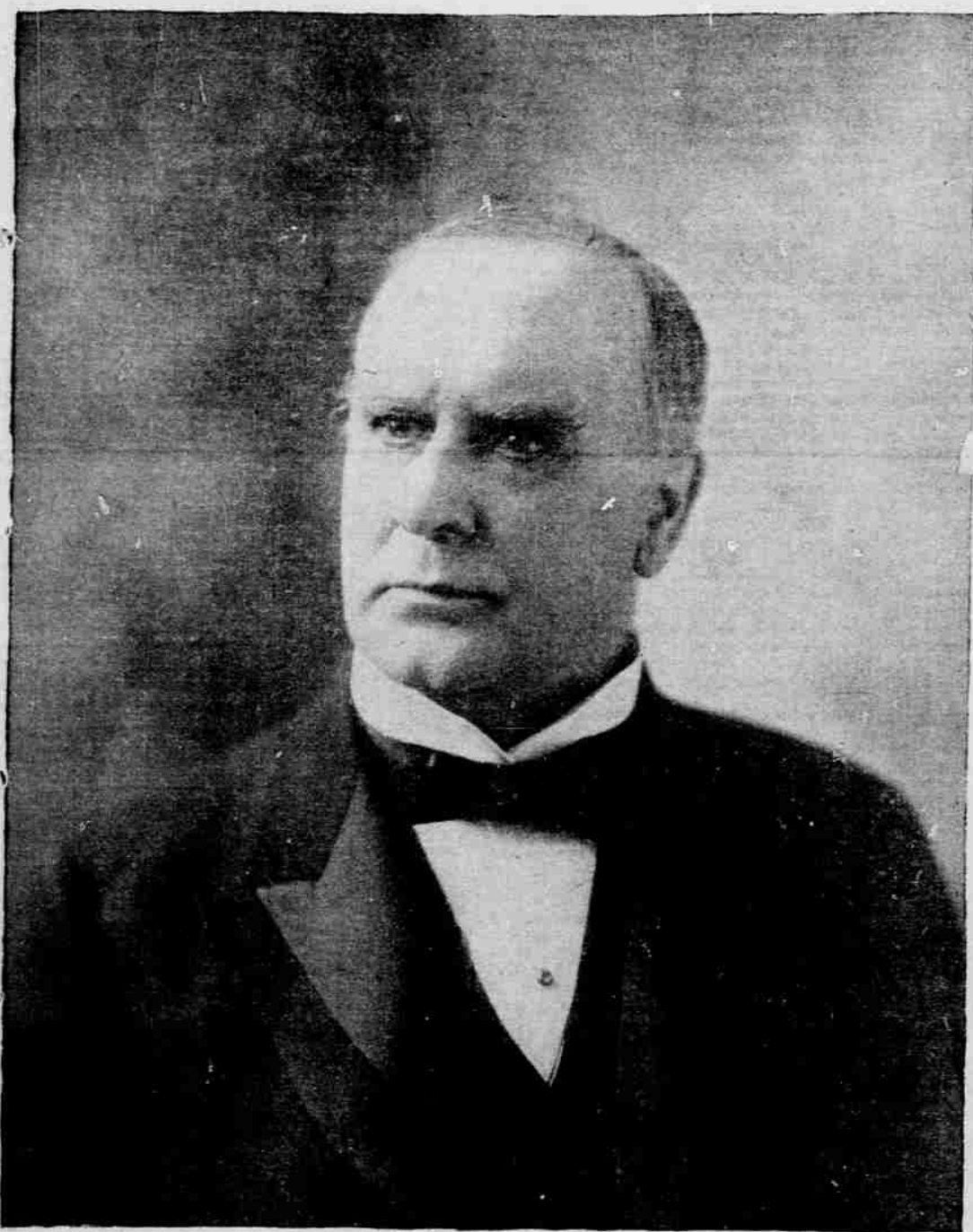


The Washington Times.

NUMBER 2666.

WASHINGTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1901.

PRICE ONE CENT.



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

THE PRESIDENT PASSES AWAY

Mr. McKinley Breathes His Last at the Milburn Home in Buffalo.

THE END CAME AT 2:15 THIS MORNING

Expired Amid Absolute Peace—Mrs. McKinley and Members of the Family Present at the Final Moment—Touching Scene When the Dying Executive Bade Farewell to His Wife in His Last Period of Consciousness—Attending Physicians Found Restoratives of No Avail.

BUFFALO, Sept. 14—2:30 a. m.—The President breathed his last at 2:15 o'clock this morning. Words of consolation to his wife were the last that passed his lips. They came as a gentle farewell to the American people, whom he loved so well, and of whom in good he was so fine a type.

Only three times from the moment he received his death warrant did he speak of him who so wantonly struck him down, and it was characteristic of the President's magnanimous character that in each instance his words were those of pity for what he, in his broad charity, regarded as the delusion of a misguided youth.

At the actual moment of dying the President had long been, to all intents and purposes, beyond the world forever. For hours he had been unconscious. His living became purely automatic, the functions gradually growing weaker and weaker until at last they ceased altogether.

The physicians had ceased trying him with drugs and restoratives. It was but useless work. From the moment that his final collapse developed in all its seriousness they knew in their hearts that he was beyond their aid.

Yet, with all their energy and skill they worked on and on until at the last it was too clearly a case of whether the dying man's moments should or should not be free from what only made them more painful, without hope of any benefit.

The end came in absolute peace. Among those in the room were his two sisters, Helen McKinley, Mrs. Barber, and W. W. Duncan, Miss Mary Barber, her mother, Mrs. Barber, Mrs. Abner McKinley and a Mrs. Cready, who had been taking care of Mrs. McKinley.

The wife of the President had been removed from the sick room about ten minutes before the President expired. She had been with him for nearly two hours. The greater part of that time he had been unconscious.

The reason for taking Mrs. McKinley away at that late hour was that she was so fatigued that it was feared she would collapse.

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At the moment of death all the other relatives assembled in a room adjoining the chamber of death.

The beginning of what appeared to be the end came in the same way as the crisis of last night began. There was a sudden development of weakness of the heart, that organ becoming faint and fluctuating.

The first intimation to the outside world of the danger was when a negro servant came hurriedly out of the house and started away toward town in a swift pace. Then, in rapid succession, came a series of bulletins, some formal and some informal, hurried by Secretary Cortelyou.

They all told one story. The President's condition was very grave; he was very low; he was practically dying; there was little or no hope.

Then followed State Senator Dodge, from the Cleveland district, an old friend of the President. He spoke showed strong signs of emotion. He spoke hardly above a whisper to the dense throng of reporters who gathered about him.

"The President is dying," he said. "He is unconscious. He recognizes none of those about him."

Soon after this Dr. McBurney in a carriage came rushing up the lines, his horses on the gallop. He said not a word, but hurried almost at a trot from the carriage door to the house. Col. W. C. Brown came next. He ran as fast as he could from the carriage, and dashed up the porch three steps at a time.

At Her Husband's Bedside.
The report now came out at 7:55 that the President had recovered consciousness; that he fully realized the end was at hand, and that he had asked for Mrs. McKinley. She was taken into the room and to her husband's bedside.

All left the room then, save one nurse, and the husband and wife were practically alone. The President was able to speak faintly as his wife bent over him. Those who know how tenderly and constantly he has cared for her and how great his anxiety has been for her ever since he was stricken down by the anarchist's bullet can hardly speak of that scene without almost breaking down at the thought of it.

Meantime, the door of the sick room was thrown open and those nearest the President were quietly gathered about it. In the group were Mr. and Mrs. Abner McKinley, Mrs. Baer, the President's niece, Miss Barber, Mrs. McKinley's niece; Judge Day, Secretaries Root, Hitchcock and Wilson, Senator Hanna and Mrs. McWilliams.

Up to this time the crowd had been steadily gathering at the outer barriers of ropes stretched across the streets two blocks away in all directions. The news of the relapse seemed to have spread over the city like wildfire.

It was first reported that the President was dying. Then the rumor spread that he was dead. People began steadily gathering about the barriers, speaking in low tones, scarcely above a whisper, asking the policemen on guard for news.

The officers, several of whom were visibly affected by the solemnity of it all, could only give such reports as now and then reached them from the sick room. Scores of women whose apparel and bearing showed them to be persons of refinement and comfortable means were in the groups. When they had learned the President's condition they all wanted to know how Mrs. McKinley was.

Next to the President comes Mrs. McKinley. It was a matter of current belief that she would never survive the shock. There were plenty who said and believed that she would not live through the night, that the papers tomorrow would tell the world that Emma Goldman's disciple had murdered a woman, a trait inviolable, as well as the President of the United States.

It was recalled that yesterday the President for the first time had spoken of his assassin and had expressed satisfaction when he learned the man had not been harmed by the crowd.

The last news from the house said Mrs. McKinley was at her husband's bedside, and that the rest of the family, personal as well as official, who were in the house, were gathered about the open door of the room where the President was breathing his last.

Then, at 8:25, Senator Symonds came out of the house and walked slowly down the paved path to the sidewalk. It was evident he came with something to say, and that it was something of sad import. At first it was thought to be the final message that it was all over. Yet it was believed that this event would be announced by Secretary Cortelyou.

Next to the statement that the President was dead, that which Senator Symonds came to tell could not have been worse. The President was in extremis, he said. It was not believed that he could live three minutes, when he, Symonds, stepped out of the door. He might even be dead at that moment.

As this report spread, the hush that already was upon the hundred of people within the ropes seemed even to become deeper. Scarce a word was spoken. It was like the solemn stillness of a church, so far as those nearest the house were concerned. The only sound was the faint clicking of the telegraph instruments as the news was rushed away.

The only thing that jarred in all the

pitiful scene without almost breaking down at the thought of it.

At 9 o'clock there were still four members of the Administration who had not yet reached here—Secretaries Long, Hay, and Gage, and Postmaster General Smith. Secretary Root had received a telegram from Vice President Roosevelt saying that he was coming from the North with all speed, by a special train.

The Last Words.
At a few minutes after 10 o'clock, Mr. Cortelyou gave for publication what, in all human probability, was the outlook was then, would be William McKinley's last words on earth. They were: "God's will be done, not ours."

They were addressed to Mrs. McKinley as she sat by his side, taking her last farewell of him. Immediately after uttering them, the President lapsed into unconsciousness.

At various times the President's mind wandered during the night, and in his delirium he spoke of his home in Canton. That he was suffering seemed evident from the pitiful way in which he spoke about his longing for rest. To get home and rest—that was the one thought that ran through his delirious moments.

Nothing was received after the statement concerning the President's last words until 10:40, when Dr. Mann came out and said that the President was still breathing and might live an hour.

"What is the cause of his condition?" was asked.

"Apparently it is some trouble of the heart," he replied. "But we do not know what it is exactly. Senator Hanna has given us to understand that there is to be an autopsy, but we are in the dark. The President's heart has never behaved right. It has steadily and progressively grown weaker."

"For the last twenty-four hours he has been having sinking spells, off and on, each one worse, and each one harder to bring him back from. The President did not believe until late today that he would die. He told me this morning he had not lost his heart. We were laughing and joking while I was dressing the wound. He said to me, 'I feel that I will get well.'"

"This evening he spoke to Dr. Rixey about dying. He said he felt it was almost over. He then asked for Mrs. McKinley, who was with him for an hour and a half. They conversed together, saying their farewells."

"Mrs. McKinley bears up splendidly. She shows no signs of breaking down. The President's last words to those about him were 'Good-bye; good-bye! It is God's will; his will be done, not ours,' and then he said, speaking to no one apparently, 'Nearer, my God to thee; e'en though it be a cross, it is my constant prayer.'"

"His mind wandered considerably at the last, and he lay scarcely breathing."

When Dr. Mann was asked who was in the room, he said:

"All of the President's friends went in

and bade him good-bye; most of them went away again, but some stayed."

Senator Hanna was in the room from time to time, and the members of the Cabinet went in. Secretary Root went in several times. A front bedroom was devoted to their use. Attorney General Knox was the last member of the Cabinet to arrive.

Crowds Dwindle Away.
Between 10:30 and 11 o'clock the repeated assurances of each man who came from the house seemed to convince those who were not newspaper men that there was no use in staying any longer; that the President could not possibly live until morning. At 11:30 there were not half as many about the corner as there had been an hour before. At about the same time the crowds waiting in Delaware Avenue and the other closed streets ceased pressing on the police lines. They realized that it was over and went home with their sorrow.

The one or two who stayed left when Judge Day came from the house half an hour before midnight and said that Mrs. McKinley had been told that her husband had but a few minutes more to live. Judge Day added that the physicians, since the danger from peritonitis and blood poisoning had disappeared, were obliged to look elsewhere for an explanation of his sinking.

They found that his heart was muscularly weak, and the weakness, in the light of what they had learned from those who had studied the President's physique, was from the use of tobacco.

A False Rumor.
At 12:25 Coroner Wilson came driving from his house and said he had positive information that the President was dead. It was thought that he had received his information from the telephone. It proved, however, that he had gotten it from a report that had spread down town, and had even appeared in an evening newspaper.

The story as it was printed was so circumstantial, and purported to come from an official source, that it was for the moment fully believed and all of the newspaper correspondents made a mad rush for the telegraph wires and turned it in. The improbability, however, of Mr. Cortelyou withholding the news of such an event until it had been communicated to the coroner soon became apparent, and there was an immediate rush to the wires on the part of the correspondents, sending word to their papers to wait for confirmation before publishing the bulletin.

A messenger sent to Mr. Cortelyou quickly brought back the response that there was no truth in the report, and that the President's condition remained unchanged.

A few minutes after Coroner Wilson went into the house he came out again hastily. Representative Ryan followed him out and said, with some evidence of indignation, that the coroner said he had been sent to the house by the district attorney. The coroner had nothing to say except that there had been a misunderstanding.

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

APPROACH OF THE CRISIS.

Gravity of the President's Condition Not Realized at First.
BUFFALO, Sept. 13.—The news of the President's collapse was as lightning from an absolutely cloudless sky. Among those brought here by last Friday's terrible event who still remained in the city, it produced a shock second in intensity only to the news of the assassination itself. But there were very few of the Government officials left.

The only members of the Cabinet here were Secretaries Hitchcock and Wilson. Secretary Root left at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Postmaster General Smith got away early last evening. Secretary Hay went on Wednesday night. Senators Hanna and Morgan and M. T. Herrick went away several days ago. Vice President Roosevelt was up in the Adirondacks.

All had left Buffalo absolutely confident that the chances of a fatal issue were too remote to be considered. Dr. McBurney, when he left on the Empire State Express at the same time with Secretary Root, was fairly boyish in his expressions of satisfaction at the President's condition.

The morning bulletin had had a clear firm ring of confidence, which had produced the sanguine prediction that the doctors would formally pronounce the President practically out of danger within the next forty-eight hours. Over "news-paper row," as the group of tents across the way from the house is called, there had fallen an atmosphere of peace and security which had not been known before since the news gatherers pitched their camp on the scene.

Yet, even with this, there were some who away down in the bottoms of their hearts were not quite so sure. At 9:30 a. m. saying the President felt better than at any time up to date. The same bulletin he had taken solid food, and had of consciousness. That this was the view taken by Secretary Root and Dr. McBurney seemed to be sufficiently evidenced by their going off to their business. Secretary Root to the bed of a sick son in New York and Dr. McBurney to Albany on his way to Massachusetts.

And yet, with all, there was just one thing that secretly troubled some of those who were closely watching the case. That was the President's pulse. It fluctuated so curiously. It took such sudden turns. The temperature was all that could be wished.

As to the respiration, the doctors, for some reason, had not been giving that for the last two days. There was a little wonderment as to this, but no explanation was forthcoming. They simply did not give it and in view of the absolutely positive reassurance which went with the supplemental statements that they made in addition to their bulletins, the question was not pressed.

But the pulse was another matter. There were rumors that the President's heart was not all that could be desired. Secretary Wilson said that never in all the years he had known the President had he heard a word to give rise to the fear that he had a weak heart.

Then there was Dr. Rixey, who had attended the President for years. He had said repeatedly since the President was

stricken that he normally had a high pulse, that it was an uncertain, fluctuating pulse. Yet all this did not quite reassure everybody.

It was known that the President had been for years a heavy smoker. That his heart was more or less affected by tobacco was not doubted. How far was it responsible for the high speed and the varying speed of the pulse now? This was the question more than one person was asking himself for hours yesterday before the first signals of the alarming events of the night were seen.

At 6:20 a. m. the pulse was 122; at 9:30 it was 129. At 3 p. m. it had leaped up to 128. During all this time the temperature remained at one point—100.2.

It was not until the 3 p. m. bulletin that the first premonitory hint of the great crisis of the night appeared. In that bulletin there was a new word—one that had not appeared before. The word was "fatigue." Translated from doctors' language to lay language, "fatigue" meant weakness. Heretofore there had come from the sick room nothing but gratifying assurances of the President's returning strength, of how he turned himself in his bed and how he would be able to sit up if not for the mechanical facts involved in the abdominal incision.

The fact that there was "fatigue" and that fatigue meant weakness was disappointing. But after all, the President had been six days in bed, with the possibility of changing his position only in very narrow limits. Besides that the day was very warm and filled with the depressing tendencies that go with high humidity.

This sufficiently explained the fatigue, provided it was accompanied by no other symptoms. There was not a thought as yet of the solid food taken for the first time that day as being in any way responsible for the trouble. It is true there was surprise that the patient could take solid food so soon. There was even some marveling at the kind of solid food which it was said he had taken.

That he could dispose of the hard grit of toast was also surprising, and the fact the doctors had diagnosed his digestive condition so favorably was regarded as especially reassuring. It was not until 8:30 o'clock that this same food, on which such strong hopes were built, began to appear as a disturbing element in the bulletin.

The bulletin at that hour said his condition was not quite so good; that his food had not agreed with him, and had been stopped; that his pulse was not satisfactory. In medical terms it added what amounted to the statement that the bowels were clogged.

Even this bulletin did not cause what might be called alarm. It was not satisfactory by a good deal, though. The doctors, apparently to avoid going into explanations, left the house by a back way, thus avoiding the newspaper men, a thing they had not done before.

They were soon reached in their homes. They emphasized the fact that the bowels were clogged, and told that calomel and oil had been administered to bring relief. It was this checking of the intestinal functions, this intestinal poisoning, which was the cause of the President's unsatisfactory condition. There was nothing alarming about it, they said.