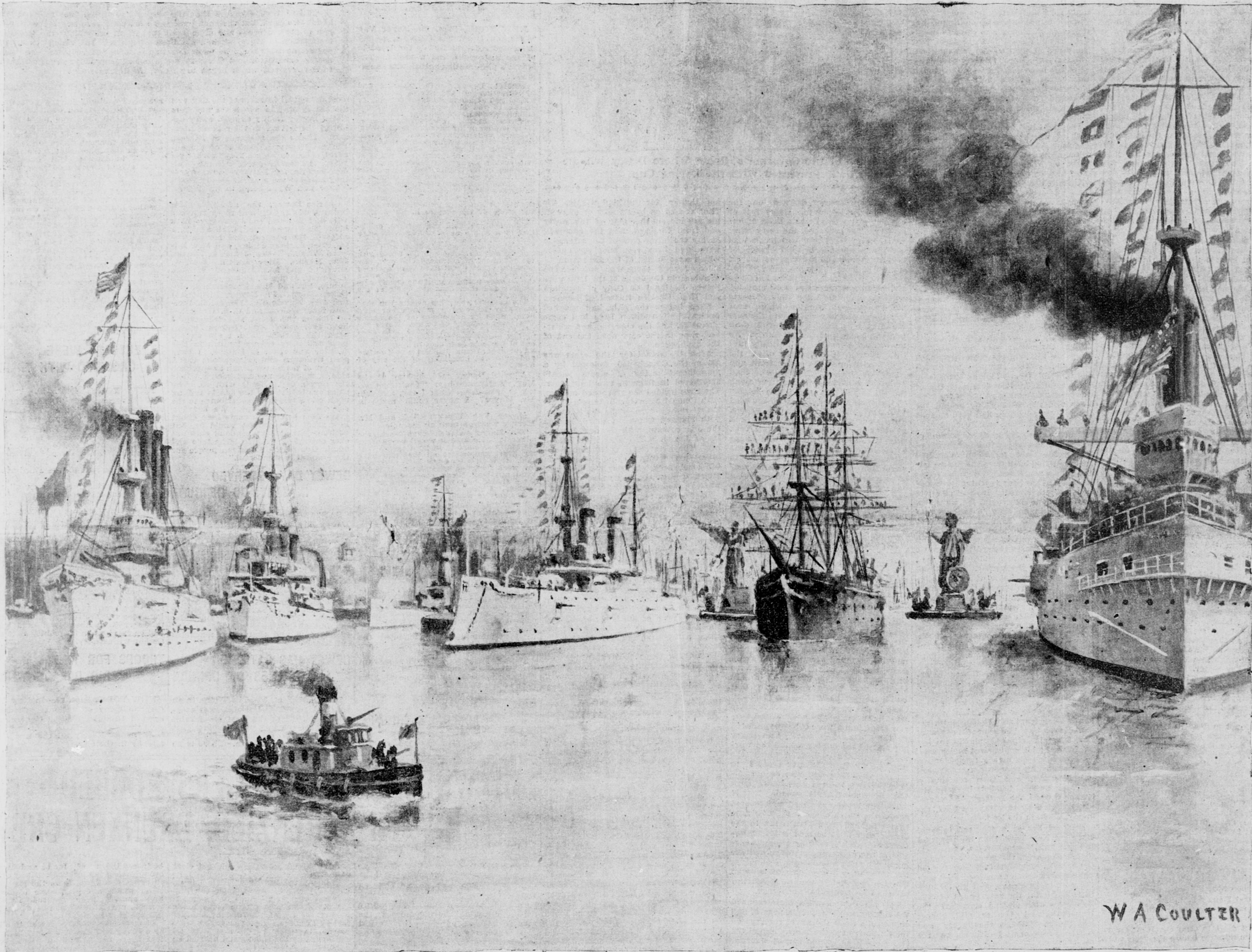


ADMIRAL DEWEY HEADS A MOST MAGNIFICENT MARINE PAGEANT

More Than Three Million Spectators Witness the Passing of the Nation's Hero on the Bridge of the Olympia, Followed by a Great Fleet of Warships and a Thousand Vessels of Peace.



Ships in Water Pageant Passing in Review Before Dewey on the Olympia, Off Grant's Tomb

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.—No Roman conqueror returned to his triumphs of barbaric splendor; no victorious king or prince coming home from a successful war, ever received such a magnificent ovation as overwhelmed Admiral Dewey to-day as he stood on the bridge of the Olympia at the head of a magnificent fleet of steel thunderers of the deep, followed by a thousand vessels of peace, each tiered and coated black with people and sailed over the bright waters of the upper bay and up the broad pathway of the sunlit river, whose banks were gay with millions of flags and streamers dancing in the wind.

The sky was blue, the water rippled under the fresh wind that held out flags straight and jaunty and the wharves and piers and rocky heights and grassy knolls were black with frantic, enthusiastic people, who strove weakly to make their shouts heard above the perfect bedlam of tooting whistles that accompanied the admiral ashore and afloat.

As the tomb of General Grant on Riverside drive was reached the fleet paid its tribute to the memory of the great warrior with a national salute of twenty-one roaring guns. The fleet then anchored and reviewed the almost endless procession of craft that steamed past, so burdened with humanity that they looked as if they would turn turtle before they got back to their piers. Toward the end the parade became disor-

ganized and it took hours for the heterogeneous flotilla to get by. Darkness at last brought relief to the tired admiral who had stood on the bridge for six hours, bowing his acknowledgments to the stentorian expression of homage. New York has never witnessed anything before: approaching this wonderful, remarkable demonstration. The Columbian naval parade, the dedication of Grant's tomb and the reception of the North Atlantic squadron last fall, all pale before this gigantic ovation to the sailor, who, in a single morning, destroyed an enemy's fleet without the loss of a man or a ship. It is not beyond the mark to say that three million people viewed the pageant from ashore, and that a quarter of a million were afloat.

When New York turned out to the celebration this morning a light haze hung over the harbor, but this was soon burned up by the bright sun which bathed sea and city in its brilliant radiance. The wind was strong and gusty and kept the flags snapping.

People who went down the bay were lost in admiration of the display of bunting along the water front. On the East River, from the bridge to the Battery, where the sailing craft lie in droves, the spars were covered with such a mass of color as might be compared to a maple grown hillside in the deep autumn. The tall spars of the clippers were conspicuous for their designs and signals. Every craft in the harbor was decked out from stem to

stern with all the grace and attractiveness known to shippers. But the display in the East River was not to be compared with that of the North River, up which the procession was to pass.

From the peaks of every pier long ropes strung with flags of every hue were stretched to the snubbing post at the corner, the fronts were decorated with a multitude of gay devices. There were flags on the staffs and lines of flags above the ropes.

The vessels at their sides were dressed from stem to taffrail and some carried flags on their yards and had their deckhouses covered. The wind shook the banners from millions of windows, porticoes and even steeples and never, perhaps, in this generation did hearts that love it bound so quickly to the sight of the flag. Up the river, far off on the Jersey shore and high on the misty Palisades it gleamed.

The best place from which to view the great marine panorama was naturally from the deck of the Olympia, and by the courtesy of Admiral Dewey an Associated Press representative was permitted aboard. Very early the fleet of steamships, yachts and tugs which were to have a place in the line began moving down the bay to the allotted points where the several divisions were to form, but many of them could not resist the temptation to first visit the anchorage of the men-of-war off Tompkinsville, and before 11 o'clock the Olympia was surrounded by a perfect mob of every known kind of craft, all

swarming with people, circling around or pushing their noses close under the ship to get a glimpse of the admiral pacing the quarterdeck. The bands aboard the excursion boats played and the whistles and sirens of the other craft made the air hideous by their shrieks. They kept coming, coming, in pairs and half-dozen, until they lay a dozen deep, resisting the charges of the patrol boats in their determination to get up within shouting distance. Their recklessness was amazing. They ran across each other's bows, they rubbed against one another, they pushed bow on stern, until further movement seemed paralyzed by the inextricable confusion. It was with great difficulty that the police could clear a passage for the admiral's launch when he went off to return the official visit of the Mayor at noon, and when he did step into his launch the patriotic skippers afloat grabbed their whistling cords and made the hills echo with such a blast as can only be heard when a Yankee yacht crosses the finish first in a race with foreign mug-hunters. And that was simply the prelude to what continued throughout the day—an almost continuous roar of steam whistles.

Meantime the vessels to take part in the parade were massing over near the Long Island shore, until that side of the harbor became a tangle of stacks and flags and framework as far as the eye could reach. The grassy slopes of Wadsworth and Fort Hamilton and the

wharves and shores of Staten Island were covered with sightseers, watching the fleet below. The warships lay spick and span ready for the start, their burnished metal flaming in the sun, their sides white as virgin snow. Between them and the shore lay the low, long, lean, wicked-looking torpedo-boats and still, inside of them, the graceful flotilla of revenue cutters.

Aboard the Olympia the marines and sailors had been critically inspected from the toe of the first marine to the jaunty cap of the last sailor. All seemed a little dazed at the prospect before them, and no doubt many would have preferred a programme involving a duplication of the Manila fight to the ordeal they were to go through. The officers of the fleet did not wear their showy uniforms, but were attired in special undress "A," as it is technically known in the navy. There were no gold epaulets, gold-bound beavers and clattering girdles aboard. This was the admiral's order and added but another to the many evidences of his unique modesty. A brother and the widow of Captain Gridley, who fought on the Olympia in Manila Bay; Colonel Frank Bartlett, former Representative in Congress from New York, and an intimate personal friend of the admiral, together with three newspaper men, were the only civilians aboard. One of the naval guests was the engineer of the Olympia when it led the way past Corregidor Island. He was given three rousing cheers as he went forward to see the men.

Immediately after Admiral Dewey returned from Sandy Hook the wig-wagger on the bridge signaled the fleet to prepare to get under way. The gangways were hauled up and the booms rigged. An old quartermaster hurried a small dark roll of bunting to the main, hand over fist. It hung there while the bugle sounded the call to quarters and the marines were mustered aft. Then, just as the signal to weigh anchor was given, a pull on the halyards opened the roll and spread the four starred flag which Farragut flew as he ran the forts in New Orleans. It was the flag which was presented to Admiral Dewey. As it broke, sailors at their stations and the marines on the quarter deck greeted it with the hip, hip hooray we got from our ancestors. The flag floated proudly all through the pageant to-day. It is the most precious possession of Farragut's pupil, and when it is struck on Monday, it will probably be forever, as it is altogether unlikely that Admiral Dewey will ever command another fleet.

It was exactly 1 o'clock, the hour fixed for the start when the fleet, with anchors short hove, began to move. Ships had swung to the flood tide and were pointing down stream, but with their twin screws, they faced about as on pivots and headed for the Hudson, followed by the long line of vessels in civic parade. When the ships had straightened out for their journey across the upper bay, the spectacle they made will ever be treasured in the

memory of those who saw it. In advance of the Olympia was a double line of patrol and fireboats, a hillputian fleet to clear the way of unofficial trespassers. It did not require much persuasion either, as the skippers had a wholesome respect for the steel ram of the mighty sea monsters.

On the port beam of the Olympia was the escorting ship Sandy Hook, with the Mayor and other dignitaries aboard, and in her wake at intervals of 400 yards, stretched out a mile long, were the great towering warships, the armored cruiser New York, the battleships Indiana and Massachusetts, the cruiser Brooklyn, second-class battleship Texas, the old wooden frigate Lancaster, the gunboat Marietta and the Chicago, the flagship of the South Atlantic squadron. Old Glory fluttered from each masthead and taffrail. On each quarter of the New York were the black, tow-lined torpedo-boats, three on each flank. The rest of the procession tailed out for miles. Slowly and majestically the procession moved across the shiny waters.

Admiral Dewey went up on the after bridge as soon as the start was made and remained there throughout the parade, a heroic figure outlined against the skies for the thousands afloat and ashore. With him on the bridge most of the time was Colonel Bartlett, to whom he talked when he was not acknowledging the salutes or personally directing the movements of his immediate fleet, and the admiral gave close