

# CHIEF EXECUTIVE THE VICTIM OF MOST COWARDLY ANARCHIST

**JOYOUS THROG SHOCKED**

**Many Witness the Assault on Guest.**

**President Strives to Calm Enraged People.**

**When Serious Nature of Wounds Appear an Uproar Ensues.**

**B**UFFALO, Sept. 6.—President McKinley was shot and seriously wounded by a would-be assassin while holding a reception in the Temple of Music at the Pan-American grounds 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.

Out on Delaware avenue, at the home of John C. Milburn, president of the Pan-American Exposition, with tears on face and heart torn by conflicting hopes and fears, sits the faithful wife, whose devotion is known to all the nation.

It was a few moments after 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, with what success time alone can tell.

**SHOT WHILE BEING GREETED BY MANIFOLD EXPRESSIONS OF LOVE**

Standing in the midst of thousands, surrounded by every evidence of good will, pressed by a motley throng of people, showered with expressions of love and loyalty from enthusiastic multitudes, all eager to clasp his hands—amid these surroundings, and with the ever-recurring plaudits of an army of sightseers ringing in his ears, the blow of the assassin came and in an instant pleasure gave way to pain, admiration to anger, folly turned to fury and pandemonium followed.

To-night a surging, swaying, eager multitude throngs 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. Down at police headquarters,



**SCENE OF THE DARING ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE PRESIDENT McKINLEY.**

(DRAWN FROM A DESCRIPTION BY TELEGRAPH.)

surrounded by the stern faced inquisitors of the law, is a medium sized man of commonplace appearance with his fixed gaze directed on the floor, who presses his lips firmly together and listens with an air of assumed indifference to the persistent stream of questions, arguments, objurgations and admonitions with which his captors seek to induce or compel him to talk.

**ASSASSIN ACTS WHILE THE ORGAN PEALS FORTH MELODY**

It was just after the daily organ recital in the splendid Temple of Music that the dastardly attempt was made. Planned with all the diabolical ingenuity and finesse of which anarchy or nihilism is capable, the would-be assassin carried out the work without a hitch, and should his designs fail and the President

survive, only to divine Providence can be attributed that beneficent result.

The President, though well guarded by United States Secret Service detectives, was fully exposed to such an attack as occurred. He stood at the edge of the raised dais upon which stands the great pipe organ at the east side of the magnificent structure. Throngs of people crowded in at the various entrances to gaze upon their executive, perchance to clasp his hand, and then file their way out in the good natured mob that every minute swelled and multiplied at the points of ingress and egress to the building.

The President was in a cheerful mood and was enjoying to the full the hearty evidence of good will which everywhere met his gaze. Upon his right stood

John G. Milburn of Buffalo, president of the Pan-American Exposition, chatting with the President and introducing him especially to persons of note who approached. Upon the President's left stood Secretary Cortelyou.

**PRESIDENT EXTENDS HAND TO COWARDLY ANARCHIST WITH GUN**

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 of bystanders 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 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. He then 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 to the

rostrum, where a great tragedy was being enacted.

Then came a commotion. Three men threw themselves forward as with one impulse and sprang 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 the hand of the President. In a twinkling the assassin 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 realizing sense of the awfulness of the scene of which they had been unwilling wit-

**SHOOTER PROMPTLY ARRESTED.**

**Saved From the Enraged Populace.**

**Attempt Is Made to Lynch Fiendish Assassin.**

**Officers of the Law Lose No Time in Jail-ing the Prisoner.**

nesses. 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.

**WITH A SINGLE IMPULSE CROWD SURGES FORWARD**

The crowds that a moment before had stood mute and motionless, as in bewildered ignorance of the enormity of the tragedy, 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 crime.

For the 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 from the outside struggled blindly forward in the effort to penetrate the crowded building and solve the mystery of the excitement and panic which every moment grew and swelled within the congested interior of the edifice.

**PRESIDENT REMAINS IN MOST TRANQUIL STATE OF MIND**

Inside, on the slightly raised dais 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 those who attended the President came out with blanched faces, trembling limbs and beating hearts, while their brains throbbed with a tumult of conflicting emotions which could not be clarified into a lucid narrative of the events as they really transpired.

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

## STORY OF TERRIBLE CRIME TOLD IN BRIEF.

President William McKinley is shot twice by an anarchistic pupil of Emma Goldman. The attempted assassination occurs during a public reception in the Temple of Music at Buffalo Exposition. Two bullets enter the President's body, one penetrating the breast, which was subsequently extracted, and the second, which causes a more serious wound, enters the abdomen. Wounded Chief Executive is first cared for by physicians of Emergency Hospital of the Exposition, and later removed to the home of Director General Milburn.

While the assailant is being taken in the custody of the police to jail attempts are made to lynch him by the enraged populace.

At three o'clock this (Saturday) morning a bulletin is sent from the bedside of the President stating that his temperature and pulse are improved.