

WILSON'S SMILE WINS ALL LONDON

President Enjoys Whole-Hearted Reception by World's Metropolis

WAVES HAT TO CROWDS American Executive Passes Through Miles of Cheering People on Way to Palace

By ERNEST MARSHALL Special Cable to Evening Public Ledger Copyright, 1918, by New York Times Co.

London, Dec. 27. If ever a countenance bespoke unalloyed appreciation, it was President Wilson's as he drove through the streets of London yesterday.

That was the welcome of the State, given with all due ceremonial. But it was in the streets outside that President Wilson touched the core of his reception in the British metropolis.

From Charing Cross where "Thackeray" who once said you were sure to meet everybody in the world worthwhile, if you waited long enough—probably never dreamed a President of the United States would arrive one day to Buckingham Palace, it was one long wave of cheering as the presidential and royal procession passed.

The scene at Charing Cross Station when the presidential party arrived was described to your correspondent by one of the British ministers present, Sir Albert Stanley, president of the Board of Trade.

King Welcomes President When the train drew up, Sir Charles Cunt stepped out and bowed to the King, who moved forward with outstretched hand as President Wilson came out of his carriage to the platform.

As the ladies stood chatting the King and the President walked together along the platform to review the British Guard of Honor and the American troops drawn up in the line, the hand of the Grenadier Guards meanwhile playing the "Star Spangled Banner."

King George sat beside his guest motionless. It was not his day, but all who knew how deep and sterling are his Majesty's convictions on the point of Anglo-American relationship are confident that it was a proud and happy day for him when he had the President of the United States sitting at his right hand and receiving a hearty welcome from thousands upon thousands of his Majesty's lieges.

Reception Hearty and Sincere Of the character of the reception given to President Wilson there can be no doubt. It was hearty and sincere. To some who do not know the undemonstrative British there may seem to have been a lack of emotion. Those who do know them think rather that the sustained volume of cheering as the President passed was a most significant indication that the English have taken him to their hearts.

In the great open space before Buckingham Palace a crowd of 20,000 had gathered. It was an assemblage of all classes and ages. People up from the country for the holidays rubbed shoulders with dwellers in Mayfair. Aged Chelsea pensioners hobbled alongside Dominion soldiers. Factory girls blocked the view of staff officers and everywhere through the throng were American soldiers and sailors watching a little curiously to see how their President was receiving. Several hundreds of wounded Tommies were admitted to the forecourt of the

BRITISH WOMEN HAIL MRS. WILSON; DUB HUSBAND "JOLLY PRESIDENT"

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London, Dec. 27. Mrs. Wilson, as she drove with Queen and Princess Mary from Charing Cross station to Buckingham Palace, was the cynosure of every feminine eye. She wore a seal sack of three-quarters length and a three-cornered hat, with an albatross. The Queen and Princess both had touches of color in their headgear. A woman correspondent writes: "The women wanted to see Mrs. Wilson. They were discussing the clothes she might wear before she arrived. There was piquancy in the mental picture of Queen Mary and the American Mrs. Wilson driving side by side through London. People were asking if it had happened before—this driving through the capital of the Queen with an untitled woman of democratic birth."

"When the cheering began it had a power of infection that I have not felt in many official London's greetings of famous men. The carriage came along and then, somehow, we all grew excited. There was President Wilson, radiant with smiles, waving his hat in his hand with all the abandon of a school boy. It was impossible, surely, that this happy, jolly man should be the statesman who had made so many speeches in time of war and had talked so learnedly of international politics."

"Cheers came again and again—not reserved cheers of politeness, but jolly, happy cheers, worthy of the jolly, happy man who rode by with the King of these lands. To the women of London Wilson will be ever after the jolly President."

"Mrs. Wilson, a pleasant, comely woman, chatted busily with the Queen in the second carriage. She was a little afraid, it seemed, to take the cheers as meant in any way for herself, but now and again she smiled delightedly at the crowd, and the women liked her kind, motherly face. "There were signs that it was all so quickly over, yet the half minute in which Wilson passed was sufficient to give us a new thought of him. We knew by the unaffected way in which the President enjoyed himself that he was not merely a statesman."

like bluejackets on a battleship, and the figures of the escort of Life Guards came into view. The crowd held its breath until the first royal carriage came by, and then gave vent to its enthusiasm with full energy. Children were hoisted on their fathers' shoulders, handkerchiefs and hats were waved, hundreds of little American flags were displayed

The first intimation that he was approaching was the boom of the presidential salute, echoing from the high buildings. Then came the sound of cheers, a quarter of a mile away, and turned down Constitution Hill, its course could be traced by the tide of sound which drew nearer and nearer.

The crowd made one last effort to pack tighter and see better. The "Waacs" in the Memorial hurried to form a line around the base and man it

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and men and women burst into rounds of cheers.

The President was evidently much pleased, he bowed and smiled to right and left. His hat was not on his head for a second, and he kept waving it as some more than usually exuberant cheers caught his eye.

He passed, and after another detachment of the escort came the second carriage with Mrs. Wilson, the Queen and Princess Mary. Mrs. Wilson acknowledged the cheers only by smiling and kept chatting with the Queen.

The royal and presidential procession swept by at a gentle trot around the Memorial amid a hurricane of cheers while the "Waacs" in their enthusiasm forgot their discipline and ran around to get another view of Wilson. Then the procession disappeared through the main gates of the palace into the interior courtyard.

Crowd Surges Toward Balcony But the crowd had noted that red hangings had been put in place on the broad balcony of the palace and knew that the President would be coming out to show himself to the people. The soldiers and police were withdrawn, and in thousands the spectators surged up to the palace railings.

By this time a Scotch Tommy, with the Union Jack, an Australian with an arm in a sling—the wounded man in hospital blue—and a New Zealander had clambered up alongside the Americans, and the police thought it time to check this interlude.

Even after that some of the spectators found it hard to turn away, and they waited around the gates to see the President and Mrs. Wilson drive out to pay their formal official calls on Queen Alexandra at Marlborough House and the Duke of Connaught at Clarence House.

the crowd, and they began to chant, "We want Wilson." Somewhere else a number of women sang "God Save the King" and the crowd became a little impatient.

"Ham!" the President drank that cup of tea yet called one cockney with characteristic humor. But he had hardly shouted it when the President himself was seen coming out on the balcony. With him was the King. Behind them came Mrs. Wilson and the Queen. Princess Mary and the Duke of Connaught were also in the party. As they appeared once more a great storm of cheers went up.

Speech Impossible The President stood gazing at the multitude gathered to do him honor and bowed again and again. It was quite impossible for him to make a speech. As far as he could see through the gathering dusk there were men and women cheering, waving flags and swinging their hats. All he could do was to turn from one side to another and bow and wave his hat in recognition of the greeting. Mrs. Wilson was by his side with a little Union Jack in her hand, which she fluttered toward the crowd, and by the side of their guests stood the King and Queen, half a pace to the rear, evidently delighted at the reception given to the Chief Executive of the United States.

So the little group stood for five or ten minutes, while the public did all it could to emphasize its welcome. The President and Mrs. Wilson chatted a little with the King and Queen, and then, with a farewell bow from Mr. Wilson, they passed into the palace.

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SIDELIGHT VIEWS OF WILSON'S VOYAGE

Personal Glimpses of Presidential Party En Route for France

Paris, Dec. 14 (By mail). The biggest story in the world—in a deerskin coat—stood on the bridge of the George Washington as she steamed out of New York harbor. It was President Wilson. The coat he wore was the gift of a Georgia friend and made of several fine deerskins. Hat in hand, he stood beside Mrs. Wilson acknowledging the din of whistles, sirens, bells and cheers that voiced his voyage.

The water getting rough early, George Creel retired to his stateroom shortly after the vessel got under way. He was not available to visitors for several days.

President Wilson stated most of the first three days, retiring early. Mrs. Wilson in a long black fur coat promenade the deck at regular intervals.

Italian Ambassador Celleri appeared on deck in a gray, soft felt knockdown hat.

"Abandon ship" drill the second day out gave the passengers their first opportunity to try on life-belts and get their lifeboat assignments. One passenger captain (C. J. U. S. N., being a "old timer" didn't feel the need of carrying his life-belt out on deck.

"Ah, but you should set the example," said Ambassador Jusserand, exchanging views with the captain. Thereafter the captain wore his life-belt.

While President and Mrs. Wilson, one were on deck talking with the press correspondents, Ambassador Jusserand came up. There followed the following bit of repartee:

"You should have seen the moving pictures last night, Mr. President," said Jusserand. "They were very fine. The story was built around a bear-beer called 'Bevo' you know, 'Veve la France,'" added the ambassador, smiling.

"Oh, yes, 'Bevo l'American,'" rejoined the President, at which there was general laughter.

Through the efforts of Admiral Grayson, President Wilson's cold rapidly improved. He went to the movies frequently.

Ambassador Jusserand is a believer in preparedness. He carries a small French volume in his life-belt pocket to afford him reading material if by any chance he's forced to "take to the boats."

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Ex-Ambassador White, one of the American peace delegates, knows Arthur Balfour, the British statesman, very well. He refers to him as "A. G. B." in conversation.

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