

# OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE.

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ESTABLISHED 1866

SCHUEBEL, Deutscher Vorkaf. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Over McKittick's Shoe Store, near the Bank of Oregon City, OREGON.

D. C. LATOURETTE, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW. 101 STREET OREGON CITY, OREGON. Abstracts of Title, Loan Money, Foreclosure Mortgages, and Transfer General Law Business.

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### DEWEY'S WELCOME

#### The Whole Nation Welcomes the Hero of Manila.

#### MONSTER PARADE.

#### Naval Parade Followed by a Great Land Demonstration. The Navy, the Army and Civic Dignitaries Unite to Honor Dewey.

The Parade Starts.

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.—Noon was ushered in with the scream of whistles that sounded like 10,000 craft. 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 line, as though some current was 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 whirled the pinnaces aboard. Megaphone commands flung across the water brought the torpedo-boats, like the greyhounds they were, to the Olympia's quarter. The brilliant code flags blossomed like flowers on the Olympia, from bridge to main top. 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 was flung from ship to ship down the squadron.

The black speed cones of the Olympia climbed slowly to her yards as the big cruiser 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 feet-footed Brooklyn, the sturdy old Texas, the rakish, yacht-like Dolphin, the old Lancaster, a relic of another naval age; the powerful Chicago, and finally the little Marietta, the rearguard of the fighting craft.

Behind stretched the transports, and further still, almost lost in the distance, the yachts and miscellaneous craft, hull-down on the horizon.

The evolution began at 1 o'clock, and in 15 minutes the fighting line was straightened out up the harbor. Admiral Dewey was going to his own place at the head of a squadron that would have won, at need, three battles of Manila bay without stopping for breakfast.

The head of the column was a broad arrow. Six torpedo-boats spread out at the bar, three on a side, from the Olympia's quarter. Outside of them a flying wedge of police patrol-boats formed a great V, whose apex was the Olympia. Flanking them, ahead and astern, were the harbor fire-boats, spouting great columns of water that turned threateningly toward the excursion-boats on either side when they attempted to crowd the line of march.

But the pageant back of this powerful vanguard was not limited to a single or sextuple line of ships. It was a sinuous marine monster half a mile wide, whose vertebrae were the ships of the white squadron, and whose ribs were rows upon rows of every sort of floating thing that had ever run by steam in New York harbor.

NEW YORK.—Sept. 30.—The land parade today capped the climax. The city state and nation united in a vast demonstration worthy of the hero of Manila. The earth trembled beneath the tread of 50,000 men, and the air was torn with the shouts of millions. The naval parade of yesterday was magnificent and superb, but the wonder of modern times was the great land parade. Thousands of proud men of our land and sea forces, the militia of 15 states and the veterans of the civil and Spanish-American wars swelled the procession and gave it the dignity in size that it boasted in sentiment.

Walls of people miles long stretched down the line of march on either side, a dense, impregnable mass, Fifth avenue from Fifty-ninth street to the Washington Park, at Fourteenth street, where the parade disbanded, was solidly packed with spectators, who overflowed into the buildings, windows and on to the roof lines, sat in embrasures and crowded scaffolding. Along Broadway where it crossed the avenue, the skyscrapers were as crowded at the top as at the bottom, and for blocks down the intersecting streets, tenants hung from the windows and fire escapes and multitudes of them were on the roofs, lying flat on their stomachs, peering down. They waited patiently and good-natured-

ly for three hours and a half, while the procession passed.

Far down this living lane the column marched while the air was gorgeous with the mist of banners and vibrating with shouts of welcome and admiration, the clatter of horses' hoofs when the cavalry sabers flashed and plumes waved, the rumble of artillery, the snarl of drums, the clear-drawn bugle call, and the blast of military bands.

Seventeen aerial bombs from the top of the Waldorf-Astoria heralded the approach to the reviewing stand in Madison square. Several companies of police mounted on glossy, well-trained horses, brought up the procession. When the head of the column appeared, the jockeys of the Olympia, marching rank on rank with an easy rolling step and Sousa's blue-coated band playing as only it can play, it was a poor American whose heart did not beat higher. Those in the stands leaped upon their seats and everybody greeted the advancing column with cheers.

The tars of the Olympia were in plain blue, with brown leggings and black cartridge boxes, loose flannel caps flopped over their eyes, and their sword band made a picket of steel over them. Those caps, with the ribbons snapping jauntily over their temples, and the blue steel sword band, impressed the people mightily. The sailors were large-boned and solemn, with faces bronzed and bodies that seemed all muscle—the kind of men one would like to have back of him in a fight. The commander was on foot with shining sword blue blade resting on his right shoulder, walking in front of his men as army officers do. A squad of sailors dragging a rapid-fire six-pounder brought up the rear of the Olympia's battalion.

#### The Hero of the Day.

Then came the hero, the admiral, and the officers of the fleet in all the glory of their gold-laced uniforms and gold-rimmed cocked hats. All were in open barouches, and at their head was the man of the hour. Mayor Van Wyck sat beside Admiral Dewey in the carriage. The front seat was banked with beautiful floral pieces. The people did not have to give a second glance at the man whose features have been blazoned everywhere for weeks. He was recognized on the instant, and the cheers and huzzahs that had greeted the Olympia's men seemed tame when compared with the shout they raised. It seemed fairly to lift the sky. There is no conceivable kind of noise they did not make. Everybody waved and cheered and nearly everybody jumped up and down in frantic enthusiasm. Old men were as enthusiastic as boys, and just about as noisy. Admiral Dewey, during his last few days' experience, has become somewhat accustomed to these vociferous greetings, and he took it all calmly, smiling and bowing right and left and occasionally lifting his gold-trimmed beaver as he rode along.

The gallant captains of the ships engaged in the destruction of Montego's fleet, except poor Gridley, who died after the battle, followed and also got a rousing welcome. The three admirals, Howison, Sampson and Phillip, as they rode by with their brilliantly accoutred staff, were easily recognized, and got flattering applause, as did many of the popular officers of the North Atlantic squadron.

The governors of the several states, who rode in carriages, though many of them were popular and would have received big demonstrations at any other time, passed almost unnoticed. The crowds would have none of them today. They yearned only for the brass buttons and gold lace of military and naval heroes, and would have nothing else. Both Major-General Miles and Major-General Merritt got big ovations. The former wore a band of yellow across his breast, and seemed always to have his cap off, acknowledging the salutations of the throng.

#### Cheers for Schley.

But it was Rear-Admiral Schley who divided honors with the central figure of the day. He received a demonstration second only to that of Dewey. People shouting their already lacerated throats to the breaking point, "Hurrah for the hero of Santiago," "There is the man that smashed Cervera's fleet," "Hip, hip, hurrah for Schley," and kindred cries came from all parts of the line. In Upper Fifth avenue some enthusiastic lady threw him a handful of roses. They landed fairly in the carriage. The admiral leaned forward picked them up and lifted them to his lips. Instantly all the ladies in the balcony seemed piqued with the desire to have their flowers similarly honored, and he was fairly bombarded. Many of the flowers fell into the street, only to be caught up by eager spectators and carried to the carriage. Before he got to Madison square, Admiral Schley was up to his arms in flowers.

The marines and sailors of the North Atlantic squadron, eight battalions of them, attracted much attention. The marines, with their brass helmets, marched with a peculiar step, neither seamen's roll nor landmen's tread, but

a combination. The men of the Brooklyn got perhaps the most applause. The provisional brigade of the army lacked the confident, easy step for which army veterans are noted. This, perhaps, is accounted for by the fact that most of the United States army veterans are serving this country on the other side of the world, and those now here are only "rookies." They were preceded by a battalion of West Point cadets in their showy uniforms of gray, with white duck trousers, moving like one man, their legs moving like clock work, every cap and bayonet in perfect line.

#### Roosevelt Led the Guardsmen.

Governor Roosevelt, riding a spirited black horse at the head of the National Guard of the state of New York, and surrounded by brilliantly uniformed officers, received a hearty and continuous ovation from one end of the line to the other. He was in civilian attire and wore a silk hat, that is, when he had it on, as he was removing it right and left for more than half the time. He was escorted by troop A, whose plumes, rising and falling with the moving of the horses beautified a block. The artillery seemed more real than the infantry or cavalry, and the commander of the Seventh light artillery gave the people an exhibition, getting his battery at a gallop and charging down the street, the horses plunging and cannon wheels rumbling like rolling thunder. The crowd gave a whirlwind of applause. The National Guards of all the state made a brilliant showing, and were evidently proud of their appearance and of the reception they received.

Before Madison square was reached Admiral Dewey and the reviewing party in carriages passed the front of the procession and alighted at the reviewing stand, opposite Twenty-sixth street, and took their places in the boxes, hung with laurel wreaths, that had been reserved for them. There, for the first time, the admiral saw the great arch of victory in his honor. All about Madison square the decorations charmed the eye. Flags on wires ran from the tall tower of Madison-Square garden, and all the facades as far as the eye could see up and down Fifth avenue were brilliantly decorated with bunting and flags. The national streamers flew from the cornices and 1000 box kites floated high in the blue sky. Here the admiral reviewed the entire parade.

Only one distressing incident occurred within his view. A wire had been stretched across the space between two of the stands in the park. The awful press of people broke it, and they surged into the avenue, those in front powerless to resist the pressure of the thousands in the rear. The police officers on foot were helpless. Try as they would they could not stem the tide, which promised to impede the entire parade. Suddenly a half hundred mounted policemen galloped up, and having formed a line, charged and shoved the people back. Many women and children were caught in the crush. Some shrieked others fainted, and several, after the panic was over, were carried away in ambulances.

#### The Homeliest Man in Oregon City.

As well as the handsomest, and others are invited to call on any druggist and get free a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is guaranteed to cure and relieve all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Price 25c and 50c.

#### Played Out.

Dull Headache, Pains in various parts of the body, sinking at the pit of the stomach, loss of appetite, feverishness, pimples or sores are all positive evidences of impure blood. No matter how it became so it must be purified in order to obtain good health. Acker's Blood Elixir has never failed to cure Scrofulous Syphilitic poisons or any other blood diseases. It is certainly a wonderful remedy and we sell every bottle on a positive guarantee. Geo. A. Harding Agt.

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#### Money to loan at lowest rates.

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