

# HOW CZOLGOSZ DIED. BETRAYED NO SIGN OF FEAR.

## "I KILLED THE PRESIDENT,"

He Said, "Because He Was an Enemy of the Good People—of the Good Working People—And I Am Not Sorry for My Crime"—Wished He Could See His Father—Ate and Slept Well and Talked as He Was Being Strapped to the Death Chair—No Hitch in the Execution—Only Four Minutes From Cell to the End—Last Scenes in the Drama Begun at Buffalo on Sept. 6.

## THE LAW SATISFIED

Auburn, N. Y., Oct. 29—At 7.12.30 this morning Leon F. Czolgosz was electrocuted for the murder of President McKinley.

Auburn, Oct. 29.—At 7.12.30 o'clock this morning Leon F. Czolgosz, murderer of President McKinley, paid the extreme penalty exacted by the law for his crime. He was shocked to death by 1,700 volts of electricity. He went to the chair in exactly the same manner as have most of the other murderers in this state, showing no particular sign of fear, but in fact doing what few of them have done—talking to the witnesses while he was being strapped in the chair.

"I killed the President because he was an enemy of the good people—of the good working people. I am not sorry for my crime."

These were his words as the guards hurried him into the chair. He supplemented this a moment later, mumbling the words through a half-adjusted face strap, "I am fatherly."

Slept Well Last Night. Czolgosz retired last night at 10 o'clock, and slept so soundly that when Warden Mead went to the cell shortly before 5 o'clock this morning the guard inside had to shake Czolgosz to awaken him. He sat up on the edge of his cot, and made no reply to the warden's greeting of "Good morning." The prison official took from his pocket the daily Bible and read it slowly and distinctly to the assassin, who hardly raised his eyes during the perfunctory ceremony.

Just as the warden stepped away from the cell door, Czolgosz called to him and said: "I would like to talk with the Superintendent." The warden responded: "He will be down presently."

His Last Toilet. Then the condemned man rolled over on his cot, apparently anxious to sleep again. At 5.15, however, the guard brought to him a pair of dark trousers with the left leg slit so as to allow the application of the electrode, and a light grey outing shirt. He was told to get up and put these on, which he did. Contrary to the usual custom, he was given a new pair of shoes, when dressed he lay down on the cot again, and in this attitude Supt. Collins found him at 5.30 when he went down to visit him.

Wanted to Make a Statement. The Superintendent stood in front of the steel bars, and when the guard had called Czolgosz's attention, he said: "I want to make a statement before you kill me."

"What do you wish to say, Czolgosz?" asked the Superintendent. "I want to make it when there are a couple of people present. I want them to hear me," said the prisoner. "Well, you cannot," said the Superintendent. "Then I won't talk at all," said the prisoner, solemnly.

prisoner out into the corridor, two officers following behind, and the chief keeper walking in front. The guards on each side of Czolgosz had hold of his arms either as if to support him, or to keep him from making a demonstration. As he stepped over the threshold he stumbled, but they held him up, and as they urged him forward toward the chair he stumbled again, on the little rubber-covered platform upon which the chair rests. His head was erect, and with his gray flannel shirt turned back at the neck, he looked quite boyish. He was intensely pale and as he tried to throw his head back and erect his chin quivered very perceptibly.

His Last Words. As he was being seated he looked about at the assembled witnesses with quite a steady stare, and said: "I killed the President because he was an enemy of the good people—of the good working people."

His voice trembled slightly at first, but he gained strength with each word and he spoke perfect English. "I am not sorry for my crime," he said loudly, just as the guard pushed his head back on the rubber hand-rest and drew the divisible strap across his forehead and chin. As the pressure on the straps tightened and bound the jaw slightly, he murmured: "I am awfully sorry I could not see my father."

The Stroke of Death. It was just exactly 7.11 o'clock when he crossed the threshold, but a minute had elapsed and he just had finished the last statement when the straps were completed, and the guards stepped back from the man. Warden Mead raised his hand, and at 7.12.30 electricity was turned on. The warden threw the switch that threw 1,700 volts of electricity into the living body. The ruse of the immense current threw the body so hard against the straps that they cracked perceptibly. The hands clenched suddenly, and the whole attitude was one of extreme tension. For forty-five seconds the full current was kept on, and then slowly the electrician threw the switch back, reducing the current volt by volt until it was cut off entirely. Then just as it had reached that point he threw the lever back again for a brief two or three seconds. The body, which had collapsed as the current was reduced, stiffened up again against the straps. When it was turned off again Dr. Macdonald stepped to the chair and put his hand over the heart. He said he felt no pulsation, but suggested that the current be turned on for a few seconds again. Once more the body became rigid. At 7.15 the current was turned off for good.

A Secluded Prisoner. Czolgosz was closely secluded during his stay at Auburn, and none of the 1,500 letters and packages sent to him ever reached him. Talking with him was forbidden, the rule being broken only as to his religious opportunities and in trying to get a confession from him. Supt. Collins had a lengthy interview with him. Night was chosen for the inquiry, and at 9 o'clock the superintendent called upon Czolgosz. The prisoner was transferred to another part of the prison, where there was no one to overhear his conversation. For the first few minutes Czolgosz sat in sullen silence and the superintendent began to despair of getting any information. Finally, just as he was about to leave, Czolgosz answered a few of his queries. From that time on he talked freely, but his utterances contained no enlightenment as to the cause for his crime or a possible conspiracy. The most important statement he made was one in which he absolutely denied that he had a handkerchief tied about his neck or that the pistol was concealed in any other place than his coat pocket.

In the Death Chamber. In the chamber, Electrician Davis and Former Warden Thayer, of Dannemora, had arranged the chair, placing a bank of 22 incandescent lights across the arms and connecting the electrode wires at either end. The witnesses were ordered seated, and then Warden Mead briefly addressed them, saying: "You are here to witness the legal death of Leon F. Czolgosz. I desire that you keep your seats and preserve absolute silence in the death chamber, no matter what may transpire. There are plenty of guards and prison officials to preserve order and attend to the property details."

Enter the Prisoner. Warden Mead gave the signal to have the prisoner brought in, and at 7.10.30 o'clock Chief Keeper Tupper swung open the steel door leading to the condemned cells, and as the steel bars behind which Czolgosz had been kept, were swung aside, two guards marched the

THE AUTOPSY. The Physicians Find the Murderer's Brain is Normal. Naturally, almost the entire attention of the physicians assigned to hold the autopsy was directed towards discovering, if possible, whether the assassin was in any way mentally irresponsible. The autopsy was conducted by Dr. Carlos F. Macdonald, an expert alienist, and former President of New York State Lunacy Commission, Dr. A. E. Spitzka, of New York, and Prison Physician Gerin.

The top of the head was sawed off through the thickest part of the skull, which was found to be of normal thickness, and it was the unanimous agreement, after microscopic examination, that the brain was normal, or slightly above normal. This demonstrated to the satisfaction of the physicians that in no way was Czolgosz's mental condition, except as it might have been perverted, responsible for the crime. The autopsy was completed shortly before noon.

The Interment. The body was placed in a black stained pine coffin, every portion of the anatomy being replaced under the supervision of Dr. Gerin and Warden Mead. Shortly afterward it was taken to the prison cemetery, and an extraordinary precaution taken to completely destroy it. A carboy of acid was obtained, and poured upon the body in the coffin, after it had been lowered into the grave. Straw was used in the four corners of the grave as the earth was put in to prevent such gases as might form. It is the belief of the physicians that the body will be entirely



THE CHAIR OF DEATH

disintegrated within twelve hours, during that time, and as long as deemed necessary, a guard will be kept over the unmarked grave.

Just Four Minutes. From the time Czolgosz had left his cell until the full penalty was paid less than four minutes had elapsed. The physicians present used the stethoscope and other means to determine if any life remained, and at 7.17 the warden, raising his hand, announced: "Gentlemen, the prisoner is dead."

The witnesses filed from the chamber, many of them visibly affected, and the body, which five minutes before had been full of life and vigor, was taken from the chair and laid on the operating table. When the body of Czolgosz had been removed from the room where he was killed to the autopsy table, Auburn Prison returned to the routine of its ordinary life. The prisoners who had been kept locked in their cells, were released at 7.45 o'clock, and prison work was resumed at once. There was no excitement among the convicts, and no unusual number of prisoners stood around the prison gate to watch the clothing and personal effects of the prisoner were being under direction of Warden Mead, shortly after the execution.

DISPOSAL OF THE BODY. It Will be Buried in the Prison Cemetery. The State is not to surrender possession of his body, and by sundown it will have been secretly interred in ground controlled by the officials of Auburn Prison. Waldek Czolgosz, brother to the murderer,

LAST INTERVIEWS. Czolgosz had his last interview last night, the first with Superintendent Collins and the second with his brother and brother-in-law. Prior to the late evening interviews Czolgosz reluctantly received Father Fudinski and Hieker. It was late in the afternoon, and occurred after he had refused to meet them. When they Collins conveyed the request for an interview to the prisoner, Czolgosz sent back word that he did not care to see them, but the priests asked his refusal.

Superintendent Collins consented, and personally escorted them to the cell. The priests remained with Czolgosz for three-quarters of an hour, and earnestly pleaded with the prisoner to repent and pray for Divine forgiveness. He rejected all their advances, however, and they reluctantly withdrew. They told the prisoner they would hold themselves ready to answer a call from him at any hour of the night.

It was 7 o'clock when Superintendent Collins went into the death house and tried to get the prisoner to talk to him. Although he remained in the cell some time, he was apparently

not successful in getting anything material from him.

Alone in His Crime. At 8 o'clock the brother and brother-in-law arrived and Superintendent Collins took them down to the condemned man's cell. There was no demonstration when they met Czolgosz, merely stepped to the front of his steel cage and said: "Hello!"

The assassin answered in a slow, hesitating manner. "No one; no one had anything to do with it but me."

"That is not how you were brought up," said the brother, "and you ought to tell us everything now."

"I have not got anything to tell," he answered, in a surly manner. "Do you want to see the priests again?" asked his brother, and he answered, with more vehemence

than he had previously shown: "No, damn them; don't send them here again; I don't want them."

The brother-in-law interjected here: "That's right, Leon." The brother looked rather disturbed by the answer. Then, stepping up close to the bars, the condemned man said: "And don't you have any praying over me when I'm dead. I don't want any of their damned religion."

Want to See Execution. There was a painful pause of a few minutes, and then the relative resumed casual conversation with him, which he replied in monosyllables until the brother-in-law suggested, to Superintendent Collins' surprise, that he and the brother be permitted to witness the execution.

Before Superintendent Collins could reply, Leon Czolgosz said, "Yes, Mr. Superintendent, let them see me killed."

Superintendent Collins told the trio in emphatic terms that no such thing could be allowed, and ordered them to say good-bye.

Czolgosz walked to the back of his cell, sat down on the edge of his cot, and did not answer the last farewell.

The Assassin in His Cell. For some days the assassin lay on the cot in his cell almost constantly, gazing fixedly at the wall opposite him or at the guards who sat in the corridor within three feet of his door. He was ever ready to eat and the prison fare with the greediness of a savage. He slept long but not sound and resembled being disturbed.

In his waking hours he demanded conversation, but he did not encourage conversation. When addressed by one of his guards he replied in monosyllables, and the longest conversation he maintained with them was about the quality of the prison fare, which he did not think was good enough for him. He discussed with one of the guards the probable sensations of man while being put to death in the electric chair. He

had sat on his cot for more than an hour smoking a cigar and gazing fixedly through the bars of his cell door.

"How does it feel?" he asked suddenly looking up at the guard. "How does what feel?" sniffed the guard. "That—in there," said the assassin, jerking his thumb toward the wall, "twenty feet beyond which was the entrance to the death chamber, where he was to pay the penalty of his crime."

There were none of the usual disappointing delays of justice in the Czolgosz case. The crime for which he suffered was committed on Sept. 5, and within less than two months—the law's penalty has been exacted. The story of the crime is too recent to need repeating. At about 4 o'clock on Sept. 6 Czolgosz, who had got close to the President at the reception in the Temple of Music at the Buffalo Exposition, his hand in which he held the pistol wrapped in a handkerchief, shot the head of the nation whose hand was outstretched to give him friendly greeting. Two bullets entered his body, and from the first the case was felt to be a most critical one.

All that surgical skill could do was in vain, and the President succumbed to the wound a week later, his dying words being "Good-bye All! God's Will be Done!"

The assassin was caught red-handed, and with difficulty saved from popular fury, tried in court at Buffalo Sept. 23-4, and sentenced to die on the week beginning Oct. 28.

accomplished by a wooden partition, to his right and in the rear of the chair, is the executioner, his hand clutching a knob on the switch-board affixed to the partition, ready to turn on the current of electricity that puts an end to the existence of the President's slayer.

The time usually consumed in an execution from the moment the condemned man leaves his cell in the death-house until his life has paid the forfeit for his crime is less than three minutes. The actual journey from cell to chair, if the condemned man makes no resistance, is usually accomplished in less than a minute.

Once in the chair, short work is made by the trained assistants of the executioner in affixing the apparatus to his limbs and head and connecting the wires that descend from the roof of the conical metallic cap placed on the head of the prisoner with the arms and legs of the chair, which are sheathed with active electrical conductors.

A hurried examination is made to see that everything is all right. Then the warden, with a handkerchief in his hand, signals to the executioner, who is looking on. Sometimes he merely says "Ready," to indicate that all preparations for the execution are complete.

A Virginia Street Duel. Fierce Jealousy Led to a Bloody Tragedy.

ONE MAN DEAD, ONE DYING. New Martinsville, W. Va., Nov. 4.—In an attempt to save her husband from death at the hands of an enemy who had threatened both his life and hers, Mrs. Lowther, wife of Dr. S. T. Lowther, a wealthy physician and principal owner of the Lowther oil field in Calhoun county, was seriously wounded last night on her way home with her husband. Friend Cox, Lowther's assailant, died within thirty minutes with a bullet in his brain, and Dr. Lowther was so seriously wounded that he cannot live.

Jealousy was at the bottom of the trouble. Cox, who is an oil operator, had, it is said, intercepted letters from Lowther to his young wife and had threatened to shoot both Dr. and Mrs. Lowther on sight. Both men had been armed for a week. From Calhoun County and was met at the station with his wife and daughter. They had almost reached their home when they met Cox and two companions, "Joe" Yaeger and Clifford Anderson. Cox had been drinking.

# Cold Settles on the Kidneys

Deep-seated Kidney Disease Often the Result of a Neglected Cold—Then Come Great Sufferings From Lumbago and Backache.

Few people realize what a vast proportion of serious illnesses arises from cold settling on some delicate organ of the body. The kidneys and liver, as well as the lungs, are very easily affected by sudden changes of temperature, and the results are often suddenly fatal. It is a common experience with farmers, teamsters, railroad men and laborers to have a cold settle on the kidneys and throw these organs, as well as the whole digestive system, out of order. There are usually backache, pains in the sides and limbs, deposits in the urine, and scalding with urination and irregularity of the bowels.

## Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

So many thousands of cases of serious kidney disease have been cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills that they have come to be considered an absolute cure for all kidney derangements. They are endorsed by doctors, lawyers, ministers and others, and are beyond doubt the most efficacious treatment obtainable for diseases of the kidneys and liver. One pill a dose; 25 cents a box; at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.