

PRESIDENT HAD "BULLY" DAY.

Meets His Classmates of 25 Years Ago
at Harvard.

Special to The New York Times.

BOSTON, June 27.—Despite the rain which every now and then descended in torrents, President Roosevelt, or rather Theodore Roosevelt, Harvard, '80, described the first day of his reunion with his former college mates as "bully." The occasion was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the graduation of their class.

At 7 o'clock he alighted from his car Riva at the Back Bay Station. There was no crowd and the 200 policemen who had been detailed had nothing to do but look their best. Bishop Lawrence was on hand to meet him, and escorted by mounted police the party drove back at a quick trot to the Bishop's residence in Cambridge. Notwithstanding the rain, Mr. Roosevelt had the landau top rolled back and bowed and smiled at the few hundred persons who recognized him along the route.

When the carriage had entered the grounds of the Bishop's place, secret service men and plainclothes policemen seemed to spring up everywhere, and no one was admitted to the grounds unless he had real business there.

President Eliot of Harvard arrived at 8:15 o'clock, and joined the party at breakfast. Dr. Morgan, the eye specialist, arrived soon after breakfast and was closeted with the President for half an hour, and at 10 o'clock Kermit Roosevelt arrived from Groton.

The President received a steady stream of callers until 11 o'clock, when with Kermit he drove to Chestnut Hill to call upon Mrs. Georgie, sister of the first Mrs. Roosevelt, and then to the Oakley Country Club, where he passed the afternoon with the members of his class.

The President next visited the Porcellian Club and the Alpha Delta Phi house at Harvard Square, passing through enormous crowds and being cheered at every step. He ran up the steps at these houses like a boy, and his face wore a broad smile of delight.

The time from 4 o'clock until bed time the President spent at the Hotel Somerset, in this city, shaking hands and enjoying himself among his classmates. The evening concluded with the class supper. There were about 100 members present, and those who live in Boston and vicinity took their wives to the reunion which preceded the banquet.

The crowd about the hotel during the evening was at no time great, owing to the public announcements that the function was private. There was a large force of police in attendance, and an alert secret service detail.

Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller of the United States Supreme Court, Harvard, 1855, was to-day re-elected President of the Harvard Law School Association. Among the Vice Presidents elected are Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes of the United States Supreme Court, Richard Olney of this city, Charles J. Bonaparte of Baltimore, Alfred Russell of Michigan, Judge George Gray of Delaware, Samuel Fessenden of Connecticut, and Henry B. Brown of Washington, D. C.

ronage of the public from Boston to Harvard Square, Cambridge, had written, with tremendous flourishes: "To Harved Square." This deplorable spelling did not prevent a Harvard professor from riding on the vehicle, perched on an empty box, with a sailor on one side of him and a woman carrying a baby on the other.

The New Yorker chose a comparatively new automobile driven by a youth so excited at the prospect of huge profits to be made that he could scarcely talk clearly. He contracted to take the passenger to Cambridge for 20 cents. The New Yorker thus got a rate far below ordinary taxi fare and only double the regular Boston carfare of 10 cents. But his elation was short-lived. On the way back to Boston he got mixed into a big tide of travel and made the trip on a ramshackle trade automobile with eleven other passengers. Like all drivers during Boston's four carless days, the driver of that vehicle traveled at a breakneck speed, desirous of making as many round trips between Boston and Cambridge as he possibly could. The result was that his twelve passengers had to hang on grimly to whatever lay within reach, while the boxes and stools on which they were perched threatened to fall over the side of the wagon at any moment. All traffic rules seemed to be off. The traffic policemen, as if appreciating the aim of the drivers to get rich quick, indulgently smiled at them as they whirled past with their swaying human freight.

were driving their cars at fantastic rates of speed, collisions were frequent and the output of profanity enormous. A taxi collided with a delivery wagon and at once became the centre of a tremendous altercation. A sailor, elbowing his way through a crowd of onlookers, warmly espoused the cause of the driver of the delivery wagon. The taxi driver's passenger, leaping from the interior of that vehicle, furiously upheld the taxi driver.

"Who are you, anyhow?" inquired the sailor freezingly.

"I'm the passenger in that taxi," replied the other, importantly.

"Aw, beat it!" sneered the sailor. "You ain't never been in a taxi before. The only reason you're in one now is because you can't find a trolley to ride in!"

In the Boston newspapers everything not appertaining to the strike had to be jammed in on some inside page. Black headlines screamed on every side. "Carless Sunday predicted" struck dismay to those contemplating a trip to nearby resorts. "Arbitrators Deadlocked" brought ominous head-shaking.

"I wouldn't mind riding in jitneys all my life if I could beat the 'L' people," said one Bostonian belligerently. His attitude, stripped of the belligerency, was the attitude of nearly all the citizens of Carless Boston—or, at least, so it appeared. They didn't mind riding in jitneys. Perhaps the relaxation from the dignity that usually enwraps Boston was welcome. Anyhow, they took to being undignified like ducks to water.