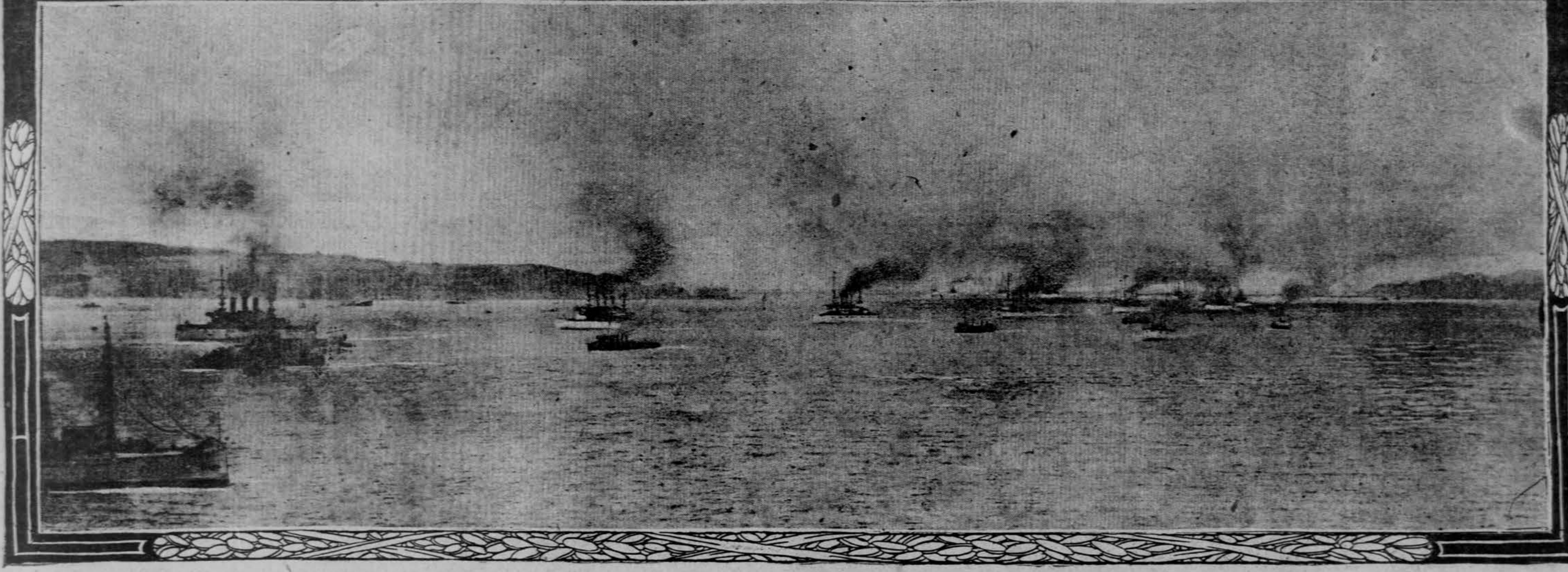


By One, the White Ships Slip Out of the Fog Through the Golden Gate to Anchorage

vessels follow in a long line that stretches out to the entrance of the Golden gate From a photograph taken on Alcatraz island—Copyright by Rogers & Bronstrup, 780 Ellis street.



Men of Armada Forget to Eat When Golden Gate Is Sighted at Last

Continued from Page 1, Column 2

Only the San Francisco lightship, suddenly excited to a dizzy prominence by being the overnight host of the fleet, did its best to make the ships at home and bid them welcome. It tooted merrily away, as though its sole object of existence was to provide entertainment for its noted guests until the time for their departure came. At 9 o'clock the first of the excursion vessels loomed blackly out of the fog, and then came the rest of the fleet, blaring with horns and whistles, and with their own patch of sunlight and circled around and around the silent warships.

The pilot schooners were the next to dare a fingertip acquaintance with the fleet. They, too, had ridden at anchor overnight near the lightship, and sent out their small boats early in the morning to put the harbor pilots on board the four divisional flagships.

On the Minnesota we awaited our pilot impatiently, for here was a man who must surely be a weather prophet for this bay and whose prediction of a fair day inside the heads would do much to lighten our burden of anxiety. Would it be a picture worked out in perfection of brightness and color as we steamed down into the bay or was it possible that after all these months of planning the scene was to be marred and darkened by a pall of fog?

CLEAR SKY PROMISED

These were the questions we asked him just the minute he had been received by Admiral Thomas and Captain Hubbard. He nodded his head, smiled, waved his hand with expressive gesture over the starboard quarter and declared that with such a breeze we were sure to find it clear by the time we reached the Golden gate. He was so sure about it that we believed him implicitly and were satisfied.

Six bells struck—11 o'clock. Already the monsters were tugging at short anchor chains with the great hooks barely touching bottom. On the stroke of the hour a string of gay flags fluttered down from the mast of the flagship Connecticut at the head of the column. Similar signals disappeared like magic from the masthead of every vessel in the fleet. There was the clank of anchor chains and the lashing of water by our propellers, telling the fleet was under way.

Slowly we turned our prow to the northward to regain direction, for during the night we had swung around, and then the long column began to move. Speed cones flew up to the yards, signaling standard speed ahead, and the Connecticut led the way around the arc of a circle and laid a course straight for the still hidden portals of the bay.

FOG VEIL TORN AWAY

And then as we swept in over the 20 mile stretch of open sea occurred the transformation that made mockery of the most elaborate stage setting ever attempted by human hands. Like the tearing away of a thin gray veil, the fog that lay to leeward dissolved before the oncoming ships and the ruggedness of the outer promontories at the Golden gate stood out clear in green and brown as the frame for a picture of wondrous beauty. In through the headlands the bay sparkled under a bath of sunlight, specked and dotted with a hundred vessels, ocean liners, massive freighters, merchantmen, tugs, excursion boats and sailing craft of every kind and every size.

Still, with Point Bonita at the north and Point Lobos at the south of the entrance yet several miles away, the scene that was opened to our eyes was but a glowing perspective without the detail that was to be added minute by minute as we advanced. Field glasses and powerful binoculars were unslinging to aid the naked eye, and to every point of vantage on the ship awarded officers and men anxious to miss no change in the panorama that was beginning to unfold so fast.

MEN IGNORE MESS CALL

One hour that the men of the navy respect with a wholesome admiration is mess hour, but when the noon mess call was blown yesterday on the Minnesota the response was a failure. There were a few who, with the demands of the inner man dominant, rushed off to gulp a mouthful of food and a cup of hot coffee, but they were in the minority.

Most of the officers and men alike ignored the call and clung to the handrails and the rigging, unwilling to best their places for anything less than the insistent demand for ship

duty. So the dinner hour went unheeded and the men of the fleet gazed with hungry eyes on the unfolding wonders of city and shore.

With powerful glasses the surf line of the beach was at last in visual range and the thousands of black forms that covered it and specked every hill and eminence gave first proof that San Francisco was in the grip of a crowd such as it has not known since long before the fire. The street railway cut that beats the cliffs north of Sutter basins and the seal rocks was marked as a single heavy black line, packed with humanity, while above and below the scarred hillsides were almost hidden by countless thousands of people. The flash of heliographs from Point Diablo and the summit of the Presidio reservation told us that the story of our coming was already being sent back and forth across the bay and out over the land to every part of the world.

FORM PARADE LINE

The battalions were still moving in the single column formation which has been their favorite alignment ever since leaving Hampton roads, but with two vessels added to those which made the trip around the Horn. As the fleet left its anchorage at the lightship, the Nebraska dropped into the line at the rear of the first squadron, while the Wisconsin took up a similar position, with the second squadron at the very end of the fleet. These are the two ships which are to take the place of the Maine and Alabama when the latter leave to precede the others on the trip around the world, and have been assigned respectively to the second and fourth divisions.

Even with the port bow of the Connecticut steamed the Whipple, flagship of the famous little "mosquito" flotilla, which has steamed a thousand miles farther in the trip around the Horn than the big warriors of the fleet, and behind it were the other five torpedo destroyers, forming a flanking column. Still farther out to the left of the flagship was the special dispatch vessel "Lantern" and following behind the armored men-o-war came the supply ships Culgoa and Glacier, the floating machine shop Panther, the hospital ship Relief and the Arcthusa, which are to take the place of the Maine and Alabama when the latter leave to precede the others on the trip around the world, and have been assigned respectively to the second and fourth divisions.

BIG GUNS BOOM WELCOME

So the armada steamed through the Golden gate. From the Presidio there came a bright flash and a puff of white smoke that announced the beginning of the first salute, but it was many seconds before the detonation reached our ears. A second flash and a second white puff came before we had heard the report of the first. Other flashes and puffs followed in quick succession until 21 guns had boomed the welcome to Admiral Evans and his command. From Fort Baker at the north another salute began and came to us in flashes, puffs and reports as the first had done. Then, at the head of our line, there was the recognition from the flagship.

Beiling clouds of smoke alternately from starboard and port three pounders, the Connecticut was answering the salute from the emergency cabin on its after bridge and the man who has brought this fleet safely on its wonderful cruise and who has made the last great struggle of his life that he might have a fitting command at the end of the voyage.

As we entered the channel a little group of seamen and petty officers at port and starboard were busy heaving the lead to sound the depth as we progressed and reporting at every successive throw that there were fathoms of water to spare. Down in the depths of the huge steel bound hull there were other men at work—at the careful work of generating 11,000 horsepower, and holding it in so perfect leath that the immense ship should not creep ahead or lag behind its position, and up on the forward bridge were other busy men directing every force within the massive floating fortress.

THOMAS ON THE BRIDGE

But it was up on the after bridge with Admiral Thomas that the most absorbing interest centered, for there not one ship alone but all nine ships of the second squadron came under the direct command of a single man and a man whose eyes were quick to catch and note the need of a maneuver here or a change there, the precise execution of a command or the making of a single mistake. And the hands and brains that guided those nine ships

were bent on the task of pleasing his men, for he is beloved of them all, yet he is no easy master. Did a single ship swerve from its line or fail to make a perfect turning in executing a change of course, Admiral Thomas was quick with a reprimand. "Make signal poorly done," he would command, designating the recreant by name, and Flag Lieutenant Castleman would cry the numbers of the code. Snapping on the flags, the men of the signal corps would have the signal ready to fly almost before the words were uttered and up it would fly with a rush, telling the shame of some ship to all the fleet. Quick execution of orders here; no mistakes; perfect discipline.

But not always was it the word of reprimand that was blazoned by those flaunting banners. Just as often it was a brief note of praise to be treasured by some ship or a formal order that must be answered from every bridge. And constantly came the reports from the officers watching the position of the various ships—this one with an interval of 50 yards short or that one with its interval lengthened out too far—no guess work, but exact figures.

Long before the column of ships had rounded the point into the inner bay the sun had dimmed itself behind light clouds and the brilliance of the scene was lost in a gray haze. Still it was clear and every ship in the line could be seen from shore, while from the ships the city stretched out like a huge map. On Telegraph hill we saw a small speck in the sky gradually growing larger as it dropped down toward us before a swift breeze, and then as it came nearer it seemed that it must lodge on our decks. It was a miniature gas balloon, not more than five or six feet in diameter, but carrying suspended beneath it a huge key, golden in color. It sailed across our bows only a few yards away and plunged into the bay, yet surely it was an omen of good, this symbol of the freedom of the city.

Out from behind Angel Island came the cruisers of the Pacific squadron to join our column for the circuit around the bay to Hunters point, and then the Yorktown, bearing the flag of Secretary of the Navy Metcalf, came in to sight, and as the head of the line passed the smaller vessel the Connecticut fired its saluting guns again. The pageant was nearly at an end, but there was still to come the maneuvers in line of squadrons for anchorage. Leaving Hunters point behind, the Minnesota glided away to the right of the direction taken by the first squadron and pointed the way for its own squadron to the anchorage to eastward.

FLY HOLIDAY FLAGS

It was a beautifully executed movement. The water barely rippled about her prow as the Minnesota glided up abreast the Connecticut. The anchorage signal was flying from the bridge and was repeated on every ship behind. Simultaneously nine anchors splashed into the bay, and at the instant the streamers of flags, dressing the ships in the gayety of holiday attire, ran up from prow to masthead, back to masthead and down to stern.

The huge cranes groaned and the barges and launches were afloat in the bay, hovering near at hand ready for the official line of commanding officers or for trips to shore. So the armada came to anchor, squadron by squadron.

As the last vessel came to rest there was a signal from the little Yorktown, lying off toward Yerba Buena island. It was addressed to Admiral Evans, and it read:

"The secretary of the navy congratulates the commander in chief and the officers and men of the Atlantic fleet on the successful termination of their cruise from the Atlantic to the Pacific." Admiral Evans' answer flashed back a minute later. It was a fitting and a manly one.

CONVICTED OF RAISING CLEARING HOUSE NOTE

Waiter's Attorney Asks Dismissal of Charge, Alleging Certificates Illegal

LOS ANGELES, May 6.—Gilbert E. Collins, a waiter, was today found guilty by a jury of raising a \$1 clearing house certificate to \$10. The convicted man's attorney argued for dismissal of the case on the ground that the issuance of the clearing house certificates was illegal, and that for this reason his client could not be held. The court said that it would not pass on that point, as it was one for the supreme court.

Coming of the Fleet

An article of timely interest by H. A. Evans, U. S. N., on the significance of the great fleet's presence in the Pacific, appears in the May Sunset.

GAME ADMIRAL WINS HIS GOAL

"I Said I'd Be on the Ship at San Francisco and I'm Here," Says Evans

It was announced last night that Rear Admiral Evans would return to Washington May 9. He will join in the procession today, broken as he is in health and unable to walk. Today's festivity will probably mark his last public appearance in the events arranged in his honor. It is practically assured that he will not attend the banquet given by Governor Gillett to Secretary of the Navy Metcalf and the commanding officers of the fleet. The admiral will not return to Paso Robles, but will remain with his family at San Francisco until his departure for the east.

"Very well done," said Admiral Evans as the long line of ships drew up in proper alignment at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon and sent their anchors searching into the depths. Then he turned to those about him and a smile spread over his face. "I said I'd be on the ship when we reached San Francisco," he announced, "and I'm here. I said we'd be here on time and here we are." It was not spoken in a spirit of boastfulness, but simply came as the expression of intense satisfaction at having completed successfully that which he had set out to accomplish.

He had been directed to take the fleet from Hampton roads to San Francisco and from the moment the vessels left the eastern shore Admiral Evans has had one eye on the Golden gate. Now that he has performed his duty he is ready to retire.

How great a sacrifice the brave officer made only those who saw and spoke to him yesterday can appreciate. He is thin and weak and can barely stand alone. With the grit of the born sea fighter, he has persisted in his determination not to yield even to the ravages of a painful illness.

The admiral spent Tuesday night in the emergency cabin of the Connecticut. With a telephone at hand, he was able to direct the movements of the fleet without stirring from his quarters. It has always been his habit to scrutinize closely every maneuver. Nothing goes on among the ships of his command that he does not see. He arose early yesterday morning and donned the uniform of the day. He was greatly pleased to see the battalions Nebraska and Wisconsin, which had steamed out to join the fleet the night before. He sent his respects to the men of the torpedo flotilla and expressed satisfaction at the success of their cruise.

Captain Osterhaus and Captain Grant gave him the details of the program as it had been previously arranged. Evans gave the signal for the fleet to proceed through the Golden gate. His son and Lieutenant Traut stood by eager to transmit his orders. Standing on the bridge the admiral looked out over the bay and noted with intense pleasure the immense crowds on the shore. Later he retired for a few moments. He took his position on the bridge again as the vessels neared their anchorage and personally directed the final maneuver.

Then came the reception—the formal greeting of the official committee aboard the flagship, after which the admiral came ashore. It was a veritable triumphal entry that landing of Admiral Evans at the Mission street wharf, followed by a swift auto dash up Market and Geary streets to the St. Francis hotel, where the doughty tar met his wife, and relaxed his pain-racked body to the comfort of his easy chair amid the loving ministrations of Mrs. Evans, his son and his faithful physician.

Flanked on each side by cheering thousands, straining their throats in wilder enthusiasm, he welcomed to "Fighting Bob," the grizzled veteran was stirred to the heart.

"I am surprised," he murmured to those with him in the automobile. "I'm certainly glad I'm here." Walking bravely on crutches, throwing off with resolute disdain the proffered assistance of his loyal aids, the admiral left the Connecticut one hour after the anchoring of the fleet. It was little known in the city that he was to land, but the word was whispered about a quarter of an hour before, and the wharves were black with people. As the polished brass funnel of the admiral's launch drew in sight a cheer broke forth as from one man from fully 2,000 throats. Gliding nimbly in

between the two long piers, each a swaying mass of shouting humanity the little boat drew up to the float without a jar. Tenderly helped over the rail, Admiral Evans no sooner stood on the dock than he grasped his crutches and walked slowly but steadily up to the waiting automobile, turning his head now and again to smile back greeting to the cheering crowds. He climbed into the machine with little aid. In the automobile with him were James D. Phelan, chairman of the official reception committee, and the admiral's son, Lieutenant Taylor Evans. With a whizz, the automobile shot over East street to Market, wending its way through a street solidly packed with cheering spectators, then dashing up the broad thoroughfare through a lane of more happy thousands.

As the machine rounded up Market street Admiral Evans looked up in amazement at the broad panoramas of skyscrapers.

"Were all these buildings shaken down in the 'quake'?" he asked Phelan. "No; they were burned down," he was answered. "And all put up again in so short

time—it is certainly wonderful—a wonderful people and city," said the admiral.

Drawing up at the St. Francis, Admiral Evans was greeted with a salute fired from a small cannon on the second floor of the hotel. Seventeen shots were fired, although, ranking as a rear admiral, Evans was entitled by strict etiquette to but 13. Asked for explanation, the committeeman in charge of the salute replied:

"Well, he ought to be an admiral, so I gave him the full number of guns."

As he walked across the lobby of the St. Francis, a crowd of men and women guests that had been waiting to see the admiral went mad in applause. Women jumped on chairs and tables to cheer and wave flags.

Admiral Evans did not stir from his apartments during the afternoon or evening. So happy was he with the ovation he received as he was driven from the wharf to the St. Francis hotel that he caused a bulletin to be posted almost immediately after reaching his room. The bulletin was posted in the lobby of the hotel, and ran:

"Admiral Evans says that he has been much benefited by the trip on the Connecticut and that he has landed his

great fleet of ships without accident or mar. He is grateful to the people of San Francisco for the ovation he received upon his arrival at the St. Francis hotel."

Surrounded by the members of his family and attended by their loving ministrations, the admiral rested quietly during the evening. With him are Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Marsh, his daughter; Lieutenant F. T. Evans, his son; Dr. P. E. McDonald, his physician, and two nurses. Tender care was taken to keep the distinguished patient as undisturbed as possible.

He took to his bed early in the afternoon and dinner was served in his room. He ate heartily and Dr. McDonald announced that the admiral was resting easily and was very happy that he had successfully finished the cruise he started on last December. He expressed great appreciation of the ovation he had received on his entry into the city, and said that he was determined to participate in the parade today. Late during the night he was reported resting easily and Dr. McDonald stated that the arduous duties of reception surrounding his arrival had not diminished his energy or depressed his spirit.

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