

MR. ROOSEVELT AT HOME

Continued from fifth page.

the Manhattan, and the band was winding up the strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner" amid a round of cheering that lasted four minutes, added to by the din of a two-minute salute from the combined whistles of the fleet.

Gives Message from Sirdar. Among the first in the line was General Wingate, of Brooklyn.

"By George! General, I'm glad to see you," exclaimed Mr. Roosevelt, pouncing on the general and shaking hands vigorously. "The Sirdar told me to be sure to remember him to you and to tell you that he was greatly interested in your work for rifle shooting."

Jacob Riis was only a few steps behind, and Mr. Roosevelt called to him over the heads of those who intervened. "Oh, Riis, this is fine, fine!" Mr. Roosevelt said.

"Well, now, this is fine. I can't tell you how glad I am to see you," was the greeting Eugene A. Philbin got, and Herman Metz received the familiar "Delighted! Fine, fine!"

Nathaniel Elsborg came along, as scarlet as Mr. Roosevelt, and seemed to have to be pushed. He wore a little grin, and whispered something to Mr. Roosevelt. There was a low reply, and both laughed as Mr. Elsborg went on the round. He came around later and stood back of Mr. Roosevelt, enjoying the reception of others.

"Mr. Roosevelt just told me he was glad to see me, and I said I was glad to see him," Mr. Elsborg said.

Otto T. Bannard had another private chat. Mr. Bannard shielded his face with his hat, and he and Mr. Roosevelt shook hands cordially.

Tammany Man Greeted. Robert A. Moore, the Tammany candidate for Controller last fall, was greeted as an old friend.

When Dr. Lyman Abbott appeared Mr. Roosevelt stepped forward to meet him. "Abbott, Abbott," he said, "this is the real thing."

"It's a great day for the circulation department," said William Nelson Cromwell, who stood behind Mr. Roosevelt, watching the reception.

"No, no," said Mr. Roosevelt, turning, "don't talk of circulation on a day like this."

"Joe" Murray, of the old 21st Assembly District, came along and was almost shaken off his feet. It was Murray's district that sent Mr. Roosevelt to the Assembly twenty-nine years ago.

"There's Joe Murray!" Mr. Roosevelt shouted. "Do you remember the old 21st, Joe?"

Governor Mills of New Mexico and Judge Norman S. Dike came together.

Senator Grady got the warmest greeting of all. Mr. Roosevelt ran forward and grasped him by both hands.

"I'm so glad to see you," he said. "This is good. This is fine."

Senator Grady had seemed to hold back a bit, but now he was beaming as heartily as Mr. Roosevelt.

Tells a Story on Grady. "When I was Governor," Mr. Roosevelt continued, "Senator Grady came to me to put my signature on a photograph. As he was going out of the room after I had signed the picture, I called him back.

"Senator," I said, "what are you going to call me, a janissary or a satrap?" "I think I'll call you Caligula," Grady replied.

George B. Cortelyou came along smiling and serene. "George, this is fine, simply fine," Mr. Roosevelt said, grasping him by both hands.

Theodore Shonts was close behind and Mr. Roosevelt sprang at him with a force that almost carried that big man off his feet. Mr. Shonts seemed almost as happy as Mr. Roosevelt.

"Shonts! Oh, Shonts," was the greeting. "How do you do! This is fine, fine. I had a fine letter from Paul." (Probably Paul Morton).

Senator Cobb received a mild "Glad to see you, Senator," and then came "Paradise Jimmy" Oliver, weak and sick, but right on duty with a smile and an outstretched hand.

"Jimmy" Oliver! cried Mr. Roosevelt. "How goes it, by George?" And to the crowd. "He and I were in the Legislature together in the early days, and we never allowed the constitution to stand between friends."

Recalls Gift of an Elephant. To a lad from the University of California, the last in the line, Mr. Roosevelt said:

"The University of California ought to be glad to see me. I gave it an elephant—and it wasn't a white elephant, either."

There was a warm greeting for the representative of Mississippi. "I shall never forget Mississippi," Mr. Roosevelt said. "The last time I was in Vicksburg they gave me a greeting I shall never forget. I know more about bear hunting than you can shake a stick at, too."

To a comment on his European experiences, Mr. Roosevelt replied, "Yes, I think my Oxford address was the best thing I did."

When Sheriff Shea shook hands, Mr. Roosevelt said, "I knew you in the old days, and you were one of the best."

He said to Marcus Braun, "I've had several invitations from the East Side. I must come over there soon."

"Here's the old war horse," Mr. Roosevelt cried, when General James Grant Wilson came along.

Professor Arthur Cutler, of the Cutler School, was one of the first in the line. "My old teacher," Mr. Roosevelt said, "I'm awfully glad to see you. We stood together."

"Yes," said Professor Cutler, "we had to stand together."

Question in Store for Bennett. To Congressman Bennett, who started the war against the prizefight in California, Mr. Roosevelt said: "I want to ask you something, but I haven't time to do it now."

Frank L. Tyne, who used to be one of Mr. Roosevelt's Secret Service guards, came as the representative of Governor Sloan of West Virginia. He was appointed United States Marshal for West Virginia as one of the last acts of Mr. Roosevelt's administration.

"Hello, Frank," shouted Mr. Roosevelt. "It's good to see you. Send word to Sloan right away. I'm sorry he can't be here."

When Beverly Robinson came along, Mr. Roosevelt said: "This boy was on top of Mount Marcy with me when word came that I was President."

Timothy Woodruff got a quiet shake of the hand, and he spent a good part of his time on the trip up the North River explaining that he was one of the

MR. ROOSEVELT ON BOARD SHIP. A snapshot of the ex-President taken at close range as he listened to a story.



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first Mr. Roosevelt shook hands with when he boarded the Androscoggin and before the reception began.

"We had had our little talk," Mr. Woodruff said, "and it wasn't necessary for me to do anything but go right along in the regular line."

Turn of the Reporters.

After the committee and special guests had been received, Mr. Roosevelt shook hands with the newspaper men.

"Boys, some of the elect of the guild were with me from below Kharطوم," he told them, "and I never got tired of them."

When he was asked for a statement for the public, he said:

"I have given out a statement. It went by wireless on Friday, and I have no more to say."

When he was told that the statement was published in the morning papers yesterday, he said:

"That's good."

Dr. William T. Hornaday, of the Bronx Zoological Gardens, was seen wandering around the vessel, and was asked if he had come looking for specimens.

"No," he replied, "but I have found the lion of the world."

The reception was over at 9:20 o'clock, and Mr. Roosevelt was escorted at once to the bridge, while the Androscoggin weighed anchor and the signal was given for the parade to start.

The parade, which had been cruising south of the Kaiserin, had drawn up to the assigned positions during the reception, and the patrol squadron now started and the double column, followed by the south Carolina and the five torpedo boat destroyers.

Next came the Androscoggin, and then the fleet fell in after the Kaiserin, had drawn up to the assigned positions during the reception, and the patrol squadron now started and the double column, followed by the south Carolina and the five torpedo boat destroyers.

A swarm of yachts and excursion boats circled around, while the vessels at anchor in the bay all wore their flags at the mast head. The warships and the revenue cutters were all dressed in their full suits of flags, and the merchant vessels were spread with bunting.

On the bridge with Mr. Roosevelt were Senator Lodge, Secretary Meyer, Collector Loeb, Herbert L. Satterlee, Assistant Secretary of the Navy when Mr. Roosevelt was President, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Captain Cosby and Commodore R. A. C. Smith.

Leutenant Richard D. White, flag lieutenant of the Atlantic squadron, was flag officer of the fleet and took his station on the bridge to signal the South Carolina.

As the fleet passed up the Bay there was a continual chorus of whistles from passing vessels, and Mr. Roosevelt was waving his hat in reply to the cheers.

The Staten Island ferries, packed with passengers, who crowded to the rail and cheered, and steamers going out to sea all saluted with their whistles. The Celtic, of the White Star Line, passed out at full speed, footing as she went.

The St. Paul was passed after the North River was reached. She was decked with colors and saluted with her whistle, while the passengers cheered.

Piers Loaded with Crowds. Every pier and bulkhead on the Jersey shore, up which the fleet went, was crowded with cheering hundreds, and the stream of ferries crossing through the fleet kept up a constant fire of salutes.

Mr. Roosevelt remained on the bridge for about twenty minutes, answering the cheers and salutes of passing vessels, and then climbed to the roof of the wheelhouse with Collector Loeb.

The talk between the two was very earnest—so earnest that Mr. Roosevelt ceased to answer passing vessels and gave his absorbed attention to his former secretary. Mr. Loeb did most of the talking, while Mr. Roosevelt interjected short questions and occasionally emphasized a remark by a strong gesture with the right fist.

As the talk continued Mr. Roosevelt's face became more serious. He asked more frequent questions, and Mr. Loeb watched him anxiously. The two men stood by the compass, Mr. Roosevelt almost directly behind the mast and Mr. Loeb a little to the left. A copy of "The Outlook" was brought out, and after indicating an article for Mr. Roosevelt to read Mr. Loeb stood aside and waited.

Mr. Roosevelt seemed to have nothing to say, and after waiting a couple of minutes Mr. Loeb backed away and returned to the bridge, leaving Mr. Roosevelt alone on the wheel house.

Salutes Pass Unheeded. The ex-President paced back and forth with a heavy tread, holding the open copy of "The Outlook" in his hand and occasionally reading from it. Vessels shrieked salutes and passed unheeded. The look on Mr. Roosevelt's face grew darker and more serious.

It was not until after the Androscoggin had left the line of the parade opposite 14th street and was nearly down to the landing place at the Battery that Mr. Roosevelt roused himself to notice again the cheers and the salutes that grew more deafening after the turn was made and the New York shore was approached. It seemed as though every steam whistle in the harbor must be put out of commission from overwork

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and every throat in New York must be raw from shouting.

It was a girl on the yacht Viking who at last attracted Mr. Roosevelt's attention. The Viking drew alongside the Androscoggin and shrieked her whistle continuously and most discordantly. The girl wanted a picture, and Mr. Roosevelt was behind the mast, where she could not snap him. The Viking kept it up until he could not help noticing, and then Mr. Roosevelt stepped from behind the mast and took off his hat, while the girl got her picture.

Again Answers Cheering. The incident seemed to rouse him from his preoccupation, and until Pier A. was reached he smiled and bowed with the cordiality and joviality that had marked the reception of Quarantine. A tow of half a dozen coal barges got in the way, and the Androscoggin had to circle around them. The crews of the barges and their women folk came up from the cabins and cheered, and Mr. Roosevelt waved his hat to them.

Just before Pier A. the Battery landing, was reached Mr. Roosevelt returned to the bridge, but when he came down the steps to the deck, escorted by Mr. Vanderbilt, it was noticed that the stern look was again on his face.

As the Androscoggin drew into the Battery band, which had been playing almost continuously since Quarantine was left, struck up "A Hot Time," and while the vessel was being made fast "My Old Kentucky Home" was played.

Captain Cosby left the ship first, followed by Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Loeb and Mr. Vanderbilt. Senator Lodge and Secretaries Meyer and Wilson and Mr. Gary were separated from the party in the crush to get away, and had a struggle to get back their places.

"We waited too long," said Senator Lodge, as they stepped from the bridge ladder, "we'll have to fight for it."

"Come on," said Mr. Gary, and led the wedge through the crowd.

Double Line of Police. Police guarded the road through the Dock Department Building, and formed a double line from the building to the stand.

"Say," said one of the patrolmen, after Mr. Roosevelt had passed, "did you hear what he said to 'Fingy'?"

But "Fingy" had taken up a position as special guard, and was too proud to speak.

At foot of the steps to the speakers' stand Mr. Roosevelt was met by Mayor Gaynor, who escorted him up the steps and into the stand, which was shaded by a canvas cover.

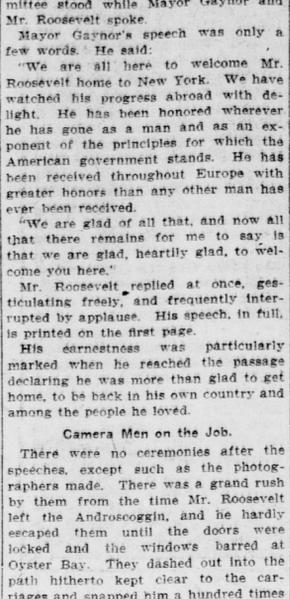
The start from Quarantine was made on time, and the Androscoggin tied up at the Battery at 11 o'clock, exactly according to schedule. Part of the parade up the river had been cut off in order to get back to the Battery as the plans had been made.

Thousands of persons, who had been collecting since early in the morning, crowded Battery Park, and bore in on the lines of police, who worked to keep a clear way for the party from the Androscoggin.

Every window that commanded a view of the park was filled to capacity, and flags floated from every building. State street was jammed to the South Ferry. The Custom House steps were a sweltering mass and Bowling Green was almost impassable. From the top floor of the Bowling Green Building the figure of a huge white elephant was suspended by a blue, white and blue ribbons, while a blanket covering it bore the letters "G. O. P."

Mr. Roosevelt in Front Row. While the party from the Androscoggin was landing, the Manhattan was made fast to the Fire Department pier, and Mrs. Roosevelt and the family, with the other members of the party on board, hurried to the places reserved for them. They had the front row of the stand facing the speakers' stand. An

MR. ROOSEVELT WAVING HIS HAT. On the bridge of the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria.



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The Rough Riders who were to be the escort in the land parade had wheeled into the Battery Plaza with a cheer as the Androscoggin tied up to the pier. They now drew away to Bowling Green as Mr. Roosevelt and the committee started for the carriage. Mayor Gaynor and Cornelius Vanderbilt walked with the ex-President and rode with him in the first carriage. As the carriage came up to the Rough Riders, Mr. Roosevelt leaped out and called:

"I certainly love all my boys."

This brought forth another cheer from the men who had come so far to honor their old commander.

The other carriages rapidly filled up, and by 11:40 o'clock the parade was under way. The Abernathy boys, Louis and Temple, who came from Oklahoma on horseback to take part in the reception, were down at the Battery to see Mr. Roosevelt land, and then galloped uptown again to fall into their places at Washington Square.

City Officials Feel Hurt. Controller, Prendergast, President Mitchell of the Board of Aldermen, and Borough President McAneny were disappointed because no special carriage was reserved for them, and went up to the Finance Department in Mr. McAneny's automobile and watched the parade pass from Mr. Prendergast's windows.

There was no sign that any one else was dissatisfied. The hundreds of thousands who had stopped work to line the streets were certainly well pleased. They had stood patiently waiting for hours and now they cheered for minutes.

First the Rough Riders got theirs, and then there was a roar of welcome for Mr. Roosevelt that brought him to his feet, hat in hand, and kept him standing from the Battery Plaza to Central Park, where the parade disbanded.

He was allowed to sit down only twice. The first time was at Worth street, where there was a short halt, and again at 4th street, where the parade turned west to Washington Square, there was a stop of about five minutes.

A squad of mounted police led the procession. After them came the Squadron A mounted band, and then the Rough Riders. Mr. Roosevelt was immediately behind the Rough Riders.

Vanderbilt Tired Out. Mayor Gaynor was seated beside Mr. Roosevelt, drowsing with Epileptus, but roused occasionally by some unusually wild outburst of cheering. Mr. Vanderbilt faced Mr. Roosevelt and Mayor Gaynor, and showed the work he had done through as chairman of the reception committee. His face was white and tired, a strong contrast to the ruddy traveler for whom it was all done.

As the parade moved up Broadway the crowd fell in behind, until at 4th street there were thousands following close on the heels of the carriages. All the way was between densely packed masses, and again in Fifth avenue the crowd took up its solid formation.

The Spanish War veterans, led by the Abernathy boys and the 7th Regiment band, fell in at 8th street, and from Washington Square to 42d street both sides of the street were lined with political and other organizations that had wanted places in the marching line. Behind this guard of honor the crowd stood and cheered, and cheered, and cheered again.

At the 50th street plaza the Rough Riders lined up across the entrance to the park and Mr. Roosevelt jumped from his carriage and shook hands with his old comrades. Mayor Gaynor's automobile, which had taken him and his family from the City Hall to the Battery earlier in the day, now carried him back downtown from 50th street, while Mr. Roosevelt was driven to the home of Theron Butler, grandfather of Theodore, Jr.'s fiancée, where he met all the members of his family at luncheon.

Crowds Defy the Rain. The parade had ended at 1:48 p. m., seven hours from the time the demon-

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stration started in the Lower Bay. But this was only an intermission. When Mr. Roosevelt left Mr. Butler's house to go to the home of Miss Alexander, in 47th street, to inspect the wedding presents, he found the cheering crowds still in the streets. Only the rain drove them in when it was at its worst. When he was on his way to the Long Island ferry to take the train for Oyster Bay the crowds again were out and waiting for him, though the storm was still in progress.

Theodore, Jr., Mrs. Roosevelt, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, Captain Archibald Butt, Senator Lodge and Richard Parr went with Mr. Roosevelt to the home of Miss Alexander. Mr. Parr is the special Treasury agent who received \$100,000 for discovering the steel spring that had such an important place in the sugar fraud trials. He had charge of the carriages at the Battery, and his special work was the care of Mrs. Roosevelt and her party. He had under his direct charge the automobiles that took her and her friends to the home of Mr. Butler, and he did not leave her until she was safely on the special train for Oyster Bay.

The party went to the Alexander home at 3 o'clock, reaching the house just in time to escape the deluge of rain and the worst of the storm that took ten lives in this city and near here. At 4:15 o'clock the start was made for the Long Island Railroad ferry.

Takes Family to Oyster Bay. Only Mrs. Roosevelt, Mrs. Longworth and Miss Ethel Roosevelt made the trip with Mr. Roosevelt to Oyster Bay. All the way to the ferry, despite the rain, crowds lined the streets and packed the ferryboat.

A Nassau County delegation had a steamer in the naval parade, and followed up the Androscoggin, singing a parody on "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?" A delegation from Oyster Bay met Mr. Roosevelt as he stepped into the special train at Long Island City, and after exchanging greetings with them he went to the rear platform of the train and made a short speech to the Nassau County men standing on the platform. He said:

"I take this opportunity to thank my friends and neighbors for this devotion. And I want also to thank the New York police for the wonderful work they have done to-day. I am proud that I was once one of them. Good night."

At every town through which the train passed as it went along the route, the engineer slowed up to give the waiting crowds a chance to cheer and Mr. Roosevelt an opportunity to show himself on the back platform for the benefit of those who had waited so long to see him.

Crowd of 500 at Mineola. More than five hundred persons were waiting on the station platform at Mineola to cheer him as the train started on the last leg of the run to Oyster Bay.

Before the last stop was reached Mr. Roosevelt had made an expedition through the nine cars of the special train and shaken hands with all his old neighbors who had come to escort him home. At Oyster Bay the school children, who had taken refuge in the schoolhouse during the storm, once more were waiting on the platform, and sang "Home, Sweet Home," as the train drew in at dusk, and the Roosevelt party dismounted—home at last.

Mr. Roosevelt made a short speech to his neighbors and many visitors from nearby places. Then he took a walk through the town before he considered his day ended.

But the arrival at Oyster Bay marked the end. He went to his home on Sagamore Hill with the announcement that now he would take up his editorial duties, and through them the public would learn what they desired to know of him.

KEPT BUSY ON SHIPBOARD

Ex-President Mingled Freely with Fellow Passengers.

LITTLE DOG HIS CHARGE

Addressed Immigrants in the Steerage and Went Down to See Grimy Stokers.

Some day, perhaps, if the popular demand for the details of Mr. Roosevelt's daily life continues to increase at the present rate, a bulky volume or two will be written covering only his seven days of "rest" on shipboard between Southampton and New York. The fine tooth comb of publicity has already raked together almost all the little incidents marking the passage of this puff of time. Wanted: A scientific historian and biographer.

His fellow passengers saw little of Mr. Roosevelt on the voyage home; that is, little compared with what they wanted and had expected to see of him. Yet all who wished to met him formally, and on different occasions he addressed the steerage and all three classes of cabin passengers. His "recreation" consisted, however, in finishing his book on African fauna, which he accomplished on the eve of the welcome home, and this kept him busy with one of his secretaries in his private parlor a good part of the time. Another sequestered occupation was that of attending to the Niagara correspondence.

During certain hours of every day Mr. Roosevelt paced the deck with Bongso, Miss Ethel's Aberdeen terrier. Bongso he made his special charge, since all the other human beings on board were engaged in looking after the former President. He treated his dumb companion for seasickness and cheered him with inspiring sympathy. When these two, in close though mute communion, were encountered on deck, the other passengers forbore to intrude upon them, or to abuse the privileges which Mr. Roosevelt's affability made common property. Clad in a gray suit and wearing a black slouch hat, Mr. Roosevelt was left much to himself on the lower deck adjoining his stateroom, and here he took his regular daily exercise, he and the little dog.

He appeared in the dining saloon for late breakfast, but his other meals were eaten with members of his family in the more private Riis restaurant. A close relationship and deep bond of affection uniting the entire Roosevelt family were observed by all who saw them at close range.

"He is just as close to his children as any American father," said a fellow voyager yesterday. "His family seem to idolize him. In all his talks with them he is as energetic and emphatic and as earnest as when he is addressing a great audience. He seems to talk with his jaws, and just bites it off. It was very plain that his head hadn't been turned a bit by his receptions in Europe. No man could have created a better impression among those as near to him as we were, and no one had the slightest cause to question the sincerity of his complete democracy."

Occasionally the former President posed for kodak bearers, and he frequently received the three newspaper correspondents on the ship in his rooms. American politics was the one subject tabooed, but of his European experiences and the kings he had met he talked freely, though not for publication. He had great regard for the young King of Spain, for the King of Belgium, and he formed a warm friendship with King Hakon of Norway.

Mrs. Roosevelt remained in her stateroom during most of the voyage, greatly needing rest after the weeks of travel. Mrs. Longworth appeared infrequently. Miss Ethel was much on deck and Kermit spent most of his time in the smoking room at bridge.

John Scheel, bedroom steward, who looked after the three rooms occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt amidships on the big Auguste Victoria, was beaming when he showed the reporters the suite. In his pocket he had, he said, a letter of recommendation bearing the signature of Theodore Roosevelt, and stowed away in a safe place a liberal fee.

They Waited Silently—There was no cheering by that black body of boosters when the parade was on its way up the river, but an hour later, when the man arrived who had brought them from San Francisco and Central Park West, from Jersey and the Sound, the two Portlands and grand old Texas—from, in fact, all over the country—the crowd rolled above the heads of the boosters, the aggressive shake of the well known head, and then no one heard the sirens any more.

The former President faced from his stand at Battery Park a river of life, a very Missouri of Manhood, that tossed and billowed toward him and produced a sound that made him flush beneath his jungle tan. It put the Sphinx's welcome in the shade.

A negro in the multitude said: "Dat man, he shore do has de majority wit him, maw'nin', noon an' night. I heer bees nuffin' lakke dat man fo' allus habbin' de majority right on the tip of his tongue. I was a pot'ah on a train dat Mistah Roosevelt sidetrack one time when he was president of de President's special. I peeks through de skirts past, z-e-e-e-e-k!—jes' tell me, I ain't neber really seen him till jes' dis minute. Jes' look at how de majority is fer' forellin' dat man! See 'em a-runnin'! Iffen dey catches him dey shore gonn' to make him some offer of a job."

The negro was right. Tens of thousands of men, women and children were running, rolling above the heads of the boosters, "Teddy," "Teddy!" "Welcome home, Teddy!" His short speech was delivered in reply to the welcome of Mayor Gaynor, and now he was in a carriage, rolling toward Broadway for the start of one of the greatest demonstrations in honor of a personality that the city has ever seen.

When the Custom House was reached Professor "Mike" Donovan, who has teamed with Mr. Roosevelt many times, broke through the police lines and grasped the former President by the hand.

The end came at 1:30 p. m. at 9th street and Fifth avenue, where a great triumph was held back by the police with much difficulty. The Plaza, Hotel National and the Hotel Savoy were completely filled with guests, some of whom threw flowers at Mr. Roosevelt. The weather was shining to the last, but shortly after the parade disbanded a heavy rainstorm threw several hundred thousand spectators of their own resources. Not having umbrellas, their own shelter, many of them, without sufficient warning, in the subway stations and on the elevated platform to either the sightseers or the transportation companies, and there was a general belief that if Colonel Roosevelt had marched further the rain would have been postponed, if not entirely discouraged.

THE MAN, AND NOT THE SHOW, DREW THRONES

Demonstration of a Hearty Good Will, Not Mere Holiday Fun, Their Object.

ALL AMERICA REPRESENTED

Wild Enthusiasm from All Sides as Triumphal Procession Passes Spectators on Shore and Afloat.

Immigrants who arrived yesterday found at the Battery, where they first touched land, that apparently all the space in America had been taken before they arrived. They had rushed heading from overcrowded Europe to a continent that is, as they say, "not a rack," place large enough for even its natives to sit down.

They recalled the steppes of Russia and the Desert of Sahara, and wondered why America was ever referred to as a favorable locality for those in search of an opening, for there was no opening yesterday morning in that great collection of human grown and imported American citizens. Made up of young and old, in silk and cotton, the mass included both plain and handsome, but all for the time being were regardless of their standing at the bank, forgetful, the jam of humanity waited patiently to greet Roosevelt, and was quiet from its outer deep border along the Battery seawall back through the grassy park, on the curving pavements, on the docks round about on the roofs and in the ledges of the skyscrapers, in the trees, until their branches bent dangerously—anywhere the crowds stood waiting, except on the top of the flagpole and on the heads of the various statues.

They stood in the broiling sun. Old women stood carrying wraps they did not need and handbags they were constantly emptied. Old men, with long white beards, their chins trembling in their hands, peered down the bay, unmindful of the noise of the rattling tugs, the barges carrying freight trains, the spotted white yachts and busy ferries.

The Man, Not the Show. They had come to see a man, and they were not disappointed. There was an undertone of sincerity in the crowd that depressed the spirits and the incomes of various peddlers whose lead pipes, filled with water, gave a possibly false imitation of a jungle at break-of-day, but even the small boys seemed content to cut the scenic embellishments and just wait for the notable traveler.

Excitable representations in colors of some of the animals that the great hunter had permanently tamed went begging too. Photographs of Roosevelt on buttons found some customers who wore them proudly enough.

West street, dingy enough as a rule, was nothing less than resplendent. And, orderly and determined, filed it: six, Tenth, Eleventh and Thirteenth avenues. Their decorations were on a liberal scale, and railroad and steamship companies were largely responsible for the picturesque effect of the occasion.

At the new Chelsea piers, where the transatlantic fleet docks, all the steamships of the International Mercantile Marine Company, although many of them sail under the British flag, were ablaze from stem to stern with the brightest flags of the international signal code.

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