

"HE WILL LIVE," SAY DOCTORS.

"Life or Death," Insisted a High Official for Reasons of State—Physicians Said "Life."

BUFFALO, Sept. 7.—For reasons of state it became absolutely necessary yesterday to secure, at the imperative demand of a high official of the Administration, a definite pronouncement, based upon the maturest judgment of the most skillful surgeons, as to whether the President will live or die from the effects of his wound.

It was with considerable difficulty that the surgeons consented to go into consultation on such a subject, in view of the uncertainties surrounding such a case as that presented by the President at this time.

Five surgeons joined in the consultation, Drs. Mynter, Wisser, Mann, Waddin and Parke. Every phase of the case was examined, discussed and discussed. All the possibilities as far as medical skill could diagnose, were taken into consideration in formulating an opinion to be officially rendered.

After scanning the President's condition from every view point, verdict was reached. The report to the high

official who had demanded the pronouncement, was in the following words: "After a careful scrutiny of the President's condition, taking into consideration all developments, actually occurred or liable to occur, our conclusion is that His Excellency's chances of recovery are the brightest, an extremely remote possibility of peritonitis being the only element of danger."

Hardly satisfied with the careful wording of the report the Administration official demanded imperatively: "Will he live or die?"

"He will live," was the answer of the surgeon.

This morning an X-ray machine arrived here from Thomas A. Edison's factory in Orange, N. J. Dr. Knoll, superintendent of the House of Relief, of New York, and several of Mr. Edison's experts will have charge of the apparatus when it is used on the President to locate the missing bullet.



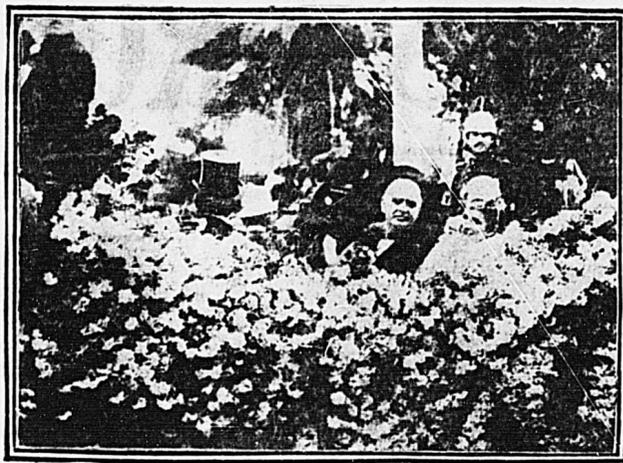
DR. P. M. RIXEY, President McKinley's Personal Physician.

LOVE FOR THE STRICKEN PRESIDENT SUSTAINS WIFE.

The Touching Devotion of Mrs. McKinley, an Invalid, in Her Husband's Peril, Stirs the Heart of the Nation Profoundly—Alert to Every Move from the Sick Room, She Watches and Prays.



MRS. MCKINLEY IN THE WHITE HOUSE



MRS. MCKINLEY IN LOS ANGELES, CALIF.



MRS. MCKINLEY IN PHILADELPHIA

BUFFALO, Sept. 8.—In the hundreds of despatches sent from Buffalo to-day here and there appear a few lines telling of the calm watchfulness of Mrs. McKinley. The President lies in a room in the northwest corner of the Milburn home. Mrs. McKinley's room is on the south side of the house.

Ever alert as to his condition, self-composed and mindful as to the repose she knows is necessary, she passes from her apartment to the threshold of his chamber, quietly questioning the physicians, skillfully noting each symptom, ready at a moment's warning to be at his side. At the mention of her name she goes softly to him. She takes his hand gently in hers. She looks into his eyes. They read each other's hearts.

It was with great trepidation that the doctors consented to have the news of the attempted assassination broken to Mrs. McKinley. She had been an invalid from the time their baby died, rendering them childless. She had looked to her husband for strength. She had clung to him as a child clings to its father. Through all the years of their married life he had never ceased to care for her with the tenderness of a lover.

This story of a brave woman—more sweetheart than wife—comes like a ray of sunshine through the gloom and sorrow that shrouds the nation.

Every moment he could spare from his public duties was hers. He gave up all society. His only enjoy-



A PHOTO TAKEN 30 YEARS AGO

ment was to be with his wife. They shared each joy together. And when sorrow came they consoled together.

Through the dark days when she hovered near the border of death he was ever with her. His great love bore her back to life. He was the sturdy oak. She was the clinging vine. Her happiness was not as the wife of the President, not for the honors, the fame and the glory he had won, but as the wife of McKinley, the husband.

But with the terrible calamity brought so suddenly before her, her whole nature was metamorphosed as if by magic. The invalid became a strong woman. She hastened to the side of her husband. Her fortitude gave him strength. As he took her hand he smiled and said:

"This is not our first battle. We have won more desperate cases than this. If there were only one chance in a thousand I would take that chance, and for your sake hope to win."

"For her sake." That has been the watchword of his life. It has been the word that has nursed her back to life when all hope seemed gone. For each other's sake they have been longing for the time when, free from all cares of State, they can return to the unassuming little home in Ohio and there live in quiet happiness together.

But to-day the hopeful one, the strong one is Mrs. McKinley. With her love, her care and her prayers she believes she will bring her husband through the great crisis which faces him.

PRAYERS GO UP FOR PRESIDENT.

In Churches Throughout the Land Thousands Meet to Pray for Executive.

THROUGHS AT CHURCHES.

Affecting Scenes at Houses of Worship as People Send Up Invocations for Executive.

Everywhere in New York to-day, as in fact throughout the entire country, prayers were offered up for the recovery of the stricken President. Perhaps never in the history of the country was the sorrow more general, more heartfelt.

In every church, no matter of what denomination, the good ministers called upon the Divine Providence to save the life of William McKinley, and the prayers were taken up by multitudes.

Tears were shed in many churches when the attempted assassination of the nation's ruler was mentioned. Ministers stopped as they prayed, choked with emotion, and sobs of women were heard in almost every edifice.

"God save our President" swept from mouth to mouth until it swelled into a chorus of millions. The one thought was for William McKinley, the man.

Many who had long since forgotten the practice of attending church on Sundays, went to-day, that they might join in the prayers for the suffering President. It was a splendid exhibition of love and sympathy.

Had William McKinley been a monarch the people could have shown no more love and devotion than was exhibited in the churches to-day. It was a grand lesson in the loyalty of the masses for one of the plain people.

In the homes, in the streets, everywhere news of the President's condition was anxiously sought. His nobility against death, his pathetic devotion to his invalid wife had touched the souls of the nation and aroused the admiration and good will of all kind.

Early in the day crowds sought the bulletin boards for the latest information. The telephones in the newspaper offices were jingling all day with eager inquiries and for expression of opinions as to the possibilities of the President's recovery.

The slightest unfavorable piece of news met unmistakable expression of grief, of genuine sorrow.

Each bit of information was discussed with great eagerness and all that was favorable seized upon to buoy up hopes.

"Poor McKinley, I hope he won't die," was in almost everyone's mouth.

The danger of peritonitis was what most concerned the people. It was discussed by physicians whose opinions were sought in person and over their telephones. One prominent doctor says his telephone has not been idle ten minutes during the daytime since it became known that blood-poisoning or peritonitis threatened the President. Friends and patients and hundreds he never heard of, have sought his opinion, simply to be reassured.

So tremendous is the interest in the President's condition that thousands abandoned their usual Sunday outing to-day that they might keep in touch with the bedside of the President.

CZOLGOSZ IN COLLAPSE; MAY TELL OF CONFEDERATES

Dejected and Spiritless, He Tells Evening World Correspondent He Would Like to Be Free Again.

BUFFALO, Sept. 8.—Czolgosz, the assassin, is breaking down. He is on the verge of collapse. The defiant spirit which was so pronounced during the first two days of his confinement has entirely disappeared and has been replaced by one of meekness and docility.

Now he longs only for his liberty. He is talking constantly of his chances of becoming free again. That he is beginning to regret the deed is perfectly apparent to-day, and much is expected of him in the way of confession when the police make another effort to wring from his some statement relative to his connections with anarchistic societies and the part of their members in the plot against the President's life.

An Evening World correspondent had a talk with Czolgosz in his cell to-day. He was lying at full length on his hard plank bed. His face was devoid of expression. He looked like a man who had lost his grip on life.

Czolgosz sat up when requested to do so. His head dropped until his chin rested on his breast. His eyes were half closed, his hands fell on either side of him and he leaned against the side of his cell. He was a picture of despair.

He had lost all the neatness of appearance which marked him when arrested. His suspenders were hanging, his white shirt was soiled and open in front and his long hair had fallen over his forehead.

"Why did you shoot the President," he was asked.

Czolgosz slowly shook his head and replied: "I don't know." His voice was scarcely audible.

"Don't you wish now that you had let the President alone? Wouldn't you rather have your liberty?"

The prisoner raised his head, his dull eyes brightened.

"Yes; I'd like to have my liberty. I'd like to be free again. Do you think they will let me go?"

Hope in Confession.

"That may depend on whether you tell them the truth about your confederates."

"Do you think so?" asked the prisoner hopefully.

Czolgosz said he had been used well by the police. "They give me plenty of good food, and everything I want," said he. "I feel pretty well, only I'd like to be out of here. I could not sleep very well last night. They made so much noise up stairs. Some prisoner up there was shouting most of the time, and that kept me awake. I'd like to have some cigars. I'm a great smoker. They have offered me cigarettes, but I don't smoke them. They took a lot of money away from me, when they arrested me, and I should think it would be all right if they spent it for cigars."

"Have you heard anything from your mother or brothers since your arrest?"

"No, they ought to write to me. They are afraid to write, I suppose."

Czolgosz acknowledged to the police in his confession, that he had not been working for several weeks, and the fact that he had considerable money in his pockets when arrested—the police will not say how much—gives weight to the police theory that he had accomplices who furnished him funds.

Czolgosz gave better than any of the other prisoners at Police Headquarters, with the exception that he is in solitary confinement in the dungeon.

Comfortable in Prison.

Prisoners are rarely confined in the dungeon. He has two guards constantly on duty to keep him company. It is doubtful if the ordinary skilled mechanic in this country has as good food as has been given to Czolgosz during his confinement. For dinner at noon yesterday, Czolgosz had roast pork, roast lamb, boiled potatoes, green corn, stewed tomatoes, and bread pudding. After he had finished eating, he sent word out to Capt. Hogan, of the First Precinct, for a cigar, but didn't get it.

Czolgosz's meals are prepared by Mrs. Rellie, the matron. She takes great pride in her cooking.

"I hate to cook for the whelp, but I can't see him starve," said Mrs. Rellie. Czolgosz has another luxury unknown to prisoners at Police Headquarters. It is a big soft pillow. No prisoner there except women, ever got a pillow before. How Czolgosz got his seems to be a mystery. The officials say they know nothing about it. Mrs. Rellie, who has charge of the pillows, says she did not send it to him.

JEWISH PEOPLE OFFER PRAYER.

Forty to fifty thousand believers in the Jewish faith are praying to-day in the cemeteries of Manhattan and Brooklyn for President McKinley. They have been praying since midnight that the Executive of the Nation may recover from the wounds of the assassin. The prayers began in the synagogues and are continued to-day in the open air.

The occasion of the gatherings in the synagogues is the holiday Selchick, which precedes Yom Kippur. It is the day when the Jewish people pray for their relatives. Special services were held in all the synagogues and prayers made for the President.

BELMONT SAYS DEATH OF MCKINLEY WAS FORETOLD.

(Special to The Evening World.)

NEWPORT, R. I., Sept. 8.—Congressman O. H. P. Belmont was asked to-night if he would disclose the name of the New York office in which Dr. Sarak left the sealed envelope containing the horoscope of President McKinley.

It was stated in a newspaper to-day that the illustration had given Mr. Belmont the information that President McKinley was doomed, and that, too, inside of a year. Mr. Belmont said:

"A New York newspaper once gave me as being informed by Dr. Sarak that he predicted the death of the President. This is true, but I have no knowledge of the place where Dr. Sarak left the sealed envelope containing the horoscope of the President. The least said about the matter is the soonest."

FACTS ABOUT CZOLGOSZ AND HIS FAMILY.

Assassin, Leon Frans Czolgosz (pronounced "Cholgoosh"). Born October, 1873. Birthplace of father, Poland. Birthplace of mother, Germany. Number of children in family, nine—seven boys and two girls. Residence of family, Cleveland, O., with the exception of the father, who died several years ago. Birthplace of assassin, Detroit, Mich. Educated in Catholic parochial schools up to his eleventh year, when he removed to Cleveland to work in wire mills, until three months ago. Height 5 feet 8½ inches. Weight, 150 pounds. Hair, light brown and wavy, recently cut. Color of eyes, blue-gray. Nose prominent. Forehead narrow and receding. Chin well curved and pointed. Voice low and modest. Speaks with a slight accent. Habits, temperate, though is an inveterate smoker of cigars. Though educated in Catholic parochial schools, has never been a member of the church. Says he does not believe in religion. Admits being an Anarchist, an admirer of Emma Goldman and a believer in the Italian school of Anarchy.

William M. Doyas, official interpreter of Polish and Bohemian languages in the United States Immigration Office at Baltimore, and himself a Pole by birth, says that "Cholgoosh." "The word is derived from a Polish verb," said Mr. Doyas, "which means to drag, creep or crawl. Used as a noun, it means a creeping, crawling thing such as a snake."

MARK HANNA GETS FAVORABLE NEWS.

BUFFALO, Sept. 8.—At 8 o'clock Drs. Parke, Waddin and Mann arrived for the morning consultation. While the physicians were in conference Elmer Dover, Senator Hanna's private secretary, appeared with a message from the Senator asking for news. Dr. Rixey sent him an encouraging message to the effect that the President had passed a very good night and that none of the unfavorable symptoms so dreaded had appeared.

The face of the attendant who brought the bulletin announcing the result of the consultation across to the newspaper tent fairly beamed as he handed it to the reporters.

"It is good news," he said. Eagerly it was scanned and its confident tone aroused high hopes. The fact that the physicians had officially proclaimed that there were no indications of peritonitis dispelled any misgivings that may have been harbored that perhaps the physicians were concealing something.

Mr. Milburn soon afterward still further increased the cheerful feeling by a personal statement to the effect that the physicians were greatly encouraged as a result of this consultation. His manner and his smiling, happy countenance bespoke the joy which he unmistakably felt.

NEWS OF THE PRESIDENT'S CONDITION TOLD IN BULLETINS.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 8.—Midnight.—Drs. Rixey and Mynter will keep the night vigil at the bedside of the President. A close watch must be kept, for if there are to be any unfavorable symptoms they are expected to manifest themselves by morning.

AT 1.00 A. M.

Mr. Cortelyou announced that there was no change in the President's condition.

AT 2.00 A. M.

The President is sleeping peacefully. The physicians have left the bedchamber to seek rest themselves, and the nurse are the only ones awake. The sleep into which the President had fallen is regarded with favor.

AT 3.30 A. M.

The President has passed a fairly good night. Pulse 122; temperature 102.4 degrees; respiration 24.

AT 4.30 A. M.

The condition of the President is unchanged. He is still sleeping.

AT 6.00 A. M.

The President passed a good night, and his condition this morning is quite encouraging. His mind is clear and he is resting well. The wound was dressed at 8.30 and found in a very satisfactory condition. There is no indication of peritonitis. Pulse 122; temperature 102.4; respiration 24.

Improving. Aided by Dr. Rixey and an attendant she walked to the President's room. The President's eyes greeted her as the door was opened. Mrs. McKinley moved over to the bedside and, resting beside it, took the President's hand.

They exchanged a few words. The President assured her that he was suffering little pain and had spent the night comfortably. Tears were standing in Mrs. McKinley's eyes. The President said to her:

"You know you must bear up well. That is best for both of us."

Then Dr. Rixey escorted her back to her room. This three minutes spent with the President was the only time Mrs. McKinley left her room during the morning.

She lay on her bed most of the time half asleep. Again shortly after lunch she was permitted to see the President for a couple of minutes, and was quite content then to return to her room, where she remained the rest of the day.

Her niece, Miss Sara Barber and Miss Sara Duncanson, of Cleveland, are stopping at the house of Charles R. Huntley, two blocks from the Milburn house. They frequently visit the Milburn house, but do not always see Mrs. McKinley, preferring not to disturb her when she is resting. Part of the afternoon they spent on the veranda of the house, watching the crowd and the soldier patrol.

MRS. MCKINLEY STANDS THE ORDEAL BRAVELY.

BUFFALO, Sept. 8.—With all the numberless questions upon the street, personal inquiries at the house and telegraphic requests for information as to the condition of the President, equal solicitude is shown for Mrs. McKinley.

Every one in the land is asking how she is standing the strain and how she views the condition of her husband.

The fragile woman has passed through the ordeal thus far better than it was expected she would do. She slept well during the night. Dr. Rixey thought best to give her a quieting medicine,

Indignation Great in Philadelphia Crowds.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 8.—This city seemed almost effaced by the news that President McKinley had been shot. The crowds about the bulletin boards blocked the streets up to late at night. A report that the President had died was received about 6 o'clock, and Mayor Ashbridge had given orders to drag the city buildings before the report was contradicted. Many flags, however, had been placed at half-mast. The quest for information became so pressing that the police officials caused the thirty-one police stations to be turned into information bureaus, where the bulletins were read to great crowds.

LYNCH LAW FOR SUCH OFFENDERS

"I Am Almost Converted to It," Says Pastor in McKinley's Church.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 8.—Rev. H. R. Naylor, Presiding Elder of the Washington Conference, conducted services at President McKinley's church to-day. During his sermon he said: "The occurrence at Buffalo indicates that no man is safe from the shafts of death, and while I have ever been loyal to the law and have contended for its strict enforcement, I must say that the affair of 4 o'clock last Friday has almost converted me into an advocate of Lynch law."

"Surely there was no occasion, no reason, for that dreadful deed, and whether the work of a sane man or a lunatic there can be no justification for it."

Can't Sympathize for the President.

HAVANA, Sept. 8.—At a meeting of the Constitutional Convention to-day it was decided to ask Governor-General Wood to send a message of sympathy with the American people in the name of the convention. All day long the Governor-General has been receiving telegrams from Mayors, Senators and other bodies expressing sympathy with President McKinley.