

LIFE OF PRESIDENT M'KINLEY IS HANGING IN THE BALANCE

His Condition While Extremely Critical Encourages Hope and the Result of His Wound Will Probably Be Known Tonight.

BUFFALO, Sept. 8.—At 2 o'clock this (Sunday) morning it was announced that the president was sleeping peacefully. The physicians left the bed chamber to rest themselves and the nurses were the only ones awake. The sleep into which the president has fallen is regarded with favor.

Hope is Held Out For the Recovery of Mr. McKinley

Inflammation is What the Doctors Fear and if It Fails to Make Its Appearance Today The Chances Will Be Regarded as Favorable.

BUFFALO, Sept. 7.—President McKinley's condition is extremely grave. The crisis will probably come within twenty-four hours. While his physicians hold out hope, and the developments of the day have been somewhat encouraging in that none of the symptoms of peritonitis or blood poisoning which they so much dread have appeared, medical experience with similar wounds causes much anxiety, and the physicians shake their heads gloomily when they speak of the future.

Although their distinguished patient's condition has been favorable throughout the day, they do not desire to buoy the country up with false hope. Inflammation is what they fear, and at the first sign in that direction, the country must steel itself for the blow. For the time being the bullet of the assassin, which is still in the body, is a secondary consideration. While it has not been absolutely located, they all agree that after passage through the abdominal cavity and perforating both walls of the stomach proper, it lodged in the fleshy muscles of the back, and if necessary requires, it could be easily located with the Roentgen ray and extracted. They agree that it is now of more importance that the president should rally from the shock of the operation than that the bullet should be removed.

Peritonitis is what they dread most, and after that septic poisoning and suppuration of the wound. The crucial point will come within forty-eight hours, possibly sooner. Indeed, one of the attending physicians said today that if no sign of inflammation appeared before tomorrow night, he would consider the chances of ultimate recovery exceedingly good. Several of his colleagues, however, are not so sanguine.

The president has been dozing drowsily throughout the major portion of the day. Two physicians and two trained nurses are constantly at his bedside. He has not yet fully recovered from the effects of the ether which was administered to him. He was under the influence of the powerful anesthetic over an hour. The result is that although perfectly rational when conscious, he dozes much of the time. Absolute quiet and freedom from excitement the physicians regard as the great essential now, and visitors are excluded.

MRS. M'KINLEY IN THE SICK ROOM.

Not a cabinet officer, not even Secretary Cortelyou was allowed in the sick chamber today. With the exception of the physicians and attendants, Mrs. McKinley was the only person who crossed the threshold. The president asked to see her, and his physicians did not have the heart to refuse his request. She was there but a few minutes, seated at his bedside, as he, in his devotion to her in her illness, has so often been at hers.

Mrs. McKinley had been warned not to talk, and the president and his wife exchanged only a few words. It was only when he asked her to be brave for both their sakes that he faltered and almost broke down. With choking throat and brimming eyes she promised with a bow of her head. Almost immediately thereafter she was led from the room by Dr. Rixey.

Mrs. McKinley throughout this trying ordeal has shown remarkable fortitude. She has been mistress of herself and her sorrow, and has been almost as calm and self-possessed as the president himself. And no more than that could be said, for throughout it all the president has been cooler than those about him. He was yesterday when the pistol was discharged against his breast, and he has been so today, even in his semi-consciousness.

When Dr. Rixey told Mrs. McKinley today of the extreme gravity of the case she did not break down. On the contrary, feeble as she is, grief seemed to lend her strength, and she felt that she must bear up for his sake.

The president has taken no nourishment since he was shot. Water is given to him at intervals, but no food of any kind as yet. His physicians say he has plenty of reserve strength to draw upon, and for the present neither nourishment nor artificial stimulants are necessary.

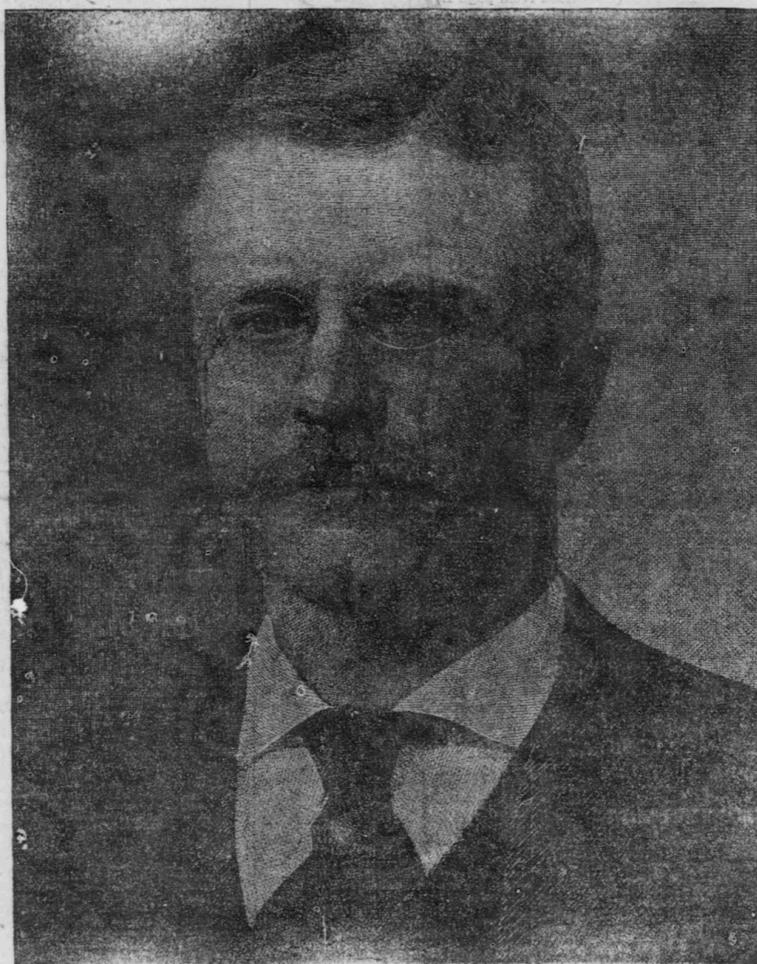
No medicine except digitalis has been given, and that was administered to quiet his pulse, which mounted this morning to 146. Both his respiration and temperature, although they varied much during the day, were considered satisfactory.

BULLETINS FROM THE DOCTORS.

The doctors issued five bulletins between 6 o'clock this morning and 6:30 o'clock this evening, and because they showed an absence of unfavorable conditions they were generally regarded as very hopeful. The record of pulse showed a wide variation during the day, but any alarm occasioned on that score was minimized by a statement from Dr. Rixey, the president's physician, that Mr. McKinley's pulse under normal conditions was inclined to be erratic, and that he was not unfavorably impressed by the circumstances. The physicians were not concerned as to the patient's temperature. During the forenoon and well into the afternoon it held at 102 degrees, and then began to increase slightly. At 3:0 p. m. it was 102.2, and two hours later it had risen to 102.5, but even at the latter point it was not viewed with concern. The respiration of the wounded president was looked upon as being quite satisfactory.

Vice President Roosevelt reached the Milburn residence shortly after 1 o'clock today, after traveling continuously since 7 o'clock last night, when he left Burlington, Vt. He was escorted from the station as far as the Hotel Inroquois by a squad of mounted police, and the remainder of the way by a squad of bicycle police. He expressed his deep distress at the

Vice President Theodore Roosevelt,



WHO WILL SUCCEED TO THE PRESIDENCY, IF THE BUFFALO ASSASSIN'S WEAPON PROVES TO HAVE INFLICTED A MORTAL WOUND.

CHANCES IN FAVOR OF PRESIDENT

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 7.—The operation upon the president last night lasted almost an hour. Ether was administered. A five-inch incision was made where the ball entered the abdomen and its course was followed until the physicians became satisfied that the kidney had not been touched or the intestines perforated and that it had lodged probably in the muscles of the back, where it could do no harm for the present. The intestines were lifted out through the incision and carefully examined, and the utmost confidence exists that there was no injury. The physicians were exceedingly gratified at the result, and pronounced the operation a complete success.

In response to a request from the Associated Press for an opinion as to the probable result of the president's wound, Surgeon-General Wyman, of the Marine hospital, said:

"The fact that the president was in such good health, that skilled surgical assistance was immediately available, that the necessary operation was not postponed and the fact that the percentage of recoveries in similar cases is large, all give good ground for anticipating a favorable result.

"The fact that the wound was received as late as 4:10 p. m., probably some hours after luncheon and before dinner, the stomach being comparatively empty, is in his favor. It is difficult to find statistics based on a large number of cases with wounds of this character, but in a general way it may be said that recoveries average about 50 per cent. With a man like President McKinley it is safe to say that the percentage of chances in his favor is much greater than this. Cases with numerous perforations of the stomach and intestines, even accompanied by wounds of the liver and kidneys, have recovered."

Lay in Wait For Four Days To Do The Awful Deed

Half a Dozen Times Czolgosz's Pistol Ready to Fire, But He Hesitated, Fearing the Shot Might Go Amiss—Inflamed By Emma Goldman's Speech.

CHICAGO, Sept. 7.—A special to the Daily News from Buffalo says: The statement of Leon Czolgosz to the police, transcribed and signed by the prisoner, is as follows:

"I was born in Detroit nearly twenty-nine years ago. My parents were Russian Poles. They came here forty-two years ago. I got my education in the public schools of Detroit, and then went to Cleveland, where I got work. In Cleveland I read books on socialism, and met a great many socialists. I was pretty well known as a socialist in the west. After being in Cleveland for several years I went to Chicago, where I remained seven months, after which I went to Newburg, on the outskirts of Cleveland, and went to work in the Newburg wire mills.

"During the last five years I have had as friends anarchists in Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit and other western cities, and I suppose became more or less bitter. Yes, I know I was bitter. I never had much luck at anything, and this preyed upon me. It made me morose and envious, but what started the craze to kill was a lecture I heard some little time ago by Emma Goldman. She was up in Cleveland, and I and other anarchists went to hear her. She set me on fire.

"Her doctrine that all rulers should be exterminated was what set me to thinking, so that my head nearly split with the pain. Miss Goldman's words went right through me, and when I left the lecture I had made up my mind that I would have to do something heroic for the cause I loved.

"Eight days ago, while I was in Chicago, I read in a Chicago newspaper of President McKinley's proposed visit to the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo. That day I bought a ticket for Buffalo, and got here with the determination to do something, but I did not know just what. I thought of shooting the president, but I had not formed a plan.

"I went to live at 1078 Broadway, which is a saloon and hotel. John Nowak a Pole, a sort of politician, who has led his people here for years, owns it. I told Nowak that I came to see the fair. He knew nothing about what was setting me crazy. I went to the exposition grounds a couple of times a day.

RESOLVED TO KILL THE PRESIDENT.

"Not until Tuesday morning did the resolution to shoot the president take hold of me; it was in my heart; there was no escape for me. I could not have conquered it had my life been at stake. There were thousands of people in town on Tuesday. I heard it was president's day. All these people seemed bowing to the great ruler.

"I made up my mind to kill that ruler. I bought a 32-calibre revolver and loaded it. On Tuesday night I went to the fair grounds and was near the railroad gate when the presidential party arrived. I tried to get near him, but the police forced me back. They forced everybody back so that the great ruler could pass. I was close to the president when he got into the grounds, but was afraid to attempt the assassination because there were so many men in the bodyguard that watched him. I was not afraid of them or that I should get hurt, but afraid I might be seized and that my chance would be gone forever.

"Well, he went away that time and I went home. On Wednesday I went to the grounds and stood near the president, right under him, near the stand from which he spoke.

"I thought half a dozen times of shooting while he was speaking, but I could not get close enough. I was afraid I might miss, and then the great crowd was always jostling, and I was afraid lest my aim fail. I waited Wednesday, and the president got into his carriage again and a lot of men were about him and formed a cordon, so that I could not get through. I was tossed about by the crowd, and my spirits were getting pretty low. I was almost hopeless that night as I went home.

"Yesterday morning I went again to the exposition grounds. Emma Goldman's speech was still burning me up. I waited near the central entrance for the president, who was to board his special train from that gate, but the police allowed nobody but the president's party to pass where the train waited, so I stayed at the grounds all day waiting.

"During yesterday I first thought of hiding my pistol under my handkerchief. I was afraid if I had to draw it from my pocket I would be seen and seized by the guards. I got to the temple of music the first one, and waited at the spot where the reception was to be held.

"Then he came, the president—the ruler—and I got in line and trembled and trembled until I got right up to him, and then I shot him twice through my white handkerchief. I would have fired more, but I was stunned by a blow in the face—a frightful blow that knocked me down—and then everybody jumped on me. I thought I would be killed, and was surprised the way they treated me."

Czolgosz ended his story in utter exhaustion. When he had about concluded he was asked:

"Did you really mean to kill the president?"

"I did," was the cold-blooded reply.

"What was your motive; what good could it do you?" he was asked.

"I am an anarchist. I am a disciple of Emma Goldman. Her words set me on fire," he replied, with not the slightest tremor. "I deny that I have had an accomplice at any time."

Czolgosz told District Attorney Penney: "I don't regret my act, because it was doing what I could for the great cause. I am not connected with the Paterson group or with those anarchists who sent Bresci to Italy to kill Humbert. I had no confidants; no one to help me. I was alone absolutely."