the Execution—Only Four Minutes From Cell to the End—Last Scenes in the Drama Begun at Buffalo on Sept. 6.

THE LAW SATISFIED

Auburn, N. Y., Oct. 29—

At 7.12.30 this morning Leon F. Czolgosz was electrocuted for the murder of President McKinley.

Auburn, Oct. 29.—At 7.12.30 o'clock this morning Leon F. Czolgosz, murderer of President McKinley, paid the extreme penalty exacted by the law for his crime. He was shocked to death by 1,700 volts of electricity. He went to the chair in exactly the same manner as the other murderers in this state, showing no particular sign of fear, but in fact doing what few of them have done—talking to the witnesses while he was being strapped in the chair.

"I killed the President because he was an enemy of the good people—of the good working people. I am not sorry for my crime."

These were his words as the guards hurried him into the chair.

He supplemented this a moment later, mumbling the words through the half-adjusted face straps, "I am awfully sorry I could not see my father."

Slept Well Last Night.

Czolgosz retired last night at 10 o'clock, and slept so soundly that when Warden Mead raised his cell shortly before 5 o'clock this morning the guard inside had to shake Czolgosz to awaken him. He sat up on the edge of his cot, and made no reply to the warden's greeting of "Good morning." The prison official took from his pocket the death warrant and read it slowly and distinctly to the assassin, who hardly raised his eyes during the perfunctory ceremony.

Just as the warden stepped away from the cell door, Czolgosz called to him and said: "I would like to talk with the Superintendent."

His Last Toilet.

Then the condemned man rolled over on his cot, apparently anxious to sleep again. At 5.15, however, the guard brought to him a pair of dark trousers with a pair of white socks to allow the free application of the electrode, and a light grey outing shirt. He was told to get up and put these on, which he did. Contrary to the usual custom, he was given a new pair of shoes. When dressed he lay down on the cot again, and in this attitude Supt. Collins found him at 7.30 when he went down to visit him.

Wanted to Make a Statement.

The Superintendent stood in front of the cell door, and the guard had called Czolgosz's attention, he said: "I want to make a statement before you go."

"What do you wish to say, Czolgosz?" asked the Superintendent.

"I want to make it when there are a lot of people present. I want them to hear me." "Well, you cannot," said the Superintendent.

"Then I won't talk at all," said the prisoner, sadly.

After the Superintendent had left the guards brought Czolgosz's breakfast, consisting of coffee, toast, eggs, and bacon, and he ate with a good deal of relish. While he was doing this, the witnesses were gathered in the office of Warden Mead, and at 7.06 o'clock the procession passed to the death chamber, going through the long south corridor.

In the Death Chamber.

In the chamber, Electrician Davis and Former Warden Thayer, of Danmore, had arranged the chair test, placing a bank of 22 incandescent lights across the arms and connecting the electrode wires at either end. The witnesses were ordered seated, and then Warden Mead briefly addressed them, saying:

"You are here to witness the legal death of Leon F. Czolgosz. I desire that you keep your seats and preserve absolute silence in the death chamber, no matter what may transpire. There are plenty of guards and prison officials to preserve order and attend to the property details."

The prison physician, Dr. Gerin, and Dr. Carlos F. Macdonald, of New York, took a position to the left of the chair. Warden Mead stood directly in front, and Electrician Davis retired to the little room containing the electrical switch board. Thayer gave the signal and the current was turned through the electric lights, flooding the chamber with brilliant light, and dramatically showing the power that was used to kill the prisoner.

Enter the Prisoner.

Warden Mead gave the signal to have the prisoner brought in, and at 7.10.30 o'clock Chief Keeper Tupper swung open the steel door leading to the condemned cells, and as the steel bars behind which Czolgosz had been kept, were swung aside, two guards marched the

THE AUTOPSY.

The Physicians Find the Murderer's Brain is Normal.

Naturally, almost the entire attention of the physicians assigned to hold the autopsy was directed towards discovering, if possible, whether the assassin was in any way mentally irresponsible. The autopsy was conducted by Dr. Carlos F. Macdonald, an expert alienist, and former President of New York State Lunacy Commission, Dr. A. E. Spitzka, of New York, and Prison Physician Gerin.

The Internment.

The body was placed in a black stained pine coffin, every portion of the anatomy being replaced under the supervision of Dr. Gerin and Warden Mead. Shortly afterward it was taken to the prison cemetery, and an extraordinary precaution taken to completely destroy it. A carboy of acid was obtained, and poured upon the body in the coffin, after it had been lowered into the grave. Stray was used in the four corners of the grave as the earth was put in to give weight to such gases as might form. It is the belief of the physicians that the body will be entirely

His Last Words.

As he was being seated he looked about at the assembled witnesses with quite a steady stare, and said: "I killed the President because he was an enemy of the good people—of the good working people. I am not sorry for my crime." His voice trembled slightly at first, but gained strength with each word and he spoke perfect English. "I am not sorry for my crime," he said loudly, just as the guard pushed his head back on the rubber headrest and drew the divisible strap across his forehead and chin. As the pressure on the straps tightened and bound the jaw slightly, he murmured: "I am awfully sorry I could not see my father."

The Stroke of Death.

It was just exactly 7.11 o'clock when he crossed the threshold, but a minute had elapsed and he had finished the last statement when the strapping was completed, and the guards stepped back from the man. Warden Mead raised his hand, and at 7.12.30 electrician Davis turned the switch that threw 1,700 volts of electricity into the living body. The rasi of the immense current threw the body so hard against the straps that they cracked perceptibly. The hands clinched up suddenly, and the whole attitude was one of extreme tenseness. For forty-five seconds the full current was kept on and then slowly the electrician threw the switch back reducing the current volt by volt until it was cut off entirely. Then just as it had reached that point he threw the lever back again for a brief two or three seconds. The body, which had collapsed as the current was reduced, stiffened again against the straps. When it was turned off again Dr. Macdonald stepped to the chair and put his hand over the heart. He said he felt no pulsation, but suggested that the current be turned on for a few seconds again. Once more the body became rigid. At 7.15 the current was turned off for good.

A Secluded Prisoner.

Czolgosz was closely secluded during his stay at Auburn, and none of the 1,500 letters and packages sent to him ever reached him. Talking with him was forbidden, the rule being broken only as to his religious opportunities, and in trying to get a confession from him. Supt. Collins had a lengthy interview with him. Night was chosen for the inquiry, and at 9 o'clock the superintendent called upon Czolgosz. The prisoner was transferred to another part of the prison, where there was no one to overhear the conversation. For the first few minutes Czolgosz sat in silent silence, and the superintendent began to despair of getting any information. Finally, just as he was about to leave, Czolgosz answered one of his queries. From that time on he talked freely, but his utterances contained no enlightenment as to the cause for his crime or a possible conspiracy. The most important statement he made was one in which he absolutely denied that he had a handkerchief tied about his hand or that the pistol was concealed in any other place than his coat pocket.

In the course of his questioning the superintendent asked: "Who helped you to tie the handkerchief?" "Nobody. I never had a handkerchief on my hand," replied Czolgosz. "Anybody that says so lies. I had the pistol in my coat pocket, and when I got near the President I pulled it out and fired."

"Why, they found the handkerchief you had it wrapped in," said the superintendent.

"That ain't so, sir," he answered, earnestly. "I did not have no handkerchief. I just had the pistol in my pocket."

Wouldn't See the Priest.

Auburn, Oct. 28.—Czolgosz declined this morning to receive Father Hyacinth Fudinski, the Polish priest with whom he previously had several talks. His refusal to meet the priest is not regarded as a final rejection of reconciliation with the Church. Warden Mead said this afternoon relative to the statement that Czolgosz had heard noises in the death chamber alleged to be the putting together of the electric chair, and the testing of the apparatus:

Heard No Noises.

The prisoner cannot hear any noises from the execution room, and in fact the chair is absolutely permanent and is not removed between executions. The prisoner has not shown the least sign of nervousness up to this afternoon, but preserves an unbroken stolidity.

Later in the Day.

Later in the day Warden Mead asked to see his brother. Warden Mead told him that he would be admitted late in the afternoon if Superintendent Collins agreed.

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foreseeing endless difficulties and possibly angry demonstrations in an attempt to give the body ordinary burial, headed the advice of Mr. Collins, superintendent of State Prisons, and of Warden Mead, and formally signed this agreement:

Auburn, Oct. 28, 1901. To J. Warren Mead, agent and warden, Auburn Prison. I hereby authorize you, as warden of Auburn Prison, to dispose of the body of my brother, Leon F. Czolgosz, by burying it in the cemetery attached to the prison, as provided by the law of the State of New York.

This request is made upon the express understanding that no part of the body will be given to any person or society, but that the entire body will be buried in accordance with the law in the cemetery attached to the prison.

(Signed) Waldok Czolgosz. Witnesses: John A. Schleher, George E. Graham.

LAST INTERVIEWS.

Czolgosz had his last interview last night, the first with Superintendent Collins and the second with his brother and brother-in-law. Prior to the late evening interviews Czolgosz reluctantly received Father Fudinski and Electrician Davis in the afternoon, and occurred after he had once refused to meet them. When they reached the prison, Superintendent Collins conveyed the request for an interview to the prisoner. Czolgosz seemed back word that he did not care to see them, but the priests asked to be allowed to go to him despite his refusal.

Superintendent Collins consented, and personally escorted them to the cell. The priests remained with Czolgosz for three-quarters of an hour, and earnestly pleaded with the prisoner to repent and pray for Divine forgiveness. He rejected all their advances, however, and they reluctantly withdrew. They told the prisoner they would hold themselves ready to answer a call from him at any hour of the night.

It was 7 o'clock when Superintendent Collins went into the death house to give words to such guests as might come. Although he remained in the cell some time, he was apparently

than he had previously shown: "No, damn them; don't send them here again; I don't want them."

The brother-in-law interjected here: "That's right, Leon." The brother looked rather disturbed by the answer. Then, stepping up close to the bars, the condemned man said: "And don't you have any praying over me when I'm dead. I don't want any of their damned religion."

Want to See Execution.

There was a painful pause of a few minutes, and then the relative resumed casual conversation with him, which he replied in monosyllables until the brother-in-law suggested, much to Superintendent Collins' surprise, that he and the brother be permitted to witness the execution.

Before Superintendent Collins could reply, Leon Czolgosz said, "Yes, Mr. Superintendent, let them see me killed."

Superintendent Collins told the trio in emphatic terms that no such thing could be allowed, and ordered them to say good-bye.

Superintendent Collins walked to the back of his cell, sat down on the edge of his cot and did not answer the last farewell.

The Assassin in His Cell.

For some days the assassin lay on the cot in his cell almost constantly, gazing fixedly at the wall opposite him or at the guard who sat in the corridor within three feet of his cell door. He was ever ready to eat and devoured the prison fare with the greediness of a savage. He was in a bad mood and seemed being disturbed.

In his waking hours he demanded cigars, but he did not encourage conversation. When addressed by one of his guards he replied in monosyllables, and the longest conversation he maintained with them was about the quality of the prison fare, which he did not think was good enough for him. He discussed "with one of the guards the probable sensations of man while being put to death in the electric chair. He broached this subject once after he had sat on his cot for more than an hour smoking a cigar and gazing fixedly through the bars of his cell door.

"How does it feel?" he asked suddenly, looking up at the guard.

"How does what feel?" sniffed the guard.

"That—in there," said the assassin, jerking his thumb toward the wall, twenty feet beyond which was the entrance to the death chamber, where he "I was to pay the penalty of his crime."

"Oh, you'll know," said the guard contemptuously, for nobody about the prison has the least spark of feeling for the assassin. "It's soon over."

The assassin started to say something else, but changed his mind and retreated to the extreme east end of the cell. He dropped his cigar to the floor and the guard, peering in at him, saw that he was shaking a paley of fear, just as he did when the mob attacked him at the prison gate on the night he came.

A Strange Type.

He appeared to be unlike any type of anarchist criminal with which the public is familiar. He was about 5 feet 8 inches in height, weighed about 140 pounds, his figure might be called athletic were not for the unmistakable droop of the shoulders.

His Craven Fear.

Every time the door leading into the death-house opened he shrinks back to the farthest end of his cot and sits there trembling and frightened. Once or twice, when gangs of prisoners have passed through the courtyard of the prison, he would sound of their footsteps struck terror to his soul and he has appeared to be on the verge of collapse. The noise made by some workmen in the death chamber where he was to pay the penalty of his crime caused him to sob and to moan like some frightened animal. When the guard asked him: "What's the matter with you?" he was unable to reply for a minute.

The guard started to open the door, thinking he had fainted. Then the assassin stammered between chattering lips: "I thought they were coming! I thought they were coming!"

He continued to shudder and tremble and cringed on the floor during the hour that the workmen were engaged in the death chamber.

The Execution Routine.

When the assassin emerges from his cell to pay the penalty of his crime he traverses a distance of twenty-five feet. He passes two of the cells on the same side of the building as the one he leaves, walks fifteen feet to the narrow corridor, five feet down that, and through a great iron door that is only opened when the law demands the taking of a life.

Through this door he passes. The door opens a distance of twenty feet, that no sound may reach the ears of the other men in the condemned cells. Five feet from the door he will stop and wait for the signal.

His guards conduct him over the five feet of intervening space, seat him in the chair, and strap the electrodes to his head, arm and leg. The twenty-six witnesses are seated on little stools around the narrow apartment.

Standing within six feet of him, but



THE CHAIR OF DEATH

disintegrated within twelve hours. During that time, and as long as deemed necessary, a guard will be kept over the unmarked grave.

Just Four Minutes.

From the time Czolgosz had left his cell until the full penalty was paid less than four minutes had elapsed. The physicians present used the stethoscope and other tests to determine if any life remained, and at 7.17 the warden, raising his hand, announced: "Gentlemen, the prisoner is dead."

The witnesses filed from the chamber, many of them visibly affected, and the body, which five minutes before had been full of life and vigor, was taken from the chair and laid on the operating table.

When the body of Czolgosz had been removed from the room where he was killed to the autopsy table, Auburn Prison returned to the routine of its ordinary life. The prisoners, who had been kept locked in their cells, were released at 7.45 o'clock, and prison work was resumed at once. There was no excitement among the convicts, and no unusual scene about the prison. A crowd that numbered scarcely a hundred stood around the prison gate to watch the witnesses enter and wait until they reappeared. The witnesses dispersed quickly, some of them leaving for their homes.

No Use for a Priest.

Rev. Cordello Herrick, chaplain of the prison, was in the death chamber ready for any call that might be made for his services. He was not wanted by the prisoner, however, and sat in the rear of the chamber throughout the execution.

The clothing and personal effects of the prisoner were burned under direction of Warden Mead, shortly after the execution.

DISPOSAL OF THE BODY.

It Will be Buried in the Prison Cemetery.

The State is not to surrender possession of his body, and by sundown it will have been secretly interred in ground controlled by the officials of Auburn Prison. Waldok Czolgosz, brother to the murderer,

THE CRIME.

There were none of the usual disappointing delays of justice in the Czolgosz case. The crime for which he suffered was committed on Sept. 6, and within less than two months—to be exact, in fifty-three days—the law's penalty has been exacted.

The story of the crime is too recent to need repeating. At about 4 o'clock on Sept. 6 Czolgosz, who had gone close to the President at the reception in the Temple of Music at the Buffalo Exposition, his hand in which he held the pistol wrapped in a handkerchief, shot the head of the nation whose hand was outstretched to give him friendly greeting. Two bullets entered his body, and from the first the case was felt to be a most critical one.

All that surgical skill could do was in vain, and the President succumbed to the wound a week later, his dying words being

"Good-bye All! God's Will be Done!"

The assassin was caught red-handed, and with difficulty saved from popular fury, tried in court at Buffalo Sept. 23-4, and sentenced to die on the week beginning Oct. 28.

THE CRIME.

concealed by a wooden partition, to his right and in the rear of the chair, as the executioner, his hand clutching a knob on the switch-board affixed to the partition, ready to turn on the current of electricity that puts an end to the existence of the President's slayer.

The time usually consumed in an execution from the moment the condemned man leaves his cell in the death-house until his life has paid the forfeit for his crime is less than three minutes. The actual journey from cell to chair, if the condemned man makes no resistance, is usually accomplished in less than a minute.

Once in the chair, short work is made by the trained assistants of the executioner in affixing the apparatus to his limbs and head and connecting the wires that descend from the roof of the conical metallic cap placed on the head of the prisoner with the arms and legs of the chair, which are sheathed with active electrical conductors.

A hurried examination is made to see that everything is all right. Then the warden, with a handkerchief in his hand, signals to the executioner, who is looking on. Sometimes he merely says "Ready," to indicate that all preparations for the execution are complete.

A VIRGINIA STREET DUEL.

Fierce Jealousy Led to a Bloody Tragedy.

ONE MAN DEAD, ONE DYING.

New Martinsville, W. Va., Nov. 4.—In an attempt to save her husband from death at the hands of an enemy who had threatened both his life and hers, Mrs. Lowther, wife of Dr. S. T. Lowther, a wealthy physician and principal owner of the Lowther oil field in Calhoun county, was seriously wounded last night on her way home with her husband, Friend Cox, Lowther's assailant, died within thirty minutes with a bullet in his brain, and Dr. Lowther was so seriously wounded that he cannot live.

Jealousy was at the bottom of the trouble. Cox, who is an oil operator, had, it is said, intercepted letters from Lowther to his young wife and had threatened to shoot both Dr. and Mrs. Lowther on sight. Both men had been armed for a week.

Lowther returned on the late train from Calhoun county and was met at the station with his wife and daughter. They had almost reached their home when they met Cox and two companions, "Joe" Yeager and Clifford Anderson. Cox had been drinking.

He opened fire on Dr. Lowther, who was carrying baggage in both hands. Mrs. Lowther, shrieking with fear for her husband, threw herself between them and received a bullet in her breast.

As she fell, Dr. Lowther, though shot himself, dropped his satchel, whipped out a revolver and shot Cox in the forehead, the bullet penetrating his brain.

One bullet lodged in Lowther's lung and two in the abdomen. A special train was sent to Wheeling for medical aid, but Dr. Haskins says Lowther's condition is hopeless. Mrs. Lowther will recover.

Dr. Lowther's little daughter was a witness of the tragedy, which was an affair of but a few moments. The child said that Cox shot himself, but little credence is placed in her statement, as it is thought she may not have clearly seen a l the movements of the men, who acted quickly.

It is supposed that she was deceived by the action of Cox in throwing his hand to his forehead as he fell.

Cold Settles on the Kidneys

Deep-seated Kidney Disease Often the Result of a Neglected Cold—Then Come Great Sufferings From Lumbago and Backache.

Few people realize what a vast proportion of serious illnesses arises from cold settling on some delicate organ of the body. The kidneys and liver, as well as the lungs, are very easily affected by sudden changes of temperature, and the results are often suddenly fatal. It is a common experience with farmers, teamsters, railroad men and laborers to have a cold settle on the kidneys and throw these organs, as well as the whole digestive system, out of order. There are usually backache, pains in the sides and limbs, deposits in the urine, pain and scalding with urination and irregularity of the bowels.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

So many thousands of cases of serious kidney disease have been cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills that they have come to be considered an absolute cure for all kidney derangements. They are purely vegetable in composition, prompt and pleasant in action, and thorough and far-reaching in their effects. They are endorsed by doctors, lawyers, ministers and others, and are beyond doubt the most efficacious treatment obtainable for diseases of the kidneys and liver. One pill a dose; 25 cents a box; at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.