

In March of Sailors and Visit of Ships San Francisco Sees Hope of Larger Pacific Fleet

VETERANS OF NAVY SALE NEW TARS

Scene as Heroes of Wooden
Ships Salute Men of Steel
Ones Is Pathetic

Half Million People Applaud Sec-
tions of Magnificent
Fleet Parade

Spectacular as was the entire pageant in military show, pathetic in human import was one feature of the counter-march. In Van Ness avenue, one rhythmic mass of motion as the marshaled hosts passed each other in review, the naval veterans met the blue-jackets. Grizzled and gray, some of them hobbling along on crutches, the veterans, as they came abreast of the Connecticut colors, doffed their hats in honor and gave a quivering cheer. Straight ahead, eyes front, the blue-jackets marched on with measured tread, acknowledging the tribute of the veterans only by their steeled ranks. Not so the veterans. They could not pass on easily that brave picture, mirroring the days when they, too, were young and strong and looked straight ahead—so they paused, in forgetful disarray, watching with glistering eyes the jaunty leaders.

Suddenly called to order, as if by laggard word of command from their equally affected captain, the heroes of two wars trudged onward again, while in a continual stream more jacksies and marines poured from the opposite direction.

CROWDS ARE JOYOUS

But joyous merriment was the keynote of the crowds. Pride in the brilliant but grim spectacle exuded in cheer after cheer from the packed masses of humanity perched on streetcars, roofs of houses and every conceivable vantage point. There were 15,000 men in line, 8,000 from the navy, 3,500 regular soldiers, 2,000 army and navy militiamen and 1,900 others in the signal corps, veterans, pioneers and others.

Each ship's crew as it came abreast of the crowds was greeted with volumes of cheers, reverberating again and again. The marines, marching in military precision even superior to that of the soldiers who had preceded them, were greeted with cheers second only to those reserved for the natty tars themselves.

The hats of the blue-jackets excited the most admiration in one feminine group at Van Ness and Turk.

"Oh! If I could only get one of those dear little white caps I'd give up my merry w/dowling to a pretty girl. It's an accident swain with her promised she should have it if he had to enlist to get one."

CHEERS FOR MASCOTS

The mascots of the ships brought renewed applause. The Colorado had a goat, black and tan, and the Minnesota a white one. The Ohio had a bull terrier which one jacksie carried tenderly tucked under his arm.

Bands there were in plenty. Each battleship's crew had a band and there were others with the soldiers. As the Minnesota's band turned from Market into Van Ness it struck up "Dixie," and the crowds fairly went mad in wild cheering.

The trim blue-jackets came abreast of the navy militia in the counter-march the professional and the amateur tars exchanged friendly jests.

"Hey, there, doughboys," hailed a tar, doing the wrath of his watchful officer.

"Ah, g'wan, yuh webfooters," responded the militiaman.

Leading with the Connecticut, the various men of the warships followed in order in line, the Connecticut, the Vermont, Louisiana, Georgia, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Virginia, Ohio, Missouri, Maine, West Virginia, Colorado, Maryland, Tennessee, Washington, California and South Dakota. After them were other crews from the Pacific fleet.

POLICE HEAD PARADE

The parade was led by three platoons of mounted police. Brigadier General J. A. Koster of the national guard followed in an automobile, with his staff, supervising the parade as grand marshal.

Ahead of the first division of the parade rode General Funston, accompanied by Colonel J. W. Duncan, his chief of staff. Followed a company of the signal corps, a regiment of infantry, three battalions of artillery and a squadron of cavalry.

Then came the carriages in which were Governor Gillett and Secretary of the Navy Metcalf and Governor Sheldon of Nebraska, each accompanied by staffs. As special escorts, Admiral Evans were the Salt Lake high school cadets, and immediately following were Mayor Taylor and Admiral Evans.

The second division of the parade was the naval forces under command of Captain Saxon Schroeder. The third division was composed of the national guard forces and the naval militia, veterans of the Mexican war, Grant Army veterans, and other veterans and visiting camps from Portland, Ore., San Rafael, Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda and Point Baker.

Other participants were the California Grays and League of the Cross cadets. The model of the cruiser California, entered by the citizens of Vallejo, evoked much praise. It was manned by a crew of boys in natty uniforms who saluted the troops as it passed on the counter-march, with its miniature cannons. There was the full number of 15,000 men as had been settled in the program.

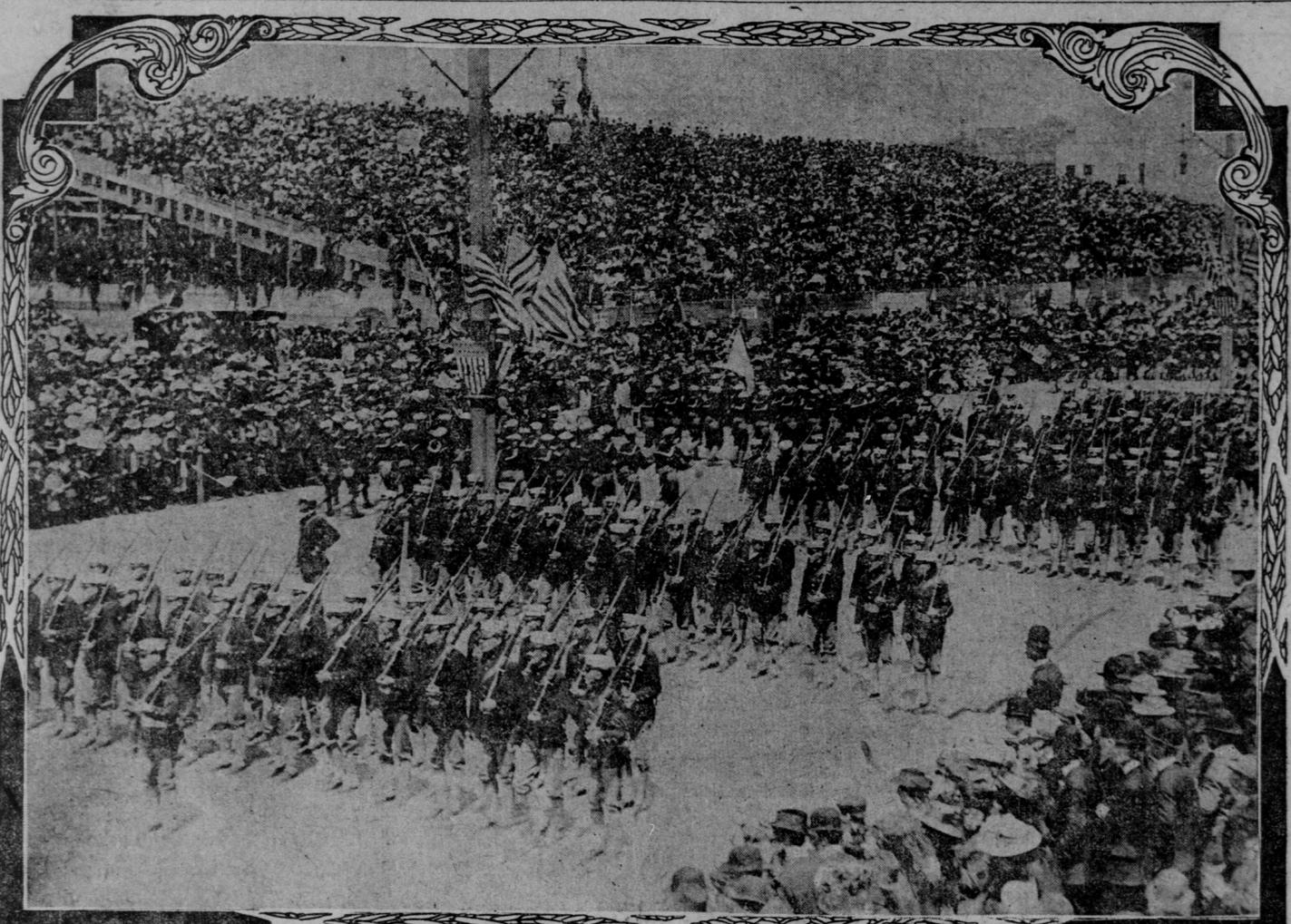
PLENTY OF ROOMS LEFT

Fleet Visitors Have Not Taxed City's Accommodations

Notwithstanding the great crowds that have thronged the city during the past two days, between 2,000 and 3,000 rooms are still available for visitors at the headquarters for the fleet in formation here. In the California Grays and League of the Cross accommodations have not been taxed in the slightest. Most of these rooms are in private families or hotels within a short distance of the center of the city.

Some of the strangers to the city have become confused because of the fact that there is no information bureau in the ferry building. However, six men in uniform are stationed there to meet all incoming ferries and answer questions concerning the city. The California bureau is located in Union square, at Geary and Stockton streets, directly across from the St. Francis hotel. Miss Frances Ellison is in charge.

This photograph shows one section of yesterday's memorable army and navy parade as it appeared to the thousands of eager spectators on the mammoth grandstand on Van Ness avenue and to the other thousands, equally enthusiastic, who filled the sidewalks and all but overflowed the curb. In the center of the picture is shown the marker of the battleship Missouri. This crowd is a mere fraction of the multitude which viewed the big army and navy pageant and cheered Admiral Evans.



Evans Bids Men Farewell While Cheers of Half Million People Resound

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down, heavy with honors. The formality of farewell is yet to come, but the parting took place yesterday while the blue-jackets—his own blue-jackets—marched by him.

All along Market street the people had shouted and cheered as he passed. There was no need to point him out. His face was as familiar as the fluttering flags above and about him. He was once again the nation's hero, and at the shouting his pain marked features lit with the pleasure felt at the recognition of duty well done, of work nobly finished. The applause swelled and grew in volume. Long after he had passed by they shouted, adding to the ten thousand voices giving him their first greeting.

"Fighting Bob! Fighting Bob!" The name rolled along the packed lines, was taken up from window casement and flung to rooftop. They strained at the ropes keeping them back and leaned toward him.

The cheering heralded his coming. It completely drowned the clash of bands and rattle of gun carriages preceding him.

"Fighting Bob! Fighting Bob!" As his carriage turned into Van Ness avenue the cheers had developed into one continuous roar, tremendous in its immensity. Along Van Ness avenue they shouted. Women plucked bouquets from their breasts and flung them before him. Men threw their hats in the air. They called to him by name. They forgot themselves in his presence.

"Fighting Bob! Fighting Bob!" ALL SHOUT FOR ADMIRAL He doffed his hat again and again. He saluted. He smiled. He bowed right and left. The procession turned for the counter march and the shouting grew louder than ever. The crowd lost itself in a paroxysm of enthusiasm.

Suddenly above the shouting came the rattle of drums and the piercing call of bugles—Evans forgot the crowd. He leaned out of the carriage and looked down the street to where he saw the long row of white caps and rifles of the marines advancing toward him. They swung up right gallantly, the band smashing out a stirring march. The band went by with a clash and a bang and the first company was alongside the admiral's carriage.

"Guide right!" sang out the company commander, and the row of heads turned to meet the face of their admiral and lifelong friend looking down at them earnestly. He seemed to peer into every face and they looked back at him, both recognizing that this would be the last time they would march by him as an admiral of the United States navy.

EVANS' PARTING GLANCE What mattered the cheering? What mattered the applause? Nothing was of note except that his boys were looking at him for the last time. He was looking at each company as it passed and continuing to gaze after them until the next came alongside. And the men understood. They understood as well as they would have his orders and they turned their heads to take one last look at the man who was passing from them.

"Fighting Bob! Fighting Bob!" The crowds shrieked in their frenzy. They threw more flowers. They shook themselves hoarse. It was as though for the marines had passed by and up the avenue were marching the men of the Connecticut, the old familiar faces on many a frolic, his own men. There was a look of intense pleading in his face as he watched them, perfect in

PROPOSE RACE FOR FLEET ON ATLANTIC

Officers Will Bring Suggestion to Attention of Navy Department at Once

Imagine if great battleships, the pride of the American navy, making a wild dash across the Atlantic ocean, each for itself, from the shadow of Gibraltar into the shadow of the goddess of Liberty in New York harbor.

It sounds like a wild dream, yet so did the proposed cruise from Hampton roads to San Francisco bay sound like a wild dream but a few months ago, and now the fleet is here. The nations of the world have rubbed the sand out of their eyes and scratched their ears thoughtfully over the successful culmination of this record smashing voyage and now, just as they are accustoming themselves to the idea that it was accomplished without a mishap, comes the news that these 16 ships of the Atlantic navy are to go around the globe.

The announcement is made with as much unconcern as though such a jaunt were nothing more than an afternoon constitutional for the steel warriors of the sea.

The foreign world is still gasping for breath and lest even this should not prove sufficient to make it remember comes talk of another plant to turn these giants loose at the culmination of the voyage for a mad race over a course of 3,200 miles of open sea.

WANT TEST OF SPEED When the Atlantic fleet reaches Gibraltar after its circumnavigation of the globe, it will have proved its efficiency in all details of sea maneuvering save one. Its traveling ability and capacity to reserve its fuel and food supplies are the cause of wonder, the efficiency of its gunners has surprised the world, its discipline is perfect and its preparedness at all times for attack or defense has been demonstrated in countless ways. Only the question of speed has received no consideration.

Now the men of the fleet want a speed test. It has been easy, they say.

Spanish war and there he was between two epochs in history, the connecting link of two wars in both of which he had fought.

The scene was a remarkable one. Ahead the old soldiers hobbling along, bent and weary with life's battle, carrying the tattered folds of old regimental colors; then the younger element, straight and brisk, and between the old and the new, the hero of each period. For the man in the carriage it was a fleeting memory of old times, of battles won.

SALUTE YOUNG COMMANDER Shortly afterwards the admiral of a gun from the model of the battleship California sent by Vallejo drew his attention. Perhaps it was the acrid scent of gunpowder which floated across the dusty air which made him sit erect. The gun banged out once more and as the float passed the carriage in which the admiral was sitting, a tiny youngster on the bridge came trotting at this juncture into one hoarse roar, but he paid no heed.

BATTLE FLAGS ROUSE HIM It was the sight of the old battle flags carried by the veterans of the civil war that brought to him life again. He knew those flags. He had fought in that war and there was the bond of sympathy between him and the aged soldiers proudly holding them aloft. They dipped the old flags as his carriage passed and his hat flew off his head. He grasped the sides of the carriage in an effort to rise but fell back in pain. Following the veterans of the civil war came the veterans of the

Two Hundred Anxious Sailors Guarded Evans While Sick Admiral Slept

Pretty Story From Santa Barbara Shows Mutual Love Existing Between Commander and Boys

SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE CALL. SANTA BARBARA, May 7.—The story of how more than 200 blue-jackets, quiet as mice, watched over Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans throughout one night soon after the big fleet reached Magdalena bay, was told by four of those who participated in that night long vigil on board the flagship while the ships were in these waters. The quartet met a local businessman who invited them to dine with his family at home. This man was George W. McComber.

"These boys," said Mr. McComber, later, "could give some of us pointers on table etiquette. They were gentlemen, all four of them, and I didn't pick them, either. They were courteous to me while I was aboard the flagship and laid him comfortably on a cot, tucked him in and stood at attention."

"Now boys," said the admiral, "I feel better; I want to sleep; I could not sleep down there. That's good. Thanks, boys. Good night."

"And then he slept—slept like a child and there we were, more than 200 of us, sitting about the deck, tip-toeing when we moved, breathless, almost, while the old man slept. And believe me, sir, he slept well."

Mr. McComber says that the other three sailors corroborated the story told by their companion. It was told as an incident illustrating the democracy of the admiral and the love borne him by his men.

There is as yet no hint that this thing has been seriously considered in official quarters, yet there is no doubt that it has already reached official ears. It is a thing that has been discussed for weeks in the wardrooms and even in the cabins of the Atlantic fleet. The idea has taken root among the officers and is growing fast. All over the fleet it is being talked about and the thought is being expressed that the value of such a race would be immeasurable as an object lesson. Plans have been made by the officers of the fleet to bring the matter to the attention of the navy department as soon as possible, and when the time comes to present the question the idea will have the hearty sanction and support of a great number of officers.

MORE SPORTIVE RECORD The official distance from Gibraltar to New York harbor is 3,207 miles—a straightway stretch across the Atlantic ocean. Gibraltar is to be the fleet's last stop, why not let the ships separate there, each moving as a unit regardless of its sisters, and let them try for a record more sportive in its nature than any that has yet been made? What would quicker draw the attention of the world to the American navy than such a race? What would do more to put officers and men on their mettle than this contest of speed?

It was only a few years ago that dire necessity demanded the presence of a first class battleship, then in Pacific waters, on the Atlantic coast without the loss of a single unnecessary minute of time. Nobody has forgotten the flight of the Oregon from one ocean to the other and everybody knows that it was the greatest naval feat of a decade. So a race from Gibraltar to New York city would not be a contest without

MORE POWDER TO BURN FOR METCALF

Fleet Uses 16,000 Pounds of Smoky Explosive in Salutes

Noisy Gladness of Social Greetings Runs Up Big Total in 14,000 Mile Run

Since the Atlantic fleet left Hampton roads it has burned for saluting purposes about 16,000 pounds of powder. Old fashioned black powder that makes much noise and plenty of smoke in exploding is used in these social shooting feasts. It is inexpensive compared with the smokeless explosive used for business conversations, but it costs money just the same.

In saying "howdy" to the president one ship uses 42 pounds of black powder. When sixteen ships join in greeting the chief executive 672 pounds of black powder is reduced to harmless ashes. President Roosevelt saw a good deal of the fleet before it started, and firing salutes in his honor used up 2,683 pounds of powder. The salute that will be fired today in honor of the secretary of the navy will burn up 918 pounds of the smoky brand.

3 POUND GUNS OBSOLETE

To Be Replaced on Battleships by 3 Inch Weapons

As a consequence of the practical target work at Magdalena bay and of the application of lessons of the Russo-Japanese war, the improvement of the battleships are now preparing for the removal of the major portions of the three pounder batteries, which will be replaced by smaller batteries of three inch guns. Only four three pound guns are to be left on each battleship, and they will be used for the amicable purpose of firing salutes. The change has been ordered by the navy department.

In the economy of the ship's armament the three pound gun has been used for the purpose of repelling torpedo boat attack. It has a range of 4,500 yards, and under the earlier form of torpedo firing a torpedo boat had to get within that distance of a ship to be effective. When the 19,000 ton Vermont, Minnesota and Kansas were built they were equipped with 12 three pounders, and that was considered sufficient to protect the vessel.

But the improvement of torpedo tubes following the Russo-Japanese war has rendered the three pounder ineffective, for the new automobile torpedo can be effectively discharged from a torpedo boat at 4,000 yards by an efficient crew.

This new long distance operation of torpedoes rendered the three pounders obsolete. The three inch guns which are to be installed in the place of the three pounders are now being tested on the field at the range of the newer tubes. For every two three pounders removed there will be but one three inch gun installed.

The change to the three inch gun is a move in the direction of simplifying the armament of the vessels, which is the tendency of the new navy.

In London there is one clergyman to every 2,000 persons.

Colds

How often you hear it remarked: "It's only a cold," and a few days later learn that the man is on his back with pneumonia. This is of such common occurrence that a cold, however slight, should not be disregarded.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

has gained its great popularity and extensive sale by its prompt cures of this most common ailment. It always cures and is pleasant to take. It counteracts any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia.

Price 25c, Large Size 50c.

California Promotion Committee

(ORGANIZED 1902.)

"PROMOTION"—The act of promoting; advancement; encouragement. Century Dictionary.

The California promotion committee has for its object the PROMOTION of California as a whole. It is not an Employment Agency, although it gives information regarding labor conditions. It presents the opportunities and needs in all fields of business and professional activity. This committee is supported by popular subscription and makes no charge for any service rendered. Affiliated with the committee are 100 commercial organizations of the state, with a membership of over 30,000. Meetings are held semi-annually in different parts of California, where matters of state interest are discussed. Headquarters of the committee are maintained in San Francisco in California building, Union square. CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

THE CALL'S BRANCH OFFICES

Subscriptions and Advertisements will be received in San Francisco at following offices:

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MOTHER OF MALADIES

Dyspepsia Said to Be Responsible for Most Diseases

A noted specialist on stomach troubles stated that in Germany dyspepsia is referred to as the "Mother of Maladies" owing to the fact that so many serious and complicated human ailments have their origin in defective digestion.

The following simple prescription comes from a physician of prominence and is said to work wonders in correcting the stomach and bowels and restoring them to their normal activity, quickly relieving belching, sour stomach, dizziness, distress after eating, etc.

Two ounces of essence of peppermint; three ounces syrup of ginger; one ounce catnip compound; mix well and use in doses of from one to two teaspoonfuls after each meal, also at bedtime for the first few days.

The catnip compound is the product of the laboratories of the Globe Pharmaceutical Co. of Chicago, and it, as well as the other ingredients can be obtained at any drug store and easily mixed at home.