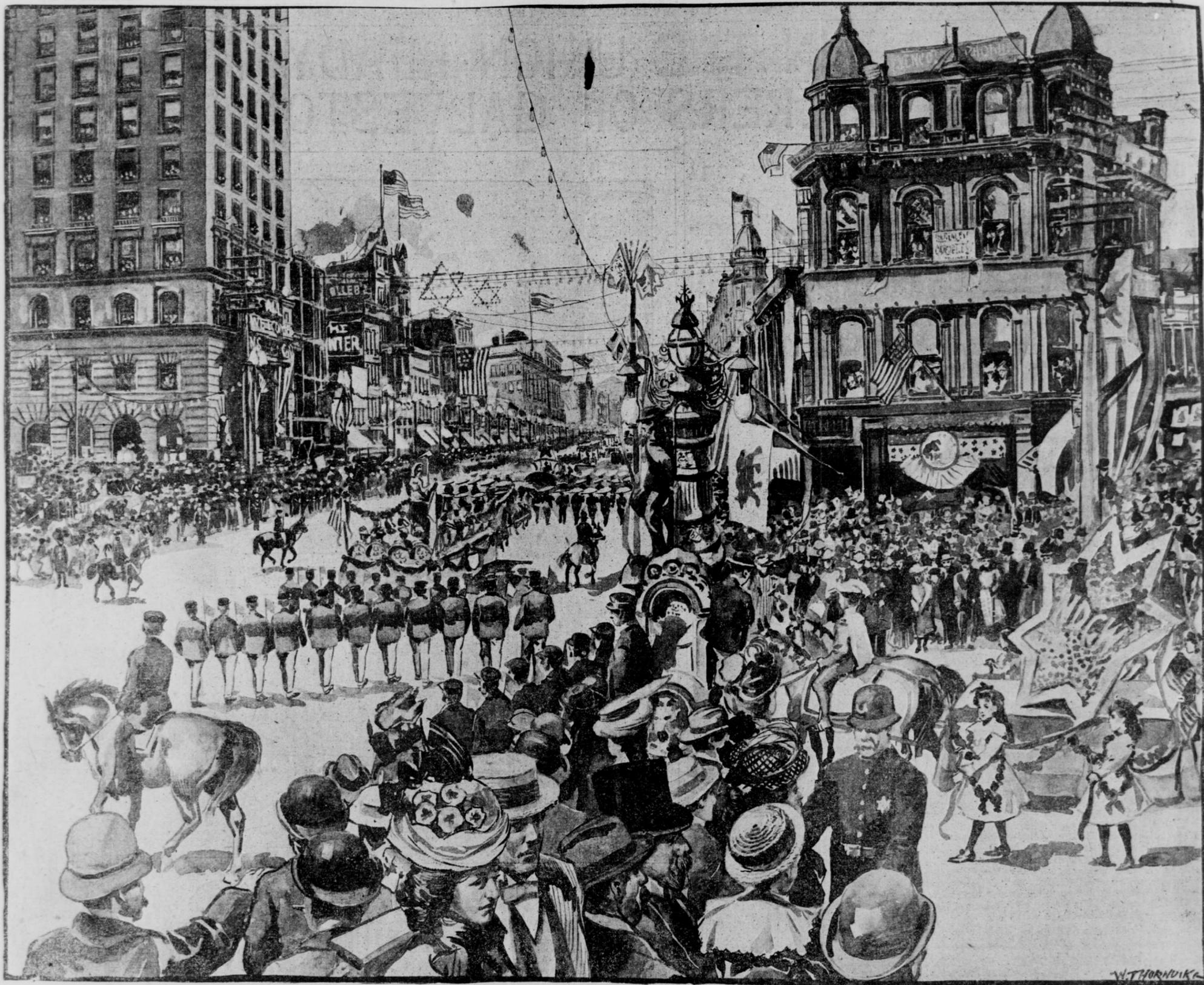


PROUD PARADERS MARCH TO MUSIC



VIEW OF THE PROCESSION PASSING THE CALL BUILDING.

PAGEANT IN HONOR OF THE STATE'S SEMI-CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY FAR SURPASSES ANY EVER SEEN IN THE STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

It is a great thing to belong to the sisterhood of States and to have rounded a half century. For that 25,000 sturdy sons of California marched in parade yesterday in bright uniforms and with banners flutter, while 250,000 of her loyal people thronged the line of march, eager to see the gay pageant, the glorious tribute to the fairest of States, prepared by the bravest of sons.

From 10 until 2 o'clock the stream of military parades, floats, carriages with dignitaries and fraternal societies moved steadily along, marching and countermarching, while the vast assemblage of spectators clung to points of the ragged end of the miles-long line of marching men.

The occasion was great and the demonstration was worthy of it. Never before in her history has San Francisco had within its limits so many people, and of all the residents and visiting thousands few indeed failed to see the parade in its entirety. California has reached her semi-centennial, and the crowning feature of the great celebration in honor of the event so far surpassed any pageant ever witnessed in San Francisco that comparison with former ones gives no conception of the magnitude of this.

San Francisco got up early yesterday morning, and hours before the time set for the parade to start people were crowding toward Market street. At 9 o'clock they began to take up positions from which the parade could be seen to advantage. Hurrying through the crowd were Native Sons in the uniform of their parlor, hastening toward the appointed meeting place to form for the parade. Clad in white duck or wearing broad sombreros, gorgeous sashes or the regalia of the order, they gave presence of the spectacle that was preparing.

Soon paraders in marching formation began to appear along the side streets and thread their way toward the water front to take the places assigned to them. Marines and sailors from the Philadelphia and the Iowa came ashore and tramped along East street with the sturdy swing that makes the American regulars, whether soldiers or sailors, seem irresistible. Batteries of artillery from the Presidio, yellow-plumed cavalry of the National Guard, sailors of the Naval Militia and infantry regiments marched to their

places on East street in rapid succession and in numbers to make it seem that the parade was to be one of the military alone. But neatly uniformed Native Sons' paraders, floats carrying bevy of Native Daughters in fleecy white dresses and Red Men in costume were to be seen down the vista of every side street.

As the hour of 10 approached the throng augmented with startling rapidity. Along the wire ropes stretched by the police to keep the streets in the line of march clear the populace gathered a dozen deep. At each cross street the line of people knotted into a mass that practically stopped progress in any direction. Faces began to show at windows and men, women and children appeared on roofs, took their places on window ledges and scrambled to choice seats on fire escapes and the iron girders of unfinished buildings. Long before the time for the parade to start buildings along Market, Montgomery and Kearny streets showed parti-colored groups at every window and the people on roofs and ledges clustered as thick as flies. Far back from the line of march, on roofs and at windows half a block away, wherever a view of a portion of rope-garbed street could be had, there spectators gathered.

The morning was cool and the crowd waited patiently and in good humor for the pageant that was to make its holiday. There was jostling, plenty of it, but the crowd displayed only the good-natured carnival spirit of "take what comes." Shortly before 10 o'clock a hush of expectancy fell on the throng. It was as if the crowded city held its breath. On East street, just south of Market, Grand Marshal Costello sat on his black chariot, a hundred resplendent aids about him. At the time set, to a minute, the roar of a bursting bomb gave signal, the grand marshal raised his baton, a bugler sounded "attention" and "forward, march!" The First Regiment band, clad in the khaki suits of their Philippine campaign, took up the strains of a spirited march and the parade was on.

The start was good, but the parade moved fifty feet and was blocked by a regiment of militia marching down Market street, late to place. The delay was short, however, and once under way there were very few tiresome stops. The procession for the most part moved steadily on, showing an ever-changing view to the spectators.

Native Sons who furnished music to

other Native Sons who fought in the Philippines were in the van. The First Regiment band was received all along the line with cheers, as were also the First Regiment, N. G. C., and the Army and Navy Parlor.

The bursting of bombs and shriek of whistles marked the start of the parade. The myriads of people caught the infection and cheered until voices were hoarse and throats were sore and flags and handkerchiefs fluttered from every side in enthusiastic greeting to the men in line.

The parade swung into Montgomery street and up Montgomery avenue to Kearny street and then back to Market, while the crowd farther up waited expectantly.

As the head of the line emerged again into Market street the thousands gathered at that center seat up a welcoming shout that grew to tremendous volume.

For nearly an hour the spectators there saw swinging into the main thoroughfare body after body of troops until there seemed nothing but soldiers and sailors. Red plumed artillerymen sat on their horses or perched on catboats with the ease of the regulars. Clean limbed marines and sturdy Jack Tars from the Iowa and the Philadelphia swung along in the wake of the clattering artillery and down the street behind them sounded the hoofbeats of cavalry horses. Three regiments of infantry, a battalion of cadets from the University, the popular naval militia with a strong stride and perfect alignment that evoked cheers all along the line of march, followed the regulars. Bugle calls and the hoarse shouted orders of officers rose above the tramp of men and horses. The war spirit seemed to be abroad again, and General Shafter in his carriage was given an ovation while civic officers of State and city were allowed to pass almost unnoticed.

With the second division came a change in the character of the parade. Pioneers who were here before California was a baby were followed by Mexican veterans who fought a dozen battles. Exempt firemen, who once guarded the cradle of the infant California, marched in line with astonishing vigor; only a few were compelled by infirmity to ride in carriages.

Another turn of the kaleidoscope and there were set on the smooth surface of the street bright groups of school children, a boys' brigade and a girls' brigade. More veteran firemen followed, as if to make the contrasts as strong as possible.

The spectators united to do honor to the grand officers of the Native Sons, who rode in carriages. Following them came parlor after parlor of the order, in the nature of the celebration a chief feature in the parade. Each parlor had its quota of particular friends here and there along the line who cheered them as they passed or bantered them good naturedly, and the "fat boys" and "Bills" and "Toms" were butts for many a witty shaft.

Of all the parlors, Ramona No. 106 of Los Angeles attracted most attention. They wore the dress of the early Spanish settlers, with handsome sombreros, and were mounted. Fresno Parlor No. 25 also wore sombreros. The red coats, white braided, of Piedmont Parlor, lent brilliant color to that division, as did also the yellow lapels of the black coats of Stockton Parlor No. 7. Halcyon Parlor No. 146 had one of the neatest uniforms seen in the parade.

The various parlors of Native Daughters were greeted with cheers throughout the march. The white dresses of the members of La Estrella Parlor and the snowy whiteness of their emblem made one of the prettiest pictures of the pageant.

The parade was so long that people grew tired and ill humored and then got over it and again entered into the spirit of the occasion before it passed. It is estimated that 25,000 persons were in line. Three hours and a half were required to pass a given point.

As the last features of the procession wound past the mass of spectators disintegrated and in five minutes every street tributary to Market held a throng of people that gave striking proof of the immensity of the crowd that saw the parade.

PARADE DIVISIONS AS THEY PASSED

FIRST.
THERE has been no better parade seen in San Francisco than that which trod the streets yesterday. It was long and it was new and good, and there was a tremendous crowd to cheer it on its way.

SOLDIERS and sailors, regular and militia, headed by the band of the old First California Volunteers, made up the First Division. The band dressed in khaki uniforms and campaign hats,

brought memories of the days when the regiment suited away and when it returned, and the cheers that greeted it had more than the sound of voices in them. The division was made up of the regular soldiers from the Presidio, the regular sailors from the Pensacola and Iowa, the Governor and his staff, Major General Shafter and his staff, Major General Dickinson and his staff, Rear Admiral Kautz and his staff and the Second Brigade, N. G. C., and the naval militia of California. It was an imposing display.

SECOND.
THE second division, led by Marshal George H. Pippy, swung into line immediately behind the carriages which contained Mayor Phelan and the municipal officers. Their leader, mounted on a superb black horse and attired in military uniform, made a striking figure. Colonel Pippy and his aids, Colonel A. S. Hubbard and E. Rust, gathered their forces together in true military style and when the carriages had passed Stuart street the division swung into line without a break. The division was made up of civic and military societies and made a splendid appearance.

The San Francisco Schutzen Verein, in command of Captain J. Thode, marched to the stirring strains of Prep's concert band. The members of the German organization won approval all along the line of march for their soldierly bearing and handsome uniforms. They were attired in gray suits and on their breasts glittered myriads of medals won at the rifle butts. There were more than 200 in line. Following in their wake was Blum's band, which discoursed enlivening music for the Marshall Society of California Pioneers. At the head of the musicians was Colonel Dixie Thompson and his famous horse. The famous Southern Californian millionaire was mounted on a steed which was caparisoned in a manner which would bet a monarch of any kingdom. The horse was groomed until his silken coat shone with luster and made a beautiful background for the costly silver trappings. Even its dancing hoofs were plated with silver in harmony with the shining saddle and bridle. Colonel Thompson made a striking figure and was vigorously applauded. His magnificent steed seemed to appreciate that it was on parade and pirouetted with the grace of a corymb. For blocks its rider

made him walk backward in perfect time to music or waltz with the ease of a ball-room belle. As aids Colonel Thompson had Robert R. Russ and Charles F. O'Connell. Following close behind the band were more than a hundred carriages containing Pioneers of California. The venerable survivors of the historic occasion when California was admitted into the Union gazed with pleasure at the grand celebration of the anniversary of the birth of a State of which they were the founders. As the carriages which bore the gray-haired men through the crowded thoroughfares moved in stately procession the spectators cheered the Pioneers to the echo. Each vehicle contained four members of the society and was decorated with bear and national flags.

Veterans of the Mexican War were also in carriages, but their fast thinning ranks were feebly represented. Captain Jack Crawford, the poet scout and former chief of scouts in the United States army, led the immigrant train with its attendant scouts and packers and pack mules. This part of the division was a pleasing feature of the parade. The red shirts of the scouts and packers, the easy manner in which they rode their cayuses and "jacks," the pack mules laden with supplies and mining tools and the weapons of protection which hung loosely in heavy belts gave the train an air of realism. Captain Crawford was dressed in fanciful trapper's costume and his long hair was surmounted by a sombrero which rested jauntily on his head. The presence of two pretty young ladies on horseback in modern riding costumes had a tendency to spoil the illusion that the immigrant train was the real article and not a representation of the mode of travel in the days of gold.

THIRD.
THE third division proved one of the most interesting of the entire procession. It contained members of the Exempt Fire Department and the local and more modern fire ladders and apparatus. Marshal Henry Lichenstein and his aids, William G. Bader, Charles Kimball, August Hardes and W. S. Smith, were in charge. McEun's military band led the van. The Exempt Fire Company of San Francisco, of which ex-Fire Commissioner George T. Eohen is president, turned out in large numbers. They were

FOURTH.
THE fourth division, commanded by Marshal George S. Mehlberg, contained numerous interesting features. As aids the marshal had Ethel Summers, Ida Ingerman and Hugh Sum-

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