

FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY OREGONIAN STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER AT THE ROOSEVELT MEETING AT THE GIPSY SMITH AUDITORIUM.



...AND DEPUTY SHERIFF HUNTER.

T. R. TAKES REINS; UPSETS ALL PLANS

Colonel "Roasts" Local Committee for Giving Him Too Much Work.

POLICE FEAR HE IS LOST

Coe Ordered to "Cut Out" Meetings at Playgrounds and Colored Folks Gathered There Go Away Murmuring.

(Continued From First Page.)

not gathered to any great extent. He made a brief speech on fraternalism and then instructed that he be taken to his train. He reached the Union depot fully ten minutes before he was to have spoken to the Moose lodge members.

Crowds Ride Elevators in Vain. "There's no use of you fellows going upstairs, Teddy's been here and gone, and what's more he isn't coming back."

Such were the words repeatedly uttered to the crowds of men that thronged about the Moose Hall on Seventh and Morrison streets last night at 7 o'clock. In spite of this, no one believed it. Colonel Roosevelt had said he would be there and they were equally certain he would keep his word, so they all made a trip up in the elevator, only to find that the Colonel had kept his word, but had been a trifle of 35 minutes early in doing so.

Colonel Roosevelt made a whirlwind decision, one of the kind for which he is noted, after he left the Holladay Park yesterday afternoon and, in a cloud of Upper Albina dust, peremptorily ordered Dr. Henry Walden Coe to have him driven "out where I can get some air."

While the automobile in which the Colonel and others were riding after the parade was "hitting it up" perhaps 40 miles an hour to get across the river to West Park and Flanders streets, where he was at least "to lift his hat to the crowd," he refused point blank to follow the programme, and broke up the whole line of march and disorganized the remainder of the plans up to the time he reached the Hotel Oregon for a brief rest before going to the Gipsy Smith Tabernacle.

Speed Laws Ignored.

Being ahead of the automobile party that followed him in the downtown parade and over the East Side, Colonel Roosevelt, when he issued his peremptory order, was able to have the car turned north on Grand and Holladay avenues, whence it proceeded at a pace that is said to have been such as to

make the average joy-rider's time look like the proverbial speed accredited to the lowly snail.

Then things began to happen—things not on the programme and undreamed of. There being no wireless apparatus on the automobiles and the Colonel being in no mood to wait for any other means of communication, his machine sped on its way clear to St. Johns, Kenton and other peaceful and harmless localities, "far from the madding crowd."

Meanwhile, what had become of the bodyguard from Scout Young Camp, the police detail, the committeemen and others, following in the wake of the Great One? Why, they were cut off and lost. Not one of them knew where the "Greatest American" had gone and then they began to guess.

"He's gone to talk to the kids at the playgrounds on the West Park-street grounds," said Dan Kellisher, big East Side Mull-Downer.

"Now, he is trying to cross the Broadway of the old Steel bridge," declared Seneca Fouts, a member of the guard of honor from Scout Young Camp, Spanish War Veterans.

"Quit your kiddin'," said L. M. Lepper. "The Colonel's coming along behind; he'll be here soon. Probably his driver doesn't know the way."

"I'll bet a ranch he's gone out to see Mr. Woodcock," was the guess of M. O. Collins.

But the Colonel had done none of these things. He made up his mind on the spur of the moment that he would not be carted around town to speak to the hungry multitudes any longer and said so right out loud.

Declaring that the committee had put too much work on him for the day, the Colonel seized the management, ordered the programme broken without warning and cut loose from the whole thing.

Veteran Escorts Get Lost.

While he was being driven about "to get some air" in the quiet of the Peninsula, two automobiles filled with uniformed veterans of the Philippine campaign were scouting around back and forth across the river, trying to find the one to whom they were supposed to be guard of honor. But to no purpose, so they returned to the hotel and waited.

Captain of Police Moore and his mounted and unmounted men were in the same boat—they knew nothing of the whereabouts of the Colonel and gave it up; they, too, decided that the Oregon Hotel was a good place to wait for clearing the mystery.

And the biggest Bull Mooseers of the whole city—they were as mystified as any one. They knew not where their leader had gone; they trusted that he had not been dumped in the river or been hit by a passenger train or something of that kind. But they fetched up at the hotel for developments.

A crowd of possibly 5000 men, women and children had gathered at West Park and Flanders street to see the Colonel and to hear him speak, if possible. But he came not and, after a lapse of time, it was decided that he was not to be there and the waiting ones left.

It was at this point that the colored population of the city, at least large numbers of them, expected to see and hear the Colonel. They were on hand

to see the show and were bitterly disappointed.

At 3:45 o'clock Colonel Roosevelt's car was driven rapidly up to the curb at the Hotel Oregon, he alighted with a half smile, brushed the crowd aside and hurried up to his apartments on the second floor.

Explanations were in order, but no one asked the Colonel why he and his party "got lost." The Colonel, while he appeared pleasant, was not making any explanations of a general nature and it remained for Dr. Coe to speak up. He is the National committeeman and has lots of power and authority as a rule, but in this case, as he admitted, he was powerless.

"I Told You So," Says Coe.

"After we left Holladay Park," said Dr. Coe, "the Colonel asked where we were going. I told him to another park. He would not go, saying to turn aside to some place where he could get some air. So we left the main party and drove down to Kenton and St. Johns. The Colonel 'roasted' me for allowing so many features on the programme, and would not go through with all of them. That's all there is to it. I told all of you fellows (indicating members of the committee) that we would get into trouble on this."

Anyway, the Colonel got his air and got back to the hotel alive and well, so everyone was happy, notwithstanding the disarrangement of the programme and their chagrin at losing the distinguished visitor.

Leaving the Hotel Multnomah, where he took luncheon at noon, the Colonel and his party and the committee and others made the rounds of the downtown streets on parade. It was not any too enthusiastic a reception that was accorded, although at some places, notably Chapman and Lowndale squares, he was given an ovation. At the latter places the crowds reached probably 5000 people and they forced the Colonel to stop and greet them. He merely said "hello" and "goodbye," smiled and doffed his hat and then passed on. He was presented with several bouquets by admirers along the route, which led across the Hawthorne avenue bridge and north on Grand avenue and by side streets to Holladay Park. Grand avenue was virtually deserted and the Colonel was cheered only by those who peered from the windows of office buildings and dwellings.

Personal Escort Abandoned.

Then followed the breaking of the programme for the West Side by the Colonel's peremptory order, taking him, without notice to the other members of the parade party, away from the line of march and leaving everyone, including the personal escort, the police and committeemen at sea as to his whereabouts. Two thousand people, including many women and children, had gathered at the West Side playground to see the Colonel, but after waiting a long time they left greatly disappointed.

Colonel Roosevelt was displeased with the programme and showed it from the time of his arrival. He did not want to speak out of doors at all and consented to go to the various public parks about only upon the positive understanding that he should not speak, but would merely doff his hat to the crowds. He took action on this phase of the situation at breakfast. He told Dr. Coe that he had been overworked in Washington the day before and that he did not want to make so many speeches.

"People think," said the Colonel, "that speechmaking is like drawing water from a faucet—if you want a gallon, you draw a gallon; if you want a quart, you draw a quart. You cannot say anything worth while in five minutes; it takes time to work out a speech and make it right."

The Colonel was also concerned about callers. He said: "Many people call to see me, believing that I am thirsting for conversation—an erroneous impression."

The events of the afternoon did not bring satisfaction to the hearts of the local committeemen. After they had worked long and hard to lay out a

programme for their leader, they were regretful over the manner in which part of the programme was broken up. They did not blame the Colonel much, however, as they agreed that they had put too much upon him in the way of making speeches. It was none the less a source of great regret to them, however, that so many people were disappointed.

Two Thousand at Dept on Arrival.

Glorious weather greeted the Colonel upon his arrival here at 7 o'clock in the morning. He was happy and smiling as he stepped from his private car and shook hands with the members of the reception committee. He was greeted by an admiring crowd of about 2000 at the Union Depot, smiling and waved his appreciation of the nice things people said about him, and was then taken to the Hotel Oregon for breakfast.

After breakfast he returned to his suite, greeted a few callers, wrote some personal letters, discussed various things with his party leaders in Oregon and spent some time in resting.

At noon he took luncheon at the Multnomah Hotel with the Ad and Rotary clubs, where he made a brief speech, the feature of which was a severe castigation of the five delegates from Oregon who voted against his programme at the Chicago convention.

From the Multnomah he made the parade about the downtown section. He was greeted at certain points by large numbers of people, but his reception was none too enthusiastic. At the Chapman and Lowndale squares (Plaza blocks) he was given a rousing ovation by a crowd estimated at 5000. They thronged in front of his automobile and forced him to say "hello" and "goodbye."

Colonel Reads on Leaving.

In the rear coach of the carbound train, which drew out of the Union Depot last night punctually at 8 o'clock, sat Colonel Roosevelt reading a book. Never once did he raise his head, and the old genial smile was missing. Seven or eight people had clustered round the baggage in the middle of the platform, but their enthusiasm had vanished, for not one single word was uttered in a vaudeville way. Not even a final "Teddy" rang out upon the air.

All attempts to see Roosevelt personally at the station were prevented by his nephew secretary, who explained that the Colonel was shaving and would be unable to see any one. Speaking for him, however, he stated that Colonel Roosevelt was well pleased with his day in Portland, and had had a bully time, but he complained of the heavy programme of the day.

"He is not running for Alderman of every little town and hamlet he goes through, he is running for President of the United States," said George Roosevelt, his secretary, "and if he can get through one speech in each county or even state in the next few days, he will be going home. This idea of a number of small speeches throughout the day is no use. What ought to have been arranged was one large meeting, and for the Colonel to be allowed to go on immediately afterwards. In a succession of little speeches Mr. Roosevelt has no possible chance to get into any particular argument or to advance any special logical speech."

Secretary Makes Explanation. Questioned as to why Colonel Roosevelt had gone to the Moose Hall 35 minutes ahead of time, the secretary said: "Colonel Roosevelt felt that he could do no more. He was tired out, but rather than fail to keep his appointment he went over the minute he could, talked to the men there and then went straight over to the depot to get a shave, a clean collar, as the one he put on at daybreak was completely wilted, and something to eat."

After that was accomplished he took refuge in a book.

TAFT MEN JUBILANT

Chairman Moores Declares T. R.'s Visit "Near Frost."

DOLLAR SEATS PURE BLUFF

Local Republican Leader Reviews Trip to Portland by Colonel and Furnishes Interesting Inside History.

Discussing the visit of ex-President Roosevelt to Portland yesterday, Charles B. Moores, chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, said the reception of the Bull Moose leader was a "near-frost." Mr. Moores said:

"Well, if after all of the heralding of the great event the reception to the Colonel is considered by our Bull Moose friends as anything but a 'near-frost' we shall not quarrel with them. There was nothing but a mighty jubilant feeling over it at the Republican headquarters. He addressed about 10,000 people and got 15,000 votes. If the same percentage holds good here his allowance would be only about 2000 votes in Oregon."

"It is said that 5000 special invitations, that were real works of art, to attend the meeting at the Tabernacle, were sent out. Every recipient felt especially flattered until he learned that 4999 other fellows were honored in the same way, then he felt like joining the disgruntled ranks of the 35,000 Republican voters, who were not considered of sufficient importance to be invited at all."

Dollar Seats Pure Bluff.

"The plan that placed the meeting at the Tabernacle on the plane of a cheap itinerant show and compelled voters to pay \$1 for a good seat on the plea that the management needed the money was unadulterated bluff. All that was collected in this way was clean velvet. There is abundant evidence that Perkins has opened his barrel and that Oregon is not being overlooked."

"We shall take occasion later to show in detail that this money Perkins is devoting to the 'cause' is coming, not from him, but from his sweatshop down in Auburn, N. Y., where poor girls are wearing out their lives at it for them in the Perkins-Roosevelt tariff plank that is sometime in the great hereafter to be such a boon to the laboring man."

"We regret to hear, especially on account of our genial but combative friend Dan Kellisher, that there is bitter discussion in the local Bull Moose ranks. Senator Kellisher must curb his impetuous temper and be submissive to the wise counsels of Dr. Coe. The doctor is not a 'boss.' He is a 'leader.' The instrumentalities he is making use of do not constitute a 'machine,' but an 'organization.'"

Club Made a Mistake.

"The Transportation Club, in trying to arrange for a banquet at the Imperial Hotel, made the mistake of addressing their communication to Dan Kellisher

and L. M. Lepper instead of Dr. Coe. It was a grievous mistake. Indeed, it was two mistakes. In the first place, the real leader of a great movement like this should never be ignored. In the second place, it is a matter of public notoriety that several months ago Dr. Coe and Hon. Phil Metschan, of the Imperial Hotel, had a serious personal difficulty when the genial boniface expressed his opinion of the doctor in two or three different languages. To have given a banquet to the ex-President at the Imperial, would not only have been a serious affront to the doctor, but would have seriously impeded the onward march of those magnificent political reforms for which he and Dan Hanna and Tim Woodruff and Bill Flynn stand as sponsors.

Mr. Moores Will Waiver Dinner. "The 'cause' cannot stand many such breaks as that, for in every primary held since last Spring the Bull Moose boom has shown a distinct decadence. Any doubting brother who disputes this will be given ample evidence of it in due time. We note that our old friend, ex-Mayor Rodgers, has already agreed to present the Big Bull Moose electoral vote of Oregon on a silver platter. We never gamble, but we will bet Brother Rodgers the price of a meal for Dr. Coe against the Imperial grill that the electoral vote of Oregon will never be presented to Teddy on a silver platter or any other kind of a platter. Teddy is not in it, and those who think he is simply have been temporarily rattled by the sound of the Big Noise."

WORKING PLANS SHOWN

HASKIN'S NEW BOOK ACCURATE IN DETAIL.

How the Government Affects Individuals Is Told in Volume Offered by The Oregonian.

In offering to its readers the new book, "The American Government," by Frederic J. Haskin, The Oregonian is indeed offering them a book that is different from anything that has been printed heretofore. There are hundreds of books in the copyright office in the Library of Congress which deal with the theories of government. Such things are of interest to the student of constitutional law, but do not hold the attention of the average reader.

The new book tells of practice and not of theories. It gets down to what the Government does—how it affects you. It is a snapshot of vital action and not a posed portrait of still life. Every page is enlivened with incident and human interest of a kind which rivets the facts in the reader's mind and every chapter is enriched in a way that leaves no room for doubt as to the book being an accurate picture of Uncle Sam at work. And the cost, so much in book value never before has been offered for so small a price. Be sure to save your coupons and get a copy.

Teacher of English Secured.

ALBANY, Or., Sept. 11.—(Special.)—Miss Winston Hutchinson of Hutchison, Kan., has been elected to the chair of English in Albany College for the coming school year. Miss Hutchinson is a graduate of the Kansas State University and after securing a degree as bachelor of arts at Radcliffe College, Cambridge, Mass., she secured her master's degree at the Kansas University. For the past nine years she has been an instructor in an academy at Cumberland, Md.