

INCIDENTS OF ROOSEVELT'S TOUR

Exchange of Greetings on the President's Hunting Trip.

YOUNG AND OLD GAUGHT HIS EYE

Tribute From Confederate Veterans That Brought Tears to the President's Eyes—Marked Attention to a Boy in San Antonio, Tex.—Teaching Reception at Little German Settlement in Texas.

"Dah be! Dah be! I seen um!" A black old man, doubled with rheumatism, holding on a stick, with a yellow puppy frolicking about his feet, forgot her intimacies and, shouting her stick around her head, shouted this greeting as President Roosevelt's train recently sped through a little town in Kentucky, says a Denver correspondent of the New York Herald.

And this greeting in a thousand different forms has been repeated all through the president's hunting trip in Pennsylvania and in Colorado, in Texas and in Missouri. Desire to look upon a president of the United States or even the ear in which he has his temporary abode has been the primal motive of all the crowds.

Another negro, this time a man and at Atlanta, Ga., was seen greeting in an interesting way. Jimmy Sloan, the secret service man, had the rear platform all to himself. It was only half past 7 in the morning, and the president was in for four hours, but 100 or 200 persons were anxious to see him.

None expressed this desire, however, until this negro, evidently a laborer from his dress, approached Sloan, saying: "Look a heah, boss. Ah done bin awlright sense o'clock this mornin', and Ah want to see dat president man. Ah's a workin' man, and Ah can't wait all day. Can't you get him to come out just a minute?"

In a few minutes Mr. Roosevelt did come out, and the first one to shake his hand was this poor laborer who had stood around for four hours for the opportunity. That was a bright morning for him.

In Colorado the people were more free and easy. There were the crowds at the water tanks and rail crossings all through the mountains, and, though the hour might be late and the president had sleep for the approaching hunt, they could not understand. So as the dimly lighted train slowed up and then stopped and there was not a sign of life from within except from the porters and the trainmen the disappointed citizens would shout: "Oh, Tom, where's the president? Get out and shake hands! We've been up all night waiting to see you!" But they had to remain disappointed, though they woke every one on the train.

One salute the president missed. Up in the Red canyon, a solitary horseman, miles from any house so far as one could determine, sat in his saddle with level head while the cars ground around the sharp curves. Probably he was a veteran of the civil war, but he was barely discernible in the gray, frosty dawn, and a river and a valley intervened.

The president had not yet risen, but when told of it he said: "That was fine of him. I wish I could have at least waved my hat to him." But, like thousands of others, the man who had it that he had paid his respects to the head of the nation regardless of whether the latter was conscious or unconscious of his tribune.

There have been other greetings, pathetic as well as picturesque. At Pecos Valley, Ky., they have a home for Confederate veterans. Two hundred or more of them lined the platform, and as the train drew slowly by they stood with uncovered heads. The president did not attempt any reply, but stood upon the rear platform with bare head. There was no other reply possible. The train drew slowly by them all upon the lost cause, and in their old age were dependent upon the charity of those who had believed as they did, but whom fortune had favored. There were tears in President Roosevelt's eyes after the station had been passed.

Away up in the mountains of Pennsylvania, where the train stopped for two or three minutes at a water tank to refuel the engine, there was a crowd of coal miners just coming up from shift. They were Huns and Poles, Cornishmen and Yorkshiremen, all grimy with coal dust and stashed in the presence of a president.

They stood dumb until Mr. Roosevelt, coming to the rear platform, appreciated the situation and, swinging from the train, began to shake hands with them. "One at a time, boys," he called out, and "we'll get through all the sooner." They ducked and scraped, with their torch laden caps in hand, and never a yip did they utter, but they felt the honor just as sure, and no doubt it made something of an American of each one of them.

In the city of the Alamo there is, of course, a large proportion of Mexicans. One of them became highly enthusiastic. He swung his hat, and the "Viva" came from him as fast as a string of sausages in a packing house. However, he could remember the name of only one president, and instead of yelling "Hurrah for Roosevelt!" he cried "Viva Presidente Diaz!"

But the welcome was there just the same, and the tortilla and chili peddler in the plaza, indeed, his sentiments. It was in the same city, San Antonio, that 10,000 children, babes almost, lined about the four sides of a square which the president traversed and sang

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Their songs of welcome. They were the prettiest little things in the world, and they sang "America" and "Columbia" and "The Star Spangled Banner" with a will. The songs were interlarded, and sometimes the effect was rather startling, but one could never forget the effect those boys and girls produced.

It was there that a new secret service man was appointed. Roy Smith, a brown faced youth of twelve years or so, had waited his chance. When the president's carriage came abreast of him he seized a big bunch of roses from another boy and, running to the carriage steps, tossed them into the president's lap. "Say, Mr. President, I forgot to bring you my flowers myself, but that boy had them and didn't know how to get them to you. I did."

The president thanked him and then said: "I put you into the secret service right now. You stay right with my carriage." The boy accepted his commission right then and there and through the rest of the drive alternated between the steps of the president's carriage and the curb, bringing bouquets until Mr. Roosevelt's carriage was nearly filled.

Dr. Lambert, in the carriage just behind the president, watched the young star and when he saw he was getting ahead made him get into his carriage. Thereafter he rode on the box. President Roosevelt told the story of the stand afterward just before his speech and added: "That boy is going to make a fine man some day." He spoke also of the three children who had greeted him, but his heart was with the small boy who had shown himself equal to the occasion.

Of course the children caught the humor of the president at every place. He rarely failed to mention them, but it was reserved for New Castle to see him bend low over a baby carriage and chuck its occupant under the chin. Again, in Louisville, a mother had evidently tried to teach her baby to say "Roosevelt." She had it in its carriage upon the sidewalk, and as the procession passed the mother waved a flag and gurgled something which sounded as much like Roosevelt as it did anything else, and one had to take the mother's look of gratification as the criterion of success.

And the old man caught his eye with their greetings. In New Mexico a stout old fellow crowded up to the railing of the car platform, and thrusting his hand between the railing, said: "I'm an old man, but I never got shook hands with a president. Won't you shake with me?"

"You bet I will." And the president reached over the rail not only to shake hands, but to pat him on the back. At Frederick an old man was thrust against the rail stand erected in the middle of the street. The president was not shaking hands, because he was anxious to get out to camp for the wolf hunt, but he did pat the hand of the old man. "He won't ever see a president again, and he fought in two wars. Shake with him, Mr. President."

"I certainly will," he replied. "You were in the Confederate army, weren't you?"

How the president guessed it no one will ever know, but he guessed right. "Yes, sir, and I fought in the Mexican war too."

It was in Texas that the people manifested their welcome to the president through their state flower, the blue bonnet, a brilliant blue blossom. Everywhere they strewed the president's path with it, and they could not have made a more gentle greeting. It showed in the decorations at Waco, but the pretty women there outside the flowers. Several of them were the wives of men in Roosevelt's regiment, and for each of them he had a special word. There was one greeting, however, which struck me as particularly neat. To a bride of but six or seven months, after he had shaken her hand, he said, "Tell Frank I am awfully sorry he could not be here today, and tell him this, too, that since I have seen you I

say that peace hath her victories do less than war."

But the touching reception came at New Braunfels, Tex. That is a little German settlement, as one might guess from the name, and is located near San Antonio. It has a brewery and several excellent schools, as well as public schools, and best of all it has a number of pretty little girls from twelve to sixteen years old. The train pulled into the station just at dusk and the crowd was waiting as it waited at every stop.

The village band was there, too, with a building big fellow as drum major. He talked to the boys in broken German and English, and he did not have them play "Hail to the Chief." Instead they played "Garryowen," the president's favorite martial air, and played it well, too. But that was not touching. Down at the rear platform was a chorus of these young girls dressed in khaki short skirts, blouses of the same with fringed edges, camellian hats cocked to one side and each girl carrying a quill, which she waving as she sang. Even the help, not color of those dresses could not cover up the beauty of the children. They sang several pieces, but their masterpiece was a song dedicated to Colonel Roosevelt and the rough riders, and the president smiled and bowed his appreciation of the whole thing and tipped three with his finger on the platform railing as they sang.

At the conclusion a little miss in dainty white clothes, with her hair loose upon her neck, the daughter of State Senator Finest, stepped upon a rug covered box and handed the president an encircled copy of the song. She had her little speech, too, but she told the presence of the greatest man she had ever met, and her childish voice was broken and quivering. She was in tears when she finished, but she was happy, and that happiness has not yet left her.

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