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SCRANTON, PA., SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 7, 1901.

TWELVE PAGES TWO CENTS.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY IS SHOT BY AN ANARCHIST

Wounded in the Stomach and Breast While at the Pan-American Exposition.

SHOOTING OCCURRED IN THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC

The Stricken Chief Executive Taken at Once to the Emergency Hospital on the Exposition Grounds and Four Physicians Summoned.

HIS ASSAILANT, NAMED CZOLGOSZ, PROMPTLY ARRESTED



Gives His Name as Nieman and First Denies, Then Later Admits, That He Is an Anarchist and a Convert of Emma Goldman. Concealed His Pistol in a Handkerchief---President Cool Under the Strain and When Falling Into an Officer's Arms Asks if He Has Been Shot---Assassin Identified Later as Leon Czolgosz of Detroit---Was Shaking Hands with the President When the Shooting Occurred---Held the Pistol Concealed in the Other Hand Underneath a Handkerchief---Promptly Seized and Pinioned by Over a Score of Men---At Latest Reports One Bullet Has Been Extracted and the Other Was Being Probed For. Doctors Say Wounds Are Serious but Not Necessarily Fatal.

BUFFALO, Sept. 6,---President McKinley was shot and seriously wounded by an assassin while holding a reception in the Temple of Music at the Pan-American a few minutes after 4 o'clock this afternoon. One shot took effect in the right breast, the other in the abdomen. The first is not of a serious nature and the bullet has been extracted. The latter pierced the abdominal wall and has not been located.

At 3 a. m. the following bulletin was issued: "The President continues to rest well; temperature 101.6; pulse 110; respiration 24. (Signed,) P. M. RIXEY, M. D. GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, Secretary to the President."

STORY OF THE WANTON CRIME

The Dastardly Deed, Planned with the Characteristic Diabolical Ingenuity of Anarchy, Is Carried Out Without a Hitch.

It was a few moments after 4 p. m. while President McKinley was holding a public reception in the great temple of music on the grounds, that the cowardly attack was made, with what success time alone can tell. Standing in the midst of the crowds, numbering thousands, surrounded by every evidence of good will, pressed by a throng of people, showered with expressions of love and loyalty, besieged by multitudes all eager to clasp his hands, and these surrounding plaudits of an admiring army of sight-seers ringing in his ears, the blow of the assassin fell, and in an instant pleasure gave way to pain, admiration to agony, fully turned to fury and pandemonium followed. 'Twas then a surging, swaying multitude in the city's main thoroughfare, choking the streets in front of the principal newspapers, scanning the bulletins with anxious eyes and groaning or cheering in turn each succeeding announcement, as the nature of the message rose or buoyed their hopes. Down at police headquarters, surrounded by stern-faced inquisitors of the law, with a medium-sized man of commonplace appearance, with his gaze fixed on the floor, who presses his lips firmly together and listens with an air of assumed indifference to the persistent stream of questions, arguments, suggestions and admonitions, with which his captives seek to induce or compel him to talk. It was after to daily organ recital

and plainly dressed in black, appeared 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 dias 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 the sharp crack 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. There was an instant of almost complete silence. 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 surprise, while necks were craned and all eyes turned as one toward the rostrum, where a great tragedy was being enacted. Capture of the Assassin. Then came a commotion. With the leap of a tiger three men threw themselves forward, as with one impulse, and spring 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 dusky 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 multitude, which thronged the edifice, began to come to a realization 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, as 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 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 doors 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 edifice. Inside, on the slightly raised dias, 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 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 shot, he retreated a step, then as the

detectives leaped 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 forward toward the rostrum, while, despite the strenuous efforts of police and guards, the throng without struggled madly to obtain admission. The president's assailant in the meantime had been hustled to the rear of the building by exposition guards, where he was held while the building was cleared, and later he was turned over to Superintendent Bull, of the Buffalo police department, who took the prisoner to No. 13 police station and afterwards to police headquarters. As soon as the crowd in the temple of music had been dispersed sufficiently, the president was removed in the automobile ambulance and taken to the exposition hospital, where an examination was made. The best medical skill was summoned, and within a brief period several of Buffalo's best known practitioners were at the patient's side. Searching for the Bullet. The president retained the full account of his faculties until placed on the operating table and subjected to an anesthetic. Upon the first examination it was ascertained that one bullet had taken effect in the right breast, just below the nipple, causing a comparatively harmless wound. The other took effect in the abdomen, about four inches below the left nipple, four inches to the left of the navel and about on a level with it. Upon arrival at the exposition hospital the second bullet was probed for. The walls of the abdomen were opened, but the ball was not located. The incision was hastily closed, and after a hasty consultation it was decided to remove the patient to the home of President Milburn. This was done, the automobile ambulance being used for the purpose. Arrived at the Milburn residence, all persons outside the medical attendants, nurses and the officials immediately concerned were excluded, and the task of probing for the bullet, which had lodged in the abdomen, was begun by Dr. Roswell Parke. When the news of the crime was telephoned to the home of President Milburn, where Mrs. McKinley was residing, immediate steps were taken to spare her the shock of a premature statement of the occurrence before the true condition of the president should be ascertained. Guards were stationed and no one was permitted to approach the house. Mrs. McKinley Hears the News. When it was decided to remove the president from the exposition hospital to the Milburn residence the news was broken to Mrs. McKinley as gently as might be by the members of the Milburn family. She bore the shock remarkably well, and displayed the utmost fortitude. At 8.30 the representative of the Associated Press was admitted to the Milburn mansion where Secretary Cortelyou gave him the official bulletin prepared by the physicians. Secretary Cortelyou said that a telegraph office would be established at once at the Milburn residence and bulletins giving the public the fullest information possible would be issued at short intervals. At the Milburn house

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