

DRILL BY PORTLAND'S SCHOOL CHILDREN IS A PRETTY FEATURE

DRILL BIG SUCCESS

President Greatly Pleased by Flag Drill.

REPETITION IS CALLED FOR

School Children Are Complimented by Chief Executive in Brief Address Delivered From Reviewing Stand.

The entrance of President Taft through the main gates of Multnomah field at 11:30 o'clock yesterday morning was the signal for a series of deafening cheers from 4200 school children grouped on the huge grandstand and from thousands of other children and their elders who had crowded the club grounds. The President, his military and civil escort entered the field at the conclusion of the formal parade.

After passing around Multnomah field, the President's party stopped in front of the grandstand and Mr. Taft mounted the steps of the reviewing stand, the children rising tier on tier above him, the formation presenting a human flag. The red stripes were rows of boys, with red caps and banners, and the white stripes girls, dressed in white and carrying white flags. Both boys and girls, dressed in blue and with blue flags, formed the background for the proper number of stars.

For several minutes the President gazed in admiration at the inspiring spectacle while the children, under the direction of Professor Robert Krohn, executed many novel evolutions. To the accompaniment of martial airs, played by a band at the foot of the stand, the children rose and fluttered their respective colors of red, white and blue. As a climax to the drill they joined in a lusty cheer. The President was evidently greatly pleased and smiled in approval. "Fine, fine!" he was heard to exclaim. He beckoned to Mayor Simon, who stood beside him, and requested that the exercises be repeated. Professor Krohn was in turn summoned to the President's side.

"Very beautiful! I congratulate you. Repeat the drill if you please," said the executive as he shook Professor Krohn's hand vigorously. The youngsters in the stand caught sight of the President's display of appreciation and voluntarily sent up a prolonged cheer. Their director returned to his stand and, after a signal to the band below, fluttered his colors for a repetition. Again the colors of red, white and blue moved upward, downward or swayed to and fro at the direction of the leader, presenting in effect a flag fluttering in the breeze. Again and again the well trained children formed the letters T-A-F-T, calling each letter as they produced it and finally shouting the name in perfect unison. Another lusty cheer from the children announced the conclusion of the exercises and a moment later the President's attention was attracted by a little figure dressed in white which ascended the steps and stood before him with a huge armful of roses. This was Martha Wright, a 13-year-old girl of the Eighth grade of the Ladd school, who had been selected to present to the Nation's chief a bouquet of Portland's choicest blossoms.

Little Girl Presents Roses.
"Twenty-one thousand school children of Portland present these roses, grown out-of-doors," she said. "Portland is the Rose City. We are proud of our roses, we are proud of our city, and we are proud of our President."

President Taft accepted the token and responded:
"Thank you, little girl. These are not all the roses you grow in Portland—you and all your little playmates up there in the stands are roses, too."
Little Miss Wright bravely thanked him and stepped from the stand.
For a moment the President admired the beautiful bouquet and then scanned the rows of children above him. In a clear voice that carried well into the stand he said:
"I don't know that you can hear me,



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE HAPPY THROG OF SCHOOL CHILDREN, TEACHERS, PRINCIPALS AND PARENTS AT MULTNOMAH FIELD THAT GREETED PRESIDENT TAFT.

because I have not the advantage of the professor with his megaphone, but I am so surprised by your delightful drill that I have just witnessed that I can not refrain from expressing my gratitude to you for the care with which you carried out this exhibition.

"I am sure that it has impressed us and I hope that it will impress you with the spirit of patriotism and love of country. I have had the privilege on my present trip through the country of making the acquaintance of the school children in many places, but no demonstration that I have seen has been more beautiful than this one."

"You call your city the Rose City because your roses here are so numerous and so beautiful. But I have just looked upon 30,000 beautiful roses more lovely than those of your gardens and upon which I congratulate the city and even more the parents."

Love of Country Instilled.
"I hope that in time to come you will cherish this occasion as one that helped instill in your memory loyal thoughts and a love of your country." A thunderous applause followed the Executive's remarks as he descended the steps from the reviewing stand. As he stepped into the waiting automobile the children, accompanied by the band and a drum corps of boys from the Sunnyside School, broke forth in concerted tumult of cheering and music. Intermingled with the cheering of the thousands of children and spectators who crowded in the field rose the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner," played by De Caprio's band. The cheering continued until the President and his escort left the ground, passing beneath a large flag hung across the athletic track.

Fully 30,000 people swarmed into Multnomah field and endeavored to assume points of vantage before the arrival of the President. Through the efficient service of the police, under command of Captain Bailey and Slover, the immense throng was kept on the infold.

Edward Taft Fails to See President.

Police Patrolman Vesey, on guard at the entrance of the Portland Hotel, stopped an enthusiast at the entrance, who gave his name as Edward Taft, and who drew a letter from the War Department addressed to himself. When the officer refused to accept this as a passport, the man said that he was a blacksmith for the regiment at Vancouver Barracks and that he formerly worked for the President's brother, Charles Taft, in Cincinnati. "I'm wanting to see the President," said Taft to the officer. "and if he only knew I was here he'd let me in. I think I'll see him anyway and talk to him before he leaves Portland."

Simplicity Marks Meals for Taft

Glimpse Behind Scenes at Hotel While Luncheon and Dinner Were Being Served.

BY JULIAN TINGLE.

WE all know about "the dainty dish to set before a king," but I, in common, perhaps, with other Portland housekeepers, had a certain interest in learning what dainty dishes were to be set before the President during his visit in this city. It was during the lull following the departure of the Presidential party that, by the courtesy of the Hotel Portland authorities, I had a glimpse not only of the luncheon and dinner tables, but also of the kitchen and serving-rooms where the "dainty dishes" come from.

"Mr. Taft is a plain eater and does not care for sweets," I was told. Consequently, the meals arranged for him were marked by elegant simplicity, rather than by elaboration. But, as choice Oregon materials were exclusively used, some of the dishes may well be described as "unobtainable elsewhere."

dent had for breakfast? Like a wise man, he began with a dish of assorted Oregon fruits, and then proceeded to lay a good foundation of plain cereal. Next came choice Oregon salmon a la Meunier, with egg puffs and Virginia corn cakes. An omelet Colondine was served to display both the skill of the chef, Jerome Brunzolari, and the dignity of the Oregon hen. Black coffee without cream or sugar is Mr. Taft's choice for a breakfast beverage.

There were 123 guests at the luncheon yesterday, and a waiter to every four guests. This is what the chef and his staff were preparing when I made a personally conducted tour through the well-arranged kitchen, with its huge range, glowing broiling stand and steam tables:

Merry Widow Cocktail
Celery
Olives
Cream of Fresh Mushroom Soup
Fillet Mignon a la Trianon
(This means breast of chicken, glorified by a subtle sauce of historic origin.)
Sweet Potatoes, Virginia Style
Strawberries on the stem—such as are only to be had in Oregon at this season.
Coffee.

The luncheon was served in the grill-room, the walls of which were almost hidden by the beautiful decorations of Autumn leaves, with huge chrysanthemums and tall white lilies. Down the center of the long table, set with Haviland china in rich deep tints, ran a low bank of asparagus sprigged and red roses. The table of honor was decorated

with large white and tiny pink roses, and lilies of the valley. The rows of small but—I was assured—strong, gilded banquet chairs suggested a delicate compliment to the President, for everyone knows the proverbial affinity between big men and little gilt chairs. But they were merely the ordinary banquet seats. There is a specially imposing waiter assigned to Mr. Taft throughout his visit here. J. Slater is his name; he stands over six feet two in height, and weighs 274 pounds.

The dinner table in the private dining-room was round and arranged for 25 guests. A mass of ferns and delicate greenery surrounded a miniature lake, with a tiny fountain on its central island. Costly Minton china and cut glass were used for the service here, with beautiful imported Irish linen in shamrock pattern. This is the menu. It was in French, but "would eat just as well" in plain United States:

Casapies—Russian Style
Oysters
Green Turtle Soup in Cups
Devilled Lobster
Sorbet
Chicken a la Escalloff
Lettuce Salad
Fancy Ice Cream Coffee
Little Cakes

I admired the beauty of the table arrangements and the admirable generalship of Mr. Bowers and his aides, wished the President "guten appetit," and rejoined the cheering crowd.

PARADE IS THRILLER

Great Throng Lines Streets, Bursts of Cheers Resound.

TAFT ELECTRIFIES ALL

Telegraph Poles, Car-Tops, Buildings a Mass of Humanity, Jostling for View of President—Pagan Half-Mile in Length.

The parade of the President and his escort through the streets of Portland to the Multnomah field was most impressive. A great ovation was tendered the Nation's chief by Portlanders, who thronged every available spot along the way. Thousands of citizens lined the streets along the pageant's course and everywhere the President was greeted with thunderous applause and cheers.

In the down-town section the turnout was especially remarkable. Every telegraph pole was crowded with cheering boys and grown-ups, the street tops were jammed with men, who, to get a better view of the President, pulled themselves up on the trolleys, the streets were banked solid with a jostling, cheering mass of humanity. The throngs demanded all the efforts of the police to keep the crowds from pressing too close to the Nation's chief as he rode past.

Scenes in the office buildings gave proof of Portland's devotion to the Union's ruler. Window space was at a premium and from the second to the top stories of every building along the line of march down town there was scarcely a window not crowded with peering heads. Crowds waited at corners, everyone straining to get a glimpse of the President, to flutter a handkerchief or wave a hat in his direction.

Even when the residence district along the plazas between Park and West Park streets was reached there was but a tiny lessening of the throngs. Every window and porch being jammed with people. Everywhere an ovation came spontaneously with the appearance of the President. That he was the only real attraction in the entire parade was shown, especially along the plaza, where after the automobile carrying him had passed the crowd scurried across the plaza that other vantage points could be secured from which a second view of the President could be obtained.

It was an imposing body that escorted President Taft through the city to the entrance of Multnomah field. First came Chief of Police Cox, resplendent in a new uniform; then mounted police and foot police, all in shining uniform, carrying the new batons prescribed by their superior.

In the car with President Taft rode Captain Archibald W. Butt, U. S. A., A. D. C., personal bodyguard of the President; James Sloane, Secret Service operative, and Mayor Simon.

Following the President's car came nine other automobiles, bearing prominent Portland citizens. The cars and their occupants were:

Car No. 1—The President, Captain Archibald W. Butt, U. S. A., A. D. C., James Sloane, Mayor Simon.
Car No. 2—Charles Wagner, Joseph Murphy.
Car No. 3—Dr. J. J. Richardson, Wendell M. Muehler, Assistant Secretary, Senator G. E. Chamberlain, D. Solis Cohen, Archbishop Christie, Governor Benson.
Car No. 4—Robert Small, Robert H. Hazard, F. B. Wilcox, F. W. Mulkey, Senator Jonathan Bourne Jr.
Car No. 5—E. A. Fowler, William Houser, ex-Senator C. W. Fulton, J. C. Allen, worth, Dr. J. Whitcomb Brougher.
Car No. 6—Sherman P. Allen, Harry S. Dunlap, B. S. Joseph, A. L. Mills, Dr. Benjamin Young.
Car No. 7—Garret Fort, Assistant to Vice-President, N. Y. Central R. R. Co.; Dr. J. R. Wetherbee, Dr. S. E. Joseph, H. S. Rowe.
Car No. 8—General Beebe, Hugh Hume, J. D. Lee.
Car No. 9—John M. Gearin, H. W. Cox, W. McMaster, W. E. Mackay.
Car No. 10—Members of press.
The parade formed south of the Portland Hotel on schedule time, but was a half hour late in getting started. The line of march consumed more time than scheduled, and it was well toward noon before the President arrived at the Multnomah field.

THREE THOUSAND PORTLAND SCHOOL CHILDREN SPELL OUT THE NAME OF THE PRESIDENT.

