

PRESIDENT SHOT TWICE BY ANARCHIST; PHYSICIANS BELIEVE RECOVERY PROBABLE.

BULLETIN, 3 A. M.—President McKinley sleeping and resting fairly well, temperature 100.2; pulse 120; respiration 24.

ASSASSIN'S ATTACK ENTIRELY UNEXPECTED.

He Was Shaking Hands With the President, Who Smiled at Him as the Man Fired Two Shots From a Revolver He Carried Concealed in a Handkerchief in His Right Hand—Mr. McKinley Displays Great Fortitude.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 6.—President William McKinley was shot two times this afternoon by a would-be assassin, who pressed forward to shake his hand. One of the wounds is very serious, but physicians believe it will not prove fatal. The assassin says his name is Leon F. Czolgosz, and declares he is an anarchist.

The wounds were inflicted by a 32-caliber revolver.

The shooting occurred in the Temple of Music of the Pan-American Exposition. It had been planned in the most cold-blooded manner. An organ recital had just been given. Surrounded by thousands, with the plaudits of the admiring multitude ringing in his ears, he was shaking hands with those who pressed around him.

Secret Service men and local detectives had been watching a man whose actions had aroused their suspicions. He shook hands with the President and passed on.

The next man in line had his right hand concealed in a sling. While he was grasping the President's hand with his left, two shots suddenly rang out, and Mr. McKinley staggered back into the arms of bystanders. That sling had concealed a revolver, and the weapon had been discharged while almost touching the President's body.

The ball entered Mr. McKinley's breast and glanced off, inflicting only a flesh wound. It was extracted. The other entered the abdomen and perforated the walls of the stomach. The surgeons cut for this bullet and extracted it successfully. President McKinley rallied nicely from the operation. His condition late to-night was highly satisfactory to his physicians.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Buffalo, Sept. 6.—A few minutes after 4 p. m., while President McKinley was holding a public reception in the great Temple of Music, on the Pan-American Exposition grounds, an attempt was made to assassinate him by an unknown man, who afterwards declared himself to be an anarchist and gave his name as Fred Nieman. The police afterwards learned that the would-be assassin's name is Leon Czolgosz, that he was born in Detroit and came to Buffalo from Cleveland.

Standing in the midst of crowds numbering thousands, surrounded by every evidence of good will, pressed by a motley throng of people, showered with expressions of love and loyalty, besieged by multitudes, all eager to clasp his hands amid these surroundings, and with the ever-recurring plaudits of an 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, folly turned to fury and pandemonium followed.

To-night a surging, swaying, eager multitude thronged the city's main thoroughfares, choking the streets in front of the principal newspapers, scanning the bulletins with anxious eyes and groaning or cheering in turn at each succeeding announcement, as the nature of the message sinks or buoys their hopes.

THE PRESIDENT SMILINGLY ENTERS THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC.

Five minutes before the tragedy the crowd was in the most cheerful humor in the Temple of Music. The police had experienced no trouble of any kind, and when the President's carriage, containing, besides the executive, President Milburn of the Pan-American Exposition and Private Secretary Cortelyou, drove up to the side entrance to the Temple it was met by a mighty salute of cheers and applause.

The three gentlemen alighted and were escorted to the door of the building. Immediately the carriage containing Secret Service Operators George Foster and E. B. Ireland drove up, and these detectives, with several other secret service men, entered the building together.

While they were met by Director General Buchanan, who had arrived but a moment before, and he directed them as to where to stand. In passing to the place the President took off his hat and smiled pleasantly to a little group of newspaper men and to the guards who had been stationed in the place.

To one of the reporters he spoke smilingly, saying: "It is much cooler in here, isn't it?"

The interior of the building had been arranged for the purpose. From the main entrance, which opens to the southeast from the Temple onto the wide esplanade where the thousands had gathered, an aisle had been made through the rows of seats in the building to near the center. This aisle was about 8 feet wide and turned near the center to the southwest door of the Temple, so that there was a passage dividing the south part of the structure into a right angle.

It was so arranged that the people who would shake hands with the President would enter at the southeast door, meet the President in the center and then pass on to the southwest door. Where the aisle made the curve in the center of the building, the corner had been decorated with palms and green plants, as the President stood under a bower. Both sides of the long aisle were covered with continuous strips of purple bunting, the color indicative of the majesty of the occasion.

HE ANNOUNCED THAT HE IS READY TO MEET THE PEOPLE.

From the southeast door and extending on up to and around the curve was a line of soldiers from the Seventy-third Sea-coast Artillery on either side, and these were interspersed with neatly uniformed guards from the exposition police, under the command of Captain Demer.

When the presidential party was within the building, the soldiers were ordered to come to "attention," and all took their places. The President was escorted to the center of the Palm Bower, and Mr. Milburn took a position on his left, so as to introduce the people as they came in. Secretary Cortelyou stood by the President to the right. Secret Service Operator Foster, who had remained everywhere with the President, took a position not more than two feet in front of Mr. Milburn, and Secret Service Operator Ireland stood by his left, so that he (Ireland) was the main obstacle in front of the President as he was

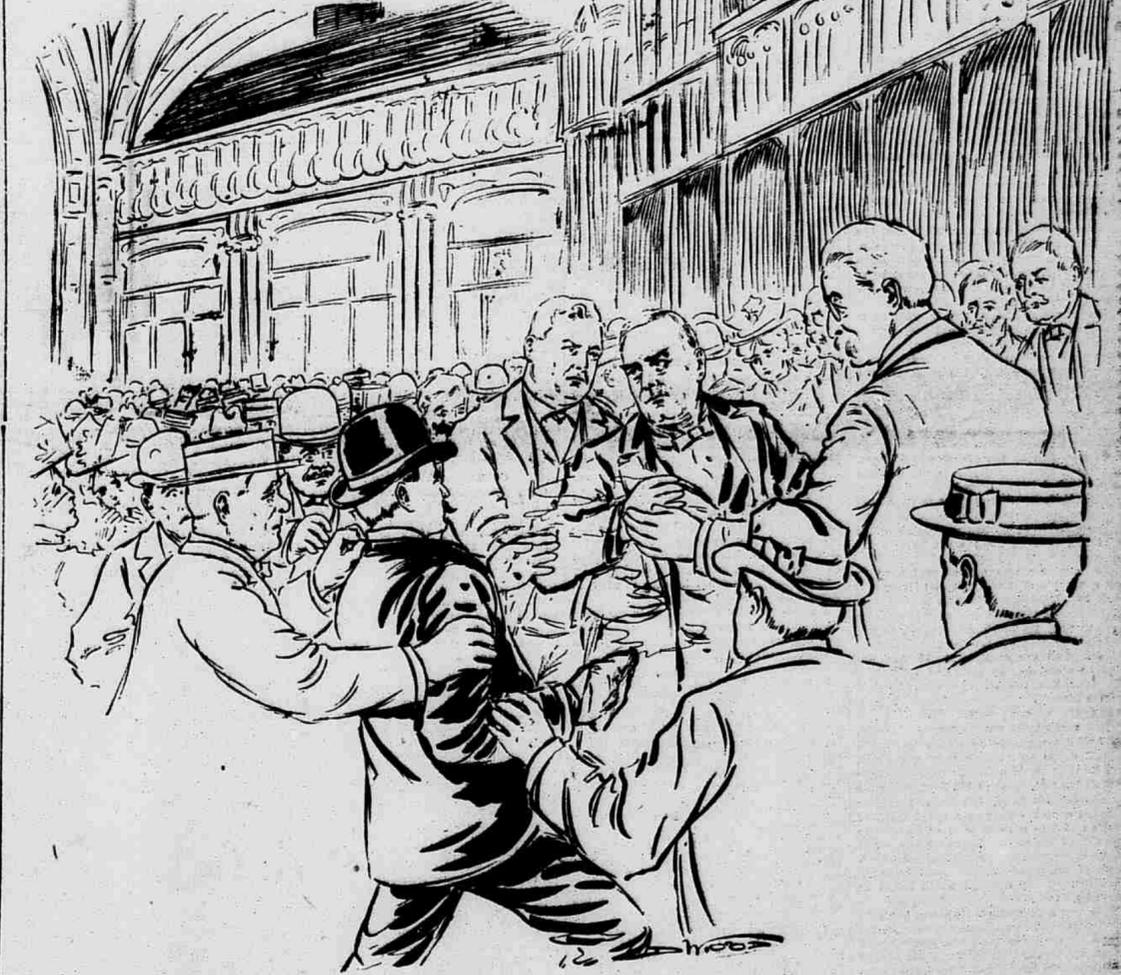
Foster in front of the exposition's president. Through this narrow two-foot passage, the people who would meet the President must pass, and when all was ready, with detectives scattered throughout the aisles, the President smiled to the soldiers as to the door the hours began to wade its way up through the line of soldiers and police to the place where the President stood. Mr. Milburn ordered the door to open and immediately a swarming line of people who had been gathered against the outside of the door for hours began to wade its way up through the line of soldiers and police to the place where the President stood. An old man with silvery white hair was the first to reach the President, and on his

SECRETARY CORTELYOU'S STATEMENT ISSUED AFTER THE FIRST OPERATION.

Buffalo, Sept. 6.—Secretary Cortelyou to-night gave out the following statement: "The President was shot about 4 o'clock. One bullet struck him on the upper portion of the breastbone, glancing and not penetrating; the second bullet penetrated the abdomen five inches below the left nipple and one-half inch to the left of the median line. The abdomen was opened through the line of the bullet wound. It was found that the bullet had penetrated the stomach. The opening in the front wall of the stomach was carefully closed with silk stitches, after which a search was made for a hole in the back wall of the stomach. This was found and also closed in the same way.

"The further course of the bullet could not be discovered, although careful search was made. The abdominal wound was closed without drainage. No injury to the intestines or other abdominal organ was discovered. The patient stood the operation well, pulse of good quality, rate of 120. Condition at the conclusion of operation was gratifying. The result cannot be foretold. His condition at present justifies hope of recovery."

(Signed) "GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, Secretary to the President."



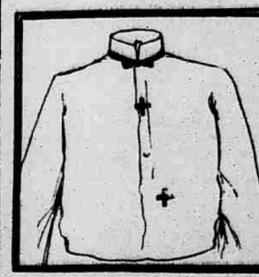
THE ASSASSIN. MR. MILBURN. THE PRESIDENT. SECRETARY CORTELYOU.

PICTORIAL DIAGRAM OF THE ATTACK ON THE PRESIDENT.

Drawn from telegraphic description:

The secret service men noted that about his right hand was wrapped a handkerchief, and, as he carried the hand uplifted, as though supported by a sling under his coat, the officers believed his hand was injured, and especially as he extended his left hand across the right, so as to shake hands with the President. The organist had now reached the climax to the wild strains of the sonata. A more inspiring scene could hardly be imagined.

President bent over, shook hands warmly and said some kind words as to make the young heart glad. As each person passed he was viewed critically by the Secret Service men. Their hands were watched, their faces and actions noted. Far down the line, a man of unusual aspect to some, appeared, taking his turn in the line. He was short, heavy, dark, and beneath a heavy dark moustache was a pair of straight, bloodless lips. Under the black brows gleamed a pair of glistering black eyes. He was marked at once as a suspicious person, and when he reached Foster, the secret service man, held his hand on him until he had reached the President and had clasped his hand. Ireland was equally alert, and the slightest move on the part of this man, who is now supposed to have been an accomplice, and for whom a search is being made, would have been checked by the officers. HE IS SHOT DOWN BY A FIEND WHO SHAKES HIS HAND. Immediately following this man was the assassin. He was a rather tall, boyish-looking fellow, apparently 25 years old, and of German-American extraction. His smooth, rather pointed face would not indicate his purpose to slay the nation's executive. The secret service men noted that about his right hand was wrapped a handkerchief, and, as he carried the hand uplifted, as though supported by a sling under his coat, the officers believed his hand was injured, and especially as he extended his



WHERE THE BULLETS STRUCK.

One glanced off from the breastbone, inflicting a slight flesh wound; the other penetrated both walls of the stomach and probably lodged inside the stomach. left hand across the right, so as to shake hands with the President. It was noticed that the Italian, who was in front of the assassin, held back, apparently to shield the young man, so that it was necessary for Ireland to push him on. The organist had now reached the climax to the wild strains of the sonata. A more inspiring scene could hardly be imagined. Innocently facing the assassin, the President smiled as he only knows how—that

Innocently facing the assassin, the President smiled as he only knows how—that smile of dignity, benevolence and compassion, as he extended his right hand to meet the left of the supposedly wounded fiend. As the youth extended his left hand, he quick as a flash, as though trained by long practice, whipped out his right hand, the one which held the revolver, and before any one knew what was transpiring two shots rang out, one following the other after the briefest portion of a second. For a moment there was the hush of awful death—not a sound. The sonata died instantly; the people stopped, and could not breathe. The next instant there was pandemonium. The executive of the greatest nation on the globe had been shot by bullets from the weapon of an assassin. HE ASKS GOD TO FORGIVE THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN. The President drew his right hand quickly from the globe he had been shot by bullets from the weapon of an assassin. HE ASKS GOD TO FORGIVE THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN. The President drew his right hand quickly from the globe he had been shot by bullets from the weapon of an assassin. HE ASKS GOD TO FORGIVE THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN. The President drew his right hand quickly from the globe he had been shot by bullets from the weapon of an assassin. HE ASKS GOD TO FORGIVE THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN.

Catching himself for the briefest second, President McKinley, whose face was now the whiteness of death, looked at the assassin as the officers and soldiers bore him to the floor and said feebly and with the most benevolent look it is possible to imagine: "May God forgive him." The President was carried first one way, then a step in another direction. The excitement was so sudden and the pandemonium so intense that for a minute no one knew what to do. Finally some one said to carry him inside the purple edge of the aisle and seat him on one of the chairs. The bunting was in a solid piece—no one had time to produce a knife, had they been able to think of such a thing. A couple of men tore the benches aside and tramped the bunting down, while Mr. Milburn and Secretary Cortelyou half carried the President over the line and into the passageway leading to the stage, which had not been used. The President was able to walk a little, but was leaning heavily on his escorts. In