

Making Green the Grave of McKinley

By
SAMUEL
HIPPLER



TEMPLE OF MUSKIE PAN AMERICAN
WHERE MCKINLEY
DIED

MCKINLEY MONUMENT
AT BUFFALO

THE MCKINLEY MONUMENT AT READING PA
DESIGNED BY E.A. RAUSCH OF BUFFALO

A. Y. HAMBLETON.

THE MILBURN RESIDENCE, BUFFALO, N. Y.
WHERE PRESIDENT MCKINLEY DIED
SEPTEMBER 14, 1901

SORROWFULLY a busy nation approaches the anniversary of the death of its martyred son. Much as the parent with trembling footsteps draws near the grave of some favored child, the great American people, with bated breath and hushed voice, prepare to gather at the tomb of William McKinley.

In the late afternoon of September 6, 1901, he was shot by an anarchistic fanatic at the Temple of Music on the Pan-American exposition grounds in Buffalo. On September 14 he died at the home of John G. Milburn, formerly of Buffalo, but now of New York. Mr. Milburn was the president of the ill-fated Pan-American Exposition company and Mr. McKinley was his guest during the time of his stay in Buffalo, to which city he had gone at the invitation of the exposition company.

Those were history-making days in America. Hardly had the late president passed away, whispering "God will it so," before his successor, the present executive head of the nation, was sworn in at the home of Ansel Wilcox of Buffalo, carrying on the solemn occasion a silk hat, the property of another Buffalonian, Mr. Roosevelt, in order to give confidence to the country and impress upon the manipulators of stock the fact that he really believed that McKinley would recover, had gone away from civilization on a hunting trip, and when the release came he had hurried to Buffalo, much as he had left the wild woods hunting shack with a wardrobe hardly suitable for so important a ceremony as the taking of the oath of office for the greatest office in the gift of the greatest country in the world. An official list of the borrowed garments he wore, aside from the hat, was never given to the press.

And now, after five years, the nation realizes more than it ever did the greatness of the man who has gone. In different parts of the world, and with money contributed by the masses are erecting monuments in his memory. The principal monument, of course, is that being erected by the national commission at Canton, Ohio, and next in importance is the great marble shaft which has been reared in Buffalo by the state of New York. Pure and white it rises in Niagara square, its tall obelisk spire pointing as did the life and example of McKinley—ever upward. At its base, majestic in their repose, lie monster marble lions, typical of the noble nature of the man whom the monument commemorates. The McKinley monument stands in a historic spot, before the home of the late President Fillmore, who, with Grover Cleveland, are the only presidents given to the nation by Buffalo. It cost \$100,000, and the money was saved from the New York Pan-American exposition, the wise and economical administration of the Hon. Daniel Newton Lockwood, lately deceased, who, curiously enough, was a former law partner of the Hon. Grover Cleveland and the man who nominated him for sheriff of Erie county, mayor of Buffalo, governor of the state of New York and for president of the United States three times.

At the close of the Pan-American exposition the money he had raised by an act of the legislature, instead of being turned back into the treasury was diverted to the erection of a monument at Buffalo, the city giving the site, establishing the surroundings and maintaining the statue.

The keeping of the grave green is a pretty custom that has come down to us through the ages, and the placing of

a wreath upon the silent mound, with the ever-recurring anniversary of the death, makes the loss of child or friend less hard to bear. Happily for the reputation of the nation and the preservation of sentiment, this custom is being followed in a broader sense with the grave of William McKinley. He lies buried, not only in the narrow box that contains his remains; his burial place is the country and the monument to the nation. And right well are they keeping green the grave. The anniversary of his death this year marks the completion of New York state's monument at Buffalo, and next year the month of September will see the completion of the national monument at Canton. May the nation, somewhere in some place, complete a monument to his memory each year, until not a town or hamlet in this broad land of ours shall stand without memorial (be it ever so humble) dedicated to the third of the country's martyred presidents. Already Reading, Pennsylvania, has a beautiful statue to the departed president, and Mr. Edward L. Pausch, the well-known Buffalo sculptor, who made the death mask after McKinley's assassination, is at work on others to be erected at various places about the country, all to stand as a reminder of his last sad and fatal visit to Buffalo.

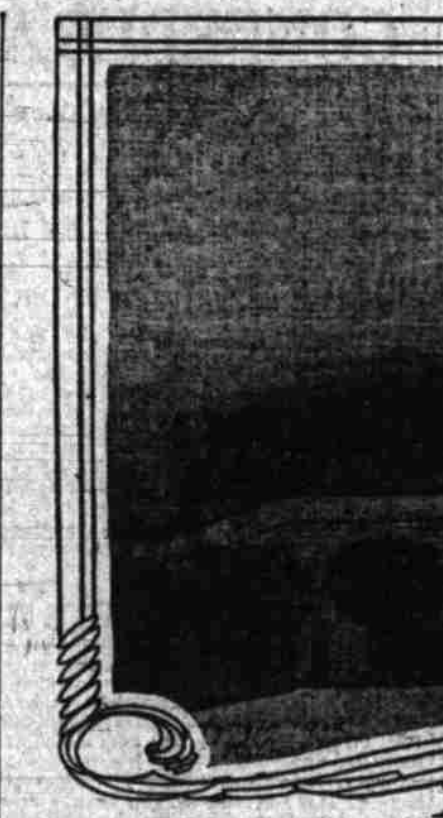
Anecdotes of the Last Day.
The Buffalo newspaper boys who covered that visit (now grown historic because of the tragedy happening there) tell many little anecdotes of the occasion. One man relates how, on the day of McKinley's first visit to the Pan-American exposition grounds, he repaired to the Milburn house, in Niagara avenue, early and waited the start of the president. His orders had been to follow the presidential party all day long, not only to cover the interesting features of the trip, but also to be on hand in case of any catastrophe, such as did follow two days later.

When the start was made for the grounds he in some way became crowded out of the newspaper carriage and jumped onto the rear axle platform of the president's conveyance. One of the secret service men roughly ordered him off.

"Let him stay," said McKinley, with that pleasant smile all who knew him learned to love so well. "Let him stay; the carriage looks strong."
Another story which was told right after Mr. McKinley's death, but never verified, had to do with a Buffalo newspaper boy who rushed up to the presidential carriage as it drove toward the Pan-American entrance, and threw a copy of a Buffalo morning paper into the carriage. The president ordered his carriage stopped and, calling the boy, offered him a dollar.

"I don't want no money," said the lad. "Dat paper's my treat."
It is said that the late president afterward referred to the paper as one of the most valued mementoes of his trip to Buffalo, and probably would have preserved it many years had not the untimely bullet put an end to his life.

The scenes and incidents in Buffalo during the time immediately preceding and closely following the shooting of the late president were seen by many eyes and viewed from a different perspective by almost every pair, recorded many strange and varied figures on the sensitive retinae of the memory. I myself, then as now, a newspaper man, was employed at the news bureau established by Buffalo papers at the Pan-American exposition, and had been given an early afternoon off by the



THE MCKINLEY
MONUMENT AT CANTON
AS IT WILL LOOK WHEN COMPLETED

manager. It was shortly after 6 o'clock when a newsboy rushed madly through the great side street where I was visiting, shouting:
"Extra! Extra!—All about the president is shot!"
His papers went like hot cakes on a cold day, or perhaps to use a stronger simile, like fire-crackers on a Fourth of July. I got one of the last of them and read there the meagre, and, as afterward developed, not entirely accurate account of the cowardly assassination by the ignorant tool of still more despicable beings, who extended the hand of friendship and fired the fatal bullet.

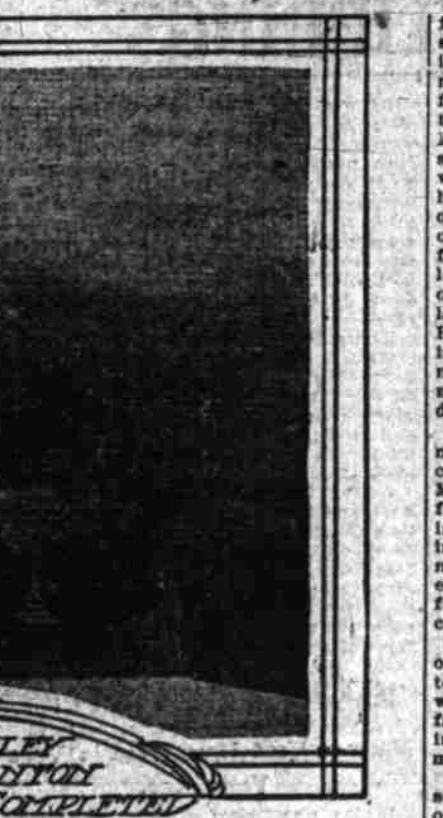
"When it is understood that the first Buffalo paper was on the street 14 minutes after the history-making shot rang out in the Temple of Music it is not surprising that some errors crept in, nor is it altogether strange that one paper had the president stabbed instead of trying toward the exposition grounds, I saw everywhere about me grimy men just from the day's toil, hurrying home and full of the awful news. Some went along the streets with big salty tears coursing down their cheeks and making furrows in the dirt accumulated at an honest day's work. Others were stony-eyed and pale. Men sat in streetcars, convulsed with sobs, and one woman, who particularly came under my notice, deliberately lifted her black silk dress and blew her nose in her petticoat. Grief had made her insensible of all surroundings. Perfect strangers conferred with each other and all social distinctions were wiped out. As man communed with man expressions of hatred for the then unknown wretch who had done the deed crept into the conversation. Slowly given an early afternoon off by the



THE MCKINLEY MONUMENT AT BUFFALO

what ought to be done to the despicable atom men began to tell what they had a good mind to do, and then, with a tightening of lips, what they would do. Many a supper was hurriedly eaten that night and many an ordinary peace-loving citizen got downtown as fast as he could to be in at the death—to have a part in stamping out the life of the anarchistic vermin. Happily for the good name of this fair country, the police authorities had anticipated the mob spirit, and, under the command of Police Captain Regan—now the chief of Buffalo's department—had massed every man that could be spared around police headquarters, where it was generally believed the assassin had been taken. Perhaps he was there; perhaps not. The mob never knew. The police never told. The mob thought he was there, however, and time and time again started down the various streets leading to the old brick building, determined to storm the stronghold or die in the attempt, only to be met by the wall of bluecoats and the coppers on horseback, who used the flats of their hands, but never their clubs, and so checked the crowd without angering it. The mob lacked a leader, and each time it dashed itself against the police formation and eddied away again. Captain Regan advanced his lines a little farther until he was holding the crowd safe, fully two blocks away from the point of attack. It was a wild night—a never-to-be-forgotten night—with the chief executive of the nation lying mortally wounded in the Pan-American Exposition hospital at one end of the town and the maddened hordes angrily clamoring for the lifeblood of his assassin at the other.

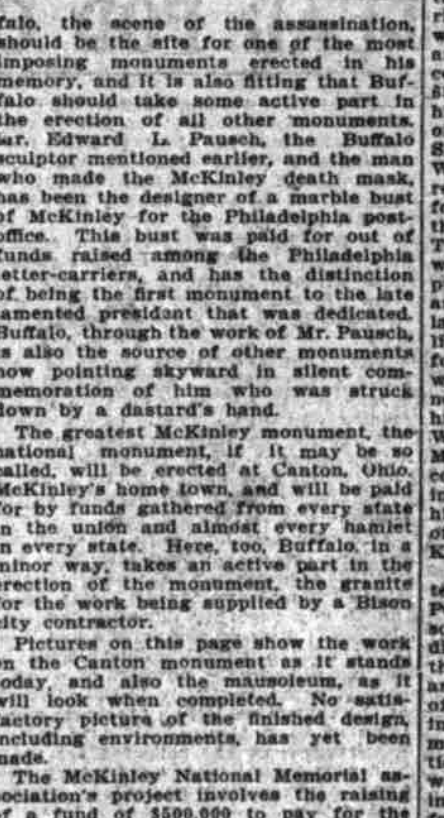
Immediately after the shooting the entrance gates at the exposition were closed to all except those who had business on the grounds, and the pleasure-seekers who passed the exits found that they could not get back. Only very few left, however. The Pan-American ho-



THE MCKINLEY MONUMENT AT CANTON

pital, to which the wounded president had been conveyed, was guarded by United States marines, city police and exposition guards. The shades of evening fell and the beautiful city of the night took form, traced in lines of electric light, and still the crowd lingered on, talking in whispers and treading softly, in startling contrast to the howling mob which in another part of the city was clamoring for the lifeblood of the man who had struck at the heart of the nation.

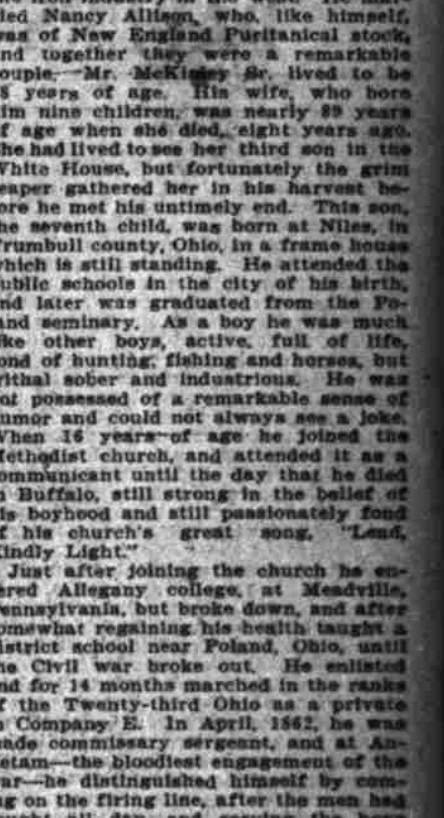
As each hurrying newspaper man or dignified orderly left the hospital he would anxiously ask "How is he?" and with bated breath would await the answer.



THE MCKINLEY MONUMENT AT CANTON

A hearty "Thank God!" would greet the answer, and through the throng would go the words, "He still lives," their passage in a whispered sound wave over the immense sea of humanity being followed by many more "thank Gods."

After Dr. Mann had performed the first operation Mr. McKinley was removed to the Milburn home. A little knot of half a dozen newspaper men and one or two spectators were the only people before the house when the ambulance drove up to the door. Then followed the anxious days of waiting, with the seat of the government removed to Buffalo, the military camped about the home in which the president lived, the hurry and bustle of the hundreds of newspaper men who poured into the city from every point of the compass, the alternating hope and fear, the gathering of notables from all parts of the world to offer condolences and the final great throbs of grief that shook the city and nation when the end came. It all seems like some hideous dream to the Buffalonians who went through it.



THE MCKINLEY MONUMENT AT CANTON

Some of the monuments.
It is but meet and proper that Buf-

alo, the scene of the assassination, should be the site for one of the most imposing monuments erected in his memory, and it is also fitting that Buffalo should take some active part in the erection of all other monuments.

and territory in the union. Its trustees and officers are all men worthy of the highest confidence and esteem. They are:

William R. Day, president; Myron T. Herrick, treasurer; Ryerson Ritchie, secretary; Frederic S. Hart, assistant secretary.

Trustees—William R. Day, Cornelius N. Bliss, W. Murray Crane, Charles W. Fairbanks, George B. Cortelyou, William A. Lynch, William McConway, Robert J. Lowry, Franklin Murphy, James H. Gray, Howard H. Burton, Myron T. Herrick, Thomas Dolan, Alexander H. Revell, Henry M. Duffell, Eli Torrance, John G. Milburn, David R. Francis, Henry T. Scott, E. W. Bloomington, Charles G. Dawkins, Secretary.

The late Francis H. Hanna, President McKinley's confidential adviser and best friend, was up until the time of his death the vice-president of the McKinley National Memorial association. It was Mr. Hanna who, on the day after Mr. McKinley's death, said of him: "He was one of the most adroit handlers of men I ever saw, and those who accused him of being led about by me were mistaken. His tact was perfect, and his manner so gracious that he brought all those who came into contact with him to his own way of thinking. He was led by nobody—he was the leader of others."

Frank A. Munsey, in what is termed an appreciation, added to the words of Mr. Hanna the following tribute:

"In William McKinley there was the most perfect blending of pure democracy and splendid dignity possible to man. His democracy was so pure and true as the best example this country has ever produced, whether on the farm, in the professions or in the affairs of business, and his dignity was of the inner kind that springs from his own soul rather than that reflected from exalted station. He was always William McKinley, alike in the army as a common soldier, in congress and in the White House as the chief magistrate of a great nation—always the man and never the official. * * * Genius in art, in science, in statesmanship, fascinates us. We admire it and bow down before it, but we love where there is love—a heart that responds to our hearts, warm and tender and true."

The Life of McKinley.

William McKinley was named after his father. The elder William McKinley was born in 1807. He was a pioneer in the iron industry in the west. He married Nancy Allen, his second wife, who was of New England Puritanical stock, and together they were a remarkable couple. Mr. McKinley Sr. lived to be 85 years of age. His wife, who bore him nine children, died at the age of 80 years when she died, eight years ago. She had lived to see her third son in the White House, but unfortunately the grim reaper gathered her in his harvest before he was old enough to be the seventh child, was born at Niles, in Trumbull county, Ohio, in a frame house which is still standing. He attended the public schools in the city of his birth, and later graduated from the England seminary. As a boy he was much like other boys, active, full of life, fond of hunting, fishing and horses, but withal sober and industrious. He was not possessed of a remarkable sense of humor, and never indulged in a joke. When 16 years of age he joined the Methodist church, and attended it as a communicant until the day that he died in Buffalo, still strong in the belief of his boyhood and still passionately fond of his church's great song, "Land, Kindly Light."

Just after joining the church he entered Allegheny college, at Meadville, Pennsylvania, but broke down, and after somewhat regaining his health taught a district school near Poland, Ohio, until the Civil war broke out. He enlisted and for 14 months marched in the ranks of the Twenty-third Ohio as a private in Company E. In April, 1862, he was made commissary sergeant, and at Antietam—the bloodiest engagement of the war—he distinguished himself by coming on the firing line, after the men had fought all day, and serving the boys with hot coffee and rolls, as they stood rapidly firing their muskets in the thick of battle. For this deed of bravery he was commissioned a second lieutenant. In all he was in more than 20 battles and skirmishes and came out of the war a captain. Before being mustered out of service he was advanced one more step by brevet, and to the end of his days he proudly bore the title of Major McKinley.

After the war young McKinley—then then but 22—took up the study of law in the office of Charles E. Glendon of Folsom—a judge of ability and learning. He graduated from the law school at Albany, N. Y., in 1867, was admitted to the bar and opened an office at Canton, Ohio, then a flourishing town of some 5,000 inhabitants. He made a considerable success at the practice of law, but his glowing prominence in the political arena soon overshadowed his legal successes. His first political distinction came with the nomination for the office of prosecutor-general of Stark county, Ohio, a reputed stronghold of the opposition. He won. Two years later, or in 1871, he was renominated and was beaten by 45 votes in a county that usually bears the candidates of his party by several hundred. In the same year he married Miss Ida Saxton, a woman who was destined to have a wonderful influence upon his subsequent career. Two children were born to the pair and both died and the mother never recovered from the blow. She has been an invalid for nearly 20 years now, and the temporary deviation and depression shown by her by the assassination of McKinley are among the most beautiful things in his career.

In 1877 Major McKinley took the seat in the congressional hall in the center of the floor. During the service in Washington he was most popularly known as "Boss McKinley" and was frequently called by members of the opposition "Boss McKinley."

McKinley was named after his father. The elder William McKinley was born in 1807. He was a pioneer in the iron industry in the west. He married Nancy Allen, his second wife, who was of New England Puritanical stock, and together they were a remarkable couple. Mr. McKinley Sr. lived to be 85 years of age. His wife, who bore him nine children, died at the age of 80 years when she died, eight years ago. She had lived to see her third son in the White House, but unfortunately the grim reaper gathered her in his harvest before he was old enough to be the seventh child, was born at Niles, in Trumbull county, Ohio, in a frame house which is still standing. He attended the public schools in the city of his birth, and later graduated from the England seminary. As a boy he was much like other boys, active, full of life, fond of hunting, fishing and horses, but withal sober and industrious. He was not possessed of a remarkable sense of humor, and never indulged in a joke. When 16 years of age he joined the Methodist church, and attended it as a communicant until the day that he died in Buffalo, still strong in the belief of his boyhood and still passionately fond of his church's great song, "Land, Kindly Light."