

# Scenes at Second Annual Reunion of Rough Riders



ROUGH RIDERS MARCHING AT OKLAHOMA.

## Reunion of Roosevelt's Famous Regiment

Through the courtesy of Vice President Paul Morton of the Santa Fe, The Illustrated Bee's staff artist recently accompanied Governor Theodore Roosevelt, the idol of the young republicans, to the Rough Rider reunion at Oklahoma City. The colonel, as he delights to be called, has all the energy and push of a thorough western—a type of the genuine Nebraskan with a dash of Texas. He is exceedingly affable and takes vigorous hold of whatever work may be in store for him.

A tremendous crowd had gathered at Kansas City on the morning of July 2 to welcome the governor of New York and testify its loyalty to McKinley and Roosevelt. The moment the special appeared bearing the famous Rough Rider a cheer went up that certainly must have jarred the democratic boomers who were pouring into Kansas City for the convention; and, forgetting themselves for a moment, joined in the cheering. The governor tried to speak, but the hurrah continued for twenty minutes, until the special pulled out for Oklahoma.

### The Dash Across Kansas.

The dash across Kansas gave a characteristic exhibition of the energy and enthusiasm of the colonel. He made little speeches and lifted his Rough Rider hat to the crowds along the line, avoiding politics until he reached Emporia. Here a tremendous crowd had gathered to welcome him, and he launched into a vigorous discussion of the current political issues, stirring his hearers to wild enthusiasm. "Goodbye, friends; Kansas has adopted me in a way," called the governor.

"Yes, we will keep you, Teddy," shouted a big-voiced farmer as the train moved away.

It was very evident that if there was anything the matter with Kansas it was not "Teddy." At every station and water tank along the line the enthusiasm was just the same whether the train had been scheduled to stop or not.

Near Winfield the governor's attention was called to the immense wheat crop and a farmer of southern Kansas told him that in harvesting his wheat with a twine binder he had gone around the field in a circle, cutting to the center, the bundles being stacked as he progressed. When the field was cut and the wheat piled up in little shocks they were so close together it was

impossible to draw out the big twine binder without removing the grain.

At Winfield two high fences had been built similar to those in a stockyard, to keep open a path to the speaker's stand. When the governor alighted and hurried along between the high-board fences he called out to the correspondents, "Look out there, or they will brand you." This caught the crowd and they cheered him to the echo.

### Knew He Was in Oklahoma.

Shortly after dark, as the special slowed up for a small station, some enthusiast on the platform let out a terrific yell and emptied the chambers of two six-shooters in the air just under the governor's window, and he said to the writer: "Young man, we're in Oklahoma now; it sounds like 'em," and the train men bowed assent.

It was a roaring welcome that Oklahoma City gave to the governor. The people had not slept for two or three nights and they surely did not the last night. From the time his train pulled in at midnight until the next the air was rent with the cracking of six-shooters and typical yells of the youths of this prosperous young territory that wants so much to be a state. Ten years ago Oklahoma City was a water tank, today it has 15,000 energetic people and is growing like a Kansas sunflower. The 15,000 population had been doubled. They came in prairie schooners, buckboards, express wagons and carts; they wore their high-heeled boots and jingling spurs. They came to see the sights and "Teddy." It almost seemed as if Roosevelt was the patron saint of Oklahoma. Every shop in the city displayed a picture of the Rough Rider governor and great banners stretched clear across the street labeled "Our Teddy," "Roosevelt forever," "Teddy will help us become a state."

### Western Hospitality.

The townspeople and their visitors met the governor at the station with torchlights and bands, whirled him to a hotel and then stood him in a window and howled at him. They hurried him across to a ballroom, where all the beauty of Oklahoma gathered to do him honor. They kept him there until 2 o'clock in the morning, while the throngs gathered outside and yelled some more. They rode him horseback through the principal streets as soon as he had breakfast in the morning with Indians and soldiers and cowboys in their best trappings as an escort. They surrounded him, some thousands strong, in the fair grounds and welcomed him again in set



THE ROUGH RIDERS' STANDARD.

speeches from the governor of the territory and the mayor of the city. Then they applauded his reply so vigorously that few heard what he said. After that they presented a sword to him, sang to him and had the band play the historic air, "There'll Be a Hot Time." They let him take luncheon with his brother officers of the Rough Riders.



LINED UP FOR AN ATTACK.

ers, but kept a strict watch outside. Then they took him over to the fair grounds again and gave him an exhibition of how a pretty prairie girl can catch and throw a steer. They banqueted him when night came and then speeded him upon his way with a din that re-echoed far over the cornfields.

The Rough Riders' reunion was a great success, both from the point of view of the Rough Riders, who wanted to see one another, and of Oklahoma City in general, which wanted a big celebration. About 200 of the Rough Riders assembled for the reunion. The officers present were Lieutenant Colonel Brodie, Major Llewellyn, Captains McClintock, Muller and Frantz and Lieutenants Johnson, Greenway, Goodrich and Devereaux. They fought the battles of Guastimas and San Juan over again in great shape.

The sport was an exhibition of roping and tying wild steers. One of the local cow-punchers broke the Oklahoma record by roping, throwing and tying a steer in forty-five seconds, which was the only time the Oklahomites almost forgot Roosevelt. Lillian Mulhall, a pretty girl of 15, came out and showed that she knew as much about the business as the expert cowboy.

Governor Roosevelt has promised that he will come to Nebraska as soon as the national committee will let him.

LOUIS R. BOSTWICK.

### Loves Outdoor Life

Mrs. McKinley starts out for a drive on summer days about 10 o'clock in the morning. There are many picturesque roads in the suburbs of the capital city, but she enjoys most of all the densely shaded lane near the S. J. Home, with its pretty, rustic bridge and the interlacing boughs of giant elms overhead.

She generally requests the driver to stop so that she can listen to the murmur of the little stream down in the glen below or hear the whistle of the brown thrush as he hides in the leaves above.

When there are no visitors at the White House and the president is free from the cares of office, he generally drives out with Mrs. McKinley, to her great delight.

If Miss Mary Barber or any of the presi-



ROPING AND THROWING A COW IN FORTY-FIVE SECONDS.

dent's nieces are at the executive mansion they always accompany Mrs. McKinley on her morning drives and seldom a day passes but they go to the "drive where the bridge is," as they designate it to the driver.

If the president remains at the White House while Mrs. McKinley goes out, as he is obliged to do when there is a cabinet meeting on hand, he begins to manifest a decided feeling of anxiety as the time approaches for the return of the carriage and its precious freight.

He frequently steps into the room of his

have kept the faith and beauty of their youth by mutual devotion.

Luncheon is served at the White House between the hours of 1 and 2. If the president is too busy to be with Mrs. McKinley at this repast he sees to it beforehand that someone is invited in to bear her company.

In the afternoon she rests for an hour or so. If there are visitors to be seen they call later, between 3 or 4.

The president's dinner hour is 7 o'clock. There are generally a few friends present in an informal way. The president always wears a dress suit at dinner and Mrs. McKinley dons one of her pretty, light evening gowns.

After dinner the president and his wife go to the "blue room," if there are guests, who come under the heading of "company" present, but if the guests are relatives or intimate friends they are taken upstairs to the library or corridor. If it is too cool to sit out, they have a game of cribbage alone, if there are no guests. When friends come in they play six-hand euchre. This is the president's favorite game, as it lends itself to lively conversation. He always holds the leading cards, and is almost sure to get the "joker."

When the weather is hot the president and Mrs. McKinley always sit on the south veranda of the mansion, where the park stretches away almost to the borders of the distant river. If callers come in they are invited to join them there. Light refreshments will be served later and the party lingers late. When the moon rises its rays glisten like so many diamonds upon the waters of the fountain, and the odors that come from the flower parterres in the garden below tempt them to linger until a late hour.

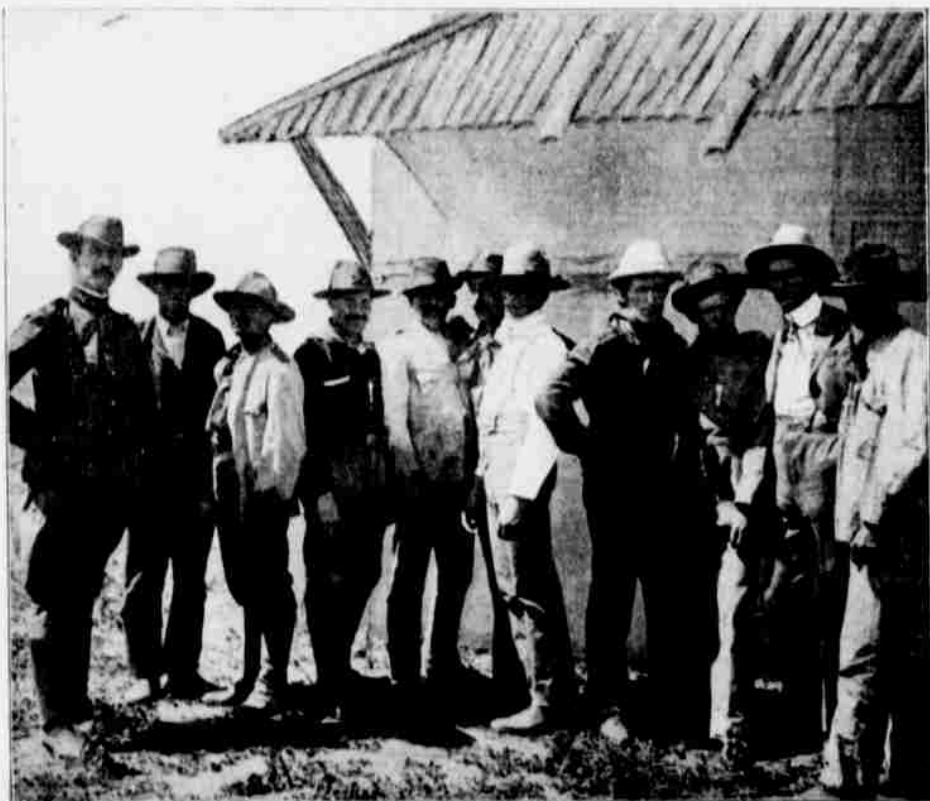
### Paradoxical

Detroit Free Press: Two middle-aged men were discussing the domestic status on a Woodward avenue car the other evening. "How are you getting on at the house?" asked one.

"Say, it's too blamed lonesome and dull for any use, with the madam away," was the reply. "Evenings seem a year long."

"And yet," said the other, laughing, "when she's home you're out nearly every night."

"True," assented the other, "and now I stay home every evening and think how much I'd like to have her with me."



BUNCH OF MILLIONAIRE ROUGH RIDERS.



MISS LILLIAN MULHALL—WOMAN ROUGH RIDER.