

BLUE AND GRAY ATTEND SERVICES

TEMPLE AUDITORIUM PACKED
BY VETERANS

MEMORIAL SUNDAY OBSERVED

Audience Alternately Moved to Tears,
Laughter and Applause Dur-
ing Impressive Cer-
emonies

Under the sweeping folds of the Stars and Stripes, in the historic old Temple auditorium (Hazard's pavilion) yesterday, some 3000 persons, mainly veterans of sanguinary strife, were alternately moved to tears, laughter or applause by one of the most colorful and emotional religio-patriotic services ever held here. In memory of the soldier dead, it partook of all the military characteristics of a chaplain's mass on a battlefield, save that the gentle presence of women and children gave to it a softness not often seen and the brooding dove of peace lent to it rather the semblance of a requiem over the close of hostilities and the fraternization of erstwhile enemies. Beautiful it was in its pathos, stirring in its warlike fervor, but above all, it was prophetic and touching in its freedom from all bitterness and rancor, though side by side throughout sat men who a generation ago hated each other with a hatred bred by intestine strife—an enmity stirred up between opposing brothers, deeper, fiercer and more bitter even than that existing between opposing races or peoples.

Other services each group has had, or will have, but seldom since the war have these opposing factions grasped hands and wept under a common flag. But yesterday the stary banner fluttered softly over whitened heads that bowed together in a prayer for universal peace—that peace so dear to everyone because so dearly bought.

And above the blue sky was draped with clouds of gray till even nature seemed to have joined in the spirit of the day.

Devotions Profuse

Flags were everywhere in the ugly barn. Long streamers, draped from the eaves, united in a crown of glory in the center above the heads of snow. Banners hung from the white-draped balcony, and curtained the dingy stage, arched the windows and doors and concealed the pulpit itself. Flowers galore banked the edges of the platform and added their beauty and fragrance to the scene. On the desk itself rested "the sword of Bunker Hill"—a weapon drawn in the war that made the United States a nation and never yet ensheathed.

In serrated ranks on the whole lower floor were the snowy-crowned fighters of the days that were; the grizzled wearers of the blue, with their bronze insignias; the equally grizzled gray-clad men of the South, with their iron crosses of valor. Flanking them were the younger men who, sons of either side, proudly conquered the Spanish don't heath the banner of an united land. And in another band were the youngsters of the military schools, just training in the arts of war, which, please God, they shall never be called upon to practice. And all about them the boxes bloomed with the women who, staying at home in silence and patience during all those bloody years, yet gave the veterans inspiration to fight and care when wounded, and made their homecoming a greater joy than even victory could give.

Daughters of Revolution

And mingled with all were the great grandsons and daughters of those who, "in their ragged regimentals, the old Continentals," first gave to this land of ours its baptism of blood. And the same sun shone over all and the same banners fluttered above them; the same prayers and the same hymns found answer in all their hearts, and tears flowed from young and old alike.

Simple, almost elementally primitive, were the ceremonies. An orchestra, an organ, a quartet and a mixed choir filled the edifice with harmony. Nothing elaborate was attempted. The good old "The Heavens Are Telling" and "Unfold, ye Portals," were the only unusual numbers, while Sousa's "Liberty Bell" was the only note of incongruity. The touching "Vacant Chair" was the war-time melody that made the tears flow, for it recalled to young and old the missing ones whose graves, perhaps many miles away, will be covered with flowers tomorrow by loving though unknown hands.

Had Military Flavor

The prayers, the scripture lessons and the invocations had a military flavor and the sermon of the pastor, Rev. Robert J. Burdette, was along similar lines. But though he apostrophized the flag and gloried in victories won, he had a tender note of pathos for the men who had borne defeat even more bravely than had others victories, and his earnest, sweeping pleas for universal peace and brotherhood called out general applause. "The gospel of peace" he preached, and none more earnestly concurred in his sentiments than did those who had waded through the blood and fire of the hell of a bitter war.

And though there were patriotic services following and a flag presentation, and orations, and drum calls, and martial airs that stirred the blood, that earnest plea for peace is what told strongly with the men who had borne the brunt of battle, and its spirit hung low above the bowed heads of the men of iron, even unto the end of the day.

Dr. Burdette's Sermon

Dr. Burdette chose for his text Mark

PAYS LOVING TRIBUTE TO NATION'S HONORED DEAD



REV. ROBERT J. BURDETTE

4:39: "And he arose and rebuked the wind and said unto the sea, 'Peace, be still.' And the wind ceased and there was a great calm." He said in part:

"How like an army with banners the world came marching down the broad highways of time to meet Jesus Christ. A little day of peace and love in Eden, then sin and the long story of conflict. History writing itself on tablets of bronze with a stylus dripped in blood of the storm of elements and passion.

"It is a night of storm; the lurid lightning plows furrows of blinding light along the black fields of the skies; the mountains tremble and the sea leaps to meet the frowning skies. A figure, unarmed, tender with the grace of young manhood, beautiful in the majesty of perfect calm, rises in the stern of a frail craft, a toy tossed to and fro, the helpless plaything of the shouting billows and shrieking winds. The man standing in the pilot's seat is the Son of God, the fisher's boat is the throne of the universe. The affrighted crew of common men—the conquerors of the world, is a picture of the universal unrest and terror that was the world. Standing in the rocking boat, the type of his church, he spake in the still, small voice of eternal majesty and infinite authority, a command that fell strangely upon the heart of the warring world. When in the first hour of his life he lay a breathing lily bud pilloved on the virgin's heart, the gates of heaven were swung open and the flood of rosetate splendor, swept earthward in airy echelon, shouting and singing to me, 'Glory to God—Peace!'

Conquest by Peace

"Did the world of men hear the voice on blue Gullies? The conquest of the world by peace began with that command. In the west an island kingdom lifted its puissant scepter and the marching armies and swift sailing navies halted and turned back at the gesture of England. From its loins sprang forth the mighty republic carrying as its scepter of authority the flag that has never known defeat—the youngest of the nations girding the world with its navies, and calling into its marts the handwork of the world by the arts of peace, the land that we call 'home.'

"The dream of peace was a sure prophecy. The years were and are now fulfilling it. 'God's fatherhood' was teaching men the sweet mysteries of human brotherhood. 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself' spake the Christ, and lo! in loving answer the first hospital in the world was builded by a disciple of Christ, a Christian woman, Fabiola, a Roman matron.

"The triumphs of peace endure. They are clean and sweet. Take the history of our own dealing with the Indians. War after war, a century of dishonor, broken treaties one after another, until the veriest savage who still clings to his blanket feels contempt for the pledged word of the United States.

Once Woe Was the Rule

"A thousand years ago war was the rule, peace the exception. To keep the race of man alive, to save the women and little ones from starvation, the church proclaimed the 'truce of God,' a special peace for the husbandman at the plow and the workman at his trade.

"But men say, we must have peace with honor. My brethren, that peace God has given to our land. God keep green and fadeless forever the laurels that wreath the memories of the heroes of our wars, the soldiers and sailors to whom he has given the blessing of eternal peace."

Following the sermon Captain Frederick J. Cressey took charge of the service. "The long roll at Shiloh" was given by Comrade Philo Case, who gave it when a boy so long ago. Addresses were made by Gen. Johnstone Jones, "Our Honored Dead." Hon. Will A. Harris, "One Country and One Flag;" Mrs. Lou V. Chapin read an original poem, "Our Nation's Flag;" Mrs. Robert J. Burdette presented a beautiful American flag to the Temple Baptist church in behalf of the G. A. R. To the graceful presentation speech of Mrs. Burdette Captain Cressey called upon the pastor, whom he humorously introduced as "Mrs. Burdette's husband."

Musical Program

An elaborate musical program was rendered by the Apollo club and the orchestra of the First Congregational church as follows: "Liberty Bell" (Sousa), orchestra; organ and doxology; "Unfold Ye Portals" (Gounod), Apollo club and orchestra; solo, "O

Paradise" (Browne), Spencer Robinson; "The Vacant Chair," male quartet; "Nearer, My God, to Thee," audience; "The Heavens Are Telling" (Hayden), Apollo club and orchestra; "The Stars and Stripes Forever," orchestra; "Star Spangled Banner," Apollo club and orchestra; "American Battle Scene," orchestra.

The services closed with the resounding bugle taps by Comrade O. T. Thomas and benediction by Chaplain W. A. Irwin.

VETERANS CONTRIBUTE AT MEMORIAL SERVICES

Refuse Exemption From Collection Baskets—Add Neat Sum to Temple Church Building Fund

Your average old soldier dislikes nothing more than an intimation that he is in any way a mendicant dependent on the bounty of his country or a pauper. This was strikingly, though somewhat humorously, illustrated at the memorial services in Temple auditorium yesterday morning.

The old soldiers of both the blue and the gray, with veterans of the Spanish war and a number of semi-military societies, were guests of Temple church yesterday and occupied the body of the house. When it came time for the contribution Rev. Robert J. Burdette told the ushers not to pass their baskets on the lower floor.

"These old soldiers are our guests," he said, "and it would not be right to ask them to pay for that courtesy."

Instantly a veteran arose on the stage and called the minister to task. "This is the first time in fifty years," said he, "that I have ever interrupted a service, but, as an old soldier, I cannot permit this. We had an intimation that this was coming and we have determined that it must not be. We know of your plans for a splendid temple here and we want a small part in its erection. We demand that we be allowed to contribute and that you have your baskets passed among us."

The baskets were passed, so were hats, to care for the overflow. More money came from the old soldiers than from all the rest of the large house.

SACRED CONCERT GIVEN FOR THE GOOD SHEPHERD

For the benefit of the Convent of the Good Shepherd society folk turned out in force yesterday afternoon to attend the sacred concert given at the beautiful home of Madam Ida Hancock at 688 Carondelet street.

Madam Hancock, who is the president of the Woman's auxiliary of the convent, graciously threw open her home for the event, which proved a signal success, both socially and financially. Between \$300 and \$400 was realized for the benefit of the convent.

The reception hall was beautified with yellow cut flowers, hanging baskets of the blossoms making a pretty effect. In the drawing room the mantel was banked with feathery wild parsley in blossom, while two tall yucca stocks were placed at either side. A large basket of dainty pink sweet peas was placed on the large piano.

The program rendered was one of exceptional merit, numerous encores being given. The following took part: Miss Grace Adele Freedy, Miss Aileen Northrup, Miss Ethel Pearl Mitchell, Miss Edna Knudson, G. Allen Hancock, Miss Belle Martin, Richard E. Barry, Mrs. Tessie Cooke-Haskins.

Following the program Bishop Conaty made a few remarks, in which he voiced the thanks of the auxiliary for the assistance received, as well as in his own name and the white-robed Sisters of the Good shepherd.

Among those present were the following well known people: Bishop Conaty, Revs. George Donahoe, T. F. Fahey and D. W. Murphy, Dr. and Mrs. P. G. Cotter, Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Dockweiler, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Forve, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Whipple, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mesmer, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Bobrick, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Desmond, Mr. and Mrs. V. Ponet, Mmes. Hancock, Adelle Ball, C. T. Whitney, W. G. Kerckhoff, Carpenter, Miss Lynch, Miss Mullen, Mrs. Andrew Mullin, Miss Conaty, Mrs. W. H. Workman, Miss Workman, Dr. and Mrs. Byington, Misses Dillon, Mrs. W. W. Dickson, Mrs. Charles Hinchcliffe, Mrs. T. O'Neil, Mrs. John Kneally, Misses Kneally, Mrs. Wensinger, Misses Roche and Flood of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. A. Fussenot, Misses

Desmond, Dr. and Mrs. Wholmes, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Bergin, Mrs. L. Rhodes, Mrs. Luke Phillips, Mrs. Catherine Wilson, Mrs. Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. Scholl, Messrs. S. Meter, Carroll and Henry Daly and J. J. Doran.

The following young women, gowned in white, acted as ushers: Misses Ball, Grace Schilling, McDermott, Fussenot and Buckler.

LIFE OF HELEN KELLER SUBJECT OF DISCOURSE

Rev. Benjamin Fay Mills addressed a large audience at the regular service of the Fellowship in Belasco theater yesterday morning. His subject was "The Wonderful Story of Helen Keller; or the Blind Woman Who Can See." He said in part:

"Mark Twain says that the two most remarkable people of the twentieth century are Napoleon and Helen Keller.

"The latter was born on June 27, 1880, in Alabama. At six months of age she began to talk, and at one year, without any preliminary practice, suddenly walked across the room. A half a year later, however, she was taken with an acute congestion of the stomach and brain, which robbed her of two of her senses, the power of hearing and of sight, and with them she lost also her power of speech.

"The career of Helen Keller affords one of the best illustrations of the compensations of human experiences. In the first place, she has developed a remarkable power of appreciation of the world of nature and of art. She seems to experience more delight in passing her hands over works of art than ordinary people do in looking at them.

"She discerns persons' dispositions by the handshake. She says of Mark Twain, 'I discern the twinkle of his eye in his handshake.' When she first entered a cemetery, without knowing anything of her surroundings, she began to cry. She enjoys music sympathetically and it seems as if the waves of sound beating upon her body caused the same sort of appreciation which others enjoy through hearing.

"She has developed a remarkable character. In 1894, when she was taken to a school in New York, she writes: 'I find four things to learn: to think clearly without hurry or confusion; to love everybody sincerely; to act in everything with the highest motives, and to trust in God unhesitatingly.' Charles Dudley Warner says of her: 'I believe she is the purest minded human being in existence. The world to her is what her own mind is.'

"The story of Helen Keller illustrates the power of human nature to overcome difficulties, both in herself and her remarkable teacher, Miss Sullivan. Her attitude toward life is that of absolute trust, and she is reaping the greatest harvests."

FAREWELL SERMON BY THE REV. MR. THOMSON

Rev. J. S. Thomson, pastor of the Independent Church of Christ, preached his farewell sermon yesterday at Dobson auditorium, previous to his European trip, and will leave this week for his vacation of several months abroad. His subject was "The Tabernacle and the Temple," and he said in part:

"The trek of the Hebrews from Egypt, through the wilderness to Palestine, is the most famous in history. Many enemies opposed them and compelled them to fight many battles. They were often hungry and thirsty. Hardships and discouragements of all kinds were their daily experiences. But two facts kept them generally loyal to their purpose. They had an inspired leader and a strong faith in God. Their ideal was actualized and a splendid result came out of their toil—a noble and spiritual nationality. A history somewhat like theirs can be traced in the life of every earnest nation, denomination, church and individual.

"In the wilderness the Hebrews had a tabernacle. It was a tent containing sacred vessels for symbolical and religious uses. This tabernacle was to the people a token of the divine presence among them. When the Land of Promise was settled the tabernacle was transformed into Solomon's temple.

"We have been holding our services for five years and a half in various places. We have been wandering from place to place, but now we are to have a local habitation and a name."

"We have passed through many difficulties, and our faith has been tried; and our faith, touched by the spirit of God and illuminated by the light of Christ, has saved us.

"Moses made the tabernacle after the pattern which was revealed to him on the Mount, and we have been trying to fashion our church after the pattern of life which has been revealed to us. May the fire from heaven fall upon our sacrifice."

PAYS LOVING TRIBUTE TO OUR DEPARTED SAILORS

Dr. Frank DeWitt Talmage, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, preached a sermon yesterday on "Naval Heroes," recalling the services rendered to the nation by American sailors, and pleaded that they, too, be remembered in the patriotic tributes Tuesday. His text was "Neither shall gallant ship pass thereby." Dr. Talmage said in part:

"The American navy is to be honored today. The genius of its constructors and the sure marksmanship of its gunners are to be the great preventers of future wars. The president of the United States a short time ago, when speaking in the city of Chicago, said practically these words: 'Do not boast in reference to our national prowess. Let us obey the old adage which says, 'Speak softly, but carry a big club, and go ahead.' The big club today, for national offense and defense, is the American navy. More and more has the law of national development increased the responsibility of the navy. For our national safety, for the very preservation of our national existence, we need strong ships and brave men to

man them. Let us then by the honors that we pay to the naval heroes of the past encourage their successors.

"But there is another reason for honoring the American navy. We honor it for the lives of its Christian men, both in sailors' bunk and officers' cabin, whose influence has permeated the whole service. Some people are apt to think of the American sailors as a cursing, lying, drinking, carousing lot. That is not true. Some of the noblest of Christians have worn the naval uniform. They have realized their need of wisdom, and have gone to the divine source; they have known the weakness of their moral nature, and have sought the help of him who is able to keep them from temptation; they have learned how liable they are to sudden death in wreck or in battle, and they have committed their souls to Christ. Their needs are ours; we, too, in the voyage of life, must have divine succor lest we make shipwreck. The same ear is open to our supplication. With them, and for them, let us bow at the throne of grace."

EULOGY ON JOHN KNOX, FATHER OF PURITANISM

Rev. William Horace Day, pastor of the First Congregational church, delivered a eulogy to the memory of John Knox at the morning services yesterday. He said in part:

"At the age of 54, rich in experience, full of power, he is able at last to return to turbulent Scotland. We are told that this was the only epoch in the history of the realm in which the world could be interested, and the center of the epoch was one man—John Knox. The lessons he had learned in Glasgow, at the university of 1522, he came back full of years to put into practice.

"John Major had taught that the church was superior to the pope and could depose a bad pope; that the state was superior to the king. If he should prove to be a cruel tyrant the people, as the source of authority, could lawfully depose him and even put him to death.

"Knox was to wage fierce warfare against two queens, each representing the evil alliance between the Scotch Stuarts and the French Guises. In those twelve strenuous years Knox turned what Carlyle has well called a nation without a soul to a believing nation—one united and moved by a deep common faith.

"In that conflict, concluding with his sermon upon the massacre of St. Bartholomew, he helped to lay the keel of the Mayflower by giving Scotland the puritanism from which English Cromwell learned and from which New England sprang."

TALKS TO YOUNG MEN ON EVIL OF INDOLENCE

Rev. Arthur S. Phelps, pastor of the Central Baptist church, spoke to the young men last night, his subject being "The Sluggard." He said in part:

"The proverbialist says that the sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason. As he sits lazily in the shade, the first of the seven men to approach him is a judge, who finds that circumstance has much to do with inertia in life. Long without work, or perhaps lying idle in army barracks, or forced to long periods of rest by illness, inactivity becomes a habit. But a soldier, coming up at this instant, accuses the sluggard of cowardice in shrinking from life's battles. The philanthropist avers the real root of the trouble to be covetousness. The fourth visitor is the frowning form of the sheriff, who declares plainly that idleness is the highway to crime. A business man, hurrying by, stops long enough to say that dependence is the cause of idleness. A man who hangs on others for strength loses the power of locomotion. The man that is above labor is beneath contempt. The economist says that the idler is an extravagant fellow. Somebody must earn for him the bread he eats. And last, above the voices of the other six, sounds the voice of the master, who teaches that indolence leads to failure. As Carlyle put it, 'In idleness is perpetual despair.'"

FIRST COMMUNION AND CONFIRMATION CLASSES

A class of seventy-six children received first communion and at the same service a class of seventy-four were confirmed by Bishop Conaty yesterday morning at St. Vincent's church. The main altar was elaborately decorated with Easter lilies and carnations. Bishop Conaty was celebrant of the mass, being assisted by Rev. E. A. Antill, C. M., and Rev. F. X. McCabe, C. M. Very Rev. Dr. Glass, C. M., also assisted in the service.

Bishop Conaty made an address to the children, in which he asked them to take the pledge of total abstinence, stating that he is a total abstainer and has been a temperance man throughout his life. He exhorted the children to become good and honorable citizens and temperance people. He also appealed to the older people to bring the days of their own first communion and confirmation before them.

Solemn vespers were celebrated at 3:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon, Very Rev. Dr. Glass, C. M., preaching the sermon. This was followed by the renewal of the baptismal vows and a solemn procession.

LARGE CLASS OF CHILDREN RECEIVE FIRST COMMUNION

First communion was observed with impressive ceremonies yesterday morning at St. Joseph's church, when a class of seventy-two children received the sacrament. The children assembled at the school and were led in procession to the church by the clergy and altar boys, escorted by St. Joseph's Benevolent society and the St. Vincent de Paul conference. As the procession entered the church the choir rendered "Sacris Solemnis." The children presented their burning candles at the altar and renewed their baptismal vows. High mass was celebrated by Rev. Raphael Fuhr, O. F. M., the pastor, assisted by

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