

# Colonel Roosevelt Not Heedful of Bullet Strike Him

## BALL IS THROWN BY MAN IN SCRIPT

### Prepared Speech Reposing In Overcoat Pocket Diverts Missile

ocket of his coat, and which broke the force of the bullet, he probably would have been killed.

The assassin, who at first refused to give his name, after ward said he was John Schrank of 370 East Tenth street, New York.

He is believed to be insane. Just how seriously Roosevelt was wounded is not definitely known. The bullet is in his breast just below the right nipple, and it was said at the emergency hospital.

While he spoke a physician was within a few feet, ready to minister to him should his strength fail and cause his collapse on the stage, but he did not collapse, and when he had concluded his talk he walked from the stage with a firm tread.

It was suggested to him that he be taken to the emergency hospital. The idea at first seemed to amuse Roosevelt, but he listened to the physician and was moved to the emergency hospital, where six physicians examined him.

They found the bullet deep in the flesh and were unable to probe for it. While the examination was being made Roosevelt talked freely to the doctors about the shooting, but is said to have been much more interested in the political situation even after he was told it was possible there was danger in his wound, than he was in the man who shot him.

According to one report made to the police, Colonel Roosevelt was shot after he had climbed into the automobile, the assassin approaching from the other side of the machine. Roosevelt, the report says, did not see the man. He was shot in the chest.

He staggered, hesitated, turned pale, then put his hand under his coat and pressed his right breast. He had not yet sat down and was still hesitating and turning to seat himself.

Then he raised his hat, whispered a word to his associates, and told the chauffeur to drive away, and as the machine sped away to the Auditorium Colonel Roosevelt was sitting upon the top of the tonneau waving his hat to the crowd as if to indicate that he was not badly hurt.

Going to the Auditorium, he started to speak and talked for fifty minutes. As Colonel Roosevelt faced the audience his white waistcoat was seen to be covered with blood. His hat, with which he frequently gestured, was covered with his own life's blood, but he continued to speak. A sign again he stopped to take a sip of water.

The address was not at all the same as that he had expected to deliver. That speech he had planned to give to the Milwaukee audience was drenched with Roosevelt's own blood. It had been pierced by the bullet.

"I am carrying the bullet in my body," he said. "I have been attacked by an assassin, but I have managed to deliver and will deliver it as long as there is life in my body to speak."

Several times he showed signs of weakness, but went on until he had completed his address. Then he was removed to the emergency hospital, where six physicians failed to locate the bullet and decided to take an X-ray photograph.

There were exciting times about the hotel when Roosevelt was shot. The man who fired the shot was captured a second after he fired the shot. Henry F. Cochems, who was assisting Colonel Roosevelt into the automobile, grabbed him and wrestled his weapon away. Cochems turned the man over to Sergeant Mooney.

ASSASSIN HURRIED TO JAIL The would-be assassin was at once hurried out of the crowd. He offered resistance, but was helpless in the sturdy, willing hands that grasped him. He was half-dressed and 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 others present, but without eliciting a single statement. He declined to give his name, and finally was slipped out of the rear door of the hotel into the alley, where the police wagon had been summoned to receive him.

Hundreds of persons followed the patrol wagon as it was driven at breakneck speed down the streets and across the bridge. Men and boys ran shouting behind the wagon and crying, "Lynch him!" "Kill the brute!" and "Get a rope!"

Scores reached the central police station in automobiles and carriages before the wagon could be backed up to the station. The man who did the shooting had a copy of the colonel's itinerary written on a sheet of note paper taken from the Bismarck hotel and cafe, Nashville, Tenn.

The assassin is 5 feet 5 inches in height, weighs 170 pounds, light complexion, bald, fair dressed, but confessed to the police that he fired the shot, and said:

"Any man looking for a third term ought to be shot." "I am going to ask you to be very quiet," said Colonel Roosevelt, "and please excuse me from making you a very long address. I'll do the best I can, but you see there is a bullet in my body. But it's nothing. I am not hurt badly."

A sigh of relief went up from the crowd and then an outburst of tumultuous cheering. Thoroughly reassured by the colonel's action that he was in no serious danger, the people settled back into their seats to hear his speech. Colonel Roosevelt was shot as he was leaving the Gilpatrick hotel for the Coliseum to make a speech.

## WOUNDED ROOSEVELT DEFIES SPEECH MADE AFTER SHOOTING

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 14.—Displaying his bloodstained shirt front and holding up to view the bulky manuscript which, in his breast pocket, had spent the force of his would-be assassin's bullet, Theodore Roosevelt reassured the listening throng tonight that it took more than a bullet wound to kill a bull moose. His speech follows:

"Friends, I shall have to ask you to be as quiet as possible. I do not know whether you fully understand that I have just been shot, but it takes more than that to kill a bull moose. Fortunately, I had my manuscript" (holding up manuscript, showing the audience where the bullet had gone through), "so you see I was going to make a long speech. And, friends, the hole is in it that the bullet went through, and it probably saved it from going into my heart. The bullet is in me now, so that I can not make a very long speech—but I will try my best."

"And now, friends, I want to take advantage of this incident to say as solemn a word of warning as I know how to my fellow Americans. First of all, I want to say this about myself: I have altogether too many important things to think of to pay any heed or feel any concern over my own death. Now, I would not speak to you insincerely within five minutes of being shot. I am telling you the literal truth when I say that my concern is for many other things. It is not in the least for my own life."

"I want you to understand that I am ahead of the game, anyway. No man has had a happier life than I have had—a happier life in every way. I have been able to do certain things that I greatly wished to do, and I am interested in doing other things. I can tell you with absolute truthfulness that I am very much uninterested in whether I am shot or not."

"It was just as when I was colonel of my regiment I always felt that a private was to be excused for feeling at times some pangs of anxiety about his personal safety, but I can not understand a man fit to be a colonel who can pay any heed to his personal safety when he is occupied as he ought to be occupied with the absorbing desire to do his duty."

"I am in this cause with my whole heart and soul; I believe in the progressive movement—a movement for the betterment of mankind, the movement for making life a little easier for all our people, a movement to try to take the burdens off the man, and especially the woman, in this country who is most oppressed. I am absorbed in the success of that movement. I feel uncommonly proud in belonging to that movement."

"Friends, I ask you now this evening to accept what I am saying as absolute truth when I tell you I am not thinking of my own success, I am not

and a former football 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 deathlike grip, and with the left arm seized the hand that had 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 Roosevelt stood gazing rather curiously at the man who attempted his life. As soon as he reached the Auditorium, Colonel Roosevelt was taken into a dressing room and his outer garments were removed. Doctor Terrell and Dr. S. S. Sorenson of Racine, Wis., who were in the audience, came to the dressing room and made a superficial examination of the wound. They agreed that there was no danger in the wound, and that he should by all means go at once to a hospital. Despite the protests of the physicians the colonel stood in the dressing room and onto the stage. A large crowd packed into the big building and cheered loudly.

Without a word to indicate what had happened he went to his seat. For several minutes the crowd, no man of whom suspected that the colonel bore a bullet in his body, kept up its cheering.

In telling of Colonel Roosevelt's shooting, Cochems said: "I have something to tell you, and I hope you will receive the news with calmness." His voice shook as he spoke and a deathlike stillness settled over the throng.

Colonel Roosevelt had been shot. He is wounded. He spoke in a low tone, but such was the stillness that every one heard him. A cry of astonishment and horror went up from the crowd which was thrown into confusion in an instant. Cochems turned and looked inquiringly at Colonel Roosevelt.

"Men and women shouted loudly. Some of them rose from their seats and rushed forward to look more closely at the colonel. Roosevelt walked to the edge of the platform to quiet the crowd. He raised his hand and instantly there was silence."

"It's true," he said. Then slowly he unbuttoned his coat and placed his hand on his breast. Those in the front of the crowd could catch sight of the blood-stained garment.

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The wound was superficial and the colonel went on to the hall and began his speech, after he had seen the assassin arrested and taken to the police station.

Henry F. Cochems seized the assassin and held him until policemen came up. A mob surged around the man, who apparently is a radical on the subject of Roosevelt running for another term for president.

The assassin, who is small of stature, admitted firing the shot and said that "any man looking for a third term ought to be shot."

## ASSASSIN TALKS FREELY IN JAIL

### Followed Trail of Victim Over Country Seeking Chance to Shoot

inner room of the police station, Colonel Roosevelt's assailant was being submitted to a rigid examination. He refused stubbornly to give an account of himself, and would say nothing except that "I will tell you tomorrow."

After a long siege, however, the police forced from him the statement that he was John Schrank of 370 East Tenth street, New York. Clippings found in the man's pockets showed that he had studied Colonel Roosevelt's itinerary carefully, with the evident intention of selecting the place at which he might accomplish what he had in mind.

It was said at the Gilpatrick hotel, while Colonel Roosevelt was in the car, made four attempts to gain admission to the dining room, being turned away each time. From this circumstance the report gained currency that two men were engaged in the attempt to take Colonel Roosevelt's life. The police tonight were unable to gain any evidence to bear out this theory.

Martin, to whom Colonel Roosevelt perhaps owes his life, told the story tonight of his adventure. "I walked down stairs with the colonel and out to the car," he said, "and had taken my seat before anything happened. As Colonel Roosevelt was standing in the car waving his hat to the crowd the flash of metal caught my eye."

"I did not stop to think what I was doing, but I really knew it. I jumped over the side of the car and had my arm around the neck of a man I had hardly seen. Everything seemed to happen at once."

"There was a flash, a sound of a shot and I was on the ground with the man. I threw one arm about his neck and held him fast. At the same time I caught his gun hand with my free hand and wrenched the revolver from him. He struggled for a minute, but in spite of the fact that he was acting like a madman he did not keep up the fight long, and, with the help of Captain Girard, I soon had him under control."

"I picked the man up and held him where Colonel Roosevelt could see him. 'The poor creature,' said the colonel. 'I put the revolver into my pocket and began to drag the man out of the crowd, which was on us in a minute, struggling to get at the prisoner. COLONEL ORDERS CROWD BACK'

"The colonel saw the man was in danger, and it was his act which saved him. He told the crowd to stand back and they did. Captain Girard and I dragged him into the hotel and turned him over to the police."

"We came back to the automobile and started for the auditorium. As we were riding along, McGrath called the colonel's attention to a hole in his overcoat. Colonel Roosevelt unbuttoned his coat."

"Why, I'm bleeding," he said, but he insisted that his wound was not serious and that he must not disappoint the crowd at the auditorium. So we drove on."

Martin exhibited the revolver, which he had captured from the assassin. It was a large weapon, evidently newly purchased, of 38 caliber. The statement of the attending physicians was taken out and read aloud. The crowd started a cheer, but it was suppressed for fear that the noise might annoy the colonel. Reassured by the people for the most part walked off.

WALKS FROM HOSPITAL When Colonel Roosevelt left the hospital, walking unassisted, there were only a few persons on the street. "How are you feeling, colonel?" said one of the local committeemen when he came down the elevator from the operating room just after an X-ray picture had been taken.

"Fine," announced the colonel and as he passed along 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 Mayflower when he left."

O. K. Davis, secretary of the progressive national committee, sent a telegram to Mrs. Roosevelt in Sagamore Hill, assuring her that Colonel Roosevelt's condition was not serious.

After he had been speaking a few moments, however, his voice sank somewhat and he seemed to stand rather steadily. Dr. Terrell and Colonel Lyon stepped up to him, and the doctor insisted that he stop.

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

Dr. Terrell and Colonel Lyon sat down again. The colonel continued his speech, but with increasing effort, but he succeeded in making himself heard and talked for more than an hour. Then he was rushed to his automobile and 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 awaited 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 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.

ROOSEVELT TALKS POLITICS 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. In the meantime, hidden away in an

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