

PRESIDENT SHOT.

McKinley Twice Wounded by an Anarchist.

ASSAILANT ARRESTED.

Exposition Hall at Buffalo Scene of the Shooting.

CHANCE OF RECOVERY HOPEFUL.

President McKinley Had Just Returned From Niagara Falls and Was Holding a Reception in Temple of Music When the Attempt on His Life Was Made.

BUFFALO, Sept. 7.—President McKinley, while holding a reception in the Temple of Music at the Pan-American exposition at 4 o'clock Friday afternoon, was shot and twice wounded by Leon Czolgosz, an anarchist, who lives in Cleveland.

One bullet entered the president's breast, struck the breast bone, glanced and was later easily extracted. The other bullet entered the abdomen, penetrated the stomach and has not been found, although the wounds have been closed.

Leon Czolgosz, the assassin, has signed a confession, covering six pages of foolscap, in which he states that he is an anarchist and that he became an enthusiastic member of that body through the influence of Emma Goldman, whose writings he had read and whose lectures he had listened to.

He has seven brothers and sisters in Cleveland, and the Cleveland directory



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

has the names of about that number living in Hosmer street and Ackland avenue, which adjoin. Some of them are butchers and others are in other trades.

It was just after the daily organ recitals in the splendid Temple of Music that the dastardly attempt was made. Planned with all the diabolical ingenuity and finesse of which anarchy or nihilism is capable, the would-be assassin carried out the work without a hitch, and should his designs fail and the president survive only to Divine Providence can be attributed that beneficent result.

The president, though well guarded by United States secret service detectives, was fully exposed to such an attack as occurred. He stood at the edge of the raised dais upon which stands the magnificent pipe organ at the east side of the magnificent structure. Throngs of people crowded in at the various entrances to gaze upon their well beloved executive, perchance to clasp his hand, and then fight their way out in the good natured mob that every minute swelled and multiplied at the points of ingress and egress to the building. The president was in a cheerful mood and was enjoying to the full the hearty evidences of good will which everywhere met his gaze.

It was shortly after 4 p. m. when one of the throng which surrounded the presidential party, a middle 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 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 two sharp cracks of a revolver rang out loud and clear above the hum of voices, the shuffling of myriad feet and vibrating waves of applause that ever and anon swept here and there over the assemblage. Then came the silence that ensues after the discharge of a bombshell. The president stood stock still, a look of hesitancy, 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 where a great tragedy was being enacted.

Then came a commotion. With the leap of a tiger 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 who were on the lookout and whose duty it was to guard against just such a calamity as had here befallen the president and the nation. The third was a bystander, a negro, who had only an instant previously grasped in his dusty palm the hand of the president.

As one man the trio hurled themselves upon the president's assailant. In a twinkling he was borne to the ground, his weapon was wrested from his grasp, and strong arms pinioned him down.

Then the vast multitude which thronged the edifice began to come to a realis-

ing sense of the awfulness of the scene of which they had been unwilling witnesses.

A murmur arose, spread and swelled to a hum of confusion, then grew to a babel of sounds and later to a pandemonium of noises.

The crowds that a moment before had stood mute and motionless in bewildered ignorance of the enormity of the thing now with a single impulse surged forward toward the stage of the horrid drama, while a hoarse cry welled up from a thousand throats and a thousand men



CZOLGOSZ, THE ASSASSIN.

charged forward to lay hands upon the perpetrator of the dastardly crime.

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 door fled from the edifice in fear of a stampede, while hundreds of others from the outside struggled blindly forward in the effort to penetrate the crowded building and solve the mystery of excitement and panic, which every moment grew and swelled within the congested interior of the palatial edifice.

Inside on the slightly raised dais was enacted within those few feverish moments a tragedy so dramatic in character, so thrilling in its intensity, that few who looked on will ever be able to give a succinct account of what really did transpire. Even the actors who were playing the principal roles came out of it with blanched faces, trembling limbs and beating hearts, while their brains throbbled with a tumult of conflicting emotions which left behind only a chaotic jumble of impressions which could not be clarified into a lucid narrative of the events as they really transpired.

But of the multitude which witnessed or bore a part in the scene of turmoil and turbulence there was but one mind which seemed to retain its equilibrium, one hand which remained steady, one eye which gazed with unflinching calmness and one voice which retained its even tenor and faltered not at the most critical juncture.

They were the mind and the hand and the eye and the voice of President McKinley. After the first shock of the assassin's shots he retreated a step. Then as the detectives lunged 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 tell-tale stain over the white surface of the linen, their 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 for-



ward toward the rostrum, while, despite the strenuous efforts of police and guards, the throng without struggled madly to obtain admission.

The president was removed at once to the Emergency hospital, where an operation was performed, and at 7:25 he was taken from the exposition hospital to the home of President Milburn on Delaware avenue.

The interest in the president's condition was such across the Canadian border that the press was asked to furnish a bulletin to be read in the churches in Quebec and Montreal, and many requests of a similar character came direct to Secretary Cortelyou from different parts of the United States. The messages of sympathy from all over the United States—fairly overwhelmed Secretary Cortelyou. Two more White House stenographers have been sent for, and upon their arrival some of the more important messages will be made public. Almost every government in the world has been heard from, most of the crowned heads of Europe sending personal messages. Among the latter are King Edward VII., Emperor William, the kings of Portugal, Italy and Sweden and the sultan of Turkey. President Louhet of the republic of France has also called his sympathy direct. One of the most touching messages thus far received was from Mme. Labori, the wife of Maitre Labori, who defended Dreyfus in his famous trial at Rennes.

GOLDMAN ARRESTED

Female Anarchist Found Hiding In Chicago.

DENIES COMPLICITY WITH CZOLGOSZ

But Admits Having Met the President's Assailant In July—An Interview For Publication.

CHICAGO, Sept. 11.—Emma Goldman, the anarchist, has been arrested in this city. She had been sought by the police ever since the man who shot President McKinley declared that her anarchistic writings had led him to make the attempt on the president's life.

The woman was arrested by Captain Schuttler of the Lake View police station. She was in hiding in a house at 300 Sheffield avenue. She was taken immediately to the Central police station and questioned by Mayor Harrison, Chief O'Neill and newspaper men. She admitted having met Czolgosz, but said she had not seen him since July 12, when he was in Chicago.

Later in the day Miss Goldman was interviewed in the woman's annex at the police station by a reporter and a stenographic report taken. Miss Goldman said:

"I feel sure that the police are helping us more than I could do in ten years. They are making more anarchists than the most prominent people connected with the anarchist cause could make in ten years. If they will only continue, I shall be very grateful. They will save me lots of work."

Asked if she had been on the downtown streets before her arrest, she answered:

"Certainly I have. I have been shop-



EMMA GOLDMAN.

ping—went to Fields'; have been in restaurants; in fact, I passed the city hall several times.

"The police knew positively that I was coming," she continued, "because I wrote on Friday from St. Louis both to Mr. Havel and to Mr. Norris that I would come Sunday if I got through with my business on Saturday, and if so I would telegraph them the hour of my arrival. I also said that if I did not come on Sunday I would surely come on Monday or Tuesday. These letters they must have seen at 515 Carroll avenue."

"What do you think of your own arrest?" she was asked.

"If I told you," she replied, "it would look somewhat conceited, and I certainly would not like to be guilty of that. Not only my arrest, but the others, snuck of the Haymarket. The police are very much in disrepute all over the country, and they wish to do something to clear themselves. They are trying to make up a case, they may succeed."

Referring to the attempt on the life of the president, Miss Goldman said:

"It is a dirty trick to charge in the newspaper reports that it was the result of an anarchist plot. Mark Hanna has been the ruler of this country, not McKinley. McKinley has been the most insignificant ruler that this country has ever had. He has neither wit nor intelligence, but has been a tool in the hands of Mark Hanna. Other presidents have had a heart or something, but this poor fellow—God forgive him, since he knows nothing—is a tool in the hands of the wealthy, and it seems very remarkable for Mark Hanna to say that he was notified of a plot for his assassination. I think McKinley too insignificant for such a thing."

"What man in the United States, in your opinion, is of sufficient prominence to warrant such a plot?" she was asked.

"I am not in position to say," replied Miss Goldman, "who ought to be killed. The monopolists and the wealthy of this country are responsible for the existence of a Czolgosz. If imperialism would not grow in this country, if the liberties of the people were not trampled under foot, there would have been no violence."

Referring to the would-be assassin, Miss Goldman said:

"I feel that the man is one of those unfortunates who has been driven by despair and misery to commit the deed. I feel very deeply with him as an individual, as I would feel with anybody who suffers. If I had means, I would help him as much as I could. I would see that he had counsel and that justice was done him."

Asked if she thought Czolgosz's act was praiseworthy from her viewpoint, she answered: "I am not in a position to say whether it was good or bad. It is bad for the man who attempted to do it. I am not in his boots and know nothing about it. What I don't see is why they should make more fuss over the president than anybody else. All men are born equal."

"But some men rise above the equality of birth," a reporter suggested. "We are all interested in the man whom we have made our chief."

"I don't think men put him in office. I think money put him in office," remarked Miss Goldman. In reference to Czolgosz's alleged statement that he was inspired by a lecture of Miss Goldman's in Cleveland the prisoner said: "As I have repeatedly said, it is foolish to think that this man would claim that he did that deed alone and unaided and at the same time claim that I inspired him. If he had accomplices and still claims that he was acting alone, do you think he would have singled me out as the only friend he would protect by assuming entire responsibility? He might have heard me in Cleveland, for I lectured there twice May 8 last."

His One Act of Wisdom.

"That young Jollings seems to be about the biggest fool I ever saw. All he does is go gawwawing around, spending money like water and letting the girls who want to have a good time making a monkey of him. What good does such a fellow do the world?"

"You've got me guessing there. And yet, in spite of his general foolishness, he did none thing once that was much wiser than anything you or I ever did."

"What was that?"

"Picked out a millionaire to be his father."—Chicago Record-Herald.

No Sucker. "Those strings," said the first fish, "hanging down in the water with worms on the end of them mean danger."

"How do you know?" asked the other. "O! I can read between the lines."—Philadelphia Press.

Johnnie's Guess. "Now, children," said the teacher, "what do you understand from this passage? 'Nothing was to be heard except the monotonous slap, slap of the waves?'"

"That they was killin' mosquitoes," ventured Johnnie Wise.—Baltimore American.

Doing Her Best. He—I do wish you would hurry a little with your dressing, for we are very late.

She—Hurry! Why, I've been hurrying as hard as I can for the last two and a half hours.—Tit-Bits.

Unnecessary. Miss Beecroft—Did Charlie Squeezicks let you steer the boat?

Miss Titherington—Oh, it was unnecessary; he could steer it with one hand.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Modest Explanation. "I noticed during your duet that there were some in the audience applauding and some hissing."

"Yes; they were applauding me and hissing the other fellow."—Yonkers Statesman.

Suppressing Him. "Willy," began the deaf mute, in the sign language, of course, after his youngest had just signaled his twenty-seventh question, "children should be heard and not seen."—Puck.

Surprised. "I want you to come around and take a look at that horse you sold me the other day."

"Good heavens, is that animal still alive?"—Detroit Free Press.

Remedied the Defect. Mother—I wonder how this new book got in such a horrible condition? Little Max—I heard papa say it was too dry for him, so I poured water on it.—Glasgow Times.

Genius. "Genius," remarked the man in the patent medicine advertising line, "is the infinite capacity for suggesting pains!"—Detroit Free Press.

Advertisement for OTTO'S CURE, The Cure that Cures Coughs, Colds, Grippe, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis and Incipient Consumption. Sold by all druggists 25 & 50c.

Table titled 'THE MARKETS. BLOOMSBURG MARKETS. CORRECTED WEEKLY. RETAIL PRICES.' listing various goods and their prices.

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