

ROOSEVELT IS SHOT. WOUND IS SERIOUS

Colonel Makes Address Despite Bullet in Breast. Assassin Caught.

EFFORTS TO LYNCH BALKED

John Schrenk Fires as Candidate Is on Way to Address Big Crowd. Colonel's Secretary Prevents Second Shot.

(Continued From First Page.)

His force as it passed through into the flesh.

The assassin was prevented from firing a second shot by Albert H. Martin, one of Colonel Roosevelt's two secretaries. Colonel Roosevelt had just stepped into an automobile when the assassin pushed his way through the crowd to the street and fired. Martin, who was standing in the car with the Colonel, leaped to the man's shoulders and bore him to the ground.

Captain A. O. Girard, of Milwaukee, who was on the front seat, jumped almost at the same time, and in an instant the man was overpowered and disarmed.

A wild cry of "lynch him" went up from the crowd. Colonel Roosevelt spoke to the people and told them to spare the would-be assassin.

The man was taken into the hotel and held there until he was removed to the police station.

In spite of the entreaties of physicians, Colonel Roosevelt insisted upon delivering his address.

"I will make this speech or die, one or the other."

Crowd Thrown Into Panic.

Harry F. Coehms, one of the Wisconsin Progressive leaders, told the great crowd which had assembled in the auditorium that Colonel Roosevelt had been shot, and asked the people to be calm. The crowd was thrown almost into a panic by the announcement, but Colonel Roosevelt calmed them by rising and assuring them that he was not badly hurt. Then he began his address. Several times he seemed to be growing weak, and members of his party rose to help him. He motioned them to sit down.

"Let me alone. I'm all right," he said.

At 10:20 o'clock Colonel Roosevelt was sitting on the operating table talking to the police with the physicians while they were waiting for the arrival of an X-ray machine.

Colonel Roosevelt left the hospital at 11:25 P. M. He was able to walk unaided. "I am feeling fine," he said.

Shot Fired Near Hotel.

The shooting took place in the street in front of the Hotel Clifftop. Colonel Roosevelt reached Milwaukee shortly after 5 o'clock, and making his way through the crowd at the station, entered an automobile and was driven to the hotel. He took dinner in a private dining-room where the main floor with members of the party on his private car.

After dinner Colonel Roosevelt went to his room on the second floor of the hotel, and shortly before 8 o'clock he started for the auditorium. His automobile stood in front of the door and about it was a crowd of several hundred persons who were waiting to catch a glimpse of the Colonel as he started off.

Crowd Cheers Colonel.

With the Colonel were Philip Roosevelt, a young nephew, and Captain Martin and Captain Girard. The crowd pressed closer about the Colonel and gave a cheer as he appeared. As the party reached the automobile Colonel Roosevelt's companions stood aside and he stepped into the car.

Martin entered directly behind him and sat on the further side of the car. Colonel Roosevelt stood up, waving his hat in answer to the cheers of the crowd. The assassin was standing in the crowd a few feet from the automobile. He pushed his way to the side of the car and raised his gun first.

Martin caught the flash of the revolver as the shot was fired and leaped over the car a second after the bullet sped on its way. Colonel Roosevelt barely moved as the shot was fired.

Athlete Feels Assassin.

Before the crowd knew what had happened Martin, who is six feet tall, and a former professional player, had landed squarely on the assassin's shoulders and had borne him to the ground. He threw his right arm about the man's neck with a death-like grip and with the left arm seized the hand that held the revolver. In another second he had disarmed him.

Colonel Roosevelt stood calmly looking on as though nothing had happened. Martin picked the man up as though he were a child and carried him the few feet which separated them from the car, almost to the side of the Colonel.

"Here he is," said Martin, "look at him, Colonel."

All this happened within a few seconds, and Colonel Roosevelt stood gazing rather curiously at the man who had attempted his life before the stunned crowd that was going on. Then a howl of rage went up.

"Lynch him!" cried 100 men.

"Lynch him, kill him!" cried 100 men. The crowd pressed in on them and Martin and Captain Girard, who had followed Martin over the side of the automobile, were caught with their prisoner in the midst of a struggling throng of maddened men. It seemed for the moment that the assassin would be torn to pieces by the infuriated crowd, and it was Colonel Roosevelt himself who interfered on behalf of the man.

He raised his hand and motioned imperiously to the crowd to fall back.

"Stop, stop," he cried; "stand back, don't hurt him."

The crowd at first was not disposed to heed his words, but at length fell back and permitted Martin and Captain Girard to carry the man into the hotel. After a short struggle the assassin gave up and was carried with out resistance out of the reach of the crowd.

Colonel Says Shot Missed.

"Are you hurt, Colonel?" 100 voices called out.

"Oh, no," he responded with a smile, "missed me that time. I'm not hurt a bit."

"I think we'd better be going on," he said to the other members of his party, "or we will be late."

No one in the party, including Colonel Roosevelt himself, entertained the slightest notion that the Colonel had been shot. He felt no shock or pain at the time and it was assumed that the bullet went wild. As soon as Colonel Roosevelt had assured himself the assassin was safe in the hands of the

WIFE OF COLONEL, WHO MAY LEAVE FOR CHICAGO TODAY TO SEE HUSBAND.



MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

police he gave orders to drive on to the Auditorium.

They had driven hardly one of the four blocks from the hotel to the Auditorium when John McGrath, another of Colonel Roosevelt's secretaries, uttered a sharp exclamation and pointed to the Colonel's breast.

"Look, Colonel," he said, "there is a hole in your overcoat. It was a shot."

Blood Found Under Coat.

Colonel Roosevelt looked down, saw the hole, then unbuckled the big army coat which he was wearing and thrust his hand beneath it. When he withdrew it, his fingers were stained with blood.

Colonel Roosevelt was not at all dismayed. "It looks as though I had been shot," he said, "but I don't think it is anything serious."

Dr. Scurry Terrell, of Dallas, Tex., Colonel Roosevelt's physician, who had entered the automobile just before it started off, insisted that the Colonel return to the hotel. He would not hear of it and the car was driven to the Auditorium.

As soon as they reached the building Colonel Roosevelt was taken into a dressing-room and his outer garments were removed. Dr. Terrell, with the help of Dr. John Bratton, of Milwaukee, and Dr. S. S. Sorenson, of Racine, Wis., who were in the audience and came to the dressing-room on a call from the platform, made a superficial examination of the wound.

Roosevelt Insists On Talking.

They agreed that it was impossible to hazard a guess as to the extent of the Colonel's injuries and that he should by all means go at once to a hospital.

"I will deliver this speech or die, one or the other," was Colonel Roosevelt's reply.

After the great crowd in the Auditorium had been told of the Colonel's injury and reassured by Mr. Roosevelt himself that his wound was not serious, the Colonel went on with his speech.

Colonel Roosevelt began to speak in a firm voice, somewhat lower than his usual tone and, except that his chance words were less emphatic, there was nothing about the man to indicate his condition. After he had been speaking a few moments, however, his voice sank somewhat and he seemed to strain to speak.

"I'm going to finish this speech," said the Colonel emphatically. "I'm all right; let me alone."

Colonel Talks With Effort.

Dr. Terrell and Colonel Lyon sat down again. The Colonel continued his speech, evidently with increasing effort, but he was making himself heard, and talked for more than an hour. Then he was rushed to his automobile, flashed through the streets to the emergency hospital.

The operating room had been placed in readiness to receive Colonel Roosevelt and six of the leading surgeons of Milwaukee were waiting for his arrival. Colonel Roosevelt was undressed and placed upon the operating table, although he insisted he was not badly hurt and that the doctors were taking it too seriously.

An examination of the wound showed that it had been made by a bullet of large size. It entered the fleshy part of the right breast, half way between the collar bone and the lower rib. The physicians found that they knew no more after their examination than before as to the location of the bullet, and it was decided to send for an X-ray machine to determine to what depth the missile had penetrated.

While he was waiting for the X-ray machine Colonel Roosevelt sat up on the operating table and talked politics and joked with the physicians.

Big Crowd Awaits News.

For an hour or more a large crowd stood outside the hospital awaiting the news of Colonel Roosevelt's condition. The statement of the attending physicians was taken out and read aloud. The crowd started a cheer, but it was suppressed for fear the noise might annoy the Colonel.

When Colonel Roosevelt left the hospital, walking unaided, there were only a few persons on the street.

"How are you feeling, Colonel?" said one of the local committee men when he came down the elevator from the operating room, just after an X-ray picture had been taken.

"Fine," answered the Colonel, and he had a pleasant word to say to those who greeted him in turn. The Colonel was said to be resting easily in his private car when he left.

O. K. Davis, secretary of the Progressive National Committee, sent a telegram to Mrs. Roosevelt at Sagamore Hill assuring her that Colonel Roosevelt's condition was not serious and that there was no occasion for alarm.

Reporter Gives Account.

A newspaper reporter, who was standing in the crowd in front of the hotel and witnessed the shooting, gave the following account:

"Colonel Roosevelt had just descended from his room on the second story, front of the hotel, where he had been receiving calls from friends and admirers, and had passed through a cheering throng in the main corridor, accompanied by a growing escort as he neared the door.

"The doorway was cleared and on the sidewalk a wide passageway maintained by Sergeant A. J. Mooney, who saluted the Colonel as he passed and turned to watch him, as he kept on toward the automobile.

"Arriving at the curb, Colonel Roosevelt extended his hands toward the frames of the doorway to the rear

compartment, his body inclining slightly to the front.

It was just as he was rising into the automobile, supported by the grip he held on the frame that the shot was fired.

Roosevelt Does Not Move.

Colonel Roosevelt gave no indication by movement that he felt the impact of the bullet, but there was a sound as though of a groan coming from his direction. A moment after the shot, Colonel Roosevelt put his right hand on his overcoat, well up near the shoulder on the left side and rubbed it slightly. Then he sat down in the car.

In the excitement and confusion that prevailed some one ordered the chauffeur to drive on. The machine moved out. The man who fired the shot was captured in a fraction of a second.

The would-be assassin was at once hurried out of the crowd. He offered resistance, but was helpless in the sturdy hands that grasped him. He was half carried as he was hurried through the corridor of the hotel into the dining-room and thence into the kitchen, where he was put through a hurried interrogation by Sergeant Mooney and the others present, but without eliciting a single statement.

Assassin Is Silent.

"He declined to give any information," said the police. "He was finally slipped out of the rear door of the hotel into an alley, where the police wagon had been summoned to receive him."

Hundreds of persons followed the patrol as it was driven at breakneck speed down the streets and across the Onondaga street bridge.

Men and boys ran shouting behind the wagon crying "lynch him; kill the brute; get a rope. Scores hurried to the central police station in carriages and autos and before the wagon had backed up to the station door, the more fleet-footed ones were drawn up in line and when the man was taken from the patrol the crowd pushed forward.

"Lynch him," again was the cry. Sergeant Robert Flood had expected a demonstration and had several patrolmen stand along the way, to show that the crowd did not attempt to take the man from the officers.

"With an officer on each side of him the man was led into the station and up to the sergeant's office, where he was quizzed, but he positively refused to talk. Every effort was made to get something out of the man, but it was of no avail.

"Any man looking for a third term ought to be shot," as all he would say, but he was willing to show that he was willing to confess. He repeated these several times and it was the only answer he would give the police.

"Tomorrow I will tell you that you want to know. I want to sleep tonight and do not want to be bothered," he said, as he was taken to his cell.

Arrangement to Be Made.

Schrenk will be arraigned before Municipal Judge Neelan at 9 A. M. tomorrow. He was expected at the police station that Schrenk would waive examination, in which case he will be taken before Municipal Judge Neelan to determine whether he shall be bound over.

The police said that from Schrenk's actions they believed him insane. Schrenk had engaged a lawyer up to 3 o'clock this morning and he seemed unconcerned as to his fate.

NAME NOT ON HOTEL REGISTER

Schrenk May Have Used Another Signature in Nashville.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Oct. 14.—The would-be assassin of Colonel Roosevelt, who wrote none on the register at the Bismarck Hotel, never registered at that place under the name given in Milwaukee.

The hotel has a writing room and the stationery is procured only from the clerk, so it is believed probable Schrenk might have stayed at the hotel recently under another name. No one at the hotel remembers a man of his description.

SCHRENK IS LAUNDRY MAN

Would-Be Assassin Left Wife and Child in New York.

NEW YORK, Oct. 14.—John Schrenk formerly lived at the address given in the Milwaukee dispatches. He is a laundryman, who left here about a month ago.

He has a wife and child here. The police are investigating his story.

MRS. SEED ACCUSES MORE

Being Watched by Detectives Is Latest Allegation.

Helen C. Seed yesterday filed a supplementary divorce complaint against John S. Seed, in which she accuses him of having her watched constantly by detectives. She asserts that one of the sleuths listened at the keyhole and looked over the transom while she was in consultation with M. Moorhead, one of her attorneys, and that various other incidents indicate that she is being followed without cessation.

Mrs. Seed declares that her husband said he would spend every cent he possessed to prevent her getting a divorce and declares that the employment of detectives is along the line of carrying out the threat. In her original complaint Mrs. Seed accused her husband of illicit relations with other women.

MRS. ROOSEVELT IS SHOCKED BY NEWS

Wife of Colonel Hastily Departs From Theater on Receiving Message.

SHE MAY GO TO CHICAGO

Cousin of T. R. Announces That It Is Probable She Will Leave Today—Colonel Sends Reassuring Telegram.

NEW YORK, Oct. 14.—Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt was in a theater when she heard of the attempt upon her husband's life. In fear that the announcement of the attempted assassination might be made from the stage and be an unnecessarily great shock to the Colonel's wife, George W. Perkins, chairman of the executive committee of the National Progressive party, who was among the first to receive the news, had dispatched a messenger to Mrs. Roosevelt.

Although assurances were given in the first dispatch that the Colonel had not been seriously wounded, Mrs. Roosevelt was alarmed and immediately left the theater, driving to the headquarters of the Progressive party.

Removal to Hospital Alarmed.

Here she awaited further details from Milwaukee. She was considerably relieved by the early bulletins reporting that the Colonel had been so slightly wounded that he was able to proceed with his speech.

She was alarmed again, however, when word was received of the removal of Roosevelt to a hospital and doubt among the physicians as to the seriousness of the wound.

Mrs. Roosevelt probably will leave tomorrow for Chicago. George E. Roosevelt, a cousin of Colonel Roosevelt, made this announcement late tonight, saying the Colonel's wife would spend the rest of the night at his Fifth avenue home.

Shortly after midnight Mrs. Roosevelt received a telegram which had evidently been dictated by her husband, assuring her that he was in no danger, and making light of the attempt on his life.

President Deeply Affected.

The telegram read:

"I am now in the American Hospital. The bullet did not hit anything vital and I think they will find some way around it. It is no more serious than the injury the boys received. My voice is holding out well and I will go on with the trip. Love, Teddy."

President Taft and Governor Wilson were among others to be quickly advised of the attempted assassination of Colonel Roosevelt. The President was at a banquet which Mayor Gaynor was giving to the President, members of his cabinet, 600 Naval officers and several hundred citizens when the news was communicated to him.

It was evident that the report greatly affected the President. He was talking with the cabinet and the time after hearing the news sat silent for several minutes. He declined at first to make any statement, apparently being reluctant to credit the report. Later, as the news was confirmed, the President said to newspapermen:

No Comment Made by Speakers.

"I am very sorry to learn of the assault upon Colonel Roosevelt, and I am glad to learn no harm was done."

At the time the President made this statement, bulletins from Milwaukee gave the assurance that Colonel Roosevelt had sustained practically no injury. The speakers at the dinner avoided reference to the reports, but the news had soon spread to all and there was so much discussion of the reports that little attention was given to the speakers.

Governor Wilson was at his home in Princeton, N. J., when newspapermen advised him of the attempt to kill the Progressive candidate for President.

"It is with the greatest distress that I hear this," said Governor Wilson, "but I am glad to hear the news. There have not been any escaped serious injury."

Colonel Roosevelt's son, Theodore, Jr., heard late tonight of the attack on his father and at once telegraphed his headquarters to meet his mother and await details from Milwaukee.

Mrs. J. West Roosevelt took the Colonel's wife to her home for the night after both women had spent several anxious hours at Progressive headquarters. Although Mrs. Roosevelt bore up strongly, it was evident she was skeptical of the assurance that her husband was not seriously hurt.

"That's what they said when President McKinley was shot," she exclaimed.

T. R.'S ESCAPES MANY

COLONEL SINGULARLY FORTUNATE IN ALL ACCIDENTS.

Though Often Close to Death He Has Always Gone Free With But Minor Injuries.

CHICAGO, Oct. 14.—(Special.)—Theodore Roosevelt has been singularly fortunate in all cases where his life was at stake and has never been injured seriously.

His most severe injuries were received in 1892, when his carriage was struck by a trolley car near Pittfield, Mass., and William Craig, a Secret Service operative, who was with him, was killed. The driver, David J. Pratt, was injured. Although Mr. Roosevelt was thrown heavily to the road, he was only scratched and bruised and, after picking himself up, crossed-examined the motorman as to the cause of the accident. With Mr. Roosevelt at the time were George W. Colby and Senator Murray Crane, neither of whom was injured. Upon his return to Pittfield Mr. Roosevelt was asked, "Were you ever near death?"

"Perhaps," he replied, and then added: "I do not care to talk about the nearness of death. There are a thousand things that are worse than death and we know what they are."

In October, 1895, while on board the Lighthouse tender Magnolia, bound down the Mississippi River, the vessel was rammed by the fruit steamer Eschert, near New Orleans, and several holes were torn in the Magnolia's hull. The captain of the Magnolia drove her head on a mud bank, where she remained until the next morning. The shock of the collision roused Mr.

MI-O-NA ENDS INDIGESTION

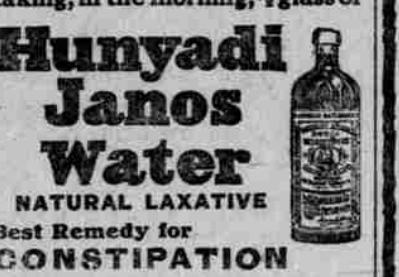
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Roosevelt from his berth, but after asking a few questions he returned to his stateroom and, with his party, was taken off by the light-house tender Ivy and his journey resumed.

Last Summer, while on his way to Chicago, a large boulder rolled on the tracks and the train ran over the obstruction, jolting the cars and damaging the engine to such an extent that it had to be replaced by another at Poughkeepsie. Trainmen at that time said the escape of the train from a wreck was a very lucky one. Like all Presidents of recent years, Mr. Roosevelt was threatened both at Washington and Oyster Bay by "cranks," but none of them ever attempted any open violence.

That Colonel Roosevelt during his seven and a half years as President never went on the streets without a revolver in his pocket was shown by incidents known to several of those who saw him frequently.

POISON CASE IS PROBED

Ptomaine Deal at Centralla Proves to Be Home Product Make.

The case of ptomaine poisoning alleged to have been caused by eating canned salmon, which was reported recently from Centralla, Wash., has been investigated by the bureau of publicity of the National Association of Fig Syrup.

It finds that the preparation was a home product and put up in glass jars, and was not a product of the canning industry, which is generally understood to mean food packed in the cans.

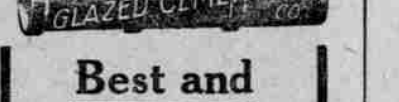
Last July, according to the investigation by the association officials, William Michelson, of the Mount Solo district, Wash., while fishing at Iliwaco, put up eight half-gallon Mason glass jars of salmon for sale at home. The fish was cut into small portions, put in the jars and the jars were placed in boiling water for four hours.

At his home on September 24 one of the jars was opened and the salmon made part of a meal, which consisted of corn, cabbage and potatoes. The entire family, Mr. and Mrs. Michelson and four children, ate of the salmon, but only two were taken sick, Mrs. Michelson and one daughter.

The Michelson family believe there was a "leak" in the fastening of the jar, allowing the air to come in contact with the fish. There was no canned product used by this family.

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Most people shrink from a physician; they think of castor oil, calomel, salts or cathartic pills.

It's different with Syrup of Figs. Its effect is as that of fruit; of eating coarse food; of exercise. Take a teaspoonful of Syrup of Figs at bedtime and you won't realize you have taken anything until morning, when all the clogged-up waste matter, with its accompanying poisons, will move on and out of your system, without gripe, nausea or weakness. Nothing else cleanses and regulates your sour, disordered stomach, torpid liver and thirty feet of waste-clogged bowels like gentle, effective Syrup of Figs. Don't think you are dragging yourself. Being composed entirely of luscious figs, senna and aromatic, it can't cause injury.

If your child is cross, sick and feverish, or its little stomach sour, tongue coated, give Syrup of Figs at once. It's really all that is needed to make children well and happy again. They dearly love its pleasant taste.

Ask your druggist for the full name, "Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna," and look on the label for the name—California Fig Syrup Company. That, and that only, is the genuine. Refuse any other fig syrup substitute with contempt.



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