SHORE ALL EYES.

Myriads See the Parade From Riverside Park.

OLYMPIA IN A LIVING GLORY.

Telescopist Reports Doings of Dewey to the Crowd.

Seats for Everybody on the Heights and Grassy Slopes and Room to Spare—Stand Owners Do Business On a Falling Market—Crowds Rush After the Admiral's Ship Like Rats After the Pied Piper of Hamelin—Jersey Shore Through Glasses.

Everybody in New York that wanted to saw the naval parade in honor of Admiral Dewey yesterday. There were mighty few people in the city that didn't want to see it, but there was plenty of room for them all. That was the great thing about the celebration; that nobody was disappointed. Riverside Park as a theatre for the viewing of naval parades may have its equals, but it certainly has no superior in the world. A million more persons than were there yesterday could have spread over its broad, steep grass swards without filling the space, and at that there was such a multitude there as has never turned out to any similar spectacle in the history of the new world.

When Father Knickerbocker decides to turn out he doesn't do the thing by halves. He so decided yesterday—not only to see what the American Navy looks like, but also to do what he could in honor of his guest—and he took with him his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, his friends and the stranger within his gates, his umbrella, his lunch in a box, his opera glasses, and finally his camera, of which he has been much the slave since the crop of war heroes arrived. He swarmed through Riverside Park and along Riverside Drive from one end to the other blackening the green lawns in long patches, and such of his family and adherents as weren't with him there, were jamming the upper decks of overloaded and careening boats, or fighting the fall crop of mosquitoes on the towering heights of New Jersey across the river. Do much else than be present to add to the Admiral's greeting he could not, for though he would have been glad to have raised his voice in acclaim, his hundreds of steam craft ploughing furrows in the river kept their brazen voices so continuously going that he had no chance on earth to make himself heard. So the old fellow just stood and gazed strenuously through his opera glasses as long as Dewey was in sight and hoped that the Admiral saw him and knew that he was doing his best.

CROWD WAS OUT EARLY.

Encouraged by the bright sunshine and a hopeful sky the crowds turned out early and proceeded to jam all the transportation lines leading from every direction toward Riverside Drive. Just how early the first on the ground were there is a question, but it was as soon as they waked up, for they were gentlemen who had taken advantage of the hospitality afforded by the big stands along the Drive and had spent the night under the shelter. Such of them as could lay their hands on a couple of boards and a few nails straightway constructed ted little benches which they subsequently sold to the sedentary public for as much as they could get. The others went out and collected boxes for a similar purpose, while those who couldn't get held of anything which mankind might sit upon except the earth took possession of choicely located bits of real estate which they relinquished later on in consideration of cash value received, a species of ground rent that was easy rather than highly profitable.

The crowds that came from home, having homes to come from, began to arrive about 10 o'clock and to parade up and down the park with a view to getting the best positions. The great desideratum was a point of vantage giving a good view down the river and at the same time offering a prospect of the stake boat where the fleet was to make its turning and the fact that there is no such point anywhere on the river front caused no little sorrow to those who had come early with the idea that they could find just what they wanted if they got in ahead of the crowds.

SWARMS ABOUT GRANT'S TOMB.

On the whole, the lawn at Grant's tomb, the slope just south of it and the brink of the steep hill overlooking the river there were about the best places obtainable, so that vicinity filled up first. Next in popularity came the stone wall that divides the park from the drive and upon this many lined up, hanging their legs over a sheer fall of from four to twenty feet. Afterward the police came and shooed them off, which was a sad blow to the proverb concerning the early bird. Other localities popular among the first comers were the lawns above Eighty-fifth street, the high rocks in that vicinity and the shaded hillside near Ninetieth street.

WRECK OF THE GODDESS OF VICTORY.

The early comers got one view that their lazier fellows missed, and that was the complete spectacle of the two floats Victory and Peace. These were anchored below the stake boat, St. Mary's, the Victory float being somewhat up the river from Peace, so that the Admiral was to meet Peace first and then Victory, a reversal of historical form. Both of the craft pitched and tossed a good deal in the choppy sea, which a strong, puffy, southeast breeze was kicking up, and Neptune's horses on the Victory float plunged in a very realistic manner. There was an old Irishman near THE SUN reporter on the lawn at Grant's tomb who was very much interested in this float and was seeking information about it. He applied to a gentleman standing near who answered his various questions as well as he could.

"Who's the leddy on the top of it?" he asked finally.

"That's the goddess of victory," explained the gentleman.

"The what?" asked the old fellow, putting his hand to his ear.

"Goddess, you know," repeated his informant. "An allegorical figure, the queen of victory."

"Quane Victhory, is ut?" said the old Irishman in tones of mingled grief and wrath. "An' where does the Quane of England come in for this celly bration, I dunno. 'Tis a black shame they should have her statoo out there for Dooey to make a bow to."

Before the other could explain the Irishman grabbed him by the arm and in a piercing yell of exultation that turned all eyes to him cried: "Luk at yer tyrraneous quane now!"

Following the direction of his outstretched hand the crowd looked out at the float and saw that the statue was in trouble indeed. An excursion boat loaded with sightseers had ploughed up the water close to her and in the swell, combined with the choppy sea, her base was rocking dangerously and she was becoming decidedly unsteady on her pins. Poor Victory! Already weakened by a collision with her escorting tug on the previous day, she could no longer hold her own. In despair she tossed one white arm aloft and it fell with a splash into the river. After it went her spear. That was too much. Her heart broke right through the middle and all of her above that line toppled over the rail and plunged headforemost from the sight of the pitying spectators into the engulfing waves, leaving only that half of her that sat firmly on the throne, to preside over Neptune and his plunging steeds. The steamboat that had done the damage put off down the river, fearing probably to be arrested for homicide, if it is homicide to cut a goddess in two, but there wasn't a police boat in sight at that early hour, and the deed is still unavenged. A long sigh quavered through the crowd that witnessed the tragedy, but the ancient son of Erin went on his way rejoicing at what he considered retributive justice. The Goddess of Peace, who looked lonely enough before, being only about one fifth of the size she should have been to be in proportion to her float, looked more forsaken than ever thereafter.

WAITING FOR THE PARADE.

Many other boats of various kinds were now puffing around the river, giving it a very animated appearance and furnishing some entertainment for the crowd, which, having settled down to a wait of several hours, was casting about it for means of making the time pass quickly. One method that found popular favor was to pick out two boats going in the same direction and bet on which one would pass a given point first. As it was ten to one that both of them would turn back before getting to the point, the gay sports had all the excitement of the gamble with very little danger of losing their money. One cliffdweller, who had taken up his temporary abode in the vicinity of 104th street, and had brought a megaphone with him, arranged through it a race between two small rowboats manned by two small boys each, but the small boys stopped to quarrel and splash water at each other, and the race was decided "no contest."

BATTLE OF THE KITES.

By noon the open spaces around Grant's Tomb had become pretty thick with spectators, except back on the lawns where there was no view of the river. Keep-off-the-grass signs weren't working yesterday, and on these lawns several men were busy flying kites and having the time of their lives doing it. The first kite up was of the old-fashioned tail variety. It's navigator hadn't counted on so much wind as was blowing a few rods above and the caudal ballast of the kite wasn't very heavy. Consequently, at the first good gust that it met with, it commenced a series of dives which finally terminated by completely wrecking the large floral bonnet of a respectable elderly German lady; at least, she said she was that, and she said it in tones that nobody cared to dispute. Furthermore, she desired damages to the extent of $5 for her despoiled bonnet and feelings, and when the cause of the trouble declined to negotiate on this basis she seized the predatory kite and trampled it to fragments. Other kites were sent up that had better luck. There was one very singular looking contrivance in three parts; the top part being shaped like an arrow head, the second being a parallelogram and the third being a small square apparently designed to act as a tail. As soon as this peculiar contrivance got fairly started it proceeded to chase its tail like a frenzied kitten and with such extreme rapidity that the eye grew dizzy trying to follow it. The man who owned it said he had invented it. He pranced up and down the lawn, mainly on other people's toes, while everybody within earshot gave him advice which was purely disinterested and unbiassed, as none of them had ever before seen such a machine. Already there was cavorting in the upper air a red box kite, which was having a hard time to hold its own against the wind. Without an instant's warning the freak kite stopped doing a whirl and made a vicious dive for the box.

"Hey, look out there!" cried the flyer of that airship. "Get that crazy thing of yours away, can't you?"

"I can't manage it," answered the inventor. "It don't work right."

"Pull it in then," said the other man angrily as the freak took a fresh start and rammed his kite again.

"What for?" retorted the inventor. "I guess the sky is as free to me as it is to you."

"If you don't get it out of my way," was the reply. "I'll put it out of business."

"Go on and try," said the navigator of the monstrosity which was at that moment turning double somersaults backward. "If you think your kite can do my Dewey, let it loose."

By this time there were probably 5,000 people watching the evolutions overhead and bets were freely offered and taken, the box kite being the favorite because it was handled with better control. Its owner hauled it in a few yards, let it loose and then ran swiftly backward, with the result that it spun tumultuously on its own axis, and in spinning caught the foe a severe blow far aft. Its square tail immediately doubled up.

"Out at the first punch!" shouted the sports who had backed the box.

It's inventor looked blue, for he couldn't expect to do much with it when the rudder was gone; but then, he hadn't been able to before for that matter. And curiously enough, as soon as the tail doubled up the kite steadied down and rose rapidly. Up went the box after it. They circled around each other coming together once and again, but without apparent harm to either side; then the box kite sailed aloft still further with the freak in pursuit. Suddenly the box kite dropped like a hawk. If it had hit its opponent with full weight that would have been the end of the inventor's "Dewey." But the freak was under good control now, and its navigator switched it to one side, let out a bit, and the next instant it had dived head foremost into the box and completely wrecked it. Amidst the cheers and groans of the crowd it faltered to the ground, decisively "out." Its flyer picked it up and removed from its frame a package of papers.

"Dum it," he said sullenly, "that's what I get for trying to lick a man-of-war with a merchant vessel."

"How do you make that out a merchant vessel?" asked one of the bystanders.

"It's carrying a cargo," was the reply. "It was loaded with advertisements, and when the boats came along I was going to fly it out over them and turn the dodgers loose to float down onto the fleet. New I might as well go home."

A little later the crowd around the foot of 100th street had some fun with a hot-air balloon, which escaped before its owner intended. He had just lighted it up to see that the wick was in proper condition, when it broke away and went sailing up above the trees. Up jumped the man and started after it.

"Hi, catch that balloon!" he shouted to whomsoever might be within hearing, and several hundred people joyously arose from their places and joined the chase. No sooner did the fugitive strike the upper current of the air than it began to bob and whirl like a thistledown, and to take sudden and unexpected rises and drops which served to raise in the crowd the passion of the chase. The balloon succeeded in keeping well out of reach, however, whereupon the pursuers, being resolved to take it dead or alive, began an active gunnery practice with sticks and stones and everything else throwable that they could lay hands on. Several times it was struck, but the light still held out to burn and it skimmed swiftly northward. It gracefully rose to surmount a bridge across the railroad track, and just as it was apparently going out over the river it inexplicably turned short back, burst into flame and plunged abruptly into the centre of a family circle at lunch on the hillside. The women shrieked and rolled down the bank, and the men cursed and kicked savagely at the fiery intruder, with the result that when quiet was restored and the flames were put out, the lunch consisted of mere remnants of sandwiches and muddy pickles. The balloon's owner came up and apologized as best he could, but he wasn't invited to have a drink on it.

FROST FOR STAND OWNERS.

About 1 o'clock THE SUN reporter walked down through the Park from the upper end, with occasional excursions to the driveway. He found that the stands were doing a very poor business. Some of them had come down from $5 a seat to $1 and $2 a seat, but there were few takers at the reduced figures. It was something of a waste of money to pay for a hard seat far back from the river when soft grass on a pleasant slope overlooking the whole spectacle was to be had for the trouble of walking to it. A solid line of spectators clung to the wall all his length and behind this line was another, and, in some of the best places, two more back of that. At first, the early comers had sat on the stone parapet and hung their feet over, but the police had orders (one of the few orders of a very free day) not to permit that and there was no rest for the weary thereafter, save such as could be obtained by leaning over the stone top and watching the wiser ones taking their ease on the grassy slope below. At every entrance to the Park there were police, patrolmen were scattered through the principal walks in the Park, and at points where it was thought that there was the greatest chance of accident ambulances stood ready to bring swift aid. Every arrangement was made to take care of the crowd which, as it proved, needed little care of that kind. Here and there some congestion resulted from the pouring in of the crowds from every street and their coalescing at the Park entrances, but there is so much space on those wide hillsides that the mass soon melted away and spread out until every one had found a place that suited him.

WHERE THE CROWD WAS THICKEST.

At Eighty-third street the rock masses that project up from the lawn were a picturesque sight for they were crowded with sightseers, who were grouped on every available projection and who furnished ample material for the camera fiends. Along here, in the vicinity of Ninetieth street, at 110th street and at Grant's Tomb the crowds were thickest, but from end to end of the Park there was a long solid line of watchers for the first sight of the coming ships, a line that stretched like a serpent around projections, up to the crest of the slope to avoid a valley here, down to the edge of the river to take advantage of a rising bit of ground there, now broadening out as some wide hill gave sitting ground for thousands, now thinning down to a half dozen lines where trees or shrubbery shut off the view from above, but always keeping before it the vista of river, up which the course of the fleet lay. Through this long, wavy line hurried hundreds of fakirs, vending apples, cigars, badges, peanuts, sandwiches, lemonade, cushions, chairs, improvised benches made out of rough lumber nailed together in primitive and none too safe fashion, and "box seats," as they were called.

"Here's yer box seats!" cried one facetious fakir with his arms full of old grocery boxes. "To-morrer ye'll have to pay $5 fer 'em. T'day ye git 'em fer 5 cents. Step up an' buy while they're cheap!"

Many did buy, particularly where the park terminates in a bluff looking out over the railroad tracks to the river, for a chair on the brink of this bluff was a reserved seat worth having. Many, too, bought the assorted eatables that the other fakirs had in stock and the reporter saw some adventurous spirits who tackled the "Dewey" five-cent cigars. A man with opera glasses to rent would have done a big business, as there was a general tendency on the part of those not having those useful aides to vision to borrow them of those who had, and one man's glasses, if he was a very good natured man, were made to do service for a dozen of his neighbors. Most of the peering was done at the craft, which by this time fairly swarmed in the river all along the shores, darting hither and thither under steam or sail, constantly threatening collision and as constantly avoiding it, somewhat to the regret of the excitement seekers among the crowds, and forming a stirring spectacle of color and swift movement. With good glasses one could make out an extraordinary spectacle on the shores of Jersey. All along the water line stretched a broad black wall of human beings. On the hillside, back, there were some observation stands filled with spectators, where there were open spaces, but the slopes there are mostly wooded with an occasional space where the bluff is too steep for the growth of trees. Those steeps were literally covered with people clustered like bees swarming. Through the edges of the woodland there were more and even the trees were full of them. Similarly the steep cliffs on the New York side, far above Grant's tomb, were a mass of sightseers and it is likely that these, looking as they did straight down the river, and the Jersey spectators, with their unimpeded south view, had a much finer sight of the great naval spectacle in its entirety than did the thousands in the more popular locality of Riverside Park.

WARSHIPS ON THE HORIZON.

It was the general impression that the head of the parade would come in sight from the Tomb at about 3 o'clock. At 2 o'clock a little sloop, flying streamers from every peak and rope and rail and plunging forward under a heavy press of sail, skirted the shore and those aboard of her seemed to be trying to communicate by speech with the crowds. Also they were making enthusiastic, not to say frantic, gestures which might have meant almost anything from strong drink to toothache, but which the crowd chose to suppose meant that the line was approaching. At the same time the dull booming of guns was heard from below. There was a moment of keen expectation which soon died out, however, and everybody told his neighbor that it was a false alarm. Nevertheless the guns continued to boom. At this time the SUN man was near 110th street, and, as the walks ahead seemed badly congested, he found a bit of lawn unoccupied and sat down to wait. A few feet in front of him and down the slope was a man with a large telescope mounted on a tripod. Every now and then one or another of the tripod's legs would slip out and the man would adroitly catch the glass, patiently establish the leg again and continue to examine the river. Then he intimated that any person might look through his glass for ten cents a look.

"It is such a powerful glass," said he, "that I can plainly see a fly walking upon the nose of the captain of that excursion boat on the other side of the river."

"I want to hire your glass," said a middle-aged woman, much impressed by this, "but I don't want it until the Admiral comes."

"Madam," said the man calmly; "when the Admiral comes I shall be so keen to look at him myself that it will take half a dollar to hire this glass for one calendar minute."

"First on that, if the lady don't want it," said a man in front promptly.

"I'll take the second chance," said another man, and others straightway spoke for the following turns.

"Take your places in line gentlemen," said the telescope man. "I was a fool not to say a dollar."

While everything was calm and peaceful enough on shore, still it was easy to see that there was considerable excitement out on the river. The little tugs—and they are the most excitable things on earth—were puffing around, darting up the river and back again, tooting their whistles at each other, backing and turning and changing their minds every two minutes in a manner to indicate that their high-pressure feelings were almost more than they could bear. A freight train came slowly along the track below bearing a highly disreputable looking hobo.

"Dewey's coming!" shouted the hobo, waving his grimy hands at the crowd. Then he grinned and added: "So's Christmas."

The insulted multitude immediately bombarded him with clods of dirt and sticks and remnants of lunch and he hastily retired between two cars and remained in that seclusion until he was well past the bluff. Now there came to the listening ears of the thousands a curious, strenuous grinding sound, now faint, now louder, now dying away again as the wind swelled or weakened. It was more like the grinding of brakes on car wheels than anything else, that sound, but as it grew clearer it resolved itself into many individual tones and presently swelled to a mighty roar—the unmistakable roar that comes from brazen throats, strained to their utmost by the mighty breath of steam. The steamboats down the river were giving the news of the coming of Dewey. Up came the thousands to their feet with a single impulse, and all faces were turned to the south and all eyes were straining in the harshness of the wind. But there was nothing to see: nothing but scurrying, purposeless tugs. Every one was looking down along the line of the shore. Then a woman's voice cried clearly:

"There they come! Look out in the river! Way out toward the other shore!"

The heads swung as if some mighty power controlled them all by the one impulse. Far out to the centre of the stream there moved up the river what looked like a big tug, but from its prow a mighty stream of water rose to a fair, spraying arch and curved like a giant feather down to the surface of the Hudson. It was the big fireboat at the head of the line and all knew that the Olympia must be close behind. A moment later the cry arose:

"There she is! There's Dewey's ship!"

HALO FOR THE OLYMPIA.

The big buff funnels of the Olympia appeared, and, as she moved forward, the line of vessels could be seen stretching out behind her. Then came a masterly *coup de theatre* on the part of the sun. Clouds had gathered overhead and the river's surface was of that dull leaden hue that a gray sky above and a ruffling wind gives to water. But suddenly the clouds parted to the south and a broad vale of golden light, striking the water behind the Admiral's ship, swept up after her and enveloped her in a living glory. The sudden splendor of the effect fairly made the crowd gasp, but it was all over in a minute. The clouds closed in and a spatter of rain whirled down the wind. Nobody cared. There was Admiral Dewey out there. So long as he was in sight they were satisfied. The shower was as brief as the sunshine. The crowd would have been glad of a little more sun; they could have seen the ship clearer. She moved ahead at a steady pace and the other ships moved up behind her but there wasn't much attention paid to them just then. For the time there was only one ship in the parade and on the bridge of that ship could be clearly seen a figure, black against the sky line beyond, a sturdy-looking erect figure concerning which every one who saw it guessed instantly and rightly that it was Admiral Dewey. The man with the telescope was having a bad time. The first of his customers was giving an eager eye to the glass.

DEWEY REPORTED BY TELESCOPE.

"Come away," said the owner, "you've had your fifty cents worth."

"Fifty cents be blasted," returned the gazer. "I'll pay for the overtime."

"But I want to look myself," cried the other. "You can look again."

"Yes, I can," retorted the customer sardonically, never removing his gaze for a second. "I'm here and I'm going to stay if it costs me a week's salary."

"Give you a dollar a minute," called a voice from behind to the proprietor of the glass.

"Do you hear that?" he said almost tearfully to the man behind the sight. "Give somebody else a chance, can't you?" and he plucked him by the arm.

"Not by a damsite," replied the man fervently. "I never expect to get so near Dewey again and I'm going to stay there."

"Tell us what he's doing, then," said some one in the crowd. "We can only see that he's there."

"Oh, all right," said the lucky renter of the telescope. "He's standing up there with one foot on the rail."

"Yes," said the crowd eagerly. "Kind of resting, eh?"

"Guess so. Now he's raised his hand up."

"Say, the Admiral's waving his hand to somebody," went the swift word through the crowd. "Probably he's giving a signal." "Maybe he sees a friend of his." "Perhaps he's saluting the shore. D'you s'pose he can see us?" "Has he got anything in his hand?"

"No; he ain't saluting or anything," reported the lookout. "He's got his hand up to his ear."

"What's he doing with his hand to his ear?"

"Well, he—he seems to be rubbing it. Yes, that's what he's doing; he's rubbing it."

"What for?" demanded the crowd, with one voice.

"How do I know? I s'pose it's itching. Now he's stopped."

"Maybe he's got earache," suggested a motherly looking woman. "I do believe I'll send him my aunt's cure. It never failed yet."

"Now he's walking over to the other side of the bridge," reported the bulletin giver. "He's rubbing his other ear."

"Sure as you're born, it's earache," said the niece of the lady with the cure.

"Oh, earache your eye," said the man impolitely, "I reckon he's pretty near deaf with all those steamboats whistling. Here, I've had enough. Come on."

There was a rush for the next turn and business prospered at an increased rate of half a minute for half a dollar.

SHORE VIEW OF THE TURN.

It seemed not unlikely that the Admiral might be suffering from a surfeit of sound, for all the steam tugs in the vicinity were doing their loudest and several yachts were punctuating the shrieks with blasts from their cannon. As the flagship moved on the people turned their eyes after her and those who were best situated were able to watch her all the way around the stake boat. As she approached it there was a flash from her bow and a report that made the efforts of the yachts sound like an inferior brand of firecracker. Crash after crash followed as the big white ship gracefully turned and came back over her course bearing down upon what looked like a solid mass of excursion boats, tugs, and miscellaneous craft. Steadily she pressed on and from before her the mass melted away leaving her enough clear water to pass through.

But only just enough. From all sides the craft swarmed in upon her. A big excursion boat, with a list to port calculated to make sick the heart of an underwriter, came careering across her bows. Another showed a disposition to ram her on the starboard quarter, and a dozen more bustled in, crowding the police boats hither and thither until they might as well have been fishing off the banks where they wouldn't have been in anybody's way. After going a little way, the Olympia slowed up and was immediately in a smother of small boats, which dodged in between the larger excursion steamers. Back of her some of the fleet seemed to be having trouble with the turn, which is a very sharp one, and the Brooklyn in particular was far in shore. Two of the torpedo boats had caught up to the flagship, but were shut away from her effectually. One of them skirted the shore close in and was an object of great interest to the crowds, for compared with the fair white of the cruisers and battleships, the low, slender, black, swift little destroyers look the very incarnation of war.

THE SONG OF THE STEAM WHISTLE.

At this moment something put it in to the mind of a tug boat captain, who was the proud possessor of a whistle several thousand times too big for the boat, to turn that agent of destruction loose. It hadn't shrieked more than three times before three of the excursion steamers took up the wondrous tale. Then a siren chipped in with some soprano variations and the next instant every thing that had a voice was lending its worst efforts to the pandemonium. All that had gone before was as a sick man's whisper compared to this. What Admiral Dewey thought of it the people on shore could only conjecture from his actions. He appeared to be walking back and forth on the bridge with some speed. It seemed quite probable that he was in distress. Everyone on the shore was. To make matters worse the little yachts had reloaded their cannons and were banging away broadsides into the windows of the neighboring excursion boats. There may have been at other times as much noise in some locality as there was then and there; in Manila Bay on May 1, 1898, for instance, but it would be hard to make any one who heard that row yesterday believe it. When it finally died down there came an echo of it from across the river where the ships on the Jersey side were answering with whistle and gun.

CROWD CHASES THE OLYMPIA.

No sooner did the Olympia decrease her speed than the crowd at Grant's Tomb concluded she was about to anchor, and there swept a vast wave of humanity down upon the park, swelled by the accession of the thousands there who wanted to be as near her as possible. Besides, who knew but what the Admiral might take it into his head to land? So they streamed toward the point of vantage. It was a curious progress to see. All eyes were toward the Olympia which was now moving ahead again. No man looked where he stepped. Imagine a man blundering along a steep, grassy hillside with his gaze fixed on a will-o'-the-wisp that floats above the waves beyond him. Multiply that man by ten thousand and you have the spectacle that was presented when the crowd began to move after the flagship. She seemed to be going slowly, but slowly for a warship is fast for a man, and the crowd fell behind. Still they struggled on. Now and again a man would stumble, fall and go rolling down the bank, perhaps knocking others down as he went. Here and there a woman would drop, tripped in the rush or unable to keep the pace. Nobody paid any attention. Like people fascinated they hurried on, separating to pass those who dropped, dodging the human avalanches that blundered down the slope, always with their eyes fixed on the white ship that moved in the midst of the swarm of assorted craft. It was the Pied Piper of Hamelin on a grotesquely huge scale, lacking only that the thousands should overthrow the banks and throw themselves into the river to complete the parallel.

Fortunately the Olympia didn't go far. As she reached the float of Victory she met the Chicago, which brought up the rear of the line on her way up. It was then only about 3 o'clock, the time at which the crowd had expected the Admiral to come in sight.

CONFUSION AMONG THE SHIPS.

It seemed now as if there was some confusion among the ships. Torpedo boats were coming and going, the Olympia was forging ahead very slowly, the New York was close behind her, and then came the battleships, but the Chicago still passing up toward the St. Mary's, was almost at a standstill. Again the flagship seemed to slow up and then to take a fresh start. It looked as if the crowding of the excursion craft was bothering her. They were never silent for a minute, but were whistling warnings and directing signals to each other constantly, with no evidence whatsoever that any of them paid the slightest attention to the others. Occasionally the people on the shore could catch the fitful strains of a band, which seemed to be on one of the big excursion boats. There was some cheering, too, but it sounded very faint and didn't encourage the crowds to vent their enthusiasm in that manner. When the direful steam whistle is crooning to itself, the best place for the human voice is in the human bosom.

Presently the Olympia did stop, definitely this time. From certain movements aboard it looked as if she were dropping anchor, and when she drifted back toward the Tomb and then held steady every one knew that there was her stopping place until the parade was past. All along the near points of the bank the crowd swarmed more thickly than it had at any other place during the day. The proprietor of the telescope had been swept away in the great rush and had been seen proceeding toward the foot of the slope in a manner suggesting that it was rather in obedience to the law of gravitation than following the dictates of his better judgment, since his legs and those of the tripod were wildly and indiscriminately waving in the air and his beloved glass was clasped to his bosom. But he got himself and his possession settled again, and this time took a good long look himself. The Admiral, he reported, was looking serene as near as he could judge from the back of his head, as he was then in the act of reviewing the ships which were passing outside of the Olympia. This he continued to do for the rest of the afternoon. The crowd sat and watched him, and incidentally took note of long lines of yachts and other craft that made up the parade. The Erin flying the Shamrock's trefoil in green on a gold background came in for some comment, but for the most part the long line of passing craft was regarded only in the light as a sort of background to the Admiral. Little by little the crowds melted away. There were still some left when the last of the vessels went by and the parade was done and the Admiral came down from his long vigil on the bridge. Most of them had gone home before that, however. They had had a long day and a hard one. They had seen the Olympia and they had seen the great Admiral and had done their part to welcome him, and there was another celebration day coming.

FIREBOATS RACE HOME.

New Yorker Beats the Van Wyck by a Half Mile—How They Kept Course Clear.

Aboard the fireboat New Yorker the firemen were kept busy from the time the parade started until long after the ending of the fireworks exhibition. Capt. McCarthy, who piloted the boat through a heap of trouble, was happy because no accident occurred aboard.

It seemed strange that there were no collisions for the pilot had all he could do to keep the excursion boats from running him down. It was necessary for the fireboat to get close to many of the excursion steamers for the purpose of keeping the excursionists where they belonged. The parade had only started when the men aboard the fireboat learned that they would be compelled to keep their pipes busy if they desired to keep the excursion boats away from the Olympia. So they started streams from two pipes, sending columns of water from bow and stern.

The first boat to get a drenching was one of Pennsylvania Railroad's fleet. The ferryboat seemed to go out of her course for the purpose of getting near enough to the Olympia to permit her pilot to see the Admiral, but the pilot got out of the way in a hurry.

Opposite Canal street the crew of the West Shore ferryboat Newburg got a ducking and did some tall swearing at the fireman. The firemen turned their streams toward half a dozen steam launches and yachts on the way up, making a target of one bold little craft near Thirty-fourth street.

Being dismissed from the line when the parade was over, the New Yorker challenged the fireboat Van Wyck to a race down the river. The Captain of the Van Wyck signalled that he would accept the challenge and the two boats headed toward the Battery at full speed.

The firemen on both coats were just as much interested in the result of the race, as the old time volunteers were when they raced their machines. The New Yorker passed Twentieth street two lengths ahead of the Van Wyck, and from that time on had the better of the contest, finally reaching her quarters at the Battery when the Van Wyck was half a mile up the river.

Dewey Holiday in Washington.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 29.—President McKinley issued an executive order this morning directing that the several executive departments, the Government printing office and the Navy Yard and station at Washington, be closed on Tuesday, Oct. 3, to enable the employees to participate in the ceremonies attending the reception of Admiral Dewey and the presentation of a sword of honor to him, as authorized by joint resolution of Congress.

"You Can't Catch the Wind in a Net."

Neither can you cure catarrh by local applications. It is a constitutional disease, and is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla because it is a constitutional remedy. It expels from the blood the impurity which causes the disease, and rebuilds and repairs the inflamed membranes.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

LET us drink to the good health of our gallant Admiral in America's Leading Champagne,

"GOLD SEAL"

Served at all first-class hotels, cafes and clubs.

TROOPS POUR INTO THE CITY.

All Day They Were Arriving—Three Regiments Still on the Way.

In the crowds which pushed and jammed through the city streets yesterday there was a heavy sprinkling of men in uniform, who will participate in the big land parade to-day. Bodies of the New York National Guard and military organizations from other States in all parts of the Union poured into the city yesterday at all hours. Major-Gen. Charles F. Roe, Chairman of the Land Parade, had men from National Guard Headquarters at the principal railroad stations and at all the armories and halls to which visiting troops were assigned. Gen. Roe said last night he had been informed that every visiting organization which was to be in line was in town except two or three regiments, which would arrive in the early morning in time for the parade. Every regiment and company in the New York National Guard, he also said, would be in the city early this morning. Almost all of these in fact reached the city in time to see the naval parade, as had been intended.

The up State organizations, which consist for the greater part of separate companies, began to come in early yesterday morning, and more than three-fourths of the 15,000 men composing the National Guard were in the city at nightfall. Among the early arrivals were the Sixth Separate Company of Cohoes, three Troy companies, the Third Signal Corps from Albany, two companies from Schenectady, Hudson companies, several Poughkeepsie companies, four companies of the Second New York, and separate companies from Auburn, Geneva, Utica, Watertown, Ogdensburg, Syracuse, Oswego, Rochester, Niagara Falls and Media. All of the New York men had quarters assigned to them in the city armories. The Sixty-fifth Regiment, 800 strong, came from Buffalo early in the morning, and so did four companies of the Second Regiment, commanded by Col. J. H. Lloyd of Troy, which marched from the Weehawken ferry across the city to the Twenty-second Regiment armory at 1 A. M.

One of Gen. Roe's assistants said last night that there were only three outside regiments which had not arrived. These were the Fourth Ohio, Second Pennsylvania and First Pennsylvania. A telegram was received saying that the First Pennsylvania would arrive this morning and would march from the Twenty-third street ferry direct to Grant's Tomb.

The big hall at 66 East Fourth street was crowded to its full capacity last night by the arrival at several organizations. Those now quartered there are a company from Charleston, S. C., one from Columbia, S. C., one from Greenville, S. C., a battalion of the Washington, S. C., Light Infantry, the Sumter Guard, and three unattached companies from Ohio.

Up to a late hour the Fifth Ohio and Second Pennsylvania had not arrived at their quarters in the hall at 31 East Fourth street, but word was received that they would be in early in the morning. At the Sixty-ninth Regiment armory there was only one organization, the Sheridan Guard from New Hampshire, numbering sixty men. Other organizations assigned to that armory were transferred to other quarters when they arrived.

Among the organizations which came by water was a battalion of the First New Hampshire, which arrived on the Sound steamer Providence. The men landed at Peck Slip, 300 strong, and were taken to Majestic Hall on West 125th street by elevated train. Several of the up-state organizations also came by boat.

The Fourth Ohio arrived at 1 o'clock yesterday morning over the Erie Railroad. There were eight companies of 100 men each. The men took elevated trains to Harlem and marched across town, accompanied by a forty-piece band, to their quarters in East 126th street. They were loudly cheered by the crowd which saw them.

Another organization which got in at an early hour consisted of two battalions of Georgia militia. They reached their quarters in the Fourteenth Regiment Armory in Brooklyn at 1 A. M. yesterday. No cots had been provided and the men were forced to sleep on the floor. Last night, however, better accommodations were furnished to them. They will be escorted to Grant's Tomb by the Fourteenth Regiment, Col. Bertram T. Clayton commanding.

CUBAN SLURS AT DEWEY.

Santiago Newspapers Attempt to Depreciate His Achievement.

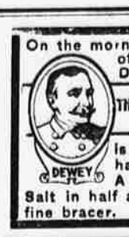
Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, Sept. 29.—All the Americans in southern Cuba to-day joined in spirit with their countrymen in the United States and paid a tribute to Admiral Dewey. All the public buildings were decorated, and the Government tugs in the harbor here blew off immense quantities of steam in whistling in honor of the the American naval hero.

The Cubans here displayed bad feeling on the occasion. The newspapers showed that they had little appreciation of the value of Admiral Dewey's services in hastening Cuba's freedom from the Spanish yoke, and with characteristic ingratitude they sought to underrate his work in the Philippines, and at the same time to ridicule the American demonstration in his honor. The substance of their comments was that the Americans having nothing to boast of were boasting of nothing. They advised the Americans to quit the island soon, saying that the Cuban machetes were not rusted by a year's disuse.

Admiral to Be in Town Over Sunday.

On Sunday Admiral Dewey will remain in the city. On Monday at noon he will be met by a committee from Washington, which will escort him to the Capital for the celebration there.



On the morning of Manila a cup of poor coffee made Dewey sick.

THE "SALT" OF SALTS

is what he should have had. A teaspoonful of Abbey's Effervescent Salt in half a glass of water is a fine bracer.

THE PEOPLE'S GRAND STANDS.

Roofs, Docks, Palisades, Sloping Banks of the River, Moored Boats, All Full.

The people who crowded the water front below the park were for the most part as undemonstrative as though they had been walking in the shopping district of Broadway. They were not disappointed. Happiness beamed in all the faces. But apparently Admiral Dewey seemed to them too far off to cheer for him. They were all too tired from long waiting and the difficulty they had had getting to their places, and the din of the harbor whistles which kept abreast or ahead of the column seemed to answer all needed requirements of noise for the occasion. Hats were doffed and small hand flags were waved something like handkerchiefs in that peculiar demonstration known as the Chautauqua salute, but the people who watched the warships from the shore were silently happy, taking them all in all, and enjoyed the fine weather and the fine picture.

Policemen were so thick along the front all the way from the Battery to Claremont, that the most timid visitor could have had no fear of inadequate protection. Every officer a reporter met in a trip down the line was as affable as though the celebration was his own.

On the docks as far down town as old Greenwhich village crowds congregated soon after 10 o'clock. The people on the docks were evidently very many of them residents of the neighboring districts. A great proportion of those at the Battery were East Siders, and the exodus to South street after the chief part of the parade had passed that point was noticeable. The tops of the buildings in Manhattan and Brooklyn were all fringed with spectators.

The arrangements for preventing people from tumbling into the water were adequate, augmented by vigilant police, but the people at the Battery were so packed in the promenade space back of the chains and cables that when the tide rose and the wind from Governor's Island swept the spray from the wave-crests high over the sea wall between the free bath and the Aquarium, many of the onlookers got wet. The bluecoats who were on the firing line, as it were, were the first to duck or jump when the water sprang for them and the impact of these heavyweights sent some lighter spectators behind them back upon others, but the momentary fright kept everybody from losing anybody's temper. The police had signal stations, ambulances and patrol wagons all along the water front.

On the Jersey side of the river thousands of people perched upon the escarpment of the Palisades, as it seemed, looking at them through glasses from this side. They were to be seen all the way along the Jersey shore, high on the rocks and in the trees and bowers, where rock-dotted fields furnished the decline to the river's edge, at which still others were to be seen ensconced wherever there was convenient room for them. The Jerseyites also started early and were visible in thousands at 10 o'clock. They came to the vantage points in wagons of all descriptions and tied their horses in the shade of the trees. On this side the public piers were thronged and most of the harbor craft moored alongside that sold tickets did a fair amount of business. This could not be said of all, although there were people who paid to sit on boats tied up within stone-throw of public dumps and on stands built on the wagon platforms of these unsavory places. Scarcely a nook of the roofs of old buildings along the shore or near it was without occupants. These persons for the most part were near home and did not have to worry about luncheon, but there were some very hungry looking people among the stand spectators and the marshmallow vendors did a lively trade.

Inspector Harley directed the police arrangements from the Battery to Fourteenth street, where he commanded 1,000 patrolmen besides six captains, twenty-five sergeants and forty roundsmen. He drove along the line in a buggy. Above Fourteenth street to Fifty-