

HONOR MEMORY OF HEROIC DEAD IMPRESSIVE SERVICES MARK DAY'S OBSERVANCE

CAST FLOWERS ON OCEAN WAVES

TRIBUTE TO THE SAILOR DEAD AT PLAYA DEL REY

CEREMONIES ARE IMPRESSIVE

Gratifyingly Brief Yet Sweetly Solemn Program Observed on the Long Pier—Words and Songs of Praise

Crimson and gold and white and green were the whispering, moaning waves of old ocean at Playa del Rey yesterday and the ever-restless sea, glowing sapphire and emerald 'neath a glorious, cloudless sky, never seemed so beautiful, so grand, so eternal. The



MEMBERS OF HOPKINS' ARM, NAVAL VETERANS, NO. 11, AS THEY APPEARED AT THE SOLDIERS' HOME YESTERDAY

rattle of musketry, they were under the fire of the unseen foe. No greater heroism was ever displayed in battle, than by these men in camp, with the knowledge that, with the coming, perhaps, of the next morning, there would be present the realization that the dreaded time was at hand.

Upon the conclusion of his address, the veterans placed their flowers at the base of the monument, a corps of soldiers fired three volleys, the bugler sounded taps, martial requiem of the dead, and the assemblage dispersed.

4000 ATTEND SERVICES AT TEMPLE AUDITORIUM

Ceremonies in Honor of Dead Soldiers' Memory Appropriate to the Occasion

Beneath a canopy of red, white and blue, and with the national colors on all sides, more than 4000 people met in Temple auditorium yesterday afternoon in a memorial service in honor of the nation's heroic dead.

Dr. E. W. Clark was the chairman of the meeting and said a few words on obedience being the first duty of a citizen as well as a soldier. After the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" by Mrs. L. D. Welsh and three cheers given for Old Glory, Comrade Durand read Lincoln's Gettysburg address.

The exercises were simple. The soldier boys, with uncovered heads, marched slowly past the base of the monument, bearing flowers and wreaths. When they had passed, the blossoms were piled on high.

Forming in parade at the armory on Spring street, preceded by a platoon of police, a battalion of the Seventh regiment, N. G. C., the signal corps, firing squad and members of the Seventh California Volunteers' association marched to the scene of the memorial services. At the foot of the monument, the regimental colors were placed, and about them were drawn up the guardsmen and veterans in civilian's dress.

Standing at the cannon's breach, and with one hand resting on its carved bronze, Rev. E. P. Ryland offered prayer. Then followed a brief address by Colonel Fredericks.

"Represented here today," said Col. Fredericks, "are the four chief elements to denote the liberty of the national government—the national guardsman, in which every young man should have a pride, because it stands for the will of the majority; the soldier of the Civil War, standing for the spirit of liberty given unto all classes; the Spanish-American veteran, bemoaning the demand of the people that a sister nation should be given its freedom; and the veteran of the Philippine war, who fought for the liberty of enlightenment."

Everything is stilled. Today, the wheels of industry are still, the capitalist forgets his wish for wealth, the laborer does not toil. With one accord, both pay fitting honor to the nation's dead.

"The day has with it the sweet sanctity of the Sabbath, and the tenderness of funeral rites without their pang, for the course of time has softened all our sorrows."

"The men to whom we do honor today, never heard the crash of volleys, they never heard the bugle calling them to battle. While, for them, there was neither the boom of cannon nor the

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the revered and martyred president the solid phalanx of snow-haired veterans seated on the main floor rose and sent a mighty cheer heavenward. It was not a single shout, but mingled with the yell were the high minor notes which are heard in battle yells, until the old rafters of the pavilion rang again.

The orator discussed the battles of peace which must be fought every day, and urged all good citizens to "rally round the ballot box as well as the flag, and thus stay the great army of greed that is marching upon city halls, state capitals and even the national capital."

"Injustice in the economic world is another foe which must be met," declared the speaker. "New York is the richest city in the world and yet 10 per cent of the people who die there are buried in the potter's field. You fought to liberate the slave, but today there are hundreds of thousands of white slaves in the factories and mills of this great country. Let us free these slaves and live for our country."

OLD SOLDIERS HONOR DEPARTED COMRADES

Decorate Graves at the National Home and Hold Usual Memorial Exercises

About a thousand people attended the exercises yesterday at the Soldiers' home, where the usual impressive services were held in memory of the honored dead. Ward memorial hall, where the afternoon exercises were held, was festooned with the stars and stripes and flowers. A monument had been arranged on the stage, which was draped with flags and decorated with floral tributes.

"Assembly" was sounded at 9:30 a. m., at which time the artillery fired thirteen guns at intervals of eight minutes. Adjutant J. S. Clark was marshal of the day, with the following as aides: J. V. Hampson, David J. Rohane, P. M. Moore, W. L. Mulreinen, Thompson Holt and E. D. Cadwell.

The order of the march was as follows: Home band and firing squad; governor's staff and guests; young women from Sawtelle, Mrs. Hattie Hill; John A. Martin post, W. R. C., Mrs. Mallory, president; Uncle Sam post, W. R. C., Mrs. Ida Carpenter; Ladies' Auxiliary, Mrs. Manning, president; Appomattox circle, Ladies of G. A. R., M. Donevan, commander; G. W. Dustin camp, Sons of Veterans, Arthur Hill, commander; Uncle Sam post, G. A. R., A. R. Earl, commander; Burnside post, G. A. R., F. D. Farley, commander; Union Veteran legion, Thomas Carolin, colonel; Masonic club; companies H, E, F, B, G, K, I, C, A and D.

Graves Decorated

At the cemetery the graves were decorated and selections read from the rituals, following which volleys were fired and "Taps" sounded.

At 2 p. m. memorial exercises were held in the memorial hall, A. R. Earl, chairman. The program was as follows: Patriotic airs, Home band; invocation, Chaplain Scott; singing and memorial of flowers to unknown dead, young women of Los Angeles and Sawtelle; reading of Lincoln's Gettysburg address, J. W. Chaffee; oration, Hon.

(Continued on Page Seven)

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HANDSOME FLORAL OFFERING OF THE CITY TO THE SONS OF VETERANS IN CENTRAL PARK

diapason of its ceaseless voice was hushed and soft, under the beneficent influences at work about it. The white-caps kissed the crescent beach with a tenderness beyond that of love—of sorrow and compassion, as if even the sounding sea knew and mourned, because, in his angriest moods, man yet more cruel than nature itself, had sent fellowman to slumber in the vasty deep.

And as gentle hands flung far out on the billows the fairest products of the soil, the sea god seemed to smile back in beauty and to put on his softest, most alluring aspect, as if to meet half-way the beauty of the land.

And even when, sharp and fierce and cold, there rang out the sounding crack of rifles, the sailors' tribute to their fellows dead, the echo was hurled back by the waves in muffled accents, and the reverberations died away in cadences so mild that they scarce broke upon the ear. So, too, when finally the sweet, solemn tones of the bugles, playing "taps," pierced the silence again in that saddest, tenderest of all calls "Love, good night!" the flowing waters seemed like a crystalline sea of gold, so still and calm and gentle it all was.

Profusion of Flowers
And again the flowers fell and kissed the rippling waters—those waves which in anger can make the might of the greatest of men but folly—and the tide turned, and back to the shore it floated the flowery emblems of love and affection, till they seemed a benediction upon those whose care and tenderness had thus remembered the graveless, unknown dead who lie beneath the mighty sea.

It was the beautiful custom of scattering blossoms on the ocean in memory of the sailor dead—a custom originated here and of our special own, but so fitting and so lovely that it is spreading the country over—as a final ceremony long needed for the completion of Memorial day. The land dead have their graves marked by enduring granite, and on them for many years have been placed the garlands and the flags. But the dead who have been buried in the sea have been honored and unsung. Only the roaring billows are their grave mounds and the crested waves their headstones. So it is that on the sea are the flowers cast, that the ebb and flow of the tide may bear them far out from shore and cover in endless course the resting place of the naval dead. Beautiful was the thought—beautiful has been its carrying out.

In the Pavilion
Little ceremony attends this loving service. True, yesterday there were considerable dolings in the pavilion near the sea—the hot, dry pavilion, where people sweated and the blossoms withered. There were naval men there, with their blue, anchor-starred banners and Old Glory to keep them company, and men of the land forces in several wars, and women with many badges and high titles, and strangers attracted by the noise of song and oration. There was a band,

a prayer by the Rev. B. P. Lee, some songs, of which "Asleep in the Deep" and "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" were appropriate, three lengthy addresses by Judge C. D. Wilbur, H. D. Patton and Rev. R. J. Burdette, and "America," and a going and coming crowd at one end counterpoised the oratory at the other, and the pavilion was filled with noise and ceremony and perspiring persons and patriotism, strangely, inexplicably mingled, which seemingly had to be. And then the tide turned and the oratory ceased to flow and out upon the long pier marched the little procession of fresh young navy men and old limping veterans and the dirge playing band. And at last the throng knew that the real event of the day was at hand, and heads were bared in the strong sea breeze as the flags snapped and fluttered and the tired flowers even seemed to smile in renewed gladness—for their glorious portion had come.

Ceremonies Sweetly Solemn
Gratifyingly brief, yet, ah, how sweetly solemn, were the ceremonies on the pier. Capt. J. M. Hozier read the short service for the naval dead, and instead of the "ashes to ashes" the lovely blossoms fell like a benediction on the eager waves. Then came the rattling fire of the guns, three times repeated; the long, mournful notes of "taps" and all was done. And as the flower wreathed waves lapped softly on the gleaming sands who could count the wet eyes, the heaving bosoms, of that touched and reverent throng and not feel that, whether the sea-interred dead know or care, the living have done their part and are better for it?

SEVENTH CALIFORNIA'S CENTRAL PARK SERVICES
Recalls Stoic Heroism of Boys Who Succumbed to the Scourge of Plague
The services held yesterday at the soldier's monument in Central park were of unusual impressiveness. The ceremonies were held under the auspices of the Seventh California volunteers' association, in memory of the departed members of that regiment who, while in San Francisco, awaiting orders to go to the Philippines, fell victims to the scourge plague, which swept through the camp and left a trail of death in its wake.

From early morn, until disturbed by the marching soldiery, little children climbed about the great, historic Spanish cannon that, with its grim warlikeness, in time of peace, keeps sentinel at the pedestal of the monument. And to them there was no memory of death and scourge. It was all thoughts of the glad some day and the beautiful sunshine about them.

The silent sermon of the babes racing about and over the symbol of strife, while above them towered the likeness of the soldier at "parade rest," in proppitiation of peace, was of an eloquence

which no orator might approach in speech.

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