

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.

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

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 pocket full of soap, 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. Col was 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."

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.

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 top of the head was sawed off through the thickest part of the skull, which was found to be of normal thickness, and it was the unanimous agreement, after microscopic examination, that the brain was normal, or slightly above normal.

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.

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.

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.

When the Superintendent had left the guard brought Czolgosz's breakfast, consisting of coffee, toast, eggs, and bacon, and he ate with a good deal of relish.

In the Death Chamber.

In the chamber, Electrician Davis and former Warden Thayer, left Danmore, had arranged the chair test, placing a bank of 22 incandescent lights across the arms and connecting the electrode wires at either end.

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

Mead told him that he would be admitted late in the afternoon if Superintendent Collins agreed.

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 top of the head was sawed off through the thickest part of the skull, which was found to be of normal thickness, and it was the unanimous agreement, after microscopic examination, that the brain was normal, or slightly above normal.

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.

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.

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.

When the Superintendent had left the guard brought Czolgosz's breakfast, consisting of coffee, toast, eggs, and bacon, and he ate with a good deal of relish.

In the Death Chamber.

In the chamber, Electrician Davis and former Warden Thayer, left Danmore, had arranged the chair test, placing a bank of 22 incandescent lights across the arms and connecting the electrode wires at either end.

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

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) Waldiek Czolgosz.

Witnesses: John A. Steicher, 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.

For some days the assassin lay on the cot in his cell almost constantly, gazing fixedly at the wall opposite him on the guard who sat in the corridor within three feet of his cell door.

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.

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

The assassin started to say something else, but changed his mind and retreated to the extreme east end of the cell.

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 Craven Fear.

Every time the door leading into the death-house opened he shrank 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 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 shuts behind him instantly, so that no sound may reach the ears of the other men in the condemned cells.

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

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.

There was a painful pause of a few minutes, and then the relative resumed casual conversation with him, until he replied in monosyllables which 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 on the guard who sat in the corridor within three feet of his cell door.

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.

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

The assassin started to say something else, but changed his mind and retreated to the extreme east end of the cell.

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 Craven Fear.

Every time the door leading into the death-house opened he shrank back to the farthest end of his cot and sits there trembling and frightened.

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.

concealed by a wooden partition, to his right and in the rear of the chair, is 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 were 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" Vaeger and Clifford Anderson. Cox had been drinking.



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 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.

It will be buried in the Prison Cemetery.

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.

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.

One pill a dose; 25 cents a box; at all dealers or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Toronto.