

ROOSEVELT GETS BACK ON FIRING LINE

Cheered 40 Minutes by Frenzied Moose at Garden, Then Talks Half an Hour.

FAVORS HIS RIGHT ARM.

But Otherwise Shows No Ill Effects of Wound-Be Assassin's Bullet.

Twelve thousand men and women slept late—or wanted to sleep late—to-day after witnessing Theodore Roosevelt's return to the work at Madison Square Garden last night, seventeen days after being shot by a would-be assassin in Milwaukee. If Mr. Roosevelt's political enterprises, generally known as the Bull Moose party, is no more nearly dead than was T. R. when he showed himself to the screaming, buzzing, howling, roaring thousands who greeted him in the Garden last night, obituaries of it (as Mark Twain once said of somewhat too early accounts of his own passing) are more or less premature.

William H. Hotchkiss, sometime Commissioner of Insurance of the State of New York, now State Chairman of the Moose party, walked out on a platform on the north side of the great arena and gave the thousands on the floor and in the four tiers of the balconies a chance to wave the bandanna which had been placed against the backs of all the seats in the grounds by saying that T. R. was coming. Gov. Hiram Johnson of California, Bull Moose candidate for Vice-President, stirred things up more. And then T. R. walked in.

Madison Square Garden was never made into a more fitting frame for a rip-roaring, stag and stripes, howling, howling affair of political feeling. The middle of the roof, between the steel girders, was hung with the stars of the American flag, each one seven feet wide of white in a blue field which covered the space of a third of the block between Madison and Fourth avenues. From end to end of the building and from side to side the stars waved and fluttered five foot wide red and white bars of the body of the flag. There was a band, so it is generally understood, in galleries at each end of the building.

But from 9:15 o'clock, when Gov. Johnson was interrupted by the arrival of Col. Roosevelt on the platform overlooking the great crowded oval basin, nobody knew what the decorations were, nobody knew there was a band.

Every eye was fixed on the sturdy figure of a man who stood in the south-west corner of the box built out into the center of the hall. He appeared almost absurdly healthy for a man shot in the chest less than three weeks ago. In front of him sat twenty men who had been hurried West as soon as the news of the attempt on his life was known with the idea that they would be called upon to write the final story of Theodore Roosevelt's busy life.

SIGN OF WEAKNESS ONLY IN FAVORING RIGHT ARM.

Theodore Roosevelt stood in the middle of that buzzing, shrieking, flag waving audience for forty-five minutes before he had a chance to speak a word. He threw up his left hand time and again and flapped it buoyantly, almost defiantly, every time he caught the glimpse of a familiar face in the throng. He turned every little while in that iong three-quarter of an hour of cheering and nodded reassuringly to Mrs. Roosevelt and to Mrs. Longworth and Miss Ethel Roosevelt, his daughters, as they, by look and gesture, implored Gov. Johnson, Chairman Hotchkiss, Oscar Strauss and others to make him sit down and take the ovation from a chair.

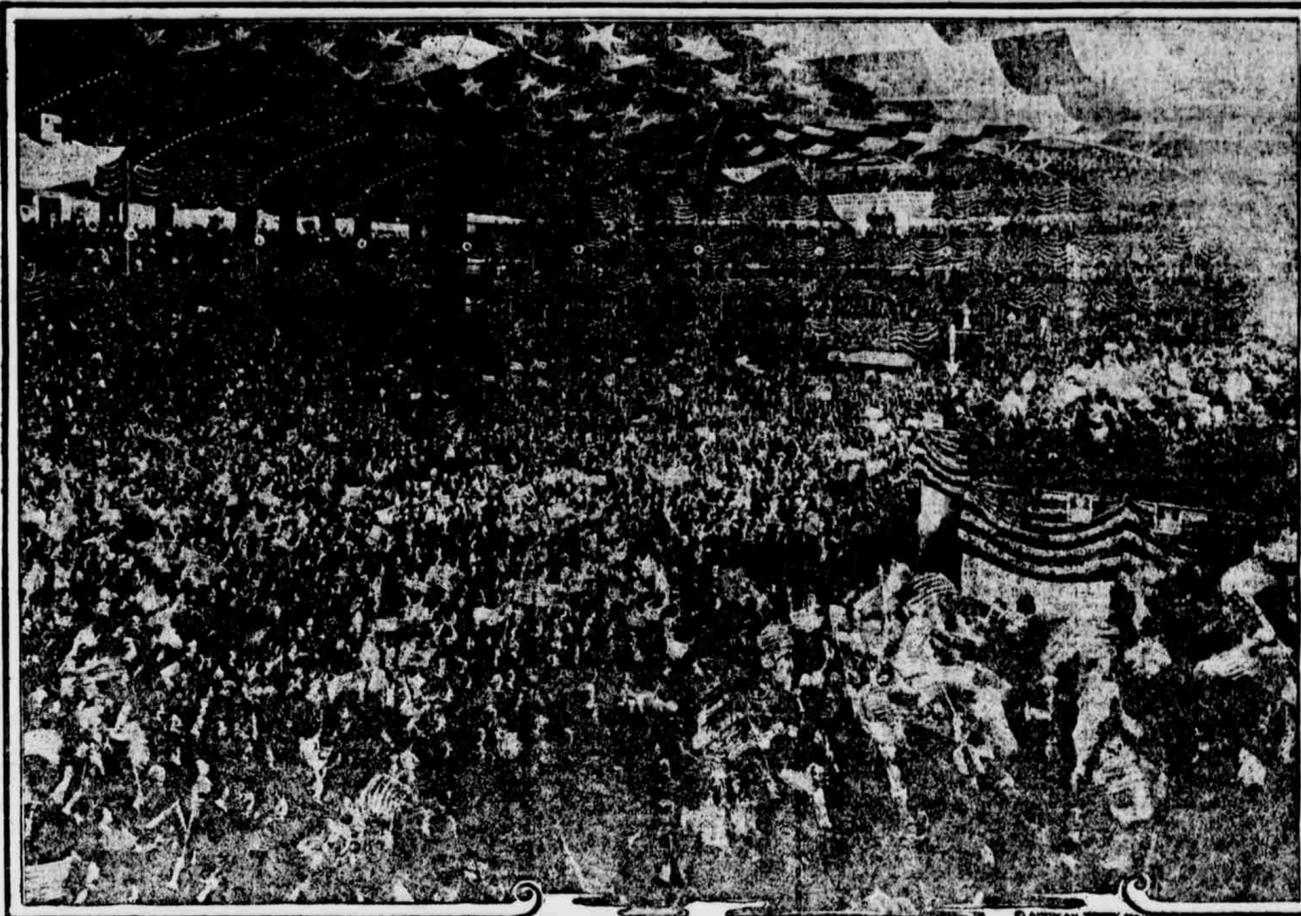
But did he sit down? He did not! There was never a moment when his left hand was not above his head, waving good will right and left, following with darting motions the flash of his eye as it roved up and down the ranks of that great, cheering, flag and bandanna waving crowd.

T. R. was the liveliest thing in his life and wild and noisy a gathering as New York is likely to see in many a day. It was a meeting as free of presidents and routine procedure as could well be imagined. Think, for instance, of the feelings of a scribe jarred out of his seat at a Roosevelt meeting by Secretary Tom Smith of Tammany Hall, who was wailed into the press seats, and who recovers his balance just in time to recognize the passing of the Hon. Olie James of Kentucky, Senator-elect and chairman of the convention which nominated Woodrow Wilson as the Democratic candidate!

FORTY MINUTES OF TUMULT DELAYS HIS MESSAGE.

When Theodore Roosevelt entered the Garden ten thousand out of the twelve thousand in the building whistled and then shouted. "His name!" A moment later the whole twelve thousand yelled "There he is!" And then that stouky, black coated figure held the center of the spotlight—literally, because there was one aimed at him from the south-east gallery. He waved his left hand all the time. Sometimes he waved, or tried to wave, the right in his excitement,

Great Moose Herd Cheering Roosevelt at Garden



CROWD CHEERING COL. ROOSEVELT IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. ARROW INDICATES COL. ROOSEVELT.

ment, and then shamefacedly dropped it to his side, reminded by a twinge of pain that the muscles of his right side were not yet in shape to do any Rooseveltian hurroos.

The band played "The Star Spangled Banner." Mr. Roosevelt's left arm waved in time and his lips moved. Some of those immediately beneath the platform on which he stood thought they heard his voice shouting the words. When the brass and the drums struck up "Onward, Christian Soldiers," there were moments when they were sure that the rattling ring of the Roosevelt voice was clearing down at them. Certainly that left hand was pounding up and down against the background of the red, white and blue draperies, marking the time. When the tune changed into "We Won't Go Home Till Morning," the flash of the broad toothed smile was a signal as marked as the waving of the hand.

Both hands went up for "Dixie." Though the right hand came down quickly, it shot over the rail again with a joyful sweep when the tune swung into "Rally Round the Flag, Boys."

It was not until the start of the old Chicago Orchestra Hall shout, "We Want Teddy—We Want Teddy," which was the undernote of the first of all of the wild Bull Moose demonstrations last summer, that Mr. Roosevelt seemed to show any sign of disapproval of the continued racket. He took out what was obviously the manuscript of his speech and waved it at the crowd.

"Wow!" they screamed. "Wow-yow-how-yow-how-yow!"

T. R. ceased waving the speech and began waving his hand in time with the band again.

VOICE, RESONANT AND STRONG, FAILS TO QUIET THRONG.

The hands of the clock had passed the hour of 10 before he tried his voice against the tumult. Wolflike howls—intended by earnest students of the wild from the curbstones of New York streets for imitations of the bellow of the mating moose—had died down. There was a light of over-enthusiastic late-comers in front of the press stands with the police, the telegraph messengers and the private detectives. The cross current of sounds gave T. R. his chance to break in.

"Friends," he cried. "My friends"—and his voice was as resonant as when he was roaring his defiance at Richard Croker from the rear ends of campaign trains as a candidate for Governor last year ago. The racket on the edge of the platform disturbed him and he leaned down and motioned aside with his hands quietly.

"Officers," he said, "will you please be as quiet as possible in restoring order!"

The reporters shouted with laughter in which the Colonel did not join. The policemen and detectives strained as they shouldered back their adversaries. But never the flicker of a smile showed on the stern face of the Colonel.

All through his speech the clear strength of his voice was like the ringing resonance of a cornet in the late night. It rang above any shuffling of feet. Once when a misguided Bull Moose started an epidemic of the drumming of the hands, which had made a torment of the earlier evening, there was a painful note of protest in his tone which instantly quieted the noise.

The news of Vice-President Sherman's death were read on the platform by telegraph operators about half way of the forty-minute demonstration which greeted Col. Roosevelt's return from the valley of the shadow. It was then that he tried, by waving the manuscript of his speech, to stop the noise and the bandanna waving.

DEATH OF SHERMAN NOT ANNOUNCED TO CROWD.

After three of four vain efforts to

make the people understand that there was an unusual reason for asking them to stop their cheering, Mr. Roosevelt had an arm-around-the-neck conference with Gov. Johnson and Mr. Hotchkiss, and after all had shaken their heads gravely it was obviously agreed that it was better for the great crowd to get its news of the death of the second officer of the United States Government after the meeting was over. There was no feeling in the hysterical, crazy shouting of the sensation seekers who controlled the demonstration in the Garden last night just how such a tragic announcement would be taken.

It was a meeting queer in its effect on those who had been wondering about it and looking forward to it for the three weeks since Col. Roosevelt was shot in Milwaukee. From the Bowery before Mr. Roosevelt reached the Garden, the great Bull Moose Gathering of the Herd, tickets to last night's meeting were beyond price. The people who held them had them for use and not for sale. Tens of thousands of people went up to the streets near Madison Square to be buffeted away by the police with tact, but firmness, in the hope of seeing the dramatic return of Roosevelt to public life after a narrow escape from death. They filed the up-and-down and cross-town streets, they cheered and waved their flags and about a quarter of an hour before Mr. Roosevelt reached the Garden, they began going home.

Political observers failed to find in the occasion the energy and religious fervor which so strongly marked the Orange last June, the Bull Moose re-convention of August or the gathering to which Speaker Jack McKeen presented the name of George Strauss at Syracuse. But it was a great show.

25,000 PACKED ABOUT GARDEN.

According to Police Inspector Schmittberger, 25,000 persons attended the Roosevelt overflow meetings. The crowd was at one time massed outside the Garden on all sides in a vain effort to get near enough to the speakers to hear them.

While several arrests were made, there was little disorder. Commissioner Waldo, with Inspector Schmittberger and Deputy Inspector McKay, were on hand with 100 policemen, and there was little jostling and no blocking of the streets.

The crowd began to gather at 4:30. Little by little lengthened, until at 6 o'clock they reached from the playground to Fourth avenue and down to Seventeenth street, a distance of half a mile.

When Col. Roosevelt arrived he climbed the fire-escape to the first balcony. Instead of entering on the ground floor. Before a battery of cameras.

"Go as far as you like, boys!" he shouted.

Following the arrival of Col. Roosevelt the crowd paid strict attention to the cart tail orators. This part of the affair was under the direction of Walter M. Boarder and Judge Albert Dulin. Five trucks were stationed along the east and north sides of Madison Square Park and one boxing ring was erected at Twenty-fourth street and Madison square.

Speculators got as high as \$10 for box seats. Doormen at the main entrance discovered that spurious tickets were being presented and they quickly traced them to speculators. Several of these were arrested charged with disorderly conduct instead of selling tickets without a license. All were discharged in the Night Court.

Judge Dulin of California addressed the crowd from the boxing ring. He paid a high tribute to Gov. Wilson, but declared that if elected Wilson's hands would be tied by the bosses. He also attacked the newspapers of New York City, mentioning several by name and declaring they were controlled by their advertisers.

RIGHT OF PEOPLE TO RULE IS ISSUE DECLARES T. R.

Their Will Must Be Supreme, President, Congress and Courts Merely Agents.

Col. Roosevelt spoke in part at the Garden meeting as follows:

"Friends, perhaps once in a generation, not more often, there comes a chance for the people of the country to play their part wisely and fearlessly in some great battle of the age-long warfare for human rights. To our fathers the chance came in the mighty days of Abraham Lincoln, the man who thought and toiled and suffered for the people with sad, patient and kindly endeavor.

"To our forefathers the chance came in the troubled years that stretched from the time when the first Continental Congress gathered to the time when Washington was inaugurated as first President of the Republic. To us in our turn the chance has now come to stand for liberty and righteousness as in their day these dead men stood for liberty and righteousness.

"Our task is not as great as theirs. Yet it is well nigh as important. Our task is to profit by the lessons of the past and to check in time the evils that grow around us, lest our failure to do so may cause dreadful disaster to the people.

NOT BOUND BY CUT AND DRIED FORMULAS.

"It is our business to show that nineteenth-century wisdom consists in being wise in time. Woe to our nation if we let matters drift. If in our industrial and political life we let an unchecked and utterly selfish individualistic materialism riot to its appointed end! That end would be widespread disaster, for it would mean that our people would be swayed by those dreadful lines of division which are drawn when the selfish greed of the have-nots, there is but one way to prevent such a division, and that is to forestall it by the kind of a movement in which we are now engaged.

"Do not forget, my friends, that we are proposing no new principles. The doctrines we preach reach back to the Golden Rule and the Sermon on the Mount. They reach back to the Commandments delivered at Sinai. All that we are doing is to apply those doctrines in the shape necessary to make them

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available for meeting the living issues of our own day. We decline to be bound by the empty little cut and dried formulas of bygone philosophies, useful once perhaps, but useless now. Our purpose is to shake the greedy cunning as we shake the brutal force, and we are not to be diverted from this purpose by the appeal to the dead dogmas of a vanished past.

MUST USE PEOPLE'S POWER FOR PEOPLE'S BENEFIT.

"We brush aside the arguments of those who seek to bar action by the repetition of some formula about 'States rights' or about 'the history of liberty' or the duty of the courts to determine the meaning of the Constitution.

"We are for human rights and we intend to work for them in efficient fashion. Where they can be best obtained by the application of the doctrines of States rights, then we are for States rights. Where, in order to obtain them, it is necessary to invoke the power of the nation, then we shall invoke to its utmost limits that mighty power.

"We stand for the protection of the people's rights, then we are for States rights. We are for the protection of the people's rights, then we are for States rights. We are for the protection of the people's rights, then we are for States rights.

"We stand for an upright judiciary. But where the Judges claim the right to make our laws by finally interpreting them, by finally deciding whether or not we have the power to make them, then we claim the right ourselves to exercise that power.

"We forbid any man, no matter what their official position may be, to usurp the right which is ours, the right which is the people's. We recognize in neither our Congress nor President any divine right to override the will of the people, expressed with due deliberation in orderly fashion and through the forms of law.

COURT OF LAST APPEAL MUST BE THE PEOPLE.

"We believe that this is a Government by the people themselves, that the Constitution is theirs, that the courts are theirs, that all the governmental agents and agencies are theirs.

"We are not afraid that it is for the people themselves finally to decide all questions of public policy and to have their decision made effective.

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COLONEL AND TAFT UNDER SAME ROOF, BUT DO NOT MEET

It Was at Pennsylvania Station as Each Headed Homeward Toward Midnight.

Col. Roosevelt, elated over his ovation at the Garden, and President Taft, grief-stricken over the death of Vice-President Sherman, were within a few feet of each other in the Pennsylvania Station as each was about to leave the city last night. But they did not meet.

The President's private car was on Track 7. That of Col. Roosevelt on Track 3. The President reached the station just a few minutes before his former friend and now chief political foe got there with Mrs. Roosevelt. Mr. Taft had entered his car only a moment when the Colonel hove in sight.

Policeman John J. Donovan, a son of Mike Donovan, once the Roosevelt starting partner, was by the President's escort. He was returning after seeing the President safe on board his car when he met the Colonel. There was a characteristic Rooseveltian remark when Donovan explained that he had just left Mr. Taft.

"Wonderful," said the Big Bull Moose. The Roosevelt special pulled out at 10:05 o'clock and reached Oyster Bay an hour later. The Colonel apparently was not fatigued by the events of the evening.

With his right hand tucked deep into his overcoat pocket, the Colonel had walked briskly from his home at Sagamore Hill at 2:30 yesterday afternoon, stepped into an automobile and waved his left hand to several persons who had greeted him. Then came Mrs. Roosevelt, followed by "Jim" Amos, the negro butler, who has decided since the Milwaukee shooting that the Colonel needs his constant attention.

Before the drive to Oyster Bay was begun a second automobile drew up in the rear of the Roosevelt car. It contained G. B. Biddinger, chief of the criminal branch in the Bureau Detective Bureau, and two of his operatives. These men had been assigned by Bureau to guard the former President constantly until he returned to Sagamore Hill.

The train arrived at the Pennsylvania station at 5:40. Roosevelt was recognized and observed. As he walked toward the carriage entrance, guarded by the detectives, Burns fell in step with him. Then came a small body of uniformed

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police who remained with the candidates until he and Mrs. Roosevelt climbed into Dr. Alexander Lambert's limousine car. The detectives entered a second car, and at 8:05 the party drove up at Dr. Lambert's home, No. 23 East Thirty-first street.



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