

THE CITY ABLAZE WITH LIGHT.

BIG CARNIVAL ON THE WATER

Grand Pyrotechnic Display a Great Success.

Brilliance of the Demonstration Slightly Marred by Fog.

Countless thousands gathered along the water front last night to witness the grand illumination and pyrotechnic display in honor of the return of California's brave heroes. The haze, which hung like a gauzy curtain over the surface of the water, partially obscured the view of the crowds of spectators who thronged the piers and hung like monkeys from the rigging of the ships lying alongside; but it could not dampen their enthusiasm nor smother the brilliancy of the scene enacted before their eyes.

So early that the gallant volunteers who have battled so nobly in their country's cause were being tendered a reception befitting their worth so far as climatic conditions would permit, and they voiced their appreciation with a spontaneous energy that thrilled the blood and proved convincingly that the tooting of whistles and the shrieking of sirens was but an incident and not an essential part of the big celebration.

The booming of cannon with which the arrival of the Sherman off the Golden Gate had been signaled and to the accompaniment of which the big white transport had made her triumphant entry into the harbor, gave place to the whirl of hundreds of skyrockets and the reports of bursting bombs.

It was a magnificent demonstration of patriotic love for the soldier, but unfortunately its magnificence was marred, rather hidden, from the sight of many by the untimely presence of the fog.

But in the immediate vicinity of the Sherman, which was an aglow with light from the hundreds of electric bulbs, the scene was one of almost unparalleled splendor, and as the transport was the object of attraction, the target for the bombs and skyrockets, it mattered little if the great beacons on Mount Tamalpais across the bay were visible. Tamalpais and its bonfires were a secondary consideration and would have merited but a passing glance had they been visible when considered in connection with the greater show.

The illumination started a little ahead of time, but not too early for the crowd, which completely filled the docks and littered the water with its shining ships along the front. The thing included a great, scintillating mass of humanity, stretching along the East street, leaving a black, misty, Howard and Nelson hopelessly barred even from a sight of the water.

The bay in the vicinity of the transport was fairly alive with water craft, from the big tugs and river steamers to the small fishing launches and rowboats, all crowded with sightseers brimming with joyful anticipation of what was to come.

The great battleship, which had been brought up from her anchorage off the Union Iron Works, and she had taken a great, scintillating mass of humanity, stretching along the East street, leaving a black, misty, Howard and Nelson hopelessly barred even from a sight of the water.

Suddenly the great tower on the ferry building gleamed forth through the murky atmosphere in all the dazzling brilliancy of its elaborate electrical decorations. The effect was grand, almost sublime. The big structure, outlined in fire against the background of the dark sky, the shaft rising abruptly from the deep, murky waters of the bay. Almost simultaneously with this were projected, continually and seemed as though the cord attached to every whistle aloft and ashore was pulled and tied down by its rays, continually lights flashed toward the water, rendering the water and the piers for a great distance as light as day, despite the presence of the haze.

These searchlights played a not unimportant part in the water carnival. The beam like a fiery-eyed giant. The Sherman's searchlights also contributed to the misty brilliancy of the scene, and another located on the roof of a downtown business block flashed its rays intermittently in the direction of the transport.

A few minutes after the illumination of the ferry tower a great shower of bombs and skyrockets were sent up from a barge anchored well out in the stream. A similar salvo fell off from the end of the Government pier at the same moment and the two bursting together almost directly over the lower, descended in a cloud of brilliant colored sparks which can be likened to a rain of gems of the rarest value. That was the initial feature of the pyrotechnic display, but brilliant though it was, it was far from being the grandest. From that moment until taps were sounded at 10 o'clock, the haze was continually rent by streaming rockets and bursting shells from both ship and shore.

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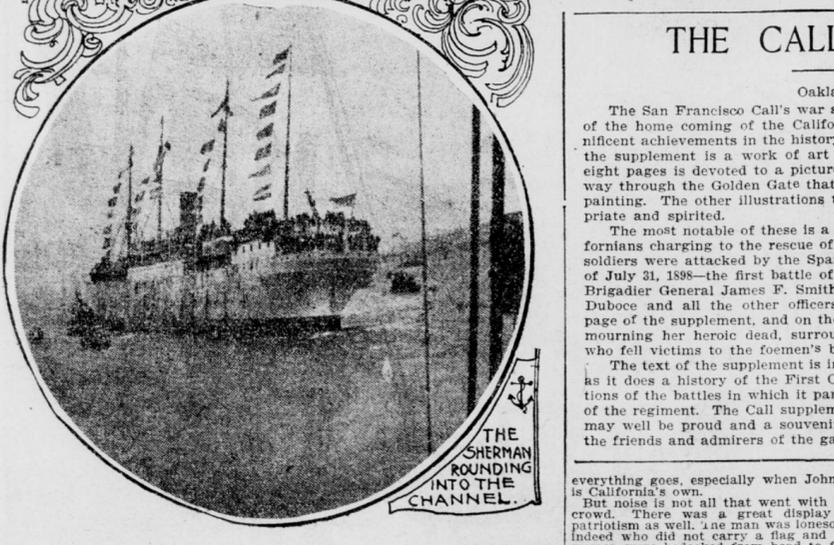
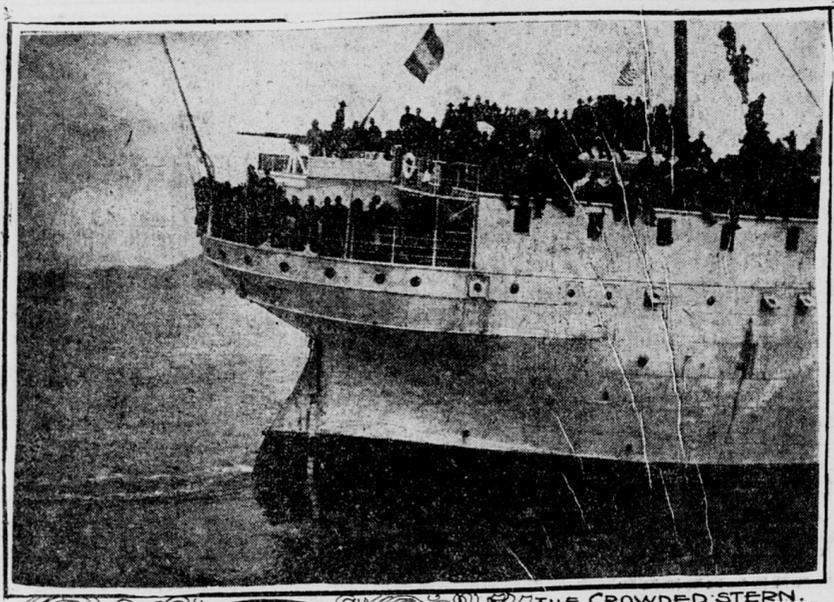
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Every yacht and tug contributed its quota and the vast multitude on the piers were in ecstasies of delight.

When the torch was applied to the barrels of tar and other highly inflammable material which formed the cargo of the old hulk representing the destruction of a Spanish warship, an involuntary cheer burst from many throats that must have been heard on the other side of the bay. The blazing hulk burned for an hour or more and was plainly visible all along the water front and from every point of vantage in the city.

The picture on the water made by the slowly moving tugs and quickly darting launches was extremely beautiful and full of action, and the dim outlines of yachts at anchor a short distance away and an occasional ferry steamer wending its way toward its slip formed appropriate adjuncts.

CITY WENT WILD WITH THE NIGHT

The view from the water craft looking landward was no less entrancing. The ferry tower was a sort of centerpiece around which were grouped lesser illuminations. Strings of colored lanterns suspended from the pier stringers shone over the water like a blazing ruffe on the city's skirt. Above them the big electric lights on the docks and suspended over the streets below glowed through the misty atmosphere, while the many private illuminations along East street and other sections of the front were dimly visible. Further back and higher up in the city an occasional rocket cut a streak across the sky.

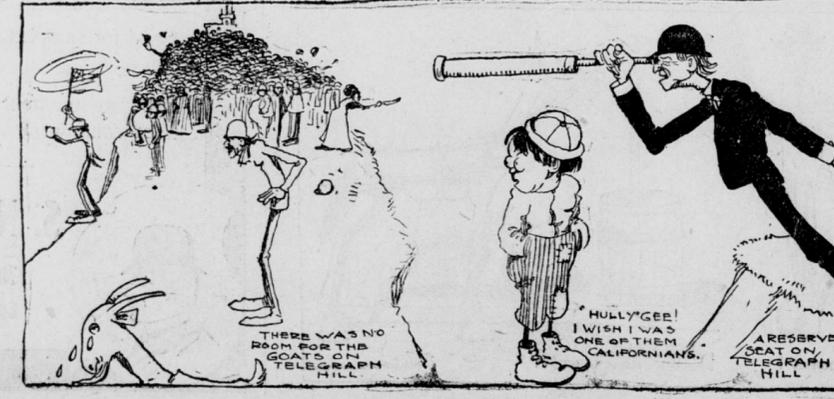
To the volunteers on the transport the display in their honor was grand beyond their wildest dreams. They laughed and cheered and exchanged jokes with the passengers on the excursion boats as they passed and repassed the transports, but the deafening ring of the warcries was not perceptible in their voices. They were subdued by the intensity of their feelings, and seemed almost overcome at the magnitude and evident sincerity of the welcome they found awaiting them. They passed almost in silence, but they were not unappreciative of the demonstration in their honor, but their manner was similar to that of a long-lost child being restored to his parents and almost overcome by his emotions.

But the night carnival on the bay was over at last, and with a parting toot and cheer for the soldier boys on the transport the little fleet of steam craft turned its bows seaward and discharged its precious cargoes, the docks were gradually deserted, and the tired but happily multitude wended its way homeward.

During the evening concert arranged by the Harbor Commissioners was given by the band from the training ship Pensacola in the grand nave of the ferry building. It was enjoyed by thousands who had been able to obtain but a meager and unsatisfactory view of the demonstration on the water. All the colored electric lights which constitute the interior decoration of the building were turned on and drew many expressions of admiration from the visiting throngs. The beautiful effect of the illumination of the exterior of the building has been the subject of a great many well deserved compliments. The only display in the city that will at all compare with it in brilliancy is the magnificent spectacle presented by the City Hall with its hundreds of electric lights encircling its dome and outlining its great pillars.

Next to those, the display that has been viewed with the greatest interest and illumination of the Hearst building at the corner of Market and Third streets. Mrs. Hearst has been lavish in her expenditure to secure a brilliant and artistic effect, and she succeeded. Long ropes of electric lights in red, white and blue are festooned about the front of the building, extending from the roof to the first story. Shields with the names of the battles in

which the California soldiers participated spelled out in electricity occupy positions of prominence, with a framework of lights inclosing an illuminated design. California's elocute Homer, but the most striking feature of the decorations and the most beautiful is a great cross in red electric globes, which occupies the most prominent position in the angle of the building. The design as a whole, and the giant cross in particular, drew the admiring gaze of thousands of pedestrians on the street last night, and the praise bestowed upon it was well merited.



men of the entire regiment. They repeatedly volunteered the information that "The Call is all right." When the Fearless was about to cast off the boys gave three enthusiastic cheers for The Call and for its proprietor.

Not a moment's delay occurred. In delivering the papers they were the first from the press and were sent to the Fearless at Howard-street wharf without any loss of time. Chief Engineer J. E. Driscoll had steam up and once the papers were on board the lines were cast off and the race against time to the transport commenced. The signal to start was immediately followed by the order to "hook on." The huge tug ran along the water front like a shadow, the wharves disappearing from sight rapidly in the gray mist of the morning. The run out was made in less than forty-five minutes, Engineer Driscoll acting well his part.

Captain Marshall's daughters accompanied him and found many friends among the soldiers. They retailed to them innocent gossip about mutual acquaintances, for which the boys naturally crave after their long absence from home.

CROWDS GATHER AT THE WHARVES

"The world, his wife and all his children are out to-day," remarked an old water front habitue as he watched the crowds of people scurrying toward the wharves from early morning yesterday until the time of the marine display.

"I have never seen anything to equal it," continued this frequenter of the blue water district, "not even the reception tendered to General Grant after his famous trip around the world. It undoubtedly eclipses that memorable occasion, both in point of numbers and in the enthusiasm displayed by the spectators."

And, in fact, the water front was crowded as it never was crowded before. It is safe to say that over 50,000 people gathered at the city front yesterday. Ten thousand or more of these went out on the boats to see the parade, while the rest contented themselves by appropriating points of vantage along the ends of the piers and wherever they could gain a foothold. The irrepressible small boy was seen in large numbers everywhere and in any old place. The rigging of deep water ships treated at the Harbor Hospital and by a mass of humanity, and no position, no matter how perilous it may have been, but the most astonishing feature of this immense gathering, which braved many discomforts to help in the hearty welcome to the returning heroes, is that not a single accident occurred to mar the enjoyment of the day. Only a few minor cases were treated at the Harbor Hospital and these were brought in fainting, but rapidly recovered. Another was treated for the loss of a tooth, and a third for a dislocated eye, but the enemy was dislodged in short order.

THE CALL'S TRIUMPH.

The San Francisco Call's war supplement issued this morning in honor of the home coming of the California Volunteers is one of the most magnificent achievements in the history of American journalism. In every detail the supplement is a work of art and a thing of beauty. The first of the eight pages is devoted to a picture of the transport Sherman plowing her way through the Golden Gate that stands out with the vividness of an oil painting. The other illustrations that adorn every page are equally appropriate and spirited.

The most notable of these is a full-page illustration of the heroic Californians charging to the rescue of the Pennsylvanians when those gallant soldiers were attacked by the Spaniards during a terrific storm on the night of July 31, 1898—the first battle of the Philippine war. The grim face of Brigadier General James F. Smith, together with those of Colonel Victor Duboce and all the other officers of the regiment, looks from the fourth page of the supplement, and on the fifth page is a figure of California mourning her heroic dead, surrounded by the picture of all the gallant men who fell victims to the foemen's bullets or the deadly Philippine climate.

The text of the supplement is in keeping with the illustrations, including as it does a history of the First California Regiment, with vivid descriptions of the battles in which it participated, together with a complete roster of the regiment. The Call supplement is a journalistic triumph of which it may well be proud and a souvenir of the war that will long be cherished by the friends and admirers of the gallant First.

everything goes, especially when Johnnie is California's own.

But no one could all that went with the crowd. There was a great display of patriotism as well. One man was lonesome indeed who did not carry a flag and the women were packed from head to foot with the national colors.

The street faker was in his element. The youngsters and they in turn retired in favor of the latest creation in street fakers—the megaphone man. Everybody bought one of the cardboard contrivances to be marched to the front to shout greetings to the boys on the transport. To-day the soldiers will hear from the megaphone again.

And what of to-day? If last night's outpouring and display of enthusiasm, patriotism and joy toward the returning heroes, then the demonstration of this morning will truly be such a welcome as soldiers never received before.

THE CALL'S EARLY CALL NOTES OF THE CELEBRATION

It was not the sharp notes of a bugle which sounded reveille for the boys of the First California Regiment yesterday. Three blasts of the siren on the tug Fearless awakened them from their slumber and their dreams of home and sent them pell-mell up the oblique way to the upper deck. They found the tug alongside, laden with thousands of copies of The Call of yesterday morning, all kinds of fruit and a quantity of cigarettes, which the thoughtfulness of The Call management had sent to reach the front.

The men were hatless and coatless, and made their appearance rubbing the slumber from their eyes. They were soon made acquainted with the mission of The Call reporters, and the work of transfer of the delicacies from the tug to the transport was soon under way. Their first consideration was the paper itself, which told of their gallant officers and their heroic deed. Loud were the expressions of approval at the accuracy of the data, the beauty of the illustrations and the literary excellence of the text. Lights gleamed through many cabin windows, from which could be seen the soldier boys, scanning the paper with interest. The news section, containing the latest information regarding the plans for their reception and entertainment also caught their attention.

The cigars were particularly acceptable after the villainous Manila cigars the boys have been forced to use during their stay in the Philippines. Then there were peaches, grapes, cantaloupes and other fruit, which were welcomed after the steady diet of stew, stew, stew, against which they have such vigorous protests to make. The fruit, consisting of twenty cases, was the gift of a number of commission merchants, for whom The Call acted as almoner.

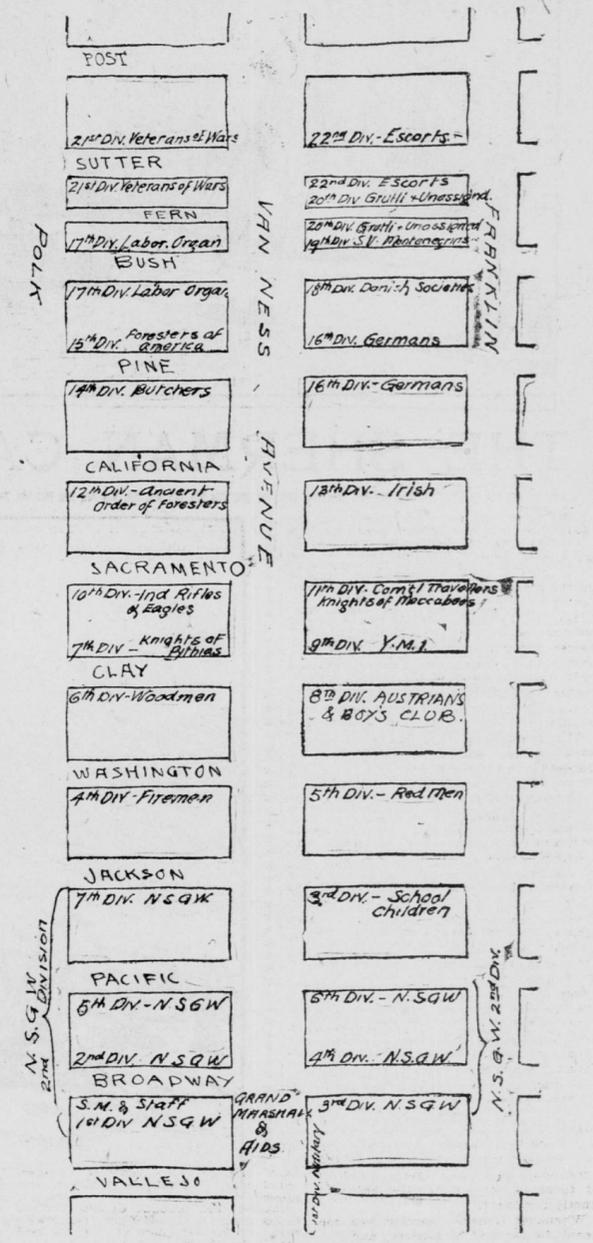
Most treasured of all the articles carried to the Sherman was a huge American flag from Commodore John D. Spreckels to Captain Read to replace one not suitable for the occasion. The flag floated on the breeze as the great transport glided slowly into the harbor late in the day.

The thoughts of the volunteers recur constantly to the friends and relatives who have awaited their coming these many days. There are anxious inquiries for mothers and sisters, and yet others whose names are mentioned with diffidence without a passing inquiry for civilization for so long a period, they feel that all persons know those who are near and dear to them.

The distribution of the articles was taken in hand by Lieutenant Albert Adler, who dispensed them among the

FORMATION OF THE PARADE.

The diagram herewith presented shows the formation of the parade for Saturday night. The several organizations which are to make up the big procession can see at a glance the respective positions which have been assigned to them.



has assigned the Los Angeles delegation a post of honor. They will march beside their friends and relatives in Battery D of the Heavy Artillery. All former residents of Los Angeles, as well as the visiting delegation, are requested to meet on Friday evening at the Harbor Hospital, rooms 569 and 570, Parrott building, to complete arrangements for participation in the parade.

The executive committee has invited Colonel Duboce and his staff to occupy the committee's grand stand at Kearny and Market streets from 5 o'clock to 10 o'clock to-day. Colonel Sullivan announced to the League of the Cross Cadets that he dejectedly relinquished the honor of being a bag of cigars will be laid beside the plate of every soldier at their breakfast this morning. The bag itself will be a souvenir, and the firm extends a hearty welcome and smoke to all of the boys. Should any soldier be inadvertently overlooked he is requested to call at the company's store, where all deficits will be made good.

Among those who viewed the parade from the decks of the flagship Fearless was Mrs. James F. Smith, wife of General Smith, the former commander of the First California Regiment. She was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels. At the Presidio the tents of the First California Regiment have been beautifully decorated by Mrs. Colonel Duboce, Mrs. Major Boston, Mrs. Major Pirth, Mrs. George Clark and Mrs. Mabel Quatman. Some of the Colorado boys assisted in the work and all the bunting was donated by Hale Brothers, who also lent their headquarters to the parade. The flowers and greenery were contributed by the Park Commission. Colonel Duboce's tent is a dream of beauty.

SOLDIER AND WIFE EMBRACE

Standing on the bridge of the Sherman Colonel Victor D. Duboce watched with strained eyes the approach of the Governor Markham. He had been told the night before that his wife, whom he had not seen in more than a year, was to be on the tug. The commander of the First California, his glasses glued to his eyes, saw a figure on the top of the pilot box, and no longer than a trice was Colonel Duboce on the Sherman's bridge. He descended in hasty steps to the upper deck and the starboard side wended until his wife should reach hailing distance.

Mrs. Duboce as soon as she caught sight of the transport began waving her handkerchief in ecstatic delight. Soldiers on the Sherman who had never met nor seen Mrs. Duboce wanted to know who she was, for it was apparent that this woman had more than the ordinary interest in the return of the volunteers.

Passing close to the transport the Mark-

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