

SENTENCE OF DEATH TODAY

CZOLGOSZ MOVED BY CURSE OF FATHER AND SISTER'S TEARS

Words of Last Farewell Prove Trying Moments for Assassin, But He Represses His Emotions and Defends Crime Against Nation.

At 2 o'clock this afternoon Leon F. Czolgosz, the Anarchist assassin of President McKinley, will be arraigned before Justice Truman C. White, who will sentence him to death in the electric chair.

Czolgosz exhibited a desire during the progress of the trial to make a speech in defense of his crime and of the principles of anarchy which he represents. Had not strenuous diplomacy been resorted to it is not unlikely that Czolgosz would have arisen in court and blunderingly attempted to defend his act Tuesday afternoon.

Today Justice White, following the usual legal procedure, will ask the prisoner if he has anything to say as to why sentence should not be pronounced upon him. There is considerable speculation as to whether the prisoner will make a statement or not. It is known that he desires to make one, but it is doubtful if he possesses either the ability of expression or the unwavering determination of purpose to carry out his will. By the time he appears in court this afternoon his spirit may be so broken that when he is asked if he desires to speak he may simply shake his head and let the opportunity pass.

HEARS FATHER'S CURSE.

Yesterday was a trying day for the assassin. He heard from his father's lips an oath cursing the day that he was born. He saw his sister's tears and heard her wails. "Poor brother, poor boy." He saw his brother's fixed face and look of pity which is not expressed in words. In all of this, probably his last meeting with his family, he preserved the imperturbability which is characteristic of the Anarchist trained for a monstrous crime.

Czolgosz's great desire is said to be to talk to the newspapers. In this he is carrying out his anarchial teachings to the letter. He had been instructed that when all hope was gone to use every effort to spread the teachings of anarchy.

DISCOURAGE ATTEMPT TO TALK.

Given the freedom of speech by the authorities he would talk until the moment of his death, proudly boasting of his crime and justifying it with the false method of anarchial reasoning. Every fair means will undoubtedly be resorted to to discourage Czolgosz in

Question of Greatest Interest Is Whether Anarchist Czolgosz Will Harangue the Court in Defense of His Deed.

his wish to make a statement in court today. In case he does speak it is likely that he will repeat his declaration that he killed the President because he thought it was his duty and after floundering through a few disconnected sentences become embarrassed and sit down. It is more likely, however, that the "strenuous diplomacy" and decorum of the law will awe him to silence when the opportunity comes for him to speak.

After the sentence thirty days must elapse before the electrocution. The maximum which the law allows between the time of sentence and the execution of the death penalty is sixty days. There is no reason why Czolgosz should be given more time upon earth than he is legally entitled to. The thirty days after sentence will have elapsed on October 26th, which will come on Saturday. Czolgosz will undoubtedly be electrocuted on Monday, October 28th. As soon after the death sentence is pronounced as is consistent with safety, the prisoner will be removed from the County Jail to the Auburn prison, in the chair of which institution he will meet his death.

WITHHOLD ALIENISTS' REPORTS.

District Attorney Penney has decided to withhold from the public the details of the report of the alienists who examined Czolgosz. It is known, however, that these reports contain many things which throw interesting light upon the mind of the criminal. While there was no doubt as to his sanity, a condition of moral disease was found. His brain is said to be of a peculiarly receptive character. Had he been thrown into the society of fanatics of any sort before the teachings of anarchy were absorbed by his mental faculties he would have as readily become the follower of other teachings.

Under favorable conditions he would have been a Mormon or a vegetarian. He is capable of only a narrow course of reasoning in which he is fanatically stubborn.

It is the opinion of the best mental experts who have examined Czolgosz that he is entirely incapable of having planned and carried out the assassination of President McKinley without suggestion and encouragement from others. Whether this encouragement was given Czolgosz in a suggestive way or come to him in the form of absolute direction is a point upon which the experts differ, and which they say is for the authorities to determine by legal process.

PENNEY SEEMINGLY INACTIVE.

District Attorney Penney has given no indication that he will prosecute alleged accomplices. Just what legal proof susceptible of interpretation into convincing evidence it is possible to obtain is doubtful.

In the minds of the experts there is no doubt The Courier's investigations have proved that others had at least guilty knowledge that Czolgosz contemplated the assassination of the President. When the case of Czolgosz is entirely disposed of the authorities may proceed to investigate the plot. There is no hope that Czolgosz will reveal anything that will implicate others. Unless the contemplation of death works a marked change in his mental condition he will go to the electric chair proudly defending his principles and his crime.

His Sister Breaks Into Tears and Affectionately Kisses Him on the Forehead—He Relapses Into His Stolid Taciturnity.

Leon F. Czolgosz looked for the last time upon the faces of his father, his brother Waldeck and his sister Victoria yesterday. He heard his father's curse. He saw his sister's tears. In his brother's eyes he saw the look of pity. He heard the last good-bye that he will know from his family. For thirty-five minutes he was under the pressure that tests men's souls. He wavered. His mask of unconcern was broken. The mist of tears was in his eyes. His chin trembled. But through thirty-five minutes of this most trying ordeal he kept his faith. He was true to the teachings of anarchy.

At 11 o'clock yesterday morning, accompanied by Assistant District Attorney Haller, Chief of Detectives Cusack and Detectives Solomon and Geary, Paul Czolgosz the Anarchist's father, Waldeck, his brother and Victoria, his sister, went to his cell in the county jail. As the barred door was swung open his sister rushed in, threw her arms about the neck of the prisoner and with sobs choking her until the words were almost inaudible, exclaimed:

"Why did you do it, Leon? Oh, God, why did you do it?"

KISSES HIS FOREHEAD.

With all the love and tenderness of sisterly devotion the little woman kissed the forehead of the murderer of a President. She turned away weeping, hiding her face in her hands. With face set and stern, yet with all the suppressed emotion of a true father, Paul Czolgosz extended his hand to his son. He uttered an oath in his native

tongue. He denied his offspring. He cursed the day that Leon F. Czolgosz was born, but even in his anger his voice choked with sobs. The brother simply looked upon the scene in silence.

Then the sister spoke again. She told what the family had suffered at their home in Cleveland. She recited the story of the disgrace that had been brought upon the family name. She told of the old friends that had deserted them.

SISTER BREAKS DOWN.

She told of the flinger of shame that was pointed at them. Of the dishonor that will follow as long as life shall last and the name of Czolgosz lives. Then she broke down once more in a fit of weeping.

"Oh, Leon, why did you do this? Who told you to do such a thing? You were not a bad boy at home. You never did this alone."

The man who coolly murdered William McKinley and who has defiantly and proudly acknowledged his crime, who listened to the words that meant his doom with hardly a quiver, seemed to suffer mental anguish. He was silent for a moment as if at loss for words. Then he said:

"I don't see why they blame you. I did this alone, nobody told me to do it and I don't know why they should punish you."

For the first time since the curse-greeting the father spoke.

"Where did you get such doctrines? Who taught you them?"

DEFENDS HIS CRIME.

The prisoner then talked of his crime, defending it and declaring that by reading anarchistic papers he had been convinced that the President was an oppressor and a tyrant and should die.

The minutes dragged on with great spaces of silence, broken only by the sister's sobs. Oft-repeated was her wail: "Why did you do this Leon, why did you do it?"

Finally it came the moment for the last good-bye. The sister once more threw her arms about her brother's neck and buried her face upon his shoulder. She cried as only women cry and then said: "Good-bye, Leon—good-bye—good—bye."

FATHER'S COLD FAREWELL.

The father took the hand of his son and shook it lightly as a man would shake the hand of an acquaintance he did not wish to meet. The brother shook the assassin's hand and whispered a word of farewell. Then the party left Leon F. Czolgosz in the gloom and darkness of his cell. They had looked upon his face for the last time in life.

As the sister moved away clinging to her father's arms, she turned to Chief of Detectives Cusack and exclaimed:

"Be good to him, won't you? Don't hurt him, don't be cruel."

Through all this ordeal Czolgosz, the prisoner, the man doomed to death, failed to shed a tear. Only the mist of sorrow was in his eyes. It was not the regret of his monstrous crime that affected him. It was the parental affection that is born even in the lowest brutes.

For two hours he sat sullenly on the bench of his cell, his hands upon his chin, his elbows on his knees. If ever there can come to him in this life a realization of the meaning of his crime and of the great mystery of death it must have come after that last farewell. It was the most trying time that he will know until he sits in the electric chair, the black cap is drawn over his features and he faces the great eternity.

NO SYMPATHY IN CRIME.

Though the members of the family who came here are not in sympathy

with the assassin, it was only natural that they should come to Buffalo to call on him before the words are pronounced which send him to his grave.

"I wonder what brought them here?" inquired District Attorney Penney, in conversation with a Courier reporter on Tuesday night. "We did not send for them," he said, "and it was my belief that they might have been sent here by some newspaper anxious to get a story."

Despite the antipathy which they have for their relative, with the stain of murder upon his hands, their meeting had its affectionate side. The murderer has a strong affection for his sister Victoria, and when he opened his arms on her coming toward him, she rushed to his embrace and he kissed her with a tenderness that even the detectives, who had seen so much of him, hardly believed he possessed.

The relatives left Buffalo early in the afternoon, taking a train for Cleveland, which left shortly after 2 o'clock, Detective Solomon accompanying them to the station and seeing them aboard the train.

Yesterday morning a Polish priest called upon District Attorney Penney and asked permission to see and talk with Czolgosz. That official denied the priest the privilege he craved, saying that he would be unable to let him have religious counsel until after sentence had been pronounced.

"I doubt if he will want your kind offices," said the District Attorney, "but I assure you that if he does, after sentence has been pronounced, we will consider the matter and you will hear from us."