WARSHIPS PASS IN REVIEW BEFORE THE OLYMPIA

SCHLEY PRAISES ADMIRAL DEWEY

Declares the Hero of Manila Bay One of the Greatest Sea Fighters of All Time.

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.—Rear Admiral Schley is at the Hotel Majestic, Central Park West and Seventy-second street, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred de Cordova while in the city. The rear admiral arrived at the hotel yesterday afternoon. After luncheon Mrs. de Cordova ordered her carriage and drove with her guest through Central Park and down Fifth avenue to the triumphal arch.

After the drive the rear admiral was entertained by Mrs. de Cordova at an informal dinner party. Covers were placed for nine. Mr. Rothchild, proprietor of the hotel, was one of the guests. The rear admiral and the Cordovas for years have known each other intimately, and many times when in town the admiral has been their guest. Rear Admiral Schley was seen for a few moments at the hotel and asked what he thought of the reception to Admiral Dewey.

"It is magnificent; it is superb," he said. "New York has shown her appreciation of one of the greatest sea fighters of all time."

attention throughout the journey to everything which transpired on board the vessel. By his direction the ensign was courtesied to vessels which saluted. Several times he ordered the crew to stand by to cheer in some extraordinary demonstration. The guns of the Olympia spoke but once until Grant's tomb was reached. This was when they barked in answer to the deep baying of the guns of old Fort William, on Governors Island. Before the Battery was reached hundreds of tugs and excursion boats had crowded in behind the patrol-boats and stretched away rank upon rank to either shore from the quarter of the Olympia. Their whistles were going continuously throughout the journey. The untold thousands who thronged the wharves and piers, who leaned from the windows and balconies and looked down from the dizzy heights of the skyscrapers, must have impressed the admiral greatly, but his modesty would not permit him to view it all as a personal ovation.

"Astonishing, astonishing!" he repeated several times to Colonel Bartlett, but he said nothing of himself. As he looked behind him the steam from the whistles and the smoke from the stacks blowing across the river, blending with the gray atmosphere, softened the scene and made the dim vistas through which the on-coming ships lay seem as if they stretched out forever.

The waving of hundreds of thousands of handkerchiefs and flags along the shore could be distinctly seen from the deck of the Olympia, but only occasionally were the sounds of cheers wafted from the crowds ashore. As a rule, perhaps, they were too much interested in the spectacle to venture vociferous applause, besides they were too far away to be heard by the admiral or the men on the cruisers even if the terrific din of the craft in the river had not been kept up almost without intermission. The shrieking whistles were forever going, and when the fleet swept around the stake boat above Grant's tomb, on Riverside drive, and each ship had let go its booming salute, the concert that followed was soul-maddening—a mad, fantastic, nerve-destroying roar that continued for almost ten minutes. So much steam was wasted that the boats themselves were lost in their own vapor.

The parade at this point began to become disorganized, many pleasure craft leaving the line below and crowding so fiercely about the Olympia that she was maneuvered with great difficulty. The excursion boats, loaded to the guards with people, were almost criminally reckless as they passed along, many of them listing so far that one wheel was buried deep, while the other scarcely touched the water. The admiral was sometimes annoyed by the crowding of these craft, but he retained his equanimity through it all, bowing and removing his cap to the exulting and cheering crowds.

It was not until all the warships had passed in review before the Olympia at anchor below the beautiful floats representing Peace and Victory that the one incident of the day occurred which showed that with all his geniality the hero of Manila could also be a very stern sailor. In less than a minute after the Chicago had passed the Olympia, by the admiral's order, a stream of signal flags ordered the vessels of the fleet to dress ship and the crews of the men-of-war ran up rainbows of signal flags from stem to sern over their topmasts. The order was beautifully executed except aboard the flagship, where the fouling of the line in the top of one of the stacks caused a delay.

Admiral Dewey instantly roared out a command for some one to ease the line. It fouled again and a nimble sailor was sent aloft to clear it. It was perhaps two minutes before the flags were in their proper place. The admiral was plainly displeased. He sent for the officer under whose direction the order was executed and called him upon the bridge.

"I am ashamed of this," he said, in the tone of a sailor giving command in a roaring gale, "and I am ashamed of you."

Several times when the excursion boats cheered as they passed close to the Olympia the admiral called upon the crew to stand by and cheer. Each time the sailors leaped upon the steel bulwarks, and, with swinging caps, responded to the command with throat-splitting cheers. When the crowd of vessels about the flagship became so dense that the progress of the rest of the parade was impeded the admiral ordered the police patrol boats to clear the way of the ships that had left the line and had spread themselves about the Olympia like a flock of wild fowl. He did not leave the bridge until the approaching darkness turned the ships in the demoralized tail of the procession back to their piers.

DAZZLING THE ARRAY OF SHIPS IN THE PARADE

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.—The naval parade from the vantage points of the warships was an immense marine picture, a water pageant with so little of incident compared with its great size that it appealed to the eye as a painting rather than a drama.

The vast gathering of water craft maintained an average speed of eight knots, but so magnificent was its area that the impression was one of exceedingly slow and stately movement. The picture was continually changing, but it melted so slowly and in such measured rhythm from form to form that the sense of motion was largely lost.

It started under a brilliant sky, passed at the mouth of the Hudson through the threat of an ugly storm and emerged through a rainbow arch that stretched from shore to shore into a clear and brilliant sunset off the Grant tomb.

The night had been a busy one in the fleet of warships off Tompkinsville. The last details of the day's ceremony were hardly settled before the day itself broke on a scene of greater activity than the classic anchorage had ever witnessed before. The great vessels of the white squadron swung at their anchorage as for the past two days, but the crowd of neighboring craft had been swelled past counting. As far as could be seen the water was a mass of moving steamers. It was a moving, shifting picture of tugs, police boats, fire-boats, torpedo boats, yachts, launches, tramp steamers and ocean liners and sailing craft of every kind, with big ferry excursion boats plowing their way through the ruck in mysterious paths that opened before them and closed again behind them like the ice of an Arctic floe.

The only stable points in the scene at that early hour were the warships. They lay like a great white grounded berg about which the pack-ice turned and swirled without moving them from their moorings. It was a morning of repressed excitement on board the New York and the other ships behind the Olympia. Everything had been cleaned and burnished from ram to rudder.

Noon was ushered in with a scream of whistles that sounded like ten thousand craft. The last far-away echo had hardly drifted back from the Staten Isl and hills when a sudden impulse seemed to seize the far-reaching mass of tugs and other craft. Instead of drifting idly round and round the warships, like ships in an eddy, they began to steam away to the south in parallel lines as though some current were bearing them out to sea. But as they vanished in scores toward the Narrows there were hundreds more that swept down from up the harbor. Then there was a scurrying home of the white-hooded steam cutters of the warships. The great boat cranes amidships reached down their grappling hooks and whisked the pinnaces aboard. Megaphone commands flung across the water brought the torpedo boats to heel like the greyhounds they were at the Olympia's quarter. The brilliant code flags blossomed like flowers on the Olympia from bridge to maintop. It was the order to form in column. The Brooklyn's pennant snapped "Aye, aye," from the signal yard and a duplicate set of flags passed the order to the Indiana, whence it was flung from ship to ship down the squadron. The black speed cones of the Olympia climbed slowly to her yards as the big cruiser got under way. The other vessels slowly turned, like a troop of cavalry squadron, front toward the Narrows, and then fetching a graceful sweep, headed back up the harbor toward the Battery, the Olympia, escorted by the Mayor's boat, the Sandy Hook, in the lead.

Back of her at a 400-yard interval came the New York, then the powerful Indiana and Massachusetts, the fleet-footed Brooklyn, the sturdy old Texas, the rakish, yacht-like Dolphin; the old Lancaster, a relic of another naval age; the powerful Chicago, and finally the little Marietta, the rear guard of the fighting craft. Behind stretched the transports, and farther still, almost lost in the distance, the yachts and miscellaneous craft hull down on the horizon.

The evolution began at 1 o'clock and in fifteen minutes the fighting line was straightened out up the harbor. Admiral Dewey was going to his own place at the head of a squadron that would have won at need three battles of Manila Bay without stopping for breakfast.

The head of the column was a broad arrow. Six torpedo boats spread out as the bar, three on a side, from the Olympia's quarter. Outside of them a flying wedge of police patrol boats formed a great V, whose apex was the Olympia. Flanking them, ahead and astern, were the harbor fire boats, spouting great columns of water that turned threateningly toward the excursion boats on either side when they attempted to crowd the line of march.

But the pageant back of this powerful vanguard was not limited to a single nor a sextuple line of ships. It was a sinuous marine monster half a mile wide, whose vertebrae were the ships of the white squadron and whose ribs were rows upon rows of every sort of floating thing that had ever run by steam in New York harbor. Thousands viewed the spectacle as it moved up past Staten Island, thousands more watched it from the anchored craft that crowded the Erie basin and whose spars rose in a forest about the foot of Liberty. But they were forgotten in the mass of humanity that crowded the water front of Manhattan Island and filled every point of vantage along the Jersey shore.

This feature of the scene first broke on the view as Castle William roared an admiral's salute to the Olympia off the Battery. By the time the answer and smoke had died away from the wake of the flagship the immensity of

Corner of the Governor's Room Where Dewey Will Be Presented With the Loving Cup.

the watching crowd dawned on the crews of the squadron. Every foot of the city water front was a mass of humanity. The wharves, the ferry slips, the roofs of ferry and warehouse rose one above another in solid blocks of people. Above the lower structure of the water front every roof bore its living freight. Stores, old office buildings and modern skyscrapers were crowded with stands, tiers upon tiers of seats like an immense threater whose roof was the sky, whose walls were the surrounding hills and whose back drop was the horizon of the lower bay. As the pageant moved majestically into the Hudson it was seen that the crowds still lined the water front and housetops thicker, if possible, than ever, and stretching up the river along the whole line of parade. The heights of the Jersey shore were also crowded with parti-colored masses of people. They were not such an unbroken rank as along the wharves of the New York side, but wherever the wooded slope broke into a clearing the slope was blackened with people from crest to water line. There was no possible way of estimating the crowd. The morning papers declared there were 1,500,000 visitors in the city. The impression conveyed by the crowded shores was that it would have taken that many in addition to the local population to form the concourse that watched the water pageant. The spectators might have been computed in army corps, certainly not by individuals.

Up the Hudson pandemonium reigned supreme. Aerial bombs broke at intervals overhead in puffs of white smoke, and a feathery canopy of steam hung over the advancing fleet as hundreds of steam whistles screamed continually. The narrowing throat of the river crowded the advancing vessels together in an almost compact mass. The broad arrow formation still drove the head of the column forward unmolested through the ranks of the waiting vessels. Storm clouds that had gathered down the bay followed close in the pageant's wake. A sharp wind bred whitecaps even in the narrow river, and a few raindrops pattered on the decks. The glare of an angry sky turned the harbor behind the warships to molten lead, upon which the gigantic figure of Liberty seemed to stand for a time and was soon swallowed up in a bank of gray haze. Then the threatening sky relented.

The sun broke out ahead and painted across the sullen clouds a rainbow arch that stretched from Manhattan to the Jersey shore. It seemed a bit of nature's art work spread by a kingly miracle at the opportune moment, beggaring man's more humble efforts on shore, but forming a fitting arch of triumph beneath which the victorious admiral sailed to his triumphal anchorage.

The old Portsmouth's crew manned the rigging as the Olympia passed, and off Grant's tomb the naval reserves on the St. Marys did the same. Round the stakeboat the Olympia turned smartly, her guns throbbing a deep throated salute to the resting place of another national hero. The other vessels of the white squadron swung around the St. Marys in turn, each saluting the tomb, though at the head of the line the sound of further guns was lost in the roar of steam whistles.

The turn of the parade broke the formation of the police boats beyond repair. The warships doubling back into the mass of advancing boats threatened for a time serious consequences, but the Olympia and her consorts safely dropped anchor at last in reversed column and the water pageant passed the admiral in review. The police boats reappeared as individuals and unceremoniously shouldered intruding vessels out of the line of march. The official procession and its varied following of tugs, launches, steam dredges and excursion boats rounded the St. Marys and came down the river in an indistinguishable aquatic mob that was still passing long after the night illumination had begun.

From the time the British yacht Erin started she certainly was the chief attraction along the river front after the Olympia had gone by and Sir Thomas Lipton was accorded an ovation all along the line. To those on board the Erin, decked out as she was with flags of all descriptions, it looked as if the American people were greatly pleased with Sir Thomas and were delighted with an opportunity to give him a hearty welcome. They ran alongside in tugs, barges, launches and big excursion steamers and shouted all sorts of complimentary things to him, while the tall yachtsman on the upper bridge of the Erin wore a smile all the afternoon and not infrequently called back his thanks for the kind wishes. Sir Thomas had on board fifty or more of his friends on this side of the water and from England, and the company during the latter part of the afternoon were kept busy returning the cheers which were hurled at the Erin from all sides. Among those who watched the parade from the decks of the Erin were Prince Reginald de Croy of Belgium and Hon. Charles Russell of London.

Even before the Erin had weighed anchor, half a dozen tugs had come alongside, and the cheering and whistling rang in the ears until the end of the day began.

After the signal for the start was given, the Corsair led, followed by a magnificent string of steam yachts smothered in flags in two long lines. The Erin headed the starboard column, with Colonel John Jacob Astor's Nourmahal right astern, while the Niagara, with Howard Gould on board, headed the port column, with the new Josephine of Joseph N. Widener right behind her. The Erin was continuously saluted on the way up and the man on the after deck, beside the flagstaff, which carried the big yacht pennant, was continuously dipping it in return.

"Everything seems to be going first-class," said Sir Thomas, as the yacht neared the Battery, "and the parade is certainly a great success."

Looking over through the tremendous crowd that covered the wharves and Battery, he shouted down to those on deck: "Just see them over there; did you ever see so many people? It is wonderful, marvelous! I could not believe that so many people could be got together." When off Twenty-third street, Sir Thomas became exercised at the congestion of the boats ahead and shook his head as he thought of the chances of getting the Erin through the mess. In going by the training ship Portsmouth the jackies lined the rail and gave the Erin a tremendous cheer, which was answered from the crew of the Erin on the far deck. Then came more cheers, yells and whistles from those on shore, until Sir Thomas' sides fairly shook with laughter as he said, "They must all have money on the Shamrock."

It took nearly an hour for the head of the yacht fleet to reach the turning point off Fort Lee, but the Corsair finally swung around and headed down toward the Olympia. At the same time half a hundred excursion boats, tugs and launches which had been waiting up the river for the yachts to appear joined in, so that a solid column came sweeping down on Admiral Dewey. The Erin was in the center of this great mass of boats and the formation of the yacht club fleet was at once lost.

The great mass swept by the Olympia five and six abreast, but fortunately the course was comparatively clear when she went by and Admiral Dewey was easily recognized, waving his hat frantically at Sir Thomas as he stood on the after bridge. The crew of the Olympia also recognized the Erin and gave her a tremendous cheer, which was returned by the entire company on board the Irish yacht, while the big fleet of excursion steamers and the two or three hundred thousand people on shore joined in cheers. The Erin ran down the river until she reached Hoboken, where she took up her position to participate in the illumination in the evening.

PYROTECHNIC AND ELECTRICAL DISPLAY AT NIGHT

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.—Never before in the history of New York has this city witnessed a greater pyrotechnic and electrical display than that with which the return of Admiral George Dewey was celebrated in the harbor and waters surrounding the island of Manhattan to-night.

The great hulks of the battleships of Dewey's fleet silhouetted against the dark background of the sky shone from stem to stern with myriads of incandescent lights, while all around innumerable brilliantly decorated yachts and other river craft honored the nation's hero.

Crowds occupied every point of vantage along the New York shore from Grant's tomb to Fifty-ninth street. One hundred thousand people, men, women and children, at a conservative estimate, saw the illumination from Riverside drive.

Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht Erin was brilliantly lighted with streamers of white lights and the name Erin in green between the masts.

From the bay the letters on the Brooklyn bridge "Welcome Dewey" were plainly discernible and were one of the features of the celebration.

As if to join in the popular acclaim to the great admiral, nature lent her forces to the display of fireworks, for the sky was illuminated frequently during the evening with flashes of lightning, showers at times interrupting skyrocket proceedings, though but slightly dampening the good nature of some of the crowds. There was seemingly no end to the display of fireworks. Every wharf landing and pier had its quota of sightseers, and the enthusiasm was abundant. From the housetops as well as from the sidewalks powder by the barrel was burned and rockets sent aloft in honor of the hero of Manila.

Over on the Jersey shore the display was just as generous, and the sky was lighted with the blaze of fireworks, making the surrounding seas bright as midday. Brooklyn and Staten Island contributed to the general and generous burning of powder.

The fireworks float Mars, loaded with fireworks and aglow with those being displayed, took fire in the East River and instantly blazed up, frightening the twenty men on board, who at first attempted to jump overboard. The blaze was started by the sparks setting fire to a tarpaulin which was used to cover a lot of skyrockets, Roman candles and the like, and those were sent flying in all directions. With the assistance of the police boat officials the men on the float succeeded in checking the flames, but all the fireworks were destroyed.

DEWEY PRESENTED WITH A HANDSOME MEDAL

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.—Mayor Van Wyck, on board the Olympia, to-day presented Admiral Dewey the freedom of the metropolis and a medal. The Mayor's presentation speech was as follows:

Admiral Dewey, with pleasure and by direction of the city of New York I meet you at her magnificent gateway to extend to you in her name and of her million visitors, the leading citizens of forty-five States, representing almost every hamlet in the nation, a most cordial welcome, congratulating you upon being restored to your family and home.

A loving and grateful nation is gladdened by your safe return from the most remarkable voyage of history, so far reaching in its results that the clearest mind cannot yet penetrate the distance. It has already softened the voices of other nations in speaking of ours, changed permanently the map of the world, enlarged the field of American pride and completed the circle of the empire in its western course.

Your courage, skill and wisdom, exhibited in a single naval engagement of a few hours, brought victory to your country's arms, and then you dealt with your country's new relations to the world with the judgment of a trained diplomat. By common consent you have been declared warrior and statesman—one who wears the military uniform until the enemy surrenders and then dons the habit of the diplomat.

The greatest reception awaits you that was ever tendered a military or civil hero. Such an outpouring of the people was never dreamed of before. Never has the heart of America turned with such perfect accord and trusting confidence to one of her sons as it does to you.

I place at your disposal the freedom and unlimited hospitality of the city of New York.

Admiral Dewey said, looking at the Mayor's stenographer: "You're not going to take down what I say, are you, Mr. Mayor? I never could make a speech."

Mayor Van Wyck smiled, and Mr. Harvey went on making his notes.

"Mr. Mayor and gentlemen," said the admiral; "of course it would be needless for me to attempt to make a speech, but my heart appreciates all that you have said. How it is that you have overrated my work I cannot understand. It is beyond anything I can conceive of why there should be such an uprising of the country. I simply did what any captain in the service would have done."

"Admiral," said the Mayor, "no tongue can ever utter or pen write an overestimate of what you did for your country."

Admiral Dewey smiled and his cheek flushed with proud color under the bronzed skin. He shook the hand of the Mayor, who then reached into his pocket and drew out a medal of honor which the city voted to the hero of the war with Spain, saying:

The city of New York had made to commemorate this reception to you, the hero of the Spanish-American war, a badge, a facsimile of which they desire I should present to you in commemoration of the event.

"How magnificent!" exclaimed the admiral, taking the medal. "How beautiful! It's splendid!"

Then he called for his Chinese servant and passed the medal to him. "Pin it on, sir," he said to the Chinese. "Pin it on so it won't drop off."

RELATIVES WITNESS ADMIRAL'S TRIUMPH

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.—One of the most delightful features of the day was the hearty way in which the members of the Dewey family enjoyed every detail of the tribute to their great kinsman. Under the guidance of Edward Wilkins Dewey, a nephew of the admiral, who has been a New Yorker for years, the family party left the Waldorf-Astoria for Battery Park, where they boarded the steamer Sandy Hook, Mayor Van Wyck being in waiting for them.

Charles Dewey, the admiral's elder brother, was the dean of the party. His wife and son and son's son were with him. There were Mrs. H. H. Finley, a niece of the admiral, and her daughter, Miss Frances Finley, and Mrs. Edward Wilkins Dewey, James L. Martin, Mrs. Martin, Miss Martin, Fred A. Howland and Mrs. Howland, William T. Dewey, James F. Dewey, Mrs. Kate Squire, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick B. McCune, George P. Dewey, Lieutenant and Mrs. Theodore G. Dewey, C. Wolcott, Miss Wolcott and C. S. Wolcott.

"This is the grandest celebration I have ever seen," said Charles Dewey, after the parade, "and I am an old man and have traveled much in this country and twice in Europe. I have seen triumphs and celebrations there. Not one of them ever began to approach this in magnificence and beauty. It is the Lord's day. He is with us. The skies are bright and the sun is smiling upon us. Everything contributes to the success of the pageant. We heard a great deal before we came here about how great the triumph would be, but nothing like this stupendous outburst ever entered our minds. The love and admiration of the American people for the admiral is wonderful."

DEWEY DAY OBSERVED IN SANTIAGO DE CUBA

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, Sept. 29.—Dewey day was observed here with a patriotic demonstration by Americans. The Government buildings were gayly decorated and all the tugs in the harbor blew their whistles. While the celebration was general among the Americans the Cubans took no part in it.

In an editorial in El Cubano to-day exception is taken to the remark of Admiral Dewey that the Filipinos are as capable of self-government as the Cubans. The editorial concludes by saying that Cubans have had enough of intervention and that clean machetes cut keenly.

DEWEY HAS SATISFIED ALL SHADES OF OPINION

LONDON, Sept. 30.—The Times, in an editorial tracing Admiral Dewey's career, says: "Not the least remarkable part of the celebration is the fact that Admiral Dewey has manifestly satisfied all shades of opinion. There is no record of a single jarring note to mar the harmony of the occasion. We in England can have no more pleasant duty than to congratulate America upon the possession of her gallant seamen and her exhibition of legitimate pride in that possession. We feel sure nobody in America will question the propriety of the considerations which deterred Canada from allowing a detachment of the imperial forces to take official part in a celebration that must necessarily recall painful memories to another nation with whom we maintain traditional relations of peace and friendship. The vast majority of Americans unquestionably appreciated England's friendly attitude during the war, but we doubt whether that could anywhere be so cordially appreciated as among the American sailors, who had special opportunities of putting it to the proof all the world over in their daily relations with the British navy. We do not believe that the seeds of friendship thus sown in the two countries are destined to remain sterile or to yield only an ephemeral harvest of empty professions of good will."

MARCONI'S SYSTEM WORKS PERFECTLY

Apparatus to Be Used During the International Yacht Races Fully Tested.

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.—From the chartroom of the steamship Ponce messages were flashed by wireless telegraphy this afternoon across the city and over New York harbor and bay to the station at Navesink Highlands. Other messages were received in reply. Both in sending and receiving the apparatus established by Marconi for the purpose of reporting the international yacht races for the Herald and The Call worked perfectly. After it was all over Marconi expressed himself as entirely satisfied with the tests. Those who had the good fortune to be on board the Ponce during the parade carried away with them interesting souvenirs in the shape of duplicate copies of the first message sent by wireless telegraphy over a considerable distance in this country.

With her towering foremast the Ponce attracted great attention as she passed up the river first in line after the division yachts. Riggers were at work upon the steamship until 9 o'clock in the morning lashing to the foremast the spar which carried the connecting wire, 140 feet into the air. As soon as the riggers finished their work Marconi set up his apparatus, established connections with currents of the upper air and was ready for his assistant at Navesink to call him.

It had been expected that the first signal would be received at about 11 o'clock, but the noon hour came without results. Marconi began to grow nervous and announced that in all probability the work of installation at Navesink had not been completed, in which case, of course, no tests could be made during the afternoon. After he was nearly exhausted, just thirty-four minutes after midday, a spark flashed to the receiver, which began to tick off the first message.

STREETCARS WERE CROWDED WITH TRAFFIC

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.—At least 2,300,000 persons were passengers on the street railways to-day. The elevated railways carried 1,000,000 persons, and practically all on the Sixth and Ninth avenue lines. The Metropolitan lines carried about 1,200,000 persons, and this traffic, too, was confined almost entirely to west side lines. About 75,000 persons rode on the Third avenue line.

Transportation facilities on all railways entering New York were heavily taxed, and the street railway traffic was the heaviest in the history of the companies. Officials of the companies predict, however, that to-morrow all transportation records will be broken.

The managers of all railways dread the rush which they expect to-morrow when the Dewey celebration ends. They estimate that, including those who will arrive to-day, there will be at least 1,500,000 visitors in town, and the majority of them will want to go home at once. At all railway stations all possible preparations have been made for handling the crowds. Ordinary timetables will be abandoned and trains will be run just as frequently as is consistent with safety.

TROOPS FOR THE BIG PARADE TO-DAY

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.—In New York City an army of national guardsmen camped to-night. Major General Roe says there will be 23,000 soldiers in line to-morrow. Nearly all the troops are already in the city.

SHIPWRECKED PASSENGERS ROBBED BY THE FRENZIED, DRUNKEN CREW

MONTREAL, Quebec, Sept. 29.—Two hundred and fifty scantily clad, baggage-bereft men, women and children were on board of an intercolonial special which steamed into Bonaventure depot to-night. They composed the greater number of those who sailed from Liverpool on September 15 on board the steamship Scotsman, bound for Montreal, which was wrecked on the shores of the Straits of Belle Isle at 2:30 o'clock on the morning of the 21st inst. It was not only a tale of shipwreck that they had to tell, but one of death, suffering and pillage, for fifteen at least of the Scotsman's passengers perished, all suffered cruelly from cold and privation, and, almost the worst horror of all, the men who were supposed to succor and assist those committed to their care in the hour of need, turned on the helpless passengers, and, with loaded guns and revolvers, compelled them to part with the few valuables saved.

Captain Skrimshire and his officers were exceptions. For the honor of the British merchant marine the crime may not be ascribed to the men engaged in it, but to a gang of wharf rats and hangers-on, picked up on the docks at Liverpool to replace the usual crew of the Scotsman, which joined the seamen's strike on the other side.

The list of those who perished is as follows:

First-class passengers:

MISS STREET, Montreal.

MRS. CHILDS, wife of the stage manager of the "Sign of the Cross" company, which was on board.

MRS. ROBERTS and infant.

MRS. M. M. SCOTT.

MRS. ROBINSON, wife of the manager of the Sunlight Soap Company of Toronto.

MRS. DICKINSON, wife of a former editor of the Toronto Globe.

Second-class passengers:

MRS. WATSON.

MRS. TALBOT.

MRS. TUTHILL.

MRS. SKELTON.

MRS. ELIZA WATKINS.

MISS B. WEAVERS.

It will be noticed that all who perished were women. This is accounted for by the fact that they were occupants of the first boat which left the steamer after she struck and which was swamped before it could get clear of the ship.

Entering the Straits of Belle Isle on Thursday night, the steamer ran into a dense fog. At 2 o'clock in the morning there was a shock underneath the keel of the vessel, followed by another and still another. The passengers were asleep in their berths and were all awakened by the shocks and hurried on deck.

The thick bank of fog shut out the sight of shore. A superficial examination of the ship told Captain Skrimshire that she would be a total wreck and must be abandoned at once. A port lifeboat was lowered and in this many of the women and children were placed. Hardly was it clear of the ship when it capsized, throwing its occupants into the water. Those who perished were in this boat. Some were saved, for the ship had listed to port and several women were washed back on the deck. One woman clung to a rope for two hours before being rescued.

Meanwhile disgraceful scenes were being enacted on board. Hardly had the vessel struck before the men from the stokehole rushed into the cabins and, slitting open valises and bags with their knives, took all the valuables they could lay their hands on. Several of them fired shotguns and tried to force men to leave their cabins.

It is said that some of the steerage passengers joined the firemen in looting the baggage of the first-class passengers. In more than one instance rings were torn from the fingers of fainting and dying women. Captain Skrimshire and his officers could do nothing against the mob.

When morning came it was found that the Scotsman lay close inshore alongside a cliff fully a thousand feet high. A second boatload of women and children which had been sent off was called back and the passengers transshipped to the rocks alongside the ship. Until 6:30 the officers and some of the crew of the Scotsman worked unceasingly in getting the passengers ashore, and when darkness and a heavy fog set in they were safe on the rocks. But here the new danger of starvation faced them. The lower decks of the ship were entirely under water. A quantity of biscuit was carried on shore and on this, with a very little corned beef and wild berries, over 200 people existed for four days. Some natural springs were found, but despite this the bad condition of food and water brought on much sickness. Many of the passengers suffered from the exposure. After much difficulty some overcoats and shawls were secured for the women, nearly every one of whom had left the ship in night clothes.

The passengers were obliged to climb up a rocky cliff nearly 300 feet high before they could find a place large enough to rest. Here they stayed on the rocks for four days and nights. The first night they had absolutely no shelter, but on Saturday the captain sent up blankets and other clothing. A number of passengers attempted to reach the lighthouse, which was about eight miles away as the crow flies. To do this it was necessary to climb about 1200 feet higher before a path could be reached.

It was not until the 26th that the Montford came along and was signaled by the Belle Isle light, where a number of passengers walked from the wreck. After bringing these people on board the ship she proceeded to where the Scotsman lay. The weather was bright and clear. As soon as practicable the boats were launched and the work of transferring the passengers began.

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