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THE NATION'S CHIEF HAS PASSED AWAY.

The End Came at 2.15 Saturday Morning When the President Breathed His Last.

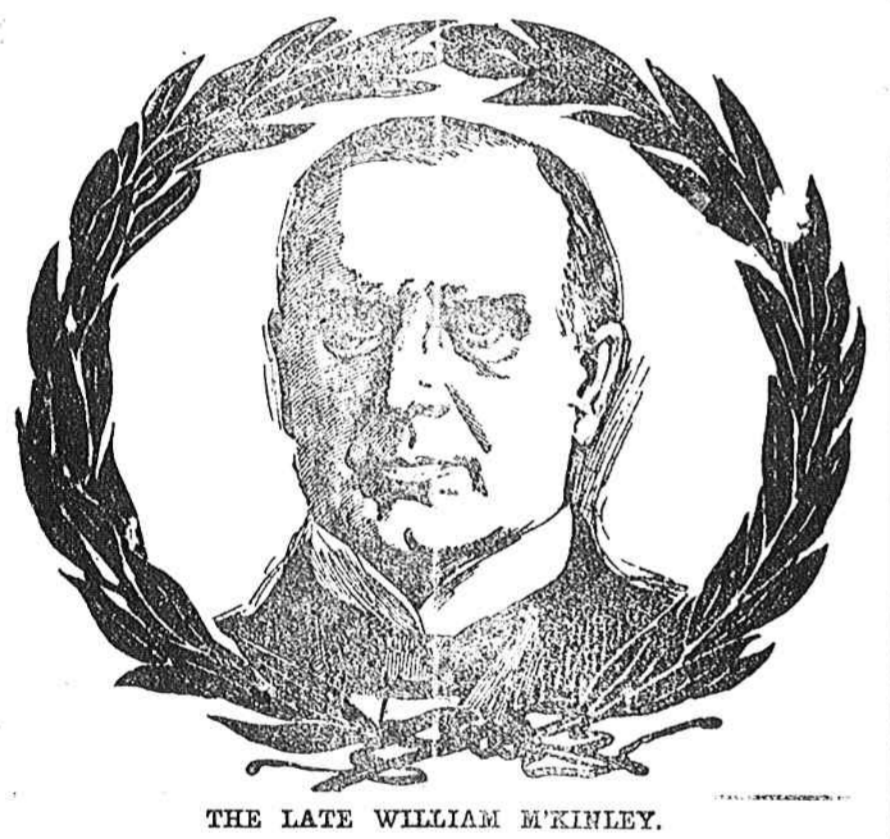
WEAKNESS OF THE HEART DEVELOPED.

The Heart Failure That Was Evidenced for the first Time Thursday Night Could Not Be Checked and He Never Rallied—Pathetic Scenes Around the Bed of the Dying Chieftain.

Milburn House, Buffalo, Sept. 11.—President McKinley died at 2:15 this morning. He had been unconscious since 7:30 p. m. His last conscious hour on earth was spent with his wife to whom he devoted a lifetime of care. He died unattended by a minister of the gospel, but his last words were an humble submission to the will of God in whom he believed. He was reconciled to the cruel fate to which an assassin's bullet had condemned him, and faced death in the same spirit of calmness and poise which has marked his long and honorable career. His last words, reduced to writing by Dr. Mann, who stood at his bedside when they were uttered, were as follows:

"Good bye, all, good bye. It's God's way. His will be done."

His relatives, and members of the official family, were at the Milburn



THE LATE WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

house, except Secretary Wilson, who did not avail himself of the opportunity, and some of his personal and political friends who took leave of him. This painful ceremony was simple. His friends came to the door of the sick room, took a longing glance at him, and turned tearfully away. He was practically unconscious during this time. But the powerful heart stimulants, including oxygen, were employed to restore him to consciousness for his final parting with his wife. He asked for her, and she sat at his side and held his hands. He consoled her and bade her good-bye. She went through the heart-breaking scene with the same bravery and fortitude with which she has borne the grief of the tragedy which has ended his life.

The immediate cause of the president's death is undetermined. His physicians disagree, and it will possibly require an autopsy to fix the exact cause. The president's remains will be taken to Washington, and there will be a State funeral. Vice President Roosevelt, who now succeeds to the presidency, may take the oath of office wherever he happens to hear the news. The cabinet will, of course, resign in a body, and President Roosevelt will have an opportunity of forming a new cabinet, if he so desires.

away in an electric cab, gave the outside watchers the first intimation of the ill news from within.

As the telegraph instruments rattled away with their forlorn story early this morning, the hastily aroused physicians began arriving. An automobile, racing at top speed, brought Dr. Mynter first. He did not stop to speak, but rushed into the house. Dr. Mann came almost on his heels, and he too ran

of the most eminent heart specialists in the United States, were summoned to lend their skill and counsel, and Dr. McBurney, the noted surgeon, who left yesterday, was recalled. Vice President Roosevelt and the absent members of the cabinet were also telegraphed for.

DESPERATE RESOURCES ADOPTED.

When the sinking spell occurred about 2 o'clock this morning it was



MRS. MCKINLEY.

down the street. Neither stopped for a word as they rushed into the house. After them came Abner McKinley, pale and agitated. He had left the house scarcely two hours before, and had departed with the assurance that the tide had turned in the case of his distinguished brother. He had been aroused from slumber by a messenger who told him to come at once.

Secretary Wilson and Secretary Hitchcock, in grief at the peril of their chief, arrived within a few moments. Neither knew the true state of the president at that moment, and in silent fear they quickly entered the house. Another hurrying visitor was Dr. Wasdin, whose arrival completed the circle of physicians; and another was Mrs. McWilliams, the friend of Mrs. McKinley.

THE WHOLE CITY WAS AROUSED.

The Buffalo papers all had extras with the sad intelligence of the president's relapse on the streets at daylight. One paper announced that the president was dying. The result was that the whole city was thoroughly aroused and alarmed early, and before 7 o'clock crowds of people flocked in the direction of the Milburn residence to learn if the latest news was not more reassuring. They stood at the ropes, far down the intersecting streets, and waited patiently for the appearance of the morning bulletin. Many of them refused to credit the news of the president's sudden change for the worse until they had learned by words of mouth from the sentries of the president's dangerous and critical condition.

Of all the sad household, only the wife did not know the truth. She surmised that Mr. McKinley was worse, for she was told this morning it would be better for her not to enter the sick chamber. She assented, but it was with a look of mute appeal in her eyes.

The president himself seemed to realize that his life hung by a thread. This morning he looked out of the window. When the nurse sought to adjust the pillow to keep out the light, he murmured a feeble protest. "It is so beautiful," said he; "the trees are so beautiful, I want to see them."

W. W. Johnson of Washington and Dr. Janeway of New York, two

feared Mr. McKinley might expire at any moment, as he did not respond to ordinary stimulants. It was only when recourse was had to the desperate resources of injecting saline solution, which saved Mrs. McKinley's life in San Francisco, into his veins that the circulation grew strong or, and after an hour he rallied somewhat. His pulse at one time was almost 140. But the slight rally came, and returning hope with it. With the fresh energies of daylight, the president appeared perceptibly stronger, and the physicians announced in their 9 o'clock bulletin that his condition was improved. The pulse had fallen several points from the highest, and they affirmed the existence of hope.

The physicians began to arrive for the morning consultation at 8:15. The new detail of soldiers for guard duty for today arrived from Fort Porter a few minutes later. The guard was changed, and the sentries posted for the day.

At 8:50, while the consultation was going on inside, an old lady, who was plainly a crank, approached the inner rope and insisted upon being admitted. She said she desired to see Mrs. McKinley. "I have something important to say to her," she said. One of the secret service men kindly led her aside and listened to her long story of how she proposed to cure the president by means of herbs and prayers.

A MEMORABLE SCENE.

At 9:30, the scene about the Milburn residence was one that will live in the memory of those who witnessed it, as long as life lasts. Down the streets, in every direction, people were massed, hundreds deep, while at the corner where the headquarters of the press are located, correspondents of all the leading journals of the world were waiting, ready to flash the first news as far as the wires reach; while within the teats, the busy telegraph instruments were clicking off the sad intelligence.

In front of the residence, the blue-coated soldiers paced, with arms at right shoulder. All were waiting, waiting almost breathlessly, for the news.

The doctors finished their consultation at 9:40. They left the house together, and stopped for a few minutes on the lawn to convey their verdict first to the president's brother,

Chaplain Sykes of the navy, in his black vestments, who had come to inquire after the president's health, lifted his hat as the men upon whom the president's life depended passed him. The physicians looked serious as they walked away from the residence.

The bulletin, when issued, was slightly reassuring, and indicated that the crisis might be prolonged, stating definitely that the president's condition had somewhat improved during the past few hours, and that there was better response to stimulation; but his pulse was up to 128, and the conviction grew that it was almost a forlorn hope.

The physicians decided that it would not be well for Mrs. McKinley to enter the sick room today, both on account of her feeble health and the excitement it might cause the president.

FRIENDS AND RELATIVES ARRIVE.

Shortly after 10 o'clock the intimate friends and relatives of the president who were telegraphed for began to arrive, and soon after 10 o'clock there were assembled in the downstairs rooms of the Milburn house Senators Hanna and Fairbanks, ex Secretary of State Day, Secretary Wilson and Secretary Hitchcock, Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Baer, Abner McKinley, Miss Helen McKinley and Mrs. J. T. Duncan, sisters of the president, and Mrs. Lafayette McWilliams, in addition to John G. Milburn, former Postmaster General Bissell, John N. Sutherland of Buffalo and Representative Alexander of the Buffalo district.

Senator Hanna came on a special train from Cleveland, making the run in the remarkably fast time of three hours. He was accompanied by Mrs. Hanna, Col. Myron T. Herrick, Miss Barber and a few other friends of the president. He received the news at 4 o'clock this morning, and immediately ordered a special train.

HEART SPECIALISTS WANTED.

Toward 1 o'clock the Associated Press was definitely informed that the physician believed if the president could be carried through the night there would be hope of his recovery. The administration of nourishment had been practically discontinued, as the rectum was much irritated and did not retain the enemas. Only a small amount of nourishment was consequently retained. The president was very weak, and the heart trouble is not thoroughly understood. It was in the belief that Doctors Johnston and Janeway might be of service in elucidating the exact trouble that they were sent for.

The bulletin issued by Secretary Cortelyou at 1:05 o'clock, dated 12:30 o'clock, was not signed by the physicians.

The secretary himself explained that the physicians did not desire to disturb their patient's sleep to take temperature and pulse.

THE LAST FAREWELLS.

Before 6 o'clock it was clear to those at the president's bedside that he was dying, and preparations were made for last sad offices of farewell from those who were nearest and dearest to him. Oxygen had been administered steadily, but with little effect in keeping back the approach of death. The president came out of one period of unconsciousness only to relapse into another. But in this period, when his mind was partially clear, occurred a series of events of profoundly touching character. Down stairs with strained and tear-stained faces, members of the cabinet were grouped in anxious waiting. They knew the end was near, and that the time had come when they must see him for the last time on earth.

This was about 6 o'clock. One by one they ascended the stairway—Secretary Root, Secretary Hitchcock and Attorney General Knox. Secretary Wilson was also there, but held back, not wishing to see the president in his last agony. There was only a momentary stay of the cabinet officers at the threshold of the death chamber. Then they withdrew, the tears streaming down

their faces, and words of intense grief choking their throats.

CALLED HIS DEVOTED WIFE.

After they left the sick room, the physicians rallied him to consciousness, and the president asked almost immediately that his wife be brought to him. The doctors fell back into the shadows of the room as Mrs. McKinley came through the doorway. The strong face of the dying man lighted up with a faint smile as their hands were clasped. She sat beside him and held his hand. Despite her physical weakness, she bore up bravely under the ordeal.

The president, in his last period of consciousness, which ended about 7:40 p. m., chanted the words of the hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee," and his last audible conscious words, as taken down by Dr. Mann at the bedside, were:

GOD'S WILL BE DONE.

"Good bye all, good bye; it is God's way; His will be done." Then his mind began to wander, and soon afterward he completely lost consciousness. His life was prolonged for hours by the administration of oxygen, and the president finally expressed a desire to be allowed to die. About 8:30, the administering of oxygen ceased, and the pulse grew fainter and fainter. He was sinking gradually, like a child, into the eternal slumber. By 10 o'clock the pulse could no longer be felt in his extremities, and they grew cold. Below stairs the grief-stricken gathering waited sadly for the end.

STILL BATTLING AGAINST DEATH.

Dr. Mynter thought he might last until 2 a. m. Dr. Mann said at 11 o'clock that the president was still alive, and probably would live an hour. The minutes lengthened to hours, and midnight came with the president still battling against death.

At the midnight hour the Milburn house was the centre of a scene animated as though it were midday, although a solemn hush hung over the great crowd of watchers. The entire lower part of the house was aglow with light, and the many attendants, friends and relatives could be seen within, moving about, and occasionally coming in groups to the front doorway for a breath of air.

Secretary Root and Secretary Wilson came from the house about midnight and paced up and down the sidewalk. All that Secretary Root said was: "The night has not come yet."

GREAT HEART PHYSICIANS ARRIVE.

Despite the fact that vitality continued to ebb as midnight approached, no efforts were spared to keep the spark of life glowing. Dr. Janeway, of New York, arrived at the Buffalo depot at 11:40 o'clock. George Urban was waiting for him, and they drove at a break-neck pace to the Milburn house. He was shown to the president's room at once, and began an examination of the almost inanimate form.

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

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o'clock. This was his first visit to the city, and he had the extreme satisfaction of seeing the president alive, even though he was not conscious of his visitor's presence. Secretary Long was visibly affected.

THE MATURE ARRIVAL OF COLONEL.

Such an intense state of anxiety existed among the watchers that rumors gained most frequent circulation that death had actually occurred. The arrival of the colonel gave rise to one such rumor, and a flood of grammatical dispatches were sent, saying that the end had come. These were speedily set at rest by an official statement from within the house that the reports of death were groundless, and that the president still lived.

Colonel Wilson said that he had been ordered by the district attorney of the county to go to the Milburn residence as soon as possible after the announcement of death. He had seen a reputable local paper issued, with the announcement that the president died at 11:00 p. m., and had hurried up, so that there would be no delay in removing the body. He was very much chagrined when Dr. Mann met him at the door and told him that his services were not required, and that he would be notified when he was wanted.

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President Roosevelt Sworn in.

Milburn House, Buffalo, Sept. 14.—President Roosevelt reached Buffalo at 1:40 this afternoon, accompanied only by his private secretary, William Loeb, Jr. An immense crowd, which had been awaiting his arrival for hours, was gathered about the station, eager to catch a first sight of the president. The train, however, did not enter the station proper, but the president landed at the terrace. When he left the train, an escort of the Fourth Signal Corps formed about him and conducted him to an automobile which his friend, Ansley Wilcox, had in waiting.

The demonstration which greeted his appearance was in keeping with the solemnity of the occasion. Those who saw him did not raise a cheer, but attested their respect by lifting their hats.

As soon as he entered the vehicle, the chauffeur turned the lever and the automobile went skimming away to the residence of Mr. Wilcox, on Delaware avenue. Twenty mounted police, clattering along either side, could with difficulty keep the pace which the automobile set. President Roosevelt declined to make any statement whatever for publication.

"I was shocked," said he, "by the terrible news brought to me last night, and by the calamity which it entailed upon the country, as well as by personal sorrow which I feel, that I have had no time to think of plans for the future conduct of the office which has been so suddenly and sadly thrust upon me."

The president arrived at the Wilcox home at 1:45 o'clock, his only attendants being William Loeb, Jr., his secretary, and Mr. Ansley Wilcox.

With hardly any conversation, he concluded on second page.