

became deafening when President Woodruff's carriage was seen. All classes seemed to vie with one another in doing honor to the venerable Pioneer. Beside him sat President Smith and opposite them was Apostle F. D. Richards and Andrew Smith. Previous to the parade, President Woodruff drove about inspecting the Pioneer exhibits on the mustering ground, and was everywhere received with marks of affection.

Fifty-two files of Pioneers, between four and five hundred members, marched next—four abreast. About one-third were women. The love and veneration of the spectators went out to them in prolonged cheers all along the line. Not the least of the lessons that will be impressed by the Jubilee upon the present generation is the lesson of respect and veneration for old age which is everywhere accorded to the survivors of '47.

Brigham Young's carriage is still intact. Thousands have viewed it in the Hall of Relics, but today it was given an airing amid circumstances that appeal strongly to the imagination. Gracefully decorated with flowers and festoons of smilax, it was drawn along by a company of prettily-dressed grandchildren of President Young. Here are some of their names: Leah Eudora Dunford, Nell Young, Rose Young, Grace Constance Young, Clara Clawson, Lulu Gates, Verna Young, Niele Clawson, Allen Clawson, Burgess Young and Daniel McAllister.

President Young's sleeping carriage followed—minus the running gears, which were new. It also was decorated with flowers.

A carriage followed containing Mrs. Kimball the only surviving woman who resched California with the Mormon Battalion. She was the wife of Sergeant Coray on that memorable march.

Next came the Pioneer band wagon with sixteen survivors of the Nauvoo Brass band and Ballo's band.

After seeing the rehabilitation of the Pioneer emigration, and knowing what is expected of him, the reporter throws down his pencil in despair. It can never be told. The ideal floats made to represent early days are within the pale of description, but these old wagons and teams with their "awful display" of trumpery, will never be brought before the imagination of the reader. The person who did not see it never can see it. It is gone forever. One might as well give up reading about it for there can be nothing in print that can even faintly reproduce the venerable, dust begrimed pageant. One marvels that a show can be made so realistic.

Twenty wagons were in the train. The first was that of Heber C. Kimball, the very old narrow tracked iron-wheeled wagon in which Ellen Saunders Kimball, one of the Pioneer women, rode into the valley. It is in an excellent state of preservation, although it has been used for forty years in the valley. It is now the property of Mr. P. P. Pugsley of this city.

Then followed wagons decorated with all the paraphernalia that a pioneer one thousand miles from civilization would be likely to need,

when he should he set down at last among the sage brush. Plows, harrows, cradles, scythes, rakes, forks, nameless for anointness of appearance, hung from wagon bows; collars, saddles, harness, camp utensils, bedsteads, chairs, axes and a thousand things gathered from the iron heap and the garret, hung from every hook and joint of these old "rattle traps" on wheels. Pigs and chickens were part of the outfit, and baskets of "buffalo chips" strapped on the sides of the wagons provoked many a smile, and set gray-headed people to explaining.

The teams for the most part were the most "rocky" that could be picked up. In one outfit there were three cows and one horse, and the smoke-begrimed wagon cover bore the charcoal inscription "Salt Lake or Bust."

The last wagon went on a drag. Above the broken wheel on the cover was this inscription: "Team ran away on Little Mountain and wagon broke down July 23, 1847."

Capt. O. P. Miller, son of one of the Pioneer captains, was in charge of this ancient exhibit and kindly pointed out a score or things worthy of notice, did space and time permit. One was the first ditch plow made in the valley. It was hammered out of tire iron by R. G. Gardner of West Jordan.

Not least of the picturesque effect was produced by the make up of the people who peered out of every hole and rent of the covered wagons.

The pageant of progress in its entirety came next. It opened with the appearance of a rude looking camp wagon bearing this motto: "Echo July 21, 1847; Utah Today—Union Forever." Following in its wake were other wagons, the whole representing a Pioneer train and each of them well supplied with fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, Aunt Maria, grandpa, grandma, tables, chairs, cooking utensils, farming implements and a great diversity of odds and ends, too profuse to enumerate. One of the wagons was drawn by three cows and a horse, while behind it walked "little Jimmie's donkey." Another for lack of a hind wheel had a pole attached to it and bore the inscription, "Broke down July 23, 1847"—the day before the entrance proper into Salt Lake valley.

Coming up in the rear was a mountain howitzer borne along by a small pack mule, and behind this reminiscent feature was the overland stage followed by the pony express crowd of 1860. Some of the "old boys" were on horses and occasionally gave vent to a little hilarity as cheer upon cheer came from the onlooking thousands.

Major Stacton and aldea were next in line, they being followed by Held's band which marched directly in front of reminiscences of "Jim" Bridger who first sighted the Great Salt Lake in 1825. The Bridger float made up a part of this display, Utah in 1847 being the picture thrown open to gaze. It showed a camp of Indians and was a realistic scene indeed with Bridger portrayed with gun in hand ready to defend himself from a possible onslaught.

The ghost dancing Indians, dressed in gay war colors followed the Bridger

float and then came the old whip saw mill and the first cabin house in Utah, 1847, both of which have been described heretofore. Reminiscences of Temple building in the shape of ox teams hauling granite were next in order after which came reminders of the days of '56 when the hand cart brigades made their weary way across the Plains, with the Salt Lake valley as their destination.

A fac-simile of Union Pacific Engine No. 1, with car attached came next. Then followed a banner bearing the words of the first telegram sent from Utah, Oct. 18, 1861, and a reply thereto by President Lincoln. The Utah Smelting Co. had its float in line, a feature which immediately preceded the News float from which fac-similes of the first issue were distributed along the route. Then came floats representing the Silk Industry, and the ship Brooklyn in the rear of which was the Ogden band and floats indicating a Salty Bath, Friends of Fifty Years, Salt Fountain, A Grotto, and Great Salt Lake.

The boys of the Leadville Drum corps were next in line, and were followed by the Victor, Colo., float, Home of the Wave, the Colorado Midland band, the Volunteer firemen and '53 engine, together with Chlof Ottinger and sons of the Volunteers. Anticipations More Than Realized, was the next picture, a scene which was followed by the Sea Gull monument, The Stream of Time, Salt Cave, Utah Lake, Serpent at Bay, the Wellsville Social band and Cache county's Educational float.

The counties of the State were represented as on yesterday, each having their respective floats with showings of good things and varied products to gaze upon. The counties represented were Cache, as before stated, Box Elder, Carbon, Grand, Emery, Davis, Beaver, Iron, Juab, Morgan, Piute, Garfield, Rich, Tooele, San Juan, Sanpete, Summit, Utah, Wayne, Wasatch, Washington and Weber.

Interspersing the county displays were floats and other features seen in the previous parades as well as a number of bands which discoursed excellent marching tunes on the way. Peter, Peter, and the Old Woman in the Shoe were there. Ding Dong Bell and Little Miss Muffet were also represented and these features of story were greatly enjoyed by the children. There were also a number of bicyclists in line, two of whom gave out the trick riding. James G. McDonald's "Head Push" occupied a carriage, the vehicle being followed by his two floats burdened with white and "yellow" girls. Then came other advertising features all of which looked up in good style. Dr. Higgins was there in his fine carriage, while the Silver Bros. also occupied a place to one of the greatest parades that ever graced the streets anywhere on the American continent.

As the procession wound around on South Temple from State street, the militia men formed in line on the south side of the street and the grand and glorious pageant marched and counter-marched amid the tumult of tremendous cheers and enthusiasm.

The proceedings closed with a grand display of fireworks from Capitol hill between 9 and 11 p. m.