

Silver, 58 1/2 cents per ounce. Lead, 94.40 per 100 pounds. Copper, 17 cents per pound.

Forecast for Salt Lake Today: Fair, Stationary Temperature.

THE UNITED STATES HONORS ITS SAILOR HERO BY THE GRANDEST NAVAL DISPLAY EVER WITNESSED IN AMERICAN WATERS

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE SEE THE GREAT PARADE OF WARSHIPS

An Extravagant Marine Pageant of White Painted Sea Fighters and Peaceful Craft.

Shores For Miles Black With Multitude Frenzied to Pay Homage to Admiral Dewey.

New York, Sept. 23.—The naval parade from the various points of the warships was an immense marine picture, a water pageant with its great size 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 array 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 throat of an ugly storm, and emerged through a rainbow arch that stretched from shore to shore into a clear and brilliant sunset off the Grand Tomb.

The night had been a busy one in the fleet of warships off Tompkinsville. The last details of the day's ceremony were hastily settled before the day itself broke on a scene of greater activity than the classic anchorage had ever witnessed before.

The Great White Squadron.

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 just counting. As far as could be seen the water was a mass of 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 and excursion boats plunging their way through the park in mysterious paths that opened before them and closed again behind them like the eye of an avalanche.

The only stable points in the scene at the early hour were the warships. They were like a great white ground, about which the park sea turned and swirled, without moving them from their moorings. It was a morning of them and clouds behind the New York and the other ships behind the Olympia. Everything had been cleaned and polished from ram to rudder.

Movements of the Fleet.

Noon was ushered in with a scream of whistles that sounded like 10,000 rifles. The last far-away echo had hardly drifted back from the Staten Island 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 chips in an eddy, they began to steam away to the south in parallel lines, each in its own lane, 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 ships. The great boat cranes amidships reached down their grappling hooks and whisked the pinnaces aboard, megaphone commands sung 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 mainmast. 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 came flung from ship to ship down the squadron.

The Olympia Under Way.

The black speed cones of the Olympia climbed slowly to her yards as the big cruises 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 Lancaester, 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 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 quarters, outside of them a flying wedge of police patrol boats formed a great V whose apex was the Olympia. Flanking

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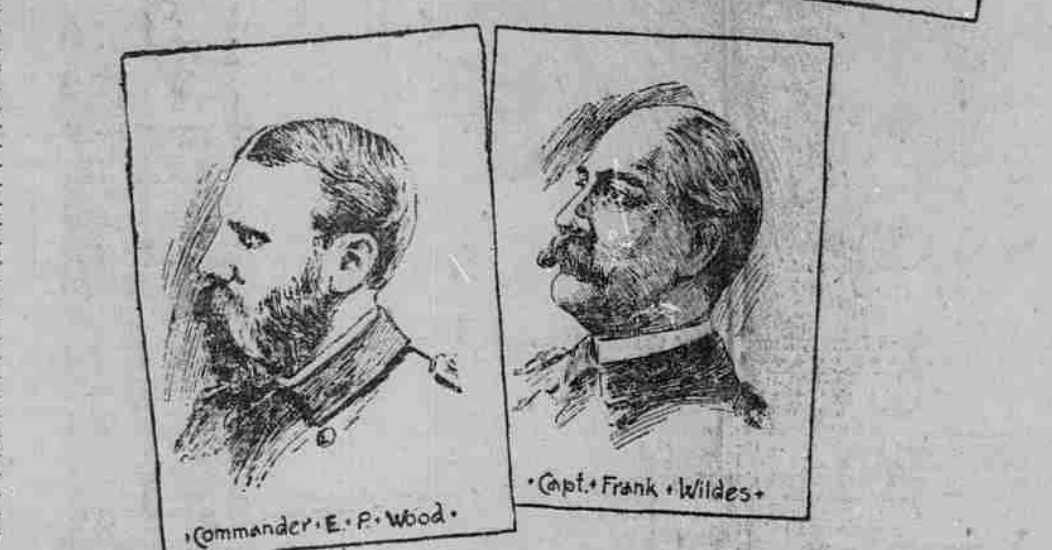
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FIVE COMMANDERS OF WARSHIPS WHO FOUGHT UNDER DEWEY IN MANILA BAY AND WHO TOOK PART IN THE PARADE YESTERDAY.

sky, whose walls were the surrounding hills and whose back was the horizon of the lower bay.

As the pageant moved majestically into the Hudson, it was seen that the crowd still lined the water front and the Jersey shore. It seemed a bit of nature's art work spread by a kindly miracle at the opportune moment, bestowing 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 crew manned the rigging as the Olympia passed, and off Grant's tomb the naval reserves on the St. Mary's did the same. Round the stake boat the Olympia turned smartly, her guns throbbing a deep throated salute over the advancing fleet as hundreds of steam whistles screamed continually. The narrowing throat of the river crowded the advancing vessels together in almost compact mass. The broad arrow formation still drove the head of the column forward unmolested through the ranks of the waiting vessels.

Storm King Was Kind. 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 lured the harbor behind the warships to moan lead, upon which the gigantic figure of Liberty seemed to stand for a time and was soon swallowed in a bank of gray haze.

Then the threatening sky relented. The sun broke out ahead and painted

turn, each saluting the tomb, though at the head of the line the sound of the water 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. Mary's and came down the river in an indistinguishable aquatic mob that was still passing long after the night lit the sky.

Ovation to Lipton. 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 nations, it looked as if the American people were greatly pleased with Sir Thomas and were delighted at an opportunity to salute him in 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 yachtman on the upper bridge of the Erin wore a smile and not infrequently called back his thanks for the kind wishes.

Sir Thomas had on board many 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 cheering which was hurled at the Erin from all sides.

Among those who watched the parade from the decks of the Erin were Prince Reginald de Croix of Belgium and the Hon. Charles Russell of London.

Cheering and Whistling. 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.

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 and the Nourmahal right astern, while the Narga, with Howard Gould on board, headed the port column, with the New Josephine, of Mr. 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."

Sir Thomas Elated. 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's wonderful, marvelous; I could not have believed that so many people could be gotten together."

When off Twenty-third street Sir Thomas became exercised at the congestion of 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 jacks 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 cheering, 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."

Took Nearly an Hour. It took nearly an hour for the head of the yacht fleet to reach the turning point of Fort Lee, but the Corsair finally swung around and headed down the river for the Narrows. At the same time half a hundred excursion boats, tugs and launches which had been waiting up the river for the yachts to appear, swept 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 deck. 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 200,000 or 300,000 people on shore cheered.

The Erin ran down the river until she reached Hoboken, where she took up her position to see the illumination in the river this evening.

PARADE AS SEEN FROM FLAGSHIP OF THE ADMIRAL

Rome Never Paid a More Glorious Tribute to One of Its Conquerors.

New York, Sept. 23.—No Roman conqueror returned to his triumph of barbaric splendor; no victorious king or prince coming home from a successful war, ever received such a magnificent ovation as overwhelmed Admiral Dewey today 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

(Continued on page 2.)

ROYAL WELCOME TO IDAHO BOYS

Pocatello Greets Her Heroes Home From the War.

ENTHUSIASM WAS UP TO HIGHEST PITCH

Decorated With Badges By Beautiful Young Ladies.

Paraded the Streets, Under a Shower of Flowers, and at the Opera House the Formal Reception Took Place—Banqueted Last Night—The City Overdoes Itself in Hospitality and Patriotism—Going to Their Homes.

(Special to The Herald.) Pocatello, Ida., Sept. 23.—No more royal welcome has been extended to any body of troops on their return home than that given today to the returning members of companies E and G of the First Idaho volunteers, who reached home this morning after an absence in the Philippines of sixteen months.

Other and larger communities have done honor to their returning heroes, and other places have gone crazy with joy over the sight of the faces that have been so long absent, but it remains for Pocatello to bring itself as utterly incapacitated for any other form of diversion, amusement or action than to throw herself at the feet of the boys who have brought so much honor to the state of Idaho, and as the people here think, when contemplating the membership of company G, to the city of Pocatello.

Yet it was not without a final effort that the railroad town had the satisfaction of first receiving her boys. Boise wanted them as a drawing card for the state fair, and at Nampa yesterday fought for them, started an intercommunal strife and tried to take the baggage of the Bannock, Bingham and Fremont troops to Boise, so that the boys would have to follow. But with the aid of Engineer Jack Gorman and a cool pick, and Fireman Mart Cosgrove, armed with a copper hammer, Captain Graham of company H and his followers were fought off.

Enthusiasm Was Rampant. At 1:30 this morning every shop and locomotive whistle in Pocatello let loose and announced that the special train had reached American Falls, and at 2 a. m. it pulled into Pocatello, with Superintendent E. J. Mamson's private car on the rear end. Late as the hour was, the soldiers were taken in charge by the ladies of the Red Cross society and were marched to the pavilion where, what would have been a banquet at an earlier hour, was served as a lunch.

Those of the boys who returned without looking well for the most part, though Sergeant Frank Mulligan, who was clerk of company G, and who has been suffering from dysentery, exhibited signs of his recent illness.

Some faces were missing. Walter Dugard died in the islands of typhoid fever, Orrin J. Darrah was killed at the battle of Santa Ana, George Scott was shot through the head at the Gum-bro Crossing and T. H. Fitzpatrick was lost overboard three days out of Manila. Two others are lying in the hospital at the Presidio with little hope of their recovery. They are Fred J. Taylor and Hyrum Spillman.

At 1 o'clock this afternoon the exercises of the day began, led by the Meagan band of Fremont county; the procession formed at the west side school building and marched along Arthur avenue, countermarching on Cleveland to the grand arch on Center. At this point they were halted by the children of the public schools, who sang the hymn "America," and afterwards subjected the returning volunteers to a perfect shower of flowers.

Parade the Streets. At the head of the procession was Colonel Jones, and following the soldiers were Mayor Hiettine and the members of the city council. Behind these came the G. A. R. and the uniform rank of the Knights of Pythias, the Odd Fellows, Woodmen of the World and other secret and civic organizations.

The march was made to the opera house, where the welcome proper was extended. The soldiers were seated on

(Continued on Page 2.)

WAR IN THE TRANSVAAL IS NOW A CERTAINTY

Boer Commanders Ordered to Take the Field and Men Are Responding Readily to Call.

President Kruger Declares That Martial Law Will Be Proclaimed Today Or Monday.

London, Sept. 23.—The correspondent of the Morning Post at Johannesburg sends the following: A government official who has just returned from Pretoria, where he saw President Kruger, assures me that martial law will be proclaimed tomorrow (Saturday) or Monday next. Rumors are current this morning in Johannesburg that the Boers will take the initiative Monday on the border east and west of Charlestown.

The Daily Mail publishes the following dispatch from Charlestown, Natal: Commandant General Joubert and his staff have arrived at Wakkerstrom Nek, where 200 Boers are already assembled with artillery.

Johannesburg, Sept. 23.—There is great excitement in consequence of orders to the commanders to take the field. Part of the Johannesburg corps will assemble today. Dispatch riders have gone to the front.

Durban, Natal, Sept. 23.—The summoning of the volunteers has caused widespread excitement. The men are responding readily, and 100 troops with numerous guns will start tomorrow.

"In conclusion, I asked if there was still a possibility of peace? "No," he replied, adding after a pause, "unless the other side will do something to make peace possible."

The correspondent adds that perhaps it is worth pointing out that the commando in question did not arise until 1894, after the franchise had been conferred by the law of 1891, which makes it difficult to see why the former should account for the latter.

Indications this evening lead to the belief that the views of the cabinet message the Boers will probably commit an overt act which will bring on hostilities before the assembling of parliament. All the latest dispatches from the Transvaal show the liveliest activity on the part of the burghers.

Telegrams from Pretoria announce that artillery is being rapidly loaded at the station for the front and that military trains have preference on all lines. The Cape mail is delayed in consequence of the large amount of rolling stock reserved for the forces. A large number of burghers left yesterday for the Natal border and another for Middleburg.

Detachments of cyclists are being distributed among the different commanders. It is understood the first contingent of the Pretoria force will leave for the eastern border tomorrow.

General Joubert yesterday addressed a crowd of burghers at the Pretoria station. His remarks were loudly cheered. The officers of the German corps left for the front today and the contingent of the Pretoria force will leave for the eastern border and salute President Kruger.

A squadron of British cruisers is expected to arrive at New Castle, Natal, from the interior of South Africa. It is believed that the natives are quiet, and there is no sign of trouble. This is reassuring as it was feared that some of the tribes in Zululand and elsewhere were becoming restless.

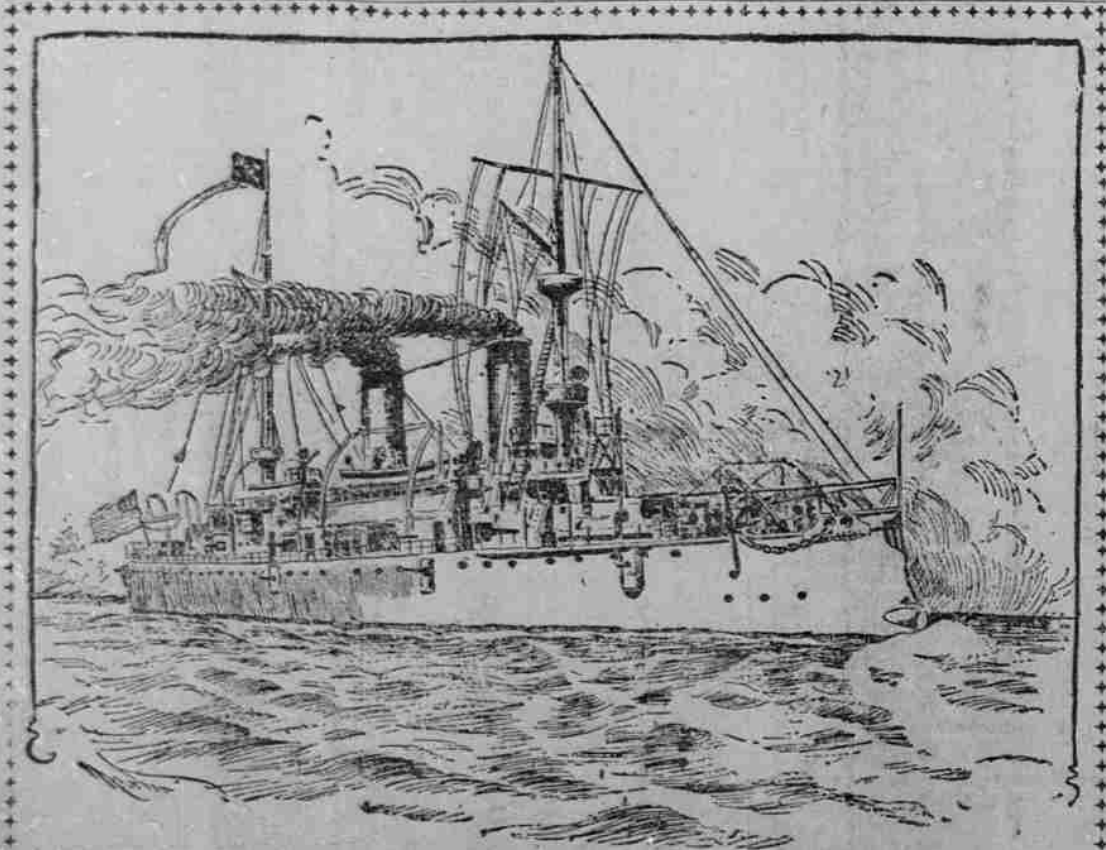
The arrivals at Durban, Natal, from the east are diminishing. Tents have been pitched on the beach to accommodate the refugees. It is announced from Kimberley that a former mayor has called a meeting of Irishmen in protest against the action of the countrymen at home, who, he says, are under a complete misapprehension in supporting "the cause of tyranny in the Transvaal."

Refugees from the Rand. The British colonists in Rhodesia are organizing a volunteer corps, have formed a cycle detachment and have constructed an armored train with an engine plated with steel rails.

Refugees from the Rand continue to arrive at New Castle, Natal, where earthworks are being raised. Light rains are reported in the north of Natal. Farmers within the probable fighting zone are sending their stock south.

In Alwal, in the northern district, a violent appeal from the well known Boer field cornet Villor has been distributed. A telegram received today says two batteries of field artillery and 500 burghers have started for Volksrust, and that another 500 will go there today.

The streets at Pretoria present a scene of great military animation. Armed burghers and artillerymen are



THE CRUISER OLYMPIA, ADMIRAL DEWEY'S FLAGSHIP, THAT LED THE PARADE.



PRESIDENT KRUGER AND HIS COURT.