



## LOS ANGELES HAILS HEAD OF THE NATION.

The President passed a very enjoyable day in Los Angeles—for he himself hath said it. The floral parade and the night pageant charmed and amazed him. La Fiesta was a new sensation for him.

And the people of Los Angeles are delighted with the happy outcome of their festive plans. Yesterday seemed born to be a perfect day in all respects. There was not a visible speck on the rose.

After a morning spent in Pasadena and Claremont the President arrived in this city at 1 p.m., and the programme was promptly carried out—including luncheon, Fiesta parade, speech at Central Park, dinner and electric tableaux.

The proposed drive about the city was eliminated at the President's special request, as a big bunch of telegrams demanded his attention.

The crowds were beyond all precedent, and there were exciting crushes; but no serious accident marred the day.

Positively, a grin of pure delight spread over the President's face once during yesterday's big floral parade. You could see his eyes gleaming and his mouth forming delighted "ohs," and long after it had gone by, he kept watching out of the corner of his eye down the street.

Technically you will guess that it was a pretty girl that made such a hit. No, it wasn't a pretty girl. The President saw lots of pretty girls and seemed to be duly aware of the fact; but it wasn't a pretty girl. It wasn't the Chinese dragon, either, although he watched the Chinese dragon with great interest.

It was a pony trying to buck a vaquero out of the saddle. It was a beautiful little beast, with legs as lithe as an antelope's, and he wore a saddle that was one gleam of gold silver in the sun. He was very much in earnest about bucking off the vaquero and the vaquero was laughing at his efforts and holding his seat magnificently.

Any one who watched closely the parade Friday could not have failed to notice that, for the first time in the history of Festas, it was the "wild-west" things that had the public's heart, even before the pretty girls.

The President missed what he would probably have thought the best part of the show. This was the scrap that the police and the militia had with the crowd trying to clear a place in front of the City Hall for the parade to pass.

Doubtless the crowd thought the militia a band of annoying young men, who rammed sun-bats into their stomachs and flung them around over the street without any etiquette at all.

The President would have liked them better than the splendid Cleveland Grays who brought out a storm of applause as they marched by in their gorgeous bushys.

There was something characteristically western and delightful in the way those devil-may-care militiamen lit into the crowd after the police couldn't do anything.

The idea had gotten thoroughly wedged in the heads of a couple of thousand people that the thing for them to do was to plant themselves in front of the President's stand and stay there. The procession could take balloons at Third street and pass over.

The police pleaded and argued and pushed and shoved; but it was about like trying to pull a piece of fly paper off your fingers. They would just get a man away from one place and shove him along toward the edges, when he would circle around and turn up again

In some other place, where he could see a little better.

It was astounding to see the obstinacy with which people would plant themselves. They would stick there in the street out of pure pig-headedness. The fact that no one was clubbed over the head entitles every policeman to a saint's halo.

By and by Maj. Wankowski swung one of his companies out of column and threw a solid line across the street, advancing with arms port at the crowd. The crowd was not in the least impressed and refused to budge.

Then inch by inch, they shoved that mass of people back out of the way.

At the Westminster Hotel, Sergt. McKean, with twelve patrolmen, was posted, and a right busy time the bluecoats had in keeping the eager and sometimes fractious people from swarming over the curb wires. Several times the much-vexed officers had to use their fists and clubs, but only one really spectacular fight occurred in the vicinity. This was at

Third and Main streets, soon after the Presidential party had entered the hotel. A man insisted upon climbing under the wire, and was thrice repulsed by an officer. The third time the citizen fought back, striking the policeman squarely in the face with his fist. The officer jumped over the wire and into the crowd, and, tucking his club under his arm when he had had every opportunity to use it, engaged in a fierce scuffle to subdue the infuriated cit. At this juncture a plain-clothes man sprang from under the feet of the frightened men and women, and, drawing his blackjack, dealt the belligerent trouble-maker four hard raps on the head. Blood spurted onto bystanders, and several women screamed and went hysterically.

From fighting the citizen turned to crying. With the blood streaming down over his face he walked uncertainly to and fro among the crowd, piteously begging them to view his wounds. Two or three men, who had carefully refrained from coming to the assistance of the policeman when the tussle was in progress, now raised their voices in loud denunciation, after the usual custom.

The king lay of the day occurred in Broadway, between the City Hall and Second street, and never before has such a sight been witnessed here. It began an hour before the arrival of the President at the reviewing stand, and continued throughout that interval. The sidewalks were packed to the square inch, and the wonder is that the curb wires did not break with the strain of the leaning crowds. Despite precautions, people by twos and dozens and scores drifted into the street between the two curbs, and from Second street they came in by hundreds. The result was that long before the arrival of the Presidential party at the reviewing stand, Broadway, from the City Hall to Second street, was a solid, practically immovable mass of humanity.

When these soldiers closed in and began to press and shove, it was a bit sickish to see. It was like some big, sluggish monster unable to escape and being crushed to death. Back behind the rifle barrels you could see women panic-stricken and fighting to get room to breathe. You were almost afraid to look, as the crowd in front began to fall back. Those in the rear would not give an inch and it seemed that those in the middle must be crushed.

Sometimes a woman would be caught between two men and you would see her face grow white and terror-stricken. Women lost their hats and their hair came streaming down their backs. Their clothes were almost torn off. Here and there you would see a woman pushing madly through the crowd to get to the air and in another moment, she would be caught by the shoulders and thrust back into the pitiless crush.

There is something terrible about a crowd as big as this. It seemed as though there never could have been such a crowd before.

An emergency hospital was est-

lished in the City Clerk's office for fainting women.

Most of it all was in good nature; but it would have done Teddy's heart good to see one little infantry captain drop his sword on the asphalt with a clang and grab a vicious Italian out of the crowd and simply mop the ground with him. He dug his knees into the fellow's ribs and shook him the way a rat-terrier does a rat and at last threw him into the midst of the crowd like an old hat.

One glib incident happened. An old lady was overcome by the crush and two militiamen half carried her tenderly across the street and seated her on the steps of the President's stand.

Presently an old man worked his way out past the muskets and stood pathetically and helplessly in the middle of the empty street, looking anxiously about. He was her husband. He didn't know where they had taken her.

One of the special policemen pounced

upon him and began shoving him out. The old man was trying to explain, but the policeman wouldn't listen. One of the newspaper men leaned out from the press stand and stopped him and the old man faltered, "My wife, I—I'm afraid she is hurt. I can't find her."

It was too late to get back to the place where she sat and in a minute the old man would be shoved out into the crowd and they would elbow him blocks away. They would never find each other in the crush. Suddenly a couple of fellows reached over from the press stand and lifted him bodily into the midst of the reporters, and there he could see his wife being fanned back to herself.

There were three rather "fresh," but pretty, girls who beat the militia and the police and everybody. They ducked and dodged the police as long as anybody, but finally had to go. When the carriages of the President's party drove up and deposited their passengers, these girls climbed into one of the empty backs and rode back by the President in great gorgeousness, near enough to throw him a flower.

After all, it is the "Teddy" who went sweating up San Juan Hill under fire that the people love best of all. You could see that well enough from the crowd.

The crowd loved "Teddy" all the better because they could see that the thing he admired most about one of the fire engines that went by in a sweeter of flowers was a magnificent horse that had sweated itself white with lather and, fighting for his head and dancing and corvetting and plunging, disappeared down the street.

When one of the bands went by playing "Hot Time," the crowd cheered more than at any other time. It was "Teddy's" own tune.

Once during the parade, the President was greeted by a typical westerner. If there ever was one. A fire engine company had a young coyote chained at



THE PRESIDENT SEES THE DRAGON.

the top of the machine in a bed of green mustard.

As he came by the reviewing stand, the coyote seemed to know there was something doing and got up to look. He stared the Executive of the nation straight in the eye for a moment; then he turned back with very evident and unflattering misgivings, as much as to say, "Well, I don't know about this," and lay down again, utterly disdaining the crowd.

Right across from the reviewing stand sat the Terrors, cross-legged in the dusty street, and there seemed to be a sort of confidential feeling between them and the President. Teddy looked over at them longingly, as though he wished he could go down and sit cross-legged, too, instead of standing up solemnly in a plug hat, bowing.

The speech in the park, for which so much preparation was made, was, to most people, a matter of some fellow's broad back, with the