

# Penalty of Death Passed Upon Leon F. Czolgosz— Week of Oct. 28th is the Time—He Made No Harangue in Court.

A few minutes after two o'clock this afternoon Leon F. Czolgosz was sentenced to die. He will be executed at Auburn during the week of Oct. 28th.

When given opportunity to speak before sentence was passed, he said very little. He made no harangue.

He simply asserted that his relatives had nothing to do with the killing of President McKinley; that no one but himself had anything to do with it.

Judging from the crowds that flocked to the city hall shortly after 1 o'clock today there was more public interest in the sentencing of the assassin of the President than there was in his trial. The crowd began to gather early and was persistent and unruly. For some unknown reason the police on the exterior of the hall did not exercise the same care as during the two days of the trial in keeping the merely curious out of the city hall. The result was that before 1.30 o'clock there were crowds in the lower corridor of the building, and on the second floor corridor off of which the court room opens. A strong detachment of police took possession of both corridors about half an hour before the time fixed for the convening of the court and quickly cleared a passageway leading from the tunnel in the basement up the two flights of stairs to the entrance to the court room. Everybody was driven back to a safe distance.

Those who succeeded upon one pretext or another in getting beyond the police guard at the landings of the stairs clamored for admittance at the court room door. Many of them were not equipped with passes and were driven back by the police and court officers. Nevertheless they continued to linger near the entrance until the corridor was congested. Police Inspector Donovan then arrived, and with a detail of police drove the crowd away. The crowd kept drifting into the city hall and soon the police were forced to resort to rough tactics and threaten the throng with clubs in

order to maintain a semblance of order. The city hall was in an uproar. The police had not anticipated the arrival of such crowds and fell down badly when the critical time came. The people on the outside became rattled, and the people poured through the lines. The timely arrival of Supt. Bull on the scene relieved the situation somewhat and brought order out of chaos.

Shortly before 2 o'clock the police took hold of the situation with a firm hand and cleared the struggling mass of people out of the corridor on the second floor and out of a portion of the corridor on the first floor. The babble of voices in the corridor without the court was deafening.

At 1.58 o'clock Judge Titus of counsel for the defense arrived in the court room. Almost immediately afterward, the assassin was brought out of the tunnel. Chief Detective Cusack, Detectives Solomon and Geary and a squad of police surrounded him. With a rush, the prisoner was hurried up stairs and into the court room. It was accomplished so quickly that the crowd forgot to hiss.

Inside the court room the crowd was standing so thickly in the aisle that the court officers were forced to clear a way for the prisoner.

The assassin was nervous when brought into court. His face was flushed and his lips trembled as the detectives removed the shackles from his wrists. He drew a handkerchief from his pocket and lifted it to his eyes.

"He's crying," whispered the crowd. But he wasn't crying. When he lifted

his head his eyes were perfectly dry. He regained his composure quickly.

At about the time the prisoner came in District Attorney Penney entered.

At 2.02 o'clock Justice White walked into the court room.

Crier Frank W. Hess had extreme difficulty in clearing a passageway for the court.

## CZOLGOSZ'S REPLIES.

He Made Faint Answers to  
the Questions Put to  
Him.

As soon as Justice White assumed the bench, Crier Hess said:

"Pursuant to a recess, this trial term of the supreme court is now open for the transaction of business."

District Attorney Penney said:

"If your honor please, I move sentence in the case of the people vs. Leon Czolgosz. Stand up, Czolgosz."

Clerk Fisher swore the prisoner as follows:

"You do solemnly swear that you will true answers make to the questions that shall be put to you, touching your name, age, occupation, and previous place of residence."

"Leon, how old are you?" asked Mr. Penney.

"Twenty-eight."

"Where were you born?"  
"Detroit."  
"What is your age?"  
"Twenty-eight."  
"Where did you live?"  
"On Broadway, Nowak's place."  
"Are you married or single?"  
"Single."  
"What schools have you attended?"  
"The common school and parochial."  
"What church, the Catholic church?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"What church were you educated in?"  
"Did you go to the Catholic church?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Are your father and mother alive?"  
"No."  
"Which is dead?"  
"Father is living."  
"Are you temperate? Do you know what that means? Do you drink much? Do you drink intoxicating liquors much?"  
"No."  
"Do you ever get drunk? Are you in the habit of getting drunk?"  
No answer.  
"Have you ever been convicted of any crime before this?"  
"No, sir."

Mr. Fisher, the clerk of the court, then asked:  
"Have you any legal cause to show now why the sentence of the court should not now be pronounced against you?"  
"I can't hear that," replied the prisoner.

Clerk Fisher repeated his question and Czolgosz replied:

"I'd rather have this gentleman here speak," looking towards District Attorney Penney. "I can hear him better."

At this point Justice White told those in the court room that they must be quiet or they would be excluded from the room.

Mr. Penney then said to the prisoner:  
"Czolgosz, the court wants to know if you have any reason to say why sentence should not be pronounced against you. Have you anything to say to the judge? Say yes or no."

The prisoner did not reply, and Justice White, addressing the prisoner, said:

"In that behalf, what you have a right to say relates explicitly to the subject in hand here at this time, and which the law provides, why sentence should not be now pronounced against you, and is defined by the statute in the following words:

"The first is, that you may claim that you are insane.

"The next is, that you have good cause to offer either in arrest of the judgment about to be pronounced against you, or for a new trial. Those are the grounds specified by the statute in which you have a right to speak at this time, and you are at perfect liberty to do so if you wish."

The prisoner replied: "I have nothing to say about that."

The court said: "Are you ready?"

Mr. Penney replied: "Yes."

"Have you anything to say?" asked Justice White.

"Yes," replied the prisoner.

Judge Titus said: "I think he should be permitted to make a statement in exculpation of his act, if the court please."

The court replied: "That will depend upon what his statement is."

Justice White then said: "Have you (speaking to Judge Titus) anything to say in behalf of the prisoner at this time?"

"I have nothing to say within the

definition of what your honor has read," replied the attorney. "But it seems to me that in order that the innocent should not suffer by this defendant's crime, that the court should permit him to exculpate at least his father, brother and sisters."

From the court: "Certainly, if that is the object of any statement he will make. Proceed."

Then the prisoner said: "There was no one else but me. No one else told me to do it; and no one paid me to do it."

Judge Titus repeated it, as follows, owing to the prisoner's feeble voice:

"He says no one had anything to do with the commission of his crime but himself; that his father and mother, and no one else, had anything to do with it, and knew nothing about it."

The prisoner continued: "I was not told anything about that crime, and I never thought anything about that until a couple of days before I committed the crime."

Judge Titus again repeated as follows: "He never told anyone about the crime, and never intended to commit it until a couple of days before its commission."

## THE SENTENCE.

Penalty of Death Pronounced by  
Justice White--Week of Oct.  
28th the Time.

Then Justice White passed sentence as follows:

"In taking the life of our beloved President, you committed a crime which shocked and outraged the moral sense of the civilized world. You have confessed that guilt, and after learning all that at this time can be learned from the facts and circumstances of the case, twelve good jurors have pronounced you guilty, and have found you guilty of murder in the first degree.

"You have said, according to the testimony of credible witnesses and yourself, that no other person aided or abetted you in the commission of this terrible act. God grant it may be so. The penalty for the crime for which you stand convicted is fixed by the statute, and it now becomes my duty to pronounce this judgment against you.

"The sentence of the court is that in the week beginning October 28th, 1901, at the place, in the manner and means prescribed by law, you suffer the punishment of death. Remove the prisoner."

## HOW HE BEHAVED.

Vanishing Strength Made Him  
Weak and His Expression  
Was of Fear.

Czolgosz sat down. He was quite calm, but to one who watched him closely it was evident that his mind was flooded with thoughts of his own distress. His eyes were dilated until the pupils were as large as the end of a thimble. They made his eyes seem very bright. His temples glistened with perspiration; his hands, so the detectives said, were as cold as ice, and were moist. His cheeks were just a trifle pale, and his hand,

when outstretched, was unsteady. His weakness and his vanishing strength were well indicated by his difficulty of speech.

Still the prisoner did not fall into his chair, nor did he drop into it hurriedly as if glad to rest. He lowered himself very naturally, put his hands on the arms, wiped his forehead and cheeks with his handkerchief, and listlessly tapped the end of the chair arms with his fingers.

Detective-Sergeant Solomon took his left hand, put the handcuff on the wrist and then affixed it to his own wrist, Czolgosz had, during the ten or fifteen seconds before this, looked steadfastly at the floor. Now he looked at Solomon. There was an expression of the profoundest fear and helplessness in his eyes. He glanced about at the field of heads which were crowded together in efforts to have a view of him. Every eye was cold; none beamed with the slightest sympathy. He looked again at the floor in front of him.

Detective Geary took the right arm, put a handcuff to it, and started to attach it to himself. At that juncture Judge Titus stepped over and said in a kind voice to the assassin:

"Well, Czolgosz, good-bye."

Czolgosz replied very faintly, letting his eye for the instant rest upon the man who had been his counsel.

"Good-bye," he said tremulously.

Instinctively he extended his hand to the attorney, who grasped it and shook it.

The judge turned away. Several women pushed their way into the knot of persons who were clustered about him and looked glaringly at him. Men did likewise. Czolgosz kept his eyes on the floor. A bustle sounded through the court room. The word "Death!" was heard repeated several times. The sound must have reached Czolgosz above the suppressed bustle, but it caused no change in the expression of his face, no more than it did when Judge White, in a loud, stern voice, spoke it in pronouncing the sentence. Fear of death has not seemed to worry the assassin; the only thing which had perturbed him has been fear of mob violence.

Detective Solomon put Czolgosz's hat on its owner's head, and said "Come on," in a voice seemingly intended to inspire the condemned man with some strength if he were bordering on a collapse, as it was thought he might.

The assassin stood up firmly and took in a view of the crowd all about him. The court officers cleared the aisles, the policemen outside got everyone back so there was a clear way through the corridors.

Then began the last trip of the assassin from the court room where one of the concluding chapters of a terrible drama in which he was the despised figure, was enacted.

Czolgosz looked neither to the right nor left. He walked as uprightly and as firmly as he did on any other occasion. Down the stairs, past a line of people, by the mourning emblems which mark the memory of the great man who became his victim, the assassin walked. The crowd was silent. But the instant the assassin and his escort disappeared down the dark stairway, which leads to the tunnel, the people sighed, as if in great relief, and business was resumed.