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HOW RUSSIA MET JAPAN.

A Very Interesting Account of the First Meeting of Envoys—The Introduction by Pres. Roosevelt, and the Toast He Proposed.

President Roosevelt brought the peace envoys of Russia and Japan together Saturday afternoon in the cabin of the Mayflower at Oyster Bay, saw them shake hands and break bread, and sent them off to Portsmouth with a toast for their sovereigns and peoples and a prayer for the successful issue of negotiations. If they do not conclude the just and lasting peace which he hoped for, it will be no fault of the president, for the day's ceremony, like every other step that he has taken in these delicate proceedings, was crowned with absolute success. Not a single untoward incident marred the perfect smoothness of the arrangements and their execution. When the plenipotentiaries met they shook hands as warmly as though they were members of the same fraternal society, and when they rubbed elbows in the crowded dining room while eating their salads or drinking their coffee and wine, one would have supposed to see them they were congenial companions gathered about the table of a mutual friend.

For the time being they were undoubtedly imbued with some of the president's heartiness of soul and were he only able to send with them to their meeting place a consignment of his genial spirit, there would be more likelihood than there is of speedy peace in Asia. As it was, however, the president and the peace commissioners parted with dubious hearts. There seemed to be an undercurrent of conviction, more felt than expressed, that the New Hampshire meetings are doomed to end in a dead lock. The figure of Count Witte, slowly pacing the deck after the smiling Japanese had quit the Mayflower, the look on Ambassador Rosen's face when the light of forced politeness had left it, seemed to give the lie to all the gaiety that had accompanied the music of the band, the fluttering of the flags and the sunlight kissing the waters.

BRILLIANT SCENE.

But it was a brave sight and one long to be remembered. The Mayflower, Galveston, Dolphin came up from New York Friday night and anchored about the entrance of the bay. The Sybil, bearing Assistant Secretary Pearce, was the first vessel to arrive Saturday

morning, and following her came the Tacoma and the Chattanooga, thirty-five minutes apart, with the Japanese and Russian envoys on board. A crowd of pleasure craft, newspaper boats and photographers' launches swarmed about the Mayflower and at times seriously interfered with the orderly procedure of the programme. As the swift launch with the president on board came dashing along the sparkling course from the J. West Roosevelt wharf, a motor boat crowded with correspondents lumbered into its path. "Get out of the way!" cried the president, fearing that the launches would come in collision, and as they passed with scarcely a foot to spare half a dozen cameras clicked over impressions of his smiling countenance.

It was just 12:20 p. m. when the president ascended the stairs and stepped over the side of the Mayflower. The blue presidential banner that had been trailing aft from his launch disappeared and, as if by magic, the same flag broke out at the peak of the yacht and the twenty-one gun salute boomed forth, to echo from Cooper's Bluff out over the sound in the direction of the blue Connecticut line. Assistant Secretary Pearce and Lieutenant Frank Evans, commanding the Sybil, arrived a few moments after the president, and at 12:30 the Tacoma entered the harbor. A sailor aloft somewhere on the Mayflower wigwagged a signal to the cruiser; there was an answering wigwag, and, with booming of canon, which counted ninety, if one cared to keep track, the Japanese envoys left the Tacoma for the president's yacht. The Japanese flag of white with blood-red central circle fluttered from the stern of the launch. As the little boat approached, the president went below to the cabin, where the introductions were to take place. Commander Cameron McRae Winslow, the commander of the Mayflower, took his station at the head of the stairway to receive the visitors. The launch whirled through the maze of boats, and the jacksies who were manoeuvring it grappled the stairway with their hooks.

JAPANESE COME FIRST

Baron Komura, followed by Minister Takahira and an even dozen of followers, climbed up the steps. They first essayed an entrance at the door leading to the lower deck, and Baron Komura took off his silk hat and made a very low bow to a petty officer who was stationed there. The officer returned his salute just as gracefully and motioned to the baron and his followers to go higher up. This they did quickly, and were received at the top by Commander Winslow, who in turn handed them over to Mr. Pearce. The officers of the ship presented to the little delegation, and each received a very low bow and a smile from the Japanese. Mr. Pearce led the way in the library cabin, where the envoys and their suite laid aside their hats, and he then took them below stairs to the cabin where the president was waiting.

Dispensing with as much formality as was possible under the cir-

cumstances, the president greeted them all with the utmost cordiality. He knew a number of them personally, for several are attached to the Legation at Washington, and these he greeted with such expressions as "Here's my old comrade," "Well, I am glad to see you again or I saw you out riding the other day how are you?"

After the introductions had been made, the president told Baron Komura and Minister Takahira that he wished to have them visit him again at his home the present summer. Now, said the president, I want a little informed visit, with you, baron, and you Mr. Takahira, and, with a laugh and a wave of the hand, he bore them off to Commander Winslow's private cabin, where they chattered for five or six minutes, the rest of the suite meanwhile standing around, smiling politely upon Mr. Pearce and one another.

While this was going on, Chattanooga, bringing the Russians from New York, had dropped anchor in the bay, and at 12:22 p. m. in response to a signal from the Mayflower telling all was in readiness for their reception, Count Witte and his men disembarked for the president's yacht. The Japanese were escorted to another part of the Mayflower while the Russians were climbing up the side. The reception of the Czar's plenipotentiaries was practically a repetition of that of the Japanese. There were the same hearty handshakes, and after going through it the president extended the same invitation to Count Witte and Baron Rosen that he had given to Baron Komura and Mr. Takahira. "It was a great pleasure to have you visit me," he said, and I want to have you come come out to my home again and take lunch with me.

THE ENVOYS INTRODUCED

The most delicate function of the day, that of introducing the envoys to each other, was over in a jiffy. Almost before one could tell about it the Japanese had filed in: Count Witte and Baron Komura joined hands, Mr. Takahira and Baron Rosen came together, and all the Japanese and all the Russians were shaking hands simultaneously. Now let's come to lunch, said the president, heartily. "Captain, is the lunch ready?" he added, turning to Commander Winslow. Commander Winslow said that it was, and the president started for the doorway leading into the little hall-way which connects the two cabins. Quick as a flash, Count Witte fell in behind the president, Baron Komura smiled and came after and following him Baron Rosen took up the march to the dining-room. In single file after that the members of the two suites pro-

ceeded to the cabin, where the big table, piled high with salads, sandwiches, croquettes and other good things, seemed to invite the envoys to forget their animosities in generous cheer. The president took a sandwich in one hand, a plate of salad in the other and motioned to Count Witte and Baron Komura to do likewise. They did, and found chairs side by side at one corner of the room.

The president took a seat directly in front of them and devoted his remarks impartially to both as he discussed the edibles. Minister Takahira and Baron Rosen sat side by side, also within range of the president's voice and almost within touch of his hand. The other members of the two parties stood around the table or occupied the big cushioned chairs at either end of the room. The Chinese waiters supplied the wants of everybody as fast as they could, while the boat's officers, from Commander Winslow down to the youngest lieutenant, moved about, offering sandwiches, rolls, cups of coffee and glasses of wine to everyone who seemed to have an empty hand or a hungry look in his eye.

THE PRESIDENT'S TOAST

In the middle of the luncheon, the president rose and said: Gentlemen, I propose a toast, to which there will be no answer, and which I ask you to drink in silence, standing. I drink to the welfare and prosperity of the sovereigns and the peoples of the two great nations whose representatives have met one another on this ship. It is my most earnest hope and prayer, in the interest not only of these two great powers, but of all civilized mankind that a just and lasting peace may speedily be concluded between them.

As the luncheon neared its end someone suggested that the envoys be photographed with the president. All agreed and the four plenipotentiaries walked out into the hall-way, where the lights were better. "Take positions any where," exclaimed the president. "Stand where you want to," Count Witte and Baron Rosen at once moved to the right side of the president, and Baron Komura and Mr. Takahira to his left. They were photographed in this position and the reception was at an end.

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