

WILLIAMS, ARIZ.

Population, 2,500  
Elevation, 6,750

RESOURCES

Lumbering Mining  
Stockraising

# The Williams News

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RAILROADS  
Santa Fe Pacific  
Santa Fe & Grand  
Canyon  
Saginaw Southern

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WILLIAMS, ARIZONA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1901

No. 7

## A DESCRIPTION OF THE AWFUL DEED

Perpetrated Last Friday Upon the  
Nation's Chief Executive at  
the Buffalo Exposition

### THE ASSASSIN MAKES A CONFESSION

Regarding His Motive for Shooting  
President McKinley, but Says  
He Had No Accomplices  
in His Vile Crime.

It was a few minutes past 4 p. m., while President McKinley was holding a reception in the Temple of Music on the Pan-American grounds, that the cowardly attack was made. He stood at the edge of a raised dais upon which stands the great pipe organ at the east side of the magnificent structure. Throngs of people crowded in at various entrances to gaze upon their executive, to clasp his hand and file their way out into the good-natured mob that every minute swelled and multiplied at the points of ingress and egress of the building. The president was in a cheerful mood and was enjoying to the utmost the hearty evidence of good will which everywhere met his gaze. On his right stood John C. Milburn, of Buffalo, president of the Pan-American exposition, chatting with the president and introducing him especially to those of note who approached. Upon the president's left stood Mr. Cortelyou, the president's private secretary. It was shortly after 4 p. m. when one of the throng which surrounded the presidential party, a medium-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 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 bowed,

smiled 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 the vibrating waves of applause that ever and anon swept here and there over the assemblage.

After the first shock of the assassin's shot the president retreated a step. Then, as 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 garments were hastily loosened, and when the trickling stream of crimson was seen to wend its way down his breast, spreading its telltale stain over the white surface of the linen, their worst fears were confirmed.

In the meantime, while the great crowd was stupefied with horror, the intending murderer was hustled off to a police station.

One shot struck upon 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 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 a 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, the pulse of a good quality at the rate of 130. His condition at the conclusion of the operation was gratifying.

### Extracts from Confession of Leon Czolgosz.

"I was born at Detroit nearly twenty-four years ago, and educated there; then I went to Cleveland. In Cleveland I read books on socialism and met many socialists. I was pretty well known as a socialist in the west. What started the craze to kill was a lecture I heard by Emma Goldman. She was 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. 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. I bought a 32-caliber 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. I was not afraid of them, but afraid I might be seized, and my chance would be gone forever. I got to the Temple of Music the first one and awaited 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. I am an anarchist. I am a disciple of Emma Goldman. Her words set me on fire. I deny that I have had an accomplice at any time. I don't regret my act, because I was doing what I could for the great cause. I am not connected with those anarchists who sent Bresci to Italy to kill Humbert, I was alone."

## WM. MCKINLEY PASSES AWAY

The End Came at 2:15 this Morning,  
After a Week of Pain  
and Suffering

### THE VICTIM OF AN ASSASSIN'S BULLET

The World Joins with the Nation in  
the Great Sorrow Felt at the  
Loss of Our Beloved  
President

The climax to one of the darkest deeds ever perpetrated upon American soil occurred this morning at a quarter past two in the death of President McKinley.

Since the dastardly act of Assassin Czolgosz, one week ago yesterday, hopes for the complete recovery of the president have been very great. His condition up to yesterday morning was very encouraging and his physicians had every hope of saving his life.

At 2 o'clock Friday morning, the first bulletin showing a change for the worse was posted, though even at that time no serious results were anticipated. During the rest of the day his condition was slightly improved and he appeared to be holding his own. At 1:30 p. m. he was reported to be sleeping quietly, and when at 4:30 another report was circulated that his condition was slightly improved, hope revived, and the general belief was that he had entirely passed the danger point.

At 5:45 p. m. the news was flashed over the wires that "President McKinley is dead." This report was immediately followed by another stating that he still lived but was sinking rapidly. He continued to grow worse and at 2:15 a. m. passed quietly away.