

Traveling with Roosevelt Through Iowa, Nebraska and Old Missouri

Strenuous Trip in a Strenuous Company by Special Train

Description in The Bee of May 3, 1903, Specialty Written by Victor Rosewater

When President Roosevelt and his party reached Omaha they had covered 4,011 miles by rail since starting out from Washington and had still two-thirds of their journey to complete. When they shall have returned to the national capital the special train placed at their disposal will have been hauled 13,955 miles. When the president arrived in Omaha he had been out 27 days out of 66 days that his vacation tour is to consume. For this great trip, encircling half the country and almost equal to a girdle round the globe, every possible convenience was, of course, prepared and every detail that could be foreseen provided for. The presidential train in equipment is without question the nearest to the moving palace that has been reached in modern railroading. It provides a special car for the president and his immediate guests, with observation room, smoking room, sleeping apartments, bath and refectory, a compartment car for the secretaries, stenographers, secret service men, etc., a sleeping car for the newspaper and telegraph representatives, a luxurious smoking car with barber shop, etc., and a special baggage car. The combination smoking-room car was part of the beautiful exhibition train that was displayed at the Chicago world's fair, refitted with darker draperies.

Keeps Everybody Busy.
President Roosevelt seems to enjoy his trip and to get the most out of every minute of it. But it is by no means all play. At the principal stopping point each day the mail, which is of urgent importance is delivered, being transmitted from Washington to the special care of the postmaster at that station with instruction for prompt service to the presidential train. The three stenographers who go along are not required simply to take down and transcribe speeches—although they take down every word the president says in public—but they are kept busy with official correspondence and documents much of the time en route. The president when not entertaining guests or engaged at work, devotes himself to reading. He keeps up with the contents of the newspapers each day and browses in the current magazines, with now and then a book. With such constant interruptions it is amazing that he manages to do as much solid reading as he does.

Precaution for Personal Safety.
The utmost precaution is taken for the president's personal safety. A detail of secret service men are constantly with him whenever he is exposed to the public and no one can get near the president unless fairly known to these men or on business that entitles him to access to his presence. One of the secret service men always rides on the box of the carriage conveying the president and others have places in the carriage immediately following. When the president mounts a platform or reviewing stand these men always cling close to him. The president is literally surrounded by bodyguards whenever he moves—they catch hold of him and push him along, throwing the crowds back and moving almost on the run. Before people know it the president is whisked in or out of his carriage and driven away at a fast gallop.

"President Roosevelt is easy to handle," said one of the secret service men to me. "He is less trouble to us than was President McKinley, for he helps us out. If anyone gets in his way or the path becomes blocked he will push along with the rest of us, whereas President McKinley would stand still until we cleared the road."

"The great trouble as a rule with the police and the guardsmen who do duty on these occasions," he continued, "is that they hold the crowd back up to the time the president arrives and then become so intent on seeing the president that they forget all about the line behind them and are overrun by the crowd just at the wrong time. We pay less attention to the president than we do to the people around him. I always size up every person within a radius of 20 or 30 feet and keep watching in front for the slightest sign of anything wrong. Since the Buffalo affair we are, of course, particularly careful to inspect the hands of everyone who comes near. No one with his hands in his pocket or under a cape or covered in any way will succeed in passing very close to the presidential party. We try to be polite and often get people to show their hands without letting them know what we are about, but if necessary we pull their hands out of their pockets or force them back."

All Are Rough Riders.
The route laid out for the president could have been materially improved if the main object were mere comfort in travel. All members of the party protested that the trip from Clarinda to Des Moines was the worst they had encountered, and wondered why such a jolting line had been selected for them.

"We'll all be rough riders before we get through with this," exclaimed one of the wits.

Inquiry developed the fact that the itinerary in several states was practically a reproduction of the itinerary that had been made out for the president when he contemplated a western tour last fall, which was interrupted in Indiana. The tour then came immediately before election and the congressional districts traversed were supposed to be more or less doubtful. The choice of railroads and stopping points becomes more readily understandable in the light of this information. This explains also the queer mistake that put down in the official information book as the chief item on the program for Omaha a review of an electrical pageant—the electrical parade Ak-Sar-Ben had planned and executed at the time the president was to have been here last fall.

Red Letter Day in Omaha.
But Omaha will be down in all the

diaries among the red letter days of the tour. All members of the presidential party had nothing but fine words for their entertainment in Omaha, and spent much of the morning following in recalling its pleasant features.

"We had just the best time at Omaha we have had at any place we have visited so far on this trip," declared one of them who is well known, in a tone that showed that he meant it. "Your people know how to give their guests a good time. They do not overdo it, but just make us feel at home. Neither do they forget all about us in the effort to get the most out of it for themselves. We have had more elaborate banquets than the little dinner at the Omaha club, but none that was as enjoyable."

"That's right," chimed in another. Those Omaha chaps are a fine lot of fellows. They had us all parcelled out in advance and the man who took me in tow was a regular prince. From the moment I landed at the depot till I got back to the train he was right on the spot to help me get everything in sight."

"I just wish we had stopped in Omaha for a week instead of only one night," added still another. "We won't forget the Omaha folks no matter how the other towns may try to lay themselves out. I'd just like to take that club house home with me."

Lightning Change Artists.
A little incident that happened at Des Moines is worth relating. As the train neared the town the word came forward that for what is called "the daily minstrel parade" the president would be pleased to have his

company appear in frock coats and silk hats. This announcement always starts a lively commotion with a crossfire of remarks on this order: "Where's my vest?" "I wondered what happened to my hat—it looks as if a cyclone had struck it."

"This dressing and undressing is the worst bore—why can't we wear our cowboy hats all the time?" Lightning-change artists are not in it with the presidential troupe. On this occasion the sky was overcast and the air damp with rain, doubtless enhancing the grumbling, and the four photographers got together with an agreement that they would all leave their cameras on the train.

"We can't get anything in this place anyway and it's no use lugging the things along," was the argument that won. No sooner was the drive about Des Moines completed and the speaking platform reached than the sunlight came streaming plentifully forth and to cap the climax the president, to make himself better heard and seen, climbed upon a table and made his address from its top. And there right within 10 feet of the president was a big camera manipulated by a local photographer, who slid the plates in and out as fast as he could feed them. It was the chance of a life time—no one could tell when such favorable conditions would come to the photographer again. On the return to the train the lamentations of the official camera men were long and loud.

He Practiced Up at Riding.
I must add a little story that I

picked up at Grand Island, where the president spent last Sunday. As part of the program he had insisted on a horseback ride over a route of 25 miles, and the local people, to make the honors go round as far as possible, selected a special committee to look after the ride entirely

separate from the reception committee for the formal exercises the next day. One of the horse committee, to prevent anything from going amiss and to make sure he kept up with the procession, borrowed a nag two weeks ahead of time and spent all his leisure hours

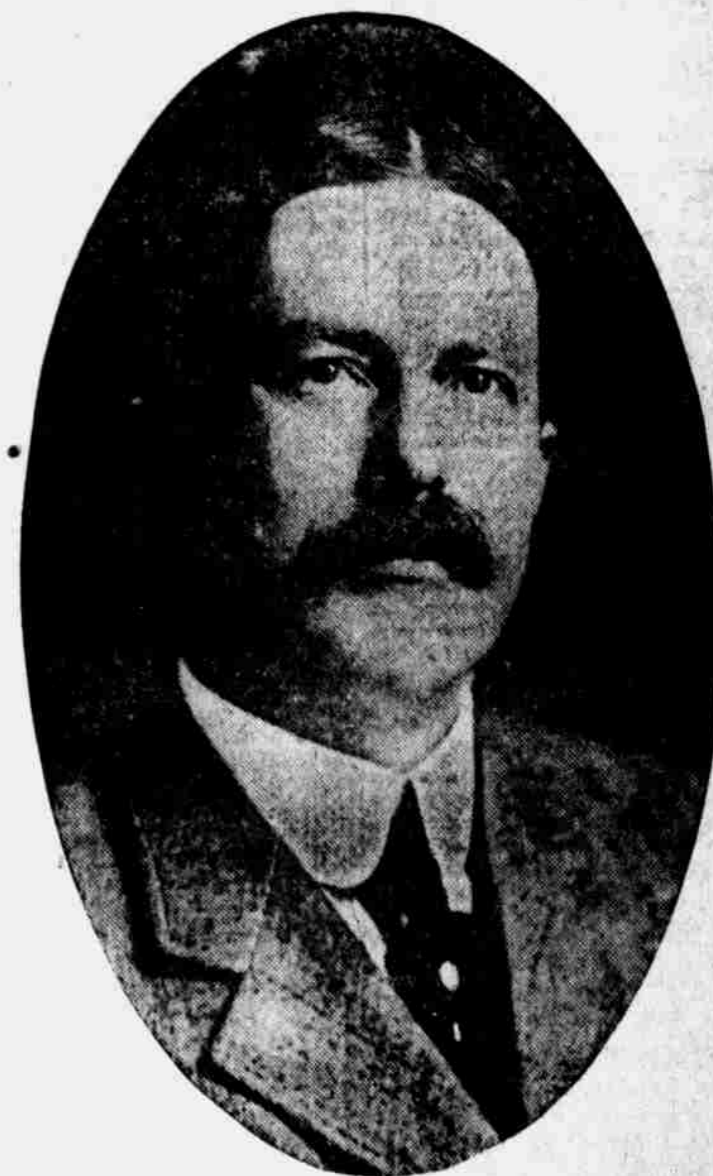
practicing in the saddle so as to be in good condition. Later word was received that the president would like to attend church in the morning. Here was a chance to distribute honors still further, and another committee with distinct membership was

appointed to escort the president to church. When all the committees were called together for final consultation no nothing might be neglected, one of those present is said to have broken out: "I don't (Continued on Next Page)



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Myron L. Learned

One of Omaha's Legal Leaders Who Has Been a Worker for Civic Greatness Since the Days of 1888.

History is essentially biography, said Carlyle. Omaha's history, telling of its rise to metropolitan greatness is but a combination of the biographies of its leading citizens who have been dominant factors in making possible this growth.

If the Biblical injunction: "By his works ye shall know him," was followed in the case of Myron Leslie Learned, attorney, 800-2-4 Bee Building, it would necessitate the compilation of a small volume. Mr. Learned is one of the men who, with sincerity, offer the invitation, "Grow With Growing Omaha."

He was born at South Vernon, Vt., February 19, 1866. After completing his earlier education in the public schools of Northampton, Mass., he entered the law office of the Hon. Daniel W. Bond of that city, studying law there until 1886, when he entered the Boston University Law School.

Thirty years ago he cast his lot with Omaha. In 1888 he came to the city and became the law partner of John L. Kennedy, which partnership existed until 1907. This combination of talent formed the logical agency for the transaction of big business. When Mr. Learned began practicing by himself he carried with him the prestige gained by years of experience. This experience is now called into play in the handling of the business of an ever-increasing clientele of patrons.

As one of the Nebraska delegates attending the convention that nominated W. H. Taft for the presidency, as chairman of the county republican central committee for a number of years, also a member of the republican state central committee for several years past, and as a legal and civic leader during all the years he has been an active resident of the city, Mr. Learned stands high in the councils of his fellows.

In 1910-11 he was endorsed by the County and State Bar Associations as candidate for the United States Circuit Judge to fill the vacancy caused by the promotion of Judge Vandenberg. His diversified activities have brought him honor by election as governor of the Nebraska chapter of the Society of the Colonial Wars. For a number of years he was president of the Omaha club.

When Growing Omaha requires substantial assistance, when the republican party is in need of active aid and when the progressive business man seeks advice that means dollars—Myron L. Learned is the man consulted.



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