

to find the missile, and it had been decided to use the X-ray to place it. All through the hospital there was anxiety and fear for the news of the next minute, fear of blood poisoning from the old and dirty bullet, fears for the result of the operation that must be performed, fears for the course that the bullet had taken.

But the Mayor lay on his bed and assured his friends that he would soon be all right.

I Am Feeling Fine.
"I am feeling fine," he said. "I think I would like something to eat. My throat is clear now, and I can breathe easily."

He was so cheerful and so willing to talk that the doctors had to keep his friends out of the room. Only the members of his family and one or two of the most intimate members of his cabinet were allowed to stay, and they had to promise not to talk.

One son, Rufus, was with him on shipboard, intending to make the trip to Europe with his father, and Mrs. Edith Gaynor, Vincent and her husband, H. K. Vincent, who were married this summer—practically eloping, in fact—hurried over to Hoboken from New York, while Mrs. Gaynor and another son, Norman, made a record run from the Gaynor country home at St. James, Long Island, by automobile. Many of the city officials had gone over to the pier to bid their chief goodby, and most of the others hurried over to Hoboken when they heard of the shooting.

The hospital was crowded all day with anxious callers, while in the afternoon hundreds of telegrams poured in from all over the country, expressing sorrow and sympathy and asking for word of the wounded man's condition. One of the first came from President Taft, and this was soon followed by one from ex-President Roosevelt. It was not until after the Mayor had rallied so strongly late in the afternoon and asked for food that the anxious ones began to go away less anxious and more hopeful of the outcome.

The man who shot the Mayor was James J. Gallagher, a discharged employee of the Dock Department, who had been worrying the Mayor and other city officials for months about the charges against him. Since his final discharge from the city's service, on July 19, he had written several letters to the Mayor and had called several times at the City Hall. His last call was made last Friday, and then he was told by Robert Adamson, the Mayor's secretary, that further calls would be useless.

Had Never Seen His Victim.
Gallagher had never seen the Mayor before yesterday, and had to have his victim pointed out to him by a stranger on the boat, a priest who was going abroad, who afterward lost the ship in his anxiety to be of some service to the man with whose injury he felt that he had had something to do.

Gallagher knew Adamson, by reason of his calls at the City Hall, and after he had shot the Mayor his pistol was turned on the secretary. Adamson, however, was too quick and knocked Gallagher's hand up before he could shoot.

"Big Bill" Edwards, the Street Cleaning Commissioner, was almost another victim. He was the man who knocked Gallagher down after the shooting and struggled with the would-be assassin on the deck. Edwards caught the second bullet in his left arm, but got only a slight flesh wound. A third shot that was fired went through the rail and did no harm.

While the Mayor was being attended by the surgeons on the ship, Gallagher was hurried off to the Hoboken Police Court, where he was arraigned before Recorder McGovern on a charge of atrocious assault with intent to kill, and was held without bail and sent to the Hudson County Jail on Jersey City Heights to await the result of the Mayor's injuries. He occupies the same cell that Porter Charlton had when he was first put in Warden Sullivan's charge.

On the way to the police station he said to Commissioner Edwards: "You're 'Big Bill,' ain't you? You came near losing your job to-day, too."

In the office of Robert H. Bell, Acting Police Chief of Hoboken, Gallagher signed a statement giving his name as James J. Gallagher, of No. 440 Third avenue, this city. He said that he was fifty-eight years old, and came to this country from Ireland and got employment as a watchman in the Dock Department.

Tells Why He Fired at Mayor.
"Knowing that the Mayor was going to Europe this morning, and wasn't sure it was he, I talked with him a long time about the affair, and he seemed very excitable and on the verge of collapse. He asked me if Mayor Gaynor was dead, and when I told him he was not he said he was glad to hear it."

"He dwelt upon his grievance with the Mayor, and said that if he could only have got the Mayor to look into his case he would have seen he didn't have a fair hearing, and would have reinstated him. It was hard for me to get any connected statement from Gallagher about the whole matter, and I think he is laboring under some mental aberration."

The lawyer said he would see Gallagher again to-day.
Robert J. Turnbull, a deputy assistant in District Attorney Whitman's office, called at the Hoboken Police Headquarters yesterday afternoon and offered the resources and aid of the New York prosecutor's office to acting Chief Bell. Mr. Turnbull said that Frank Moss, acting District Attorney, had asked him to see Chief Bell and deliver such a message.

The Mayor's son Rufus, Secretary Adamson and Health Commissioner Lederle rode in the ambulance with the Mayor to St. Mary's Hospital. The Mayor smiled cheerfully on his companions and assured them that he was all right.

"But I keep choking," he said. "I can't breathe with this blood collecting in my throat."
Great Crowds Everywhere.
A great crowd had gathered around the pier and all the Hoboken police reserves were rushed to the scene or strung along the route to the hospital, and another crowd was waiting in front of the hospital when the ambulance arrived there. Police reserves were stationed there, also, to hold the curious in check.

often been urged by his friends to have Kennel with him wherever he went, but Mr. Gaynor had always laughed at the idea that he needed protection, and refused to have Kennel go about with him. Kennel had often seen Gallagher on his calls at the City Hall and knew the man well. He was always on the look-out for suspicious persons about the City Hall, and the Mayor's friends are now regretting that they did not have Kennel go with the Mayor, even if it had been against Mr. Gaynor's wishes.

At 9:15 o'clock, while the Mayor was busiest with his friends, a heavy set man with white hair and stooped shoulders appeared at the pier gate and asked Hermann Grieff, the guard there, "Has Mayor Gaynor gone aboard?"

"Yes," Grieff replied, "he has been aboard since 8:30 o'clock."
The man went through the gate and disappeared up the gangplank of the ship, where he mingled with the passengers. The Mayor was then chatting with President Montt of Chili, with whom he was photographed. President Montt, after a few minutes' talk, went to his stateroom, while Mr. Gaynor turned once more to his official family. Rufus had left his father, who was standing on the port side forward, near the wave shield, and gone to the other side of the vessel.

The Mayor stood in the centre of a little group, with Corporation Counsel Watson on his right and "Big Bill" Edwards on his left. Mr. Adamson was next to Mr. Watson and Health Commissioner Lederle stood next to him, while Water Commissioner Thompson was between Mr. Lederle and Edwards. Forty-five or fifty passengers were near at hand, and Ralph Bloomer, the former Yale tackle, was saying farewell to some friends a few feet away.

Mayor Talking to Lederle.
The Mayor was talking to Commissioner Lederle about a recent case in the Health Department. An employee of the department had assaulted a newspaper man, but on the hearing of the charges, when it developed that the man had a father and mother to support, the charges were withdrawn and Commissioner Lederle dismissed the complaint.

"I think you did the right thing," the Mayor said, when Mr. Lederle finished his story. "Which side is your heart on, Lederle?"
As he said that Mr. Gaynor playfully poked Mr. Lederle in the ribs.

Gallagher had found the promenade deck and was just asking a priest, who was one of the passengers, to point out Mayor Gaynor.

"I don't know," Mr. Lederle replied to the Mayor. "It has shifted since this administration began."
As he was saying these words the little group of officials was conscious of a man stepping quickly behind the Mayor from the left and passing to Mr. Gallagher's right side. The man raised his right hand and a pistol flashed within a foot of the Mayor's ear.

Before the startled officials could move there was a click of the falling trigger. In an instant there was another click, and this time a flash and the report of a shot.
The Mayor looked dazedly about him and clasped his hands in front of him. Still there was no movement from the group, and Gallagher turned his pistol on Secretary Adamson. Adamson knocked the gun up and the men in front of the Mayor recovered their wits.

Edwards jumped in front of the Mayor and smashed Gallagher in the face with all his strength. Gallagher cut down against the rail with Edwards on top of him. A half dozen or more jumped on Gallagher and kicked and pounded him, while Mayor Gaynor, slowly putting his hand to the wound, said:

"Isn't it a pity? Won't some one go with me to my stateroom?"
Helped to His Stateroom.
Jacob Katz, president of the East Side Business Men's Association, and B. F. Marsh, secretary of the Congestion Committee, jumped to the Mayor's side and supported him while he walked slowly across the deck and through the saloon to his stateroom on the other side of the ship.

Meanwhile Edwards and Gallagher were still struggling on the deck, while the horrified passengers rushed in all directions and the women added their screams to the confusion. The second shot from Gallagher's pistol had ploughed its way through the fleshy part of Edwards's left arm, and a third shot went wild through the rail.

Ralph Bloomer came rushing over, and asked:
"Can I help you, Bill?"
"Yes," Edwards said, "sit on his head. The fellow is trying to bite me and he is as stout as a moose."

Bloomer sat on Gallagher's head, while Corporation Counsel Watson and H. C. McMillen, a newspaper man, wrested his gun away from him. Captain Polack, commander of the vessel, and two or three of the ship's officers had come running down from the bridge at the sound of the shots, and shouldered their way through the crowd. McMillen had captured the revolver, and stood leaning against the rail with the smoking weapon in his hand. The excited officers were going to arrest him at first, but the state of the case was explained to them and then they demanded that Gallagher should be turned over to them as their prisoner.

Grieff, the watchman at the gate, came up and identified Gallagher as the man who had asked for Mayor Gaynor, and August Degner, a special officer on the pier, appeared with a pair of handcuffs. "Is there a doctor here?" came a shout from Secretary Adamson, at the door of the saloon, and the ship's officers dashed off for the surgeons, while Dr. Smith, of Brooklyn, who had come to see the Mayor off, left the scene of the fight to hurry to his friend's side.

Mayor Choked by Blood.
The Mayor was lying on the couch in his stateroom, directing, as well as he could for the blood that choked him, the attempts to relieve him. The blood still flowed freely from his wound, and his collar was taken off and his waistcoat unbuttoned. Dr. Smith had just begun to bathe the wound when the ship's surgeons, Drs. Meyer and Stauch entered the cabin.

"The blood chokes me," the Mayor murmured. "Can't you do something to relieve me?"
Little could be done for him on the ship except to bathe and bind up the wound, but after a superficial examination the ship's doctors said that the wound was not necessarily serious.
An undertaker's ambulance was sent for, and at 10:10 o'clock, half an hour after he had been shot, Mayor Gaynor was on the way to St. Mary's Hospital, in Hoboken. As he was carried out of his stateroom he recognized Corporation

WAITING FOR NEWS OUTSIDE ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL, HOBOKEN.



J. J. GALLAGHER'S SIGNED CONFESSION TO THE POLICE.

"I come over to Hoboken at 9:20 this morning. I went to the steamship pier, and I went on board the steamship Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse. I met a clergyman on board of the steamer and I asked him to point out Mayor Gaynor to me.
"He did so, and shortly after I fired a shot at the Mayor. I do not know if I fired more than one shot or not.
"Knowing that Mayor Gaynor was going to Europe this morning to enjoy himself after depriving me of my bread and butter, not porterhouse steak, I was irritated to the point of committing the act.
"The revolver you show me is the revolver that I done the shooting at the Mayor with. I don't know how many shots were in the revolver when I used it. I have had this revolver a long time in my possession. I carried it when I was in the employ of the city."

Counsel Watson standing beside the door, and smiling feebly, said:
"Hello, Watson. I'm all right."
Thirty seconds after the shot rang out the pier gates had been shut and the gangplank of the ship drawn in. It was not until the officers were sure of the capture of Gallagher that the gangplank was again run out, and then it was only kept out until the stay-at-homes could get ashore, and run out twice again, once to let Gallagher off with his captors, and again to let the Mayor be taken to the waiting ambulance. Five minutes after the Mayor was ashore the lines were cast off and the big ship was under way, fifteen minutes late on her sailing schedule.

The diversion effected by the call for a doctor for the Mayor had let Edwards make sure of his prisoner, and Gallagher was soon being crowded through the mob of passengers, with Edwards behind him, twisting the handcuffs, and two special officers close on the trail. Gallagher was taken to Commissioner Edwards's automobile, which was waiting at the end of the pier, and in it rushed to the Hoboken Police station.

Edwards Holds On to Prisoner.
Commissioner Edwards never let go of Gallagher until he landed him in the Hoboken police station, under the City Hall, and literally dragged him before Recorder McGovern, who holds court across the hall. Otto Schmolinski, a watchman on the pier, a special policeman and a newspaper man were also in the car.
The prisoner had the old-fashioned "nippers" on his wrists, which Commissioner Edwards got from Degner, the special officer, and put on the subdued man on the steamer. One side of Gallagher's face and his nose were badly cut and bruised as a result of his pummeling after the shooting, and he had lost his tie in the scuffle. He appeared to be the coolest man in the little courtroom, and even smiled while the Recorder went through the perfunctory examination.

Word that the prisoner was coming had gone before and a crowd of several hundred men and boys collected about the police station and nearby mobbed Gallagher as he was taken from the automobile and through the hall into the courtroom.
"This is the man who shot Mayor Gaynor," Commissioner Edwards told the Recorder, "and I saw him do it."
Gallagher stood leaning over the rail, cool and collected, except for a venous glance now and then at the Recorder's commissioner. He answered the Recorder's questions with a note of defiance in his voice. He said he had no occupation, but had been a watchman of the Dock Department, "getting the magnificent salary of \$2 a night, and was fired."

"Who fired you?" broke in Commissioner Edwards, angrily, "the Mayor?"
"No," replied Gallagher slowly, "the Mayor didn't fire me. It was Commissioner Tomkins."
At that point Recorder McGovern suggested that Gallagher be remanded and locked up temporarily until the condition of Mayor Gaynor was ascertained, which would materially influence the formal charge to be made against him.

Prisoner by No Means Penniless.
The prisoner was taken to the office of Robert H. Bell, the acting police chief, and searched. The contents of his pockets showed that he was by no means penniless and in need of bread and butter because he had lost his city employment. Here is the list:
Cash, \$5.18; a case of cigars, pretty good ones, according to some of the policemen who sampled them afterward; a diamond horseshoe pin, a silver watch and chain, two Dock Department badges, Nos. 261 and 112; two small knives, ring and keys, Knights of Columbus pin; wallet and papers, a tobacco box, eyeglasses, a comb and case and several pencils.

In the wallet were several letters and some newspaper clippings. One of the letters was a mimeograph copy boasting the candidacy of George Gordon Battle, who was running at the time for the office of District Attorney. It was dated October 25, 1909, and was signed by Herman Heinz. Another letter was from Robert Adamson, Mayor Gaynor's secretary, in reply to a letter from Gallagher asking the Mayor to reinstate him in his place in the Dock Department. It was dated August 4, 1910. It read:
"The Mayor desires me to acknowledge



DR. WILLIAM J. ARLITZ, Who was one of the first physicians at the Mayor's bedside.

took Gallagher to the hospital to have Mayor Gaynor identify him. That plan was blocked by the Mayor's friends, however, and the patrol wagon went back to the police station. A great crowd awaited Gallagher's return to the station and the police had difficulty in getting their man through it to the door. Men in the crowd taunted and jeered him, but Gallagher didn't seem to mind it. He looked straight ahead and walked erect between his two attendants.

The prisoner had not yet been measured by the Bertillon system, and Sergeant Guthell escorted him to a rear room of the station for that purpose. He was partially stripped and told to stand on a platform while the measurements were being taken.
"I am sorry for what you have done," said Guthell. "I am sorry for you."
"Thank you very much for your sympathy," replied Gallagher.

"Sorry—But It Had To Be Done."
Some one mentioned that Mayor Gaynor's condition was very serious.
"I am sorry for that," said the prisoner; "but it had to be done. Here is this man going to Europe and leaving me to starve without work."
The Bertillon records show Gallagher to be 5 feet 5 1/2 inches tall and weighing 152 pounds. He said he was fifty-eight years old. He has protruding blue eyes and large ears with unusually large lobes. There is a long scar on one side, which he said was the result of an operation for appendicitis fifteen years ago.

One of the detectives brought the prisoner a drink of water, and added that it was good stuff to stick to.
"You can say that Gallagher never drank anything stronger in his life," said the prisoner. "I have never been a 'booze fighter.'"
Some one gave Gallagher a cigar, which he lighted and smoked with apparent enjoyment. After he was placed in a cell he called for a pipe and sat smoking it contentedly until he was taken on his last journey of the day, to the Hudson County Jail on Jersey City Heights. Detective Sergeant Guthell and Sergeant Dennis Sullivan made the trip with him in the patrol wagon shortly after 2 o'clock. Guthell said that on the way over Gallagher asked for another cigar and remonstrated with the detectives for taking those which he had had away from him.

"There were no signs of degeneracy or insanity about Gallagher, in my opinion," Guthell said afterward. "He appeared like a normal man, except that he seemed a little proud of the notoriety he was getting."
The prisoner was taken before Patrick J. Sullivan, warden at the county jail, and Sullivan took his pedigree all over again. After the usual bath given to new arrivals, he was assigned to cell No. 4, in the main corridor, which is next to "murderers' row." Gallagher preserved his self-composure. Warden Sullivan said that the prisoner reminded him, in his actions, of Andrew McGrath, who shot and killed Walter Ammon, a wealthy manufacturer of Jersey City, in the Pennsylvania Railroad station about a year and a half ago. McGrath was adjudged a paranoiac and was committed to an asylum for the criminal insane. Warden Sullivan said that in the McGrath case the prisoner had a positive belief that his victim had impoverished him in business.

Dr. Hasking, the assistant county physician, examined Gallagher at the jail and said he found him suffering from a badly bruised hip and decided abrasions of the face and head.
"He must have had pretty rough usage on the steamer," the physician commented.

Lawyer Calls On Gallagher.
Samuel P. Jackoff, a lawyer, of No. 320 Broadway, who has represented Gallagher in some small legal matters in this city, called at the Hudson County Jail yesterday afternoon and spent two hours with the prisoner. He said last night he expected to look after Gallagher's legal interests in this instance.
"I went over to see if Gallagher was

Mrs. Gaynor's Rush to Hospital

With Local Police Ordered Not to Hinder Auto's Mad Dash, She Hastened to Stricken Husband.

Mrs. William J. Gaynor, wife of the Mayor, was carried by automobile and boat to her husband's side from her home in St. James, Long Island, at the greatest speed it was possible to make. All speed laws were disregarded in the wild rush that carried the wife to her stricken husband's bed in St. Mary's Hospital, in Hoboken. When she entered the room where the Mayor lay the wounded man was in a deep sleep, induced by opiates. Mrs. Gaynor was allowed to look at her husband for a moment, and was then led into an ante-room, where she talked nervously with Dr. John W. Parrish, the family physician, and Dr. George E. Brewer.

It was a son of former Controller Groun who first broke the news of the attempted assassination of the Mayor to Mrs. Gaynor. While the wife of the Mayor was still stunned by the shock of the news Robert Adamson, the Mayor's secretary, telephoned to her that Deputy Commissioner Bugher would meet her in his automobile at the approach to the Queensboro Bridge. Thence Mr. Bugher was ready to take Mrs. Gaynor to the Cunard Line pier at West 13th street, where the police boat patrol would be waiting to carry her to Hoboken.

Mr. Adamson told Mrs. Gaynor to drive at top speed from St. James, and said that Mr. Bugher had flashed word to every police officer on Long Island to allow the automobile to go as fast as possible, without regard to speed laws. Mrs. Gaynor's two younger daughters, Ruth and Marion, clung to their mother

and begged to be allowed to make the trip with her, but Mrs. Gaynor would take only her son, Norman, telling the girls that they would be sent for should their father's condition prove to be critical.
As soon as the machine had swung out into the Merrick Road the chauffeur opened the throttle wide, and the race was on. The entire trip from St. James to the Queensboro Bridge, fifty-three miles, was made at the rate of more than a mile a minute, and the automobile was enveloped in a cloud of dust as it swept down the country roads like a tornado.

When the throbbing car drew up at the bridge entrance Mrs. Gaynor, her face set and determined, was sitting beside the chauffeur, and almost leaped to the ground and jumped into Mr. Bugher's car. Without the loss of a moment the police automobile tore over the bridge and down into Manhattan. Mr. Bugher sat on the front seat, his gold badge pinned to his breast, in case of possible interference.
The patrol was ready, with steam up, and as soon as Mrs. Gaynor and her son had gone aboard shot out into the river and made for the North German Lloyd Line pier, where another police automobile was waiting to whisk the party to the hospital.

When she reached the hospital Mrs. Gaynor had to be helped up the steps. The strain of the ride, with the uncertainty, had exhausted her by that time, but she soon rallied.
Walter Bense, sanitary superintendent of the Health Department, at the work of hurrying the best surgeons in the city to the Mayor's side.
Dr. William J. Amlitz, police surgeon of Hoboken and visiting surgeon of St. Mary's Hospital, was the first to arrive, while after him came Dr. Parrish, Dr. Bense soon had Dr. George E. Brewer, one of the surgeons who attended E. H. Harriman, and Drs. George D. Stewart and Charles N. Dowd on the way to Hoboken.

The first thing done was to relieve the hemorrhages in Mr. Gaynor's throat, and after the patient was made easier the search for the bullet was begun.
"I think I feel it here," the Mayor said, rubbing the left side of his face. But the doctors in consultation decided that the only safe way was to wait for an X-ray examination. Dr. E. W. Caldwell, of No. 480 Park avenue, was called, and an appointment was made for him to go to Hoboken at 4 o'clock and take several X-ray photographs.
First Bulletins Reassuring.
At 11 o'clock the first official bulletin was issued. It said:
"The Mayor was shot on the right side"

Continued on third page.

Advertisement for Arrow Collar. It features a large illustration of a white collar with the brand name 'ARROW' and 'COLLAR' visible. The text describes it as a 'most comfortable and stylish' collar for summer, made of 'ANCOVER' material. It mentions 'Great Crowds Everywhere' and 'A great crowd had gathered around the pier and all the Hoboken police reserves were rushed to the scene or strung along the route to the hospital, and another crowd was waiting in front of the hospital when the ambulance arrived there.' It also includes a price list for different sizes and a list of agents: 'Where to Go New Jersey Central EXCURSIONS HARD COAL - NO SMOKE - COMFORT \$1 Lake Hopatcong EVERY FRIDAY AND EVERY SUNDAY. Lv. W. 23d St. Fridays 8:30 A. M. Sundays 8:30 A. M.; Lv. Liberty St. Fridays 8:30 A. M.; Sundays 9:00 A. M. Ayvads Water-Wings. Learn to swim by one trial.'

Advertisement for Lehigh Valley Railroad. It features a large illustration of a hand pointing towards the text. The text describes the 'Double Tracks Stone Ballast Automatic Block Signals Electric Lights and Fans and Obliging Service' and 'Safe and Fast Clean and Comfortable'. It promotes 'The Black Diamond Express All Parlor Car Train' and states 'It is impossible to exaggerate the unusual satisfaction of travel on this train. Aside from the modern conveniences which materially lessen the expected discomforts of travel, you have the privacy of an All Parlor Car Train which relieves you of the annoyance of the coming and going and hurrying crowds, and gives the attendants all their time to devote to your service and comfort. The scenery on the Lehigh Valley is a continuous panorama of Lake and Mountain and River, a perpetual entertainment, restful alike to mind and body. You become unconscious of time which so often drags on your hands when travelling over the monotonous levels of a continuously flat country.' It includes a price list: 'Every Day at 12.00 noon. To Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls with through service to Toronto, Detroit, Chicago and the West. Ticket Offices, 110, 335 & 1100 Broadway, 30 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn, 211 Market Street, Newark, N. J.' The bottom of the ad features the 'Lehigh Valley Railroad' logo and the slogan 'The Black Diamond Route'.