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Good only.....

APR. 22 1906

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Order of GOV. *GEO. PARDEE*

By..... *J. B. Lauck*
Adjutant General

Facsimile of pass issued to those assisting in the merciful work
of relieving the suffering.

THE
DOOMED CITY
A THRILLING TALE

BY
FRANK THOMPSON SEARIGHT

A VIVID AND GRAPHIC TALE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT-
EST CATASTROPHE, THE DIREFUL CATAclysm
THAT CONVULSED THE GOLDEN SHORES
OF THE LAND OF PROMISE

REALISTICALLY DESCRIBED BY ONE OF THE REFUGEES

AN AUTHENTIC STORY OF THE GREAT
CALAMITY, WITH A FULL HISTORY OF
MANY MARVELOUS AND ASTOUNDING
ESCAPES FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH.

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED L. C.

WITH

Characteristic Pictures of the Horrible Storm of Fire and
Flame—Many Fascinating and Terrible Scenes of
Falling Buildings, Government Troops
Dynamiting Mammoth
Steel Structures

Escaping Refugees and other Interesting Views of the Appalling
Havoc Wrought by the Earthquake in San Francisco,
Santa Rosa, San Jose, Napa and other California Cities.



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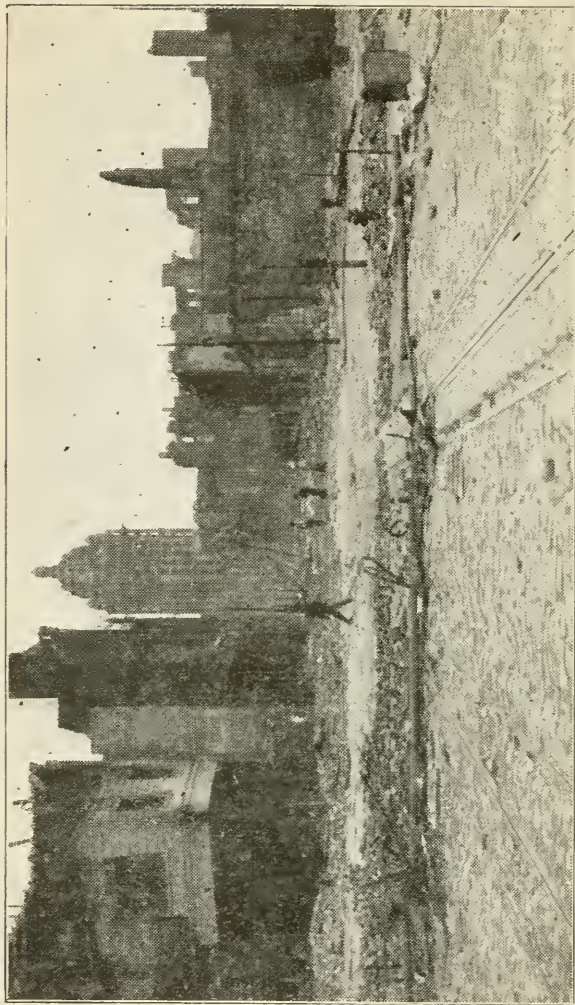
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ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

THIS story of cataclysm and prodigious misfortune is dedicated to the nation, the great state of California and its noble citizenry, and to the brave nurses, physicians, soldiers and thousands of unselfish civilians who gave of their time and strength and means that loss and suffering might seem less. With sorrow for the dead, pity and sympathy for the injured, hope for those who have been stricken with poverty, and full confidence in the ability of the people of San Francisco and other unfortunate towns to replace in magnificent newness all that has been destroyed, this tragic tale of weird events following the dawn of the memorable 18th of April, 1906, is respectfully dedicated.



O'Farrell St., looking down from Stockton to Market—showing the seventeen-story Call Building in the center background.

THE AWFUL DRAMA.

The pages that follow this introduction embody supreme and overwhelming news, a chronicle of the most astonishing and stupendous cataclysm of modern times, the annihilation of San Francisco. Wednesday, April 18th, 1906, the attention of all the busy tribes of men upon our earthly planet was suddenly arrested by a message that flew on the wings of lightning to all quarters of the globe: "The Queen City by the Golden Gate has been shattered by earthquake and is being consumed by flames!" Mankind everywhere stood, as it were, transfixed; a disaster without a modern parallel was under way. The minds of men went back to Calabria, Lisbon, Schamaki, Lima, Quito, Jeddo and other appalling seismic disasters, and they asked themselves: "Is this another supreme example of the primacy of the elemental, of the power of nature and her forces to blot out man and his works?" Then when the second day and the third and the fourth had passed, the whole world knew that an epochal

disaster had fallen, that the pages of the entire history of man could not offer a picture more amazing and fearful than that which had been painted by earthquake and fire upon that tongue of land which is bathed by the blue waters of San Francisco Bay. Lovers of the graphic and truthful have wished that a Dante, a Doré or a Hugo, might have been present at the making of that monstrous picture, for only a giant of the brush or pen could have left mankind an adequate record of it. Here in this book its story is told with what force and passion and power the author was able to summon, yet the cataclysm itself was beyond the descriptive capacity of any pen, more measureless than figures or words, equalled indeed only by the primal eloquence of chaotic ruin itself.

The history of San Francisco is as a story from the Age of Romance. The city is as old as the Declaration of Independence, for its Franciscan Mission was founded in the same year that the immortal Declaration was written. Even before that epoch-making instrument had been thought of, it had become a part of Romantic memory. The old Presidio, where General Funston's troops have been quartered and where thousands of

San Francisco's injured and homeless found succor, once sheltered the garrison of the Spanish King. Into those dim old Spanish times one day there burst a magic cry: "Gold! Gold! Sutter has discovered gold!" Over the sleepy, sunlit region there then rushed a tempest of human activity, men became gods of achievement, giants of accomplishment, California became more than a Land of Promise, it became the Kingdom of Gold. San Francisco grew as by enchantment, towns sprang up everywhere in the sunny valleys, the state became the fairest realm of fruits and flowers yet trodden by the feet of men; a region peopled by beautiful women and brave men, a hospitable, sun-kissed clime toward which the footsteps of millions turned. Rich, powerful, splendid, the state at present stands, save that its chief city has been shaken to earth and burned. Tomorrow, as it will seem in the flight of time, San Francisco will stand before the world, regal, robed and crowned in beauty again, the metropolis of the Pacific. In the valleys about her larger things than the flowers will spring up and blossom, new towns out of the ruins of those that have been shattered.

Though the Queen now sits in ashes she is beginning to weave herself a new robe, her virile sons are beginning the rebuilding of her ruined palaces. She has given the world a great and marvelous spectacle of disaster and the world has looked upon her and learned a mighty lesson of generosity and brotherhood. Her story is one of the strangest and saddest ever told, but her calamity engenders only larger measures of faith and hope. All American communities when overtaken by ruin have arisen to larger growth. San Francisco will not prove an exception. The sons of California are an integral part of the American race, resourceful, daring, heroic and justly proud. They may be trusted to compel final good fortune from the measureless tragedy that has befallen the Queen of the Golden Gate, the tale of whose all but fabulous destruction is here told.

THE AUTHOR.

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THE DOOMED CITY.

PART I—THE TRAGEDY.

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD GOLDEN GATE.

Midnight in San Francisco, the night of Tuesday, April 17, 1906, might well have been selected for proving the claim that the metropolis of California was one of the wealthiest, one of the most magnificent, one of the most popular, most progressive, cosmopolitan and gayest cities in the world. Electricity made night noon, a cooling breeze from the ocean fanned the faces and cheered the spirits of thousands in the streets, in the roof-gardens or in the open-air places of amusement. Entrancing music, twinkling lights, sparkling wine and all the luxuries that the culinary art could afford were, after all, but mere incidentals to the scenes in the great cafes where friendship and pleasure held sway; and there was no yesterday, no to-morrow—nothing but to-day.

“Let us wait till sunrise; it will be such a beautiful sight,” said those in the streets and in the gardens. “The day is made for sleeping purposes in ‘Frisco.’”

“Go home when the great Golden Gate is just waking up?” scornfully said those in the glittering cafes. “Sleep—when there is, for the delight of the eye, the most beautiful women in all the world, the most wonderfully-entrancing music that human skill can produce, the cup that cements or breaks friendships and is filled till the past is forgotten, time set back and the future an uncared-for quantity? Not us! Only the poor sleep in ‘Frisco,’ and then it is against their will.”

“Sleep?” echoed the full-dress throng that toyed with the cards across mahogany tables, or swung to the cadence and under the spell of orchestral melody in the palaces of the millionaires on Nob Hill. “There is time enough to sleep to-morrow—if not to-morrow, in the next world. The day for money-making, the night for merry-making; an hour’s sleep between times, and the elixir of life in the breezes from mountain and sea will make work and play and rest equal quantities.”

When tired eyes would no longer stay open

to the dazzling surroundings, when music was only lulling to sleep a trifle in advance perhaps of the fatigue of amusement, when wine and women and song had performed the seemingly impossible act of palling on its devotees, the cafes gave up their armies of fashionably dressed pleasure-seekers, the music softened and wavered and was lost to the ear, and the long lines of cabs became more active in darting hither and thither adown the great thoroughfares, past and around the huge, lofty buildings that stood proud monuments to a city's greatness and fame, and prouder as sentinels at the gateway of the wonderful Golden Gate.

Adown the streets still there rang the strains of song that the music had started, and it was mingled with the talk and laughter of the hundreds whose parting was merely a promise that the next night would be the same—and the next and the next—for what else should it be in "Frisco?"

Only the very poor had been sleeping, and only in the tenement and lodging house districts was there silence, and that soon would be changed, for it was almost daylight again. Down along the great waterfront the metropolis was showing signs of beginning to rub

the sleep out of its eyes, although over on Nob Hill, if the sun reached the eyes of the residents at that hour, it was by accident, and if it awakened them they turned over for another nap or a good, sound sleep. The big parks were deserted save for the unfortunate who slept, or tried to sleep, on the benches there, or the little more fortunate who had to be early at work.

Just an ordinary Northern California spring morning in Golden Gate park and the breathing spot known as Union Square. Peace, and no need for activity amongst the soldiers at the Presidio. Peace over the Portrero and Mission. Only the approach of another day of progress such as few other cities knew, a day to add to the prosperity and the fame of the one really powerful city of the Pacific Slope, a day to receive and part with thousands of tourists from the east who would come again, and to indulge in good-natured banter among its newspapers and its visitors from the City of the Angels—Los Angeles, the charming sister city to the south—the city that daily challenged the bigger brother to detract from her constantly-increasing prestige; the sister that was destined to have her heart wrung with grief be-

cause her brother, the beautiful, the proud, the mighty City of the Argonauts, was never to be seen, perhaps, by her again in his old-time regal robes and golden crown.



Fissures on Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco, showing the cracked and broken pavement.

CHAPTER II.

THE CRACK OF DOOM.

It was 5:14 o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, April 18. Nearly a half million people on the western edge of the American continent awoke suddenly with a roaring in their ears and a sensation in every nerve that struck indescribable terror to their souls. There was one awful, detonating roar, a series of frightful crashes, then a lurid sky for those without, a swaying of chandeliers, the toppling over of furniture, the falling of pictures and wall ornaments, showers of broken glass, a rain of debris—at first plaster and paper, then cruelly shattered and twisting timbers—then darkness and death for those within; a rising and falling of the earth, sudden appearance of great crevices in the streets, crevices that widened and deepened to chasms, the swaying of monster skyscrapers and smaller buildings that seemed as houses of cards in the powerful hands of some giant, buildings of stone and brick and steel and wood, marble and granite, leaning now this way, now that way, until it seemed

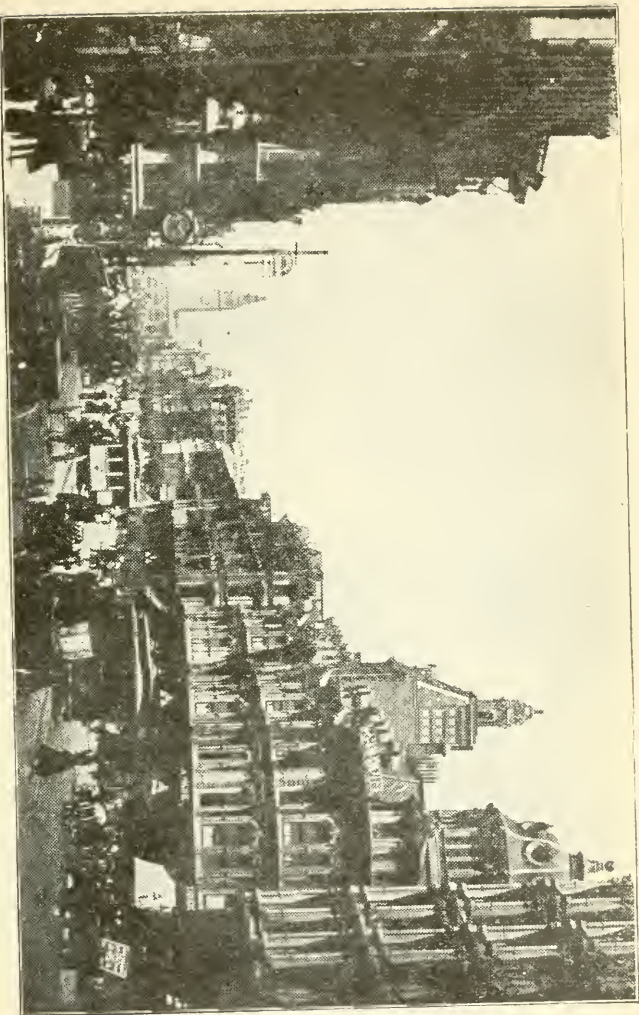
as though they must decide in a moment which way to fall. Other buildings of like character did not withstand the first inclination, but split in two half way across or down the center line of their height, and let go as the ash falls from a cigar, only that they added to the crashes that were of as quick succession as the reports of a Gatling gun in action. This was the sight for the people on the outside. Walls leaning down over them, trembling, wavering, as if reaching out with eager hands to grasp and crush and choke and mangle, walls falling away from around them, stairways collapsing below them, roofs sliding off or hinging down in the center, doors torn and jammed across doorways in such a manner as to block exit or entrance, a room below and a room above all that was left of some houses—that was the sight for the people on the inside.

God had mercy on many in the streets that morning, and the buildings that toppled toward them did not come down just then, but, on many others, the thousands and millions of tons of brick and stone and granite fell as they rushed about, knowing not which way to go, or stood frozen to the spot with a nameless fear.

And while, on thousands inside the walls of the towering hotels and office buildings, He had compassion also in staying the end, there were scores who probably never awoke, or, if so, only for one brief, wild look, one second of sanity and another of madness, an instant for shrieking and another for a muttered word of prayer, then return to the dust.

Out in the open they fell, thousands prostrate on their faces, and rose to be thrown again, reaching out vainly for something to stay their fall, something to hold to when they had fallen, something to protect them from the shadow of a staggering building over them and from the greater shadow of death which was upon them and was felt but not seen.

Their own cries were lost amidst the cries of vast armies of men, women and children, frightened, confused, bewildered, hysterical, crazy, injured or dying; lying under heavy timbers or huge stones or heaps of brick, or rushing about in the streets, sitting dazed on the curb, fleeing with faces turned to Heaven, with eyes that stared but did not see, with hands raised in supplication—scores of them naked as they were born.



A View of Market Street, San Francisco, California, before the Earthquake and Fire, showing the Tower of the Ferry in the center background.



View taken from Nob Hill, the fashionable residence district

In the big Grand Hotel it seemed as though the four corners of the building had been pried up and dropped back in a flash. The sensation to guests in the far-famed and, supposedly, safe Palace Hotel was that the building rocked and rolled like a ship in a storm, and immediately the corridors were filled with throngs of hundreds, crying, shrieking, imploring, clinging to one another, anything, everything to keep from going down to what they believed and had reason to believe was the bottomless pit. In the magnificent St. Francis Hotel, it seemed to the frenzied guests that the structure was being shaken as a terrier might shake a rat.

In all the hotels, men clung to the bedposts or window ledges and women fainted on the floors and in the hallways. Wealth and society were common clay with the lowly and humble once more, for when they fled from these big places of shelter it was practically without clothes, almost entirely without money, and as helpless to get away as the poorest beggar in the streets.

San Francisco and California's worst earthquake had come, come at the end of years in which her people had bravely defied all seismic peril.

CHAPTER III.

A SEETHING HELL.

Simultaneously with the swaying and twisting and moving of the hotels from their foundations, came the tottering of the big newspaper buildings; the famous old landmark, the Chronicle building, with its clock tower, at the northeast corner of Market and Third streets, the giant sixteen-story Call building and the smaller but substantial Examiner building on opposite corners; the Monadnock building with its eleven stories, the Lick House, St. Mary's Hospital, the Emporium building, Winchester Hotel, Masonic Temple, Occidental Hotel, Bancroft building, Aranson, Donahue, San Francisco Club, Rialto, Crossley, Hanford, Luning and California Packers' Association buildings; St. Patrick's Church, Grand Opera House, Alcazar Theater, Russ House, Hotel St. Clements, Anglo-American bank, Daniel Meyer bank, Terminal Hotel, and the buildings of Blake, Moffitt & Towne, A. Zellerbach & Co., Wellman Co., Thomas Day Co., Hicks-Judd Co., N. W. Brunt Co., Holbrook, Merrill & Stetson, Levi

Strauss Co., W. W. Montague & Co., American Type Founders Co., Bonesteel-Richardson Co., Dunham, Costigan & Hayden, Commercial Printing Co., Stanley-Taylor Co., Barnard & Swasey and many others.

And, while the buildings rocked and the earth heaved and the yawning cracks in the streets widened; while the few stout-hearted, who had experienced previous earthquake shocks in San Francisco, held themselves in check and believed the worst was over, when the minute of shaking had ended, vastly worse happened.

The fire fiend appeared.

In fifty different parts of the city, and from a score of the big buildings, tongues of flame leaped out, a stiff breeze spread the fire, dense, stifling clouds of smoke arose, and the sky was shut out and, to add horror to horror, to crown catastrophe with catastrophe, to add terror to terror already possessing the soul of each poor, penned-in, groping, crying, groaning, bruised and bleeding victim of this, one of the world's greatest tragedies, the firemen found that the earthquake had broken the water mains. The most efficient, because the strongest, fire de-

partment in the West, stood helpless in a seething hell.

San Francisco's fate was sealed. The Golden Gate was doomed.

A strong gale sprung up from the bay to bring, not the soothing, invigorating balm of life, but the hot, fetid breath of death, and, in sweeping on, it sang a requiem over ripples in the water where a moment before ships had been at anchor and ships' crews had been sleeping or drowsily rising to another day's toil.

In less than ten minutes' time all Market street was a fiery ditch and, at the same time, a wall of flame. As slowly-settling buildings finally parted from foundations and went down with a jar and created a din that was deafening, new fuel was added to the blazes in the pit and fresh sheets of flame to the lurid banks that were rising higher and higher, and it all meant that, in the ruins, scores of wounded, broken human bodies were roasting, charring, and only those who never awoke from the first blow were lucky; the other scores, who were fleeing to safety, had been caught in an inferno from which they would never emerge.

From South street on the west to the water

front on the east, south of Market street, then north on Market street from Sansome to the water front, and from Market to Washington the flames crept—nay, sped, rushed and leaped, and then the big newspaper offices and the giant hotels spouted red, forked streams that seemed to those on the hills as eruptions from volcanoes. The postoffice collapsed, the fish-market fell, but only for the unfortunates inside their walls did it have any significance, for by this time, the entire water front was burning fiercely and from the Mission, several miles from the business section of the city, an ominous glare of red overspread the skies.

The wave of fire had caught the Southern Pacific, and Postal building, too. The last wire of the Postal went down. All other communication had been cut off before that time. San Francisco was a furnace, and those who came out of it after that were blinded, stunned, speechless or babbled with children's tongues and leered with the idiot's eyes.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RESORT TO DYNAMITE.

Electric service gone, water supply paralyzed, the hose in their hands useless as a disconnected rope is to a drowning man at sea, the firemen turned to desperate measures to save that part of San Francisco which lay between the business heart and the Mission, though it was a hopeless task from the start, because flames were darting from scores of buildings between and around what was called, merely for sake of distinction, the fire zone.

Dynamite was resorted to then, and, one after another, the buildings that marked the business district were blown up, in the hope that a few near them could be saved. One or two remained when this work was completed, but they stood only as sarcastic reminders of the devastation by an unseen power rather than evidences of man's heroism, as tiny monuments of comparison between the incomprehensible forces of the unknown and the puny strength of mere man.

Then, with the work of a hundred attempts

to their credit, those of the fire-fighters who remained, moved on to the residence district, leaving their exhausted companions behind them, either helpless or to turn their almost spent energies to the sickening, gruesome duty of removing the dead and caring for the injured. While tired, heart-sick firemen and police went about this task and, in an hour had filled the temporary morgue in Mechanics' pavilion with more than two hundred bodies that were as quickly hauled to the bay and given to the sea, because they were charred beyond recognition, other fire-laddies and policemen, with no thought of their own welfare, resumed dynamiting.

The crowds were warned back, but these were not crowds of idle sight-seers; they were crowds of fleeing, frenzied people who knew not what order to obey and many of them rushed where they were told not to go and, when the crash of the explosive had died out and the dust had arisen from the ruins, they were gone from earth forever. When the St. Nicholas hotel went down, the huge Mechanics' Pavilion was only a ruin, and the Destroyer had emphasized his grim visit by wrecking a morgue and shattering a house of the dead.

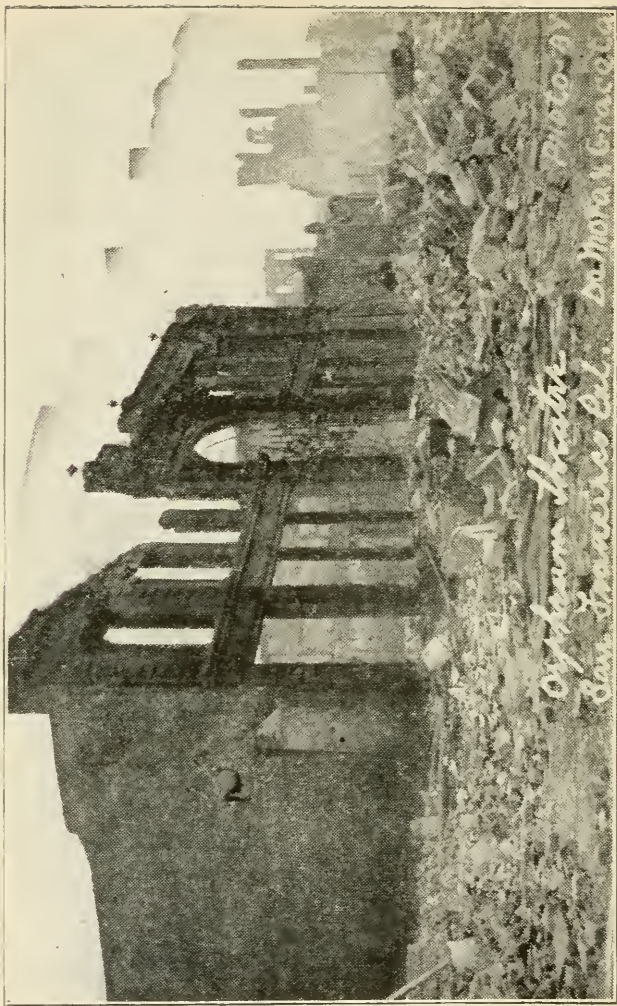
Down between the hills of debris from these two buildings and scores of others that had stood on either side of them, swept the tide of frantic humanity, in a mad race for Oakland ferry, some remembering it as a place of safety, some actuated only by the instinct of self-preservation and conscious only in their sub-conscious minds; others, because they smelled the salt air that penetrated the black, dense, choking smoke. Through menacing wall frontages, where the streets were piled high with wreckage, climbing laboriously over hillocks of masonry and junk in the middle of that great artery that had been, the journey was made. On all sides, ruin, ruin, ruin.

In the Hayes Valley district, south of McAllister and north of Market street, little remained when the fire died out. Great as was the disaster at that point it was only an incident in the general conflagration.

All through the day and all through the night, the boom of dynamite continued and, at each shock, a terrorized people trembled anew in the belief that another earthquake was upon them. And all day and all night the flames swept on, forced ahead by the winds and tossed back again to some point



A General View of San Francisco after the Earthquake and Fire.



Orpheum Theater
810 Broadway Bk. Photo by
Wm. J. Graceta

Wreck of the famous Orpheum Theater. Formerly the most popular Vaudeville House in the West.

that the fire-fiend had overlooked or considered at first sight not worth the trial, and, when the second day dawned, half of the Golden Gate lay in ruins and the other half was being destroyed.

At noon it was decided to blow up all the residences on the east side of Van Ness avenue between Golden Gate avenue and Pacific avenue, a distance of one mile, and these were the residences of the wealthy who were destined to become as the beggar before the wreck was complete. For, by this time, the fire had approached fashionable, beautiful, aristocratic Nob Hill, and its famous new million-dollar Fairmont hotel was in flames. Here, there, everywhere, it seemed to the weary firemen and their thousands of assistants, new blazes were appearing. Chinatown became a roaring furnace and, by nightfall, it was evident that not more than a quarter of all the city would be standing at dawn.

Mighty craters of flame shot upward everywhere, smoke rolled to and fro in tumbling billows, into the sky poured swaying streams of sparks, mingling apparently with the trembling swarms of stars. The upper regions were swept with vast wings of light and shadow, buffeting and flapping like vul-

ture pinions above the doomed city, the lower areas stirred with terrorized humanity as might an ant-hill trodden upon by a giant.

Rivers of ghastly-visaged men and women poured through tunnels the walls of which hung pendant and crumbling, flaring gleams of light dabbled and spotted their white faces as with leper-scales; harlots, drunk and painted and half-clad, jostled through the throngs, going they knew not where; men, intoxicated and without realization of their peril, cursed and sang ribald songs and fell down and lay in stupor; young lovers went by, clasping each-other's hands and staring about them with wondering, fear-lit eyes; old men mumbled and tottered forward, whining and craning their necks; lost dogs sat upon their haunches in the midst of the roaring tumult and howled. Panic and ruin and fear gripped and engulfed the crumbling material world and the tottering social state. Death's skeleton claws tore furiously at the heart of life. Earth's final cataclysm seemed at hand.

PART II—THE FLIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

THE RUSH FOR SAFETY.

Those who lived after the first great tremor of the city, still believed that the end of existence for them was at hand. Many were convinced that the end of the world had come. Among thousands, reason fled. These rushed on and on, from buildings into the streets, from streets to buildings that were already leaning at a frightful angle. Cooler heads, especially those who knew the city, made for the parks, then for the hills. Dazed thousands, groping, gasping, suffocating, followed them as sheep follow the leader of the flock. They huddled in the parks, they sat on the curb looking down into the gutters and holding their arms above their heads as a shield. Mothers with babes at their breasts wrapped the infants in the folds of their own flimsy night-gowns to protect them from the constantly increasing heat, nor knew that their own bodies were made naked by the act of mercy and parent-love.

Men and women of wealth, tourists to whom travel meant nothing but full pleasure and travel, without money a thing to be dreaded, paid no heed to their jewels on the dressers, their money in the hotel safes, their clothing and finery in the big trunks; no heed to the things of the world, nor to time, place or personal conditions or affairs. It was enough for them to know that there was a moment for them to get from under the walls that bent down, then back, then toward the earth lower still. They joined the hordes in the parks, they begged the Italian's coat to cover their own bare shoulders, the negro or Mexican's bed-quilt or blanket to wrap around their own bare legs, till they could think what next they would do. They cowered in the midst of a little throng, here and there, and wanted to get closer to the people and farther from the danger that pressed with iron hand upon their hearts.

Hysterical women and men with blanched faces knelt down in the streets and prayed, and wails went with their prayers as each succeeding crash of dynamite and debris burst upon them and almost deafened their ears. Upon thousands came the thought that they must save something from the

wreck, that if they escaped they must not be destitute, but the things that a majority of them did were insane. Instead of clothing, scores of women grabbed up a bird-cage or a pet dog, an ornament or a piece of furniture, too heavy to carry farther than the doorway, or into the street; men appeared in the streets and vacant lots and in the public squares and parks carrying empty valises, or one shoe, when the other had been forgotten.

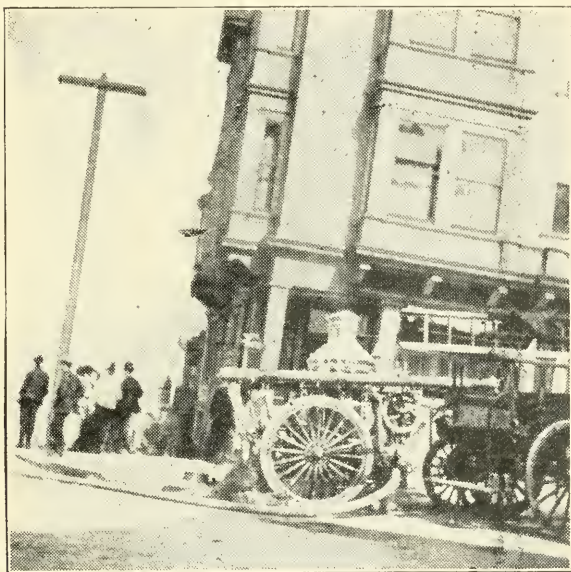
The crying of children, the moans and supplications of women, the sobs of mothers and scores about to become mothers, mingling with the hoarse cries of men and the trumpet-like voices of the police and firemen, made pandemonium such as America never before had known. Injured ones stood or sat on the sidewalks, under trees in the open places, trying to stanch the flow of blood from their wounds, and others stopped in the first vacant space that seemed safe, and, almost before the earth had ceased vibrating, were picking pieces of broken glass from the soles of their bare feet.

And over all the scene was a pall of smoke that rose five miles high and was milky white at its top, cleft by flames at its base, and re-

lieving the darkness below as darkness might be relieved in Hades, while, outside the black billows of smoke a peaceful sun was shining.

Here a man might have been seen trundling a wheelbarrow with a spoon in it, idiotic but serious, and imbued with the belief that he was saving the family's silverware; a fat man came waddling down through the confusion carrying a large birdcage with the cage empty and the door wide open; another man, pale-faced and long-limbed, came into Golden Gate Park with one leg of his trousers properly on and carrying the other leg of his pantaloons over his arm. He did not seem to have the least idea where he was. A young woman was seen carrying a meerschaum pipe in her hand, thinking it was the front door key; another had her corset on the outside over a black silk dress. Out in Golden Gate Park a young man from the east went wandering about disconsolately looking for Boston baked beans. A man from Indiana suddenly developed the ague. He said he was from a town on the Wabash river, but had not had a "shake" for fifteen years past. There were hundreds of incidents that under other circumstances than the tragic and awful conditions that prevailed would

have elicited laughter. As it was, many will look back from the future and smile, perhaps, but most of the participants in the experiences of those first wild and awful days and nights will remember reverently and gratefully that they came alive from the earthquake's jaws and the city of flames.



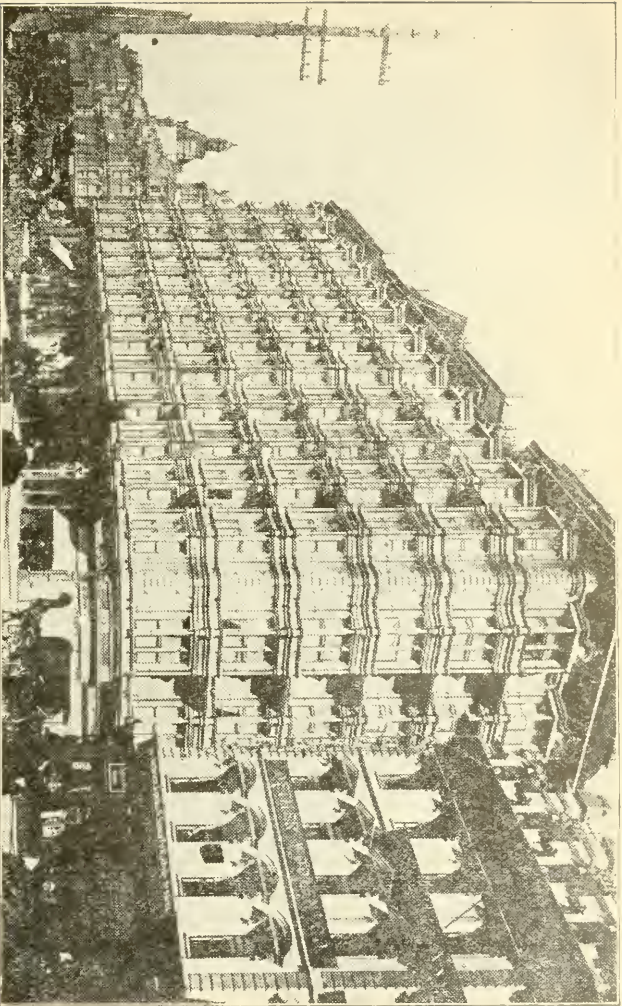
Ellis and Jones Streets, San Francisco, showing a hotel sunk by the earthquake.

CHAPTER II.

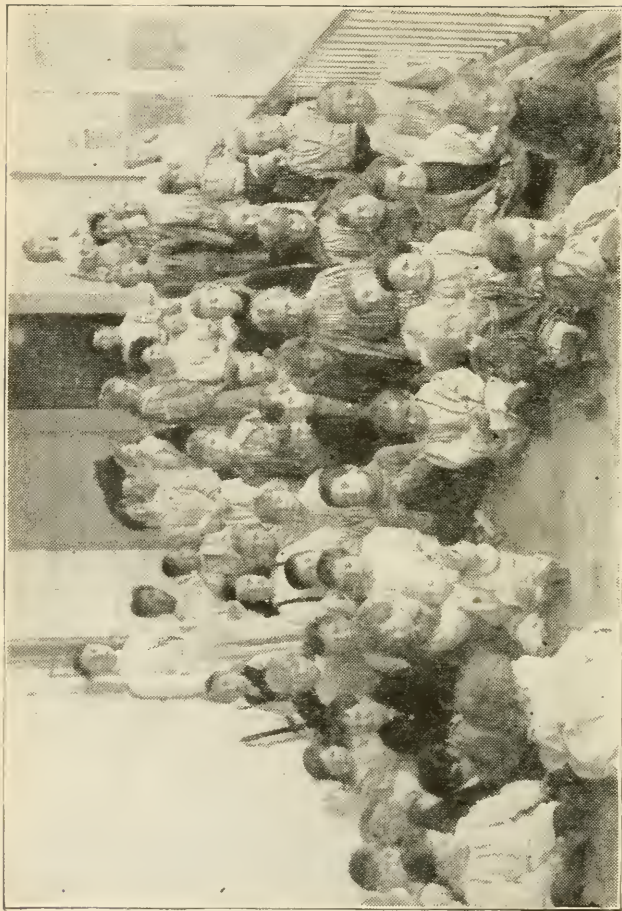
THE CALL FOR TROOPS.

If ever historical proof is needed of the efficiency as well as the promptness of the military of these United States in the year 1906, let the San Francisco catastrophe be cited. Less than a half hour after the first shock, and while thousands of homeless ones were creating chaos, the regulars, under command of General Frederick Funston, Kansas hero of the Philippines, marched down from the Presidio, an orderly, stern, fearless, disciplined body that knew what to do practically without being told. To these soldiers and their commander is due inestimable credit for saving thousands of lives, in addition to bringing order out of panic, and to the work of General A. W. Greely, in also responding, a word of praise must be devoted.

There were three companies of the Fourteenth Cavalry, batteries of field artillery and ten companies of coast artillery at the Presidio. From Fort Mason two companies of engineers were sent; from Fort McDowell, five companies of infantry; from Fort



The Famous Palace Hotel, on Market Street, San Francisco, which was Destroyed by Fire. Famous
the World over for its Magnificent Furnishings of Marble and Rosewood.



A group of orphans at the Maud B Booth Home, Los Angeles, Calif, refugees from the desolated little city on the Golden Gate.

Baker, two companies of coast artillery, and, from Alcatraz, five companies of infantry: from San Diego to San Pedro bay the Pacific Squadron, commanded by Admiral Goodrich, was sailing, and the War Department cheerfully consented to a request that these cruisers—the flagship Chicago, the Boston, Marblehead and Princeton, go on to the stricken city. Later there was called from the flowerland of California, the Los Angeles soldiers, the Seventh Regiment, N. C. G., and troop D, commanded by General Robert Wankowski, commander of the Second Brigade.

The State militia from Sacramento proceeded at once to the scene, the Stanford University guards joined forces with the military, and those of the San Francisco militiamen who escaped uninjured reported for duty without delay, or when they realized the need for them. To those who were rushing toward the ferries or to the hills, this great collection of troops afforded protection and assistance. Against those who sought to enter the stricken city merely from motives of curiosity the soldiers formed an effective bar.

They restored quiet at the landings when

the crazed hundreds crowded and fought for places on the boats, and they showed humanity where the poor were begging drivers of wagons to haul their few remaining possessions to places of safety, by confiscating such wagons and turning them over to the victims where attempts to charge outrageous prices were apparent. They cleared the way for the ceaseless streams of humanity still rushing on to the outskirts, to the country roads, to the hills.

Down the street came a great automobile. It was occupied by two society women who had recovered from the shock, if they had not slept through it. They were out to see the sights—the awful, heartrending sights—and their chauffeur was bowling them along at a fairly rapid rate of speed on the only open street near Market. It was heartless, cruel, inhuman, unnatural, fiendish—for they laughed as they came through the lines of suffering mortals and between the rows of wounded and dying.

Suddenly, before them, appeared a wall of men in the uniform of the army, a picket-fence of bayonets that gleamed uncomfortably bright, and there came a resonant, firm command:

“Halt!”

“They have orders to shoot to kill,” yelled a man on the sidewalk to the gay party in the automobile.

The society women and their chauffeur halted. A little later they started back afoot.

“We can use this machine to do good instead of what you are using it for,” the soldiers had told them.



One of the many fissures in San Francisco's streets.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE PARKS.

How they passed the first night in the parks, on the ocean front, in vacant lots, on the pavement and in the middle of the street, the hundreds of thousands will never be able to tell in the way it deserves to be told, and the outside world can never know the full horror of it. All the victims can say is that they lived in terror and wondered if all the universe around them was being destroyed, and, when dawn came and in the intervals when the smoke cleared, they saw a panorama of death and destruction opening before them; and they were glad smoke drifted back upon them then and that they could see no more till their souls were eased a bit.

Warehouses, wholesale houses, manufacturing concerns, theaters, churches, banks, homes were one great jumble of ruins, crumbled into heaps, ground to dust or peering out of the tops of what had been streets, and now were gullies. Still they saw other thousands pressing on, coming now from the direction of the hills, in many instances, and

creating a new terror because they were fleeing from the section to which many of the waiting expected to go; and still the crash of dynamite was heard after a lull following the exhaustion of the supply and immediately upon the arrival of more of the explosive from Oakland—Oakland, the star of hope to which all eyes were turning—such a little distance across a narrow stretch of water, and yet such a great way for the crippled, the fatigued, the exhausted, the footsore and the heartsick; a stretch of continents for the mother trying to carry her dying child to safety, the wife kneeling in the streets alongside her injured and suffering husband; the husband upon whose shoulders were more years than strength could combat and whose grey head was bowed over another lying helpless there on the ground and into whose eyes he did not dare look lest the fear in his heart would prove well founded.

And then came the piteous appeal for water—water first, then food. But always water, water, and there was little or none. Men and women and children gathered tin cans out of the ruins, rusted, dirty cans, and filled them at the gutters where the fire-engines made a stream. Water was carried

by loving ones to loved ones, to husbands, wives, babies; in hats and hands, in paper cones and in small bottles, and a mere sip was a Godsend and, after a while, even a sip was not to be had. A drop of muddy water was a testimonial of love and of friendship, or an evidence of charity and mercy, when it passed that day from the hand of one to the lips of another.

Some had meat, but no way of cooking it. A woman in silks bent over an improvised stove of two bricks covered by a piece of sheet iron in Golden Gate Park. A man in a silk hat and Prince Albert coat carried embers from the ruins of a burned building to keep the fire going, and they tried to fry some bacon without skillet and on top of the rusty iron. A family of Swedes encamped near this couple, who had been wealthy yesterday. Somewhere, somehow, the Swedes had got hold of a loaf of stale bread. Silk and broadcloth watched them hungrily, enviously, as they devoured the loaf.

"I'll give you a thousand dollars for a piece of it," said the man from Van Ness avenue, but the head of the Swede family did not seem to hear him.

"I forgot. I haven't a cent. We must

starve," said Broadcloth, again. Then the poor Swede, without a word, broke his share of the loaf in half and handed a half to the new neighbors, and lifelong friends to be.

It was only an incident of the many such in the thousands of improvised tents of blankets and bed-quilts, carpets, rugs and clothing in the parks, both of San Francisco and the refuge-city across the bay.



Ruined buildings Hyde and Golden Gate Aves. Taken by a refugee who barely escaped from this building.

CHAPTER IV.

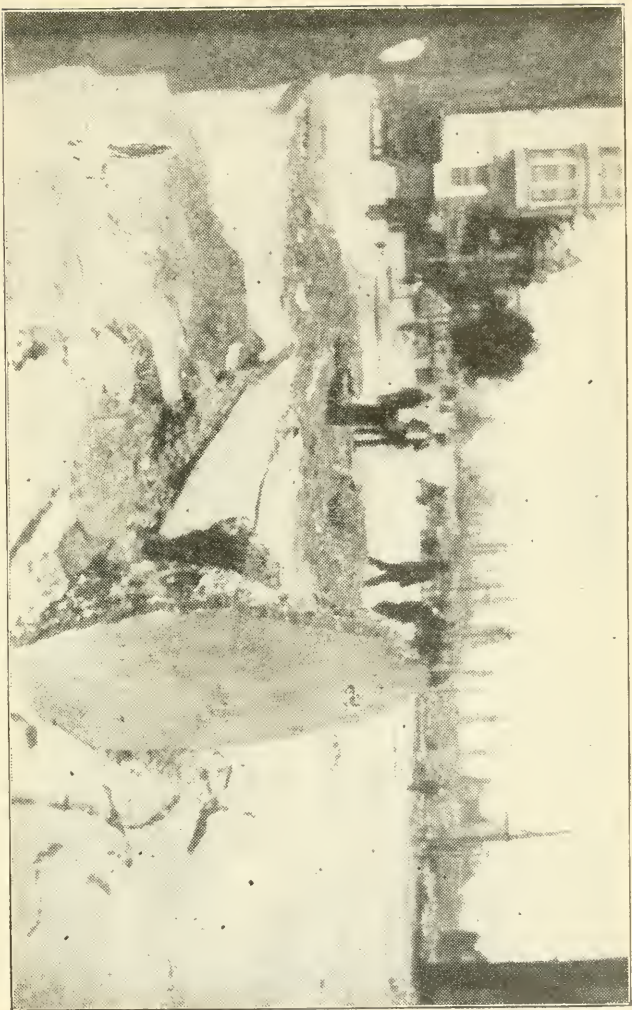
THE GHOULS AND THE SHYLOCKS.

While fatherless or motherless families stared out of the blanket-tents at the smoking ruins across the streets on all sides, and while firemen, police and volunteer aides were dropping down exhausted, the ghouls and the shylocks appeared, the one inhumanly unnatural, the other unnaturally inhuman. But more soldiers were arriving and they had orders that the ghouls and the shylocks knew not of.

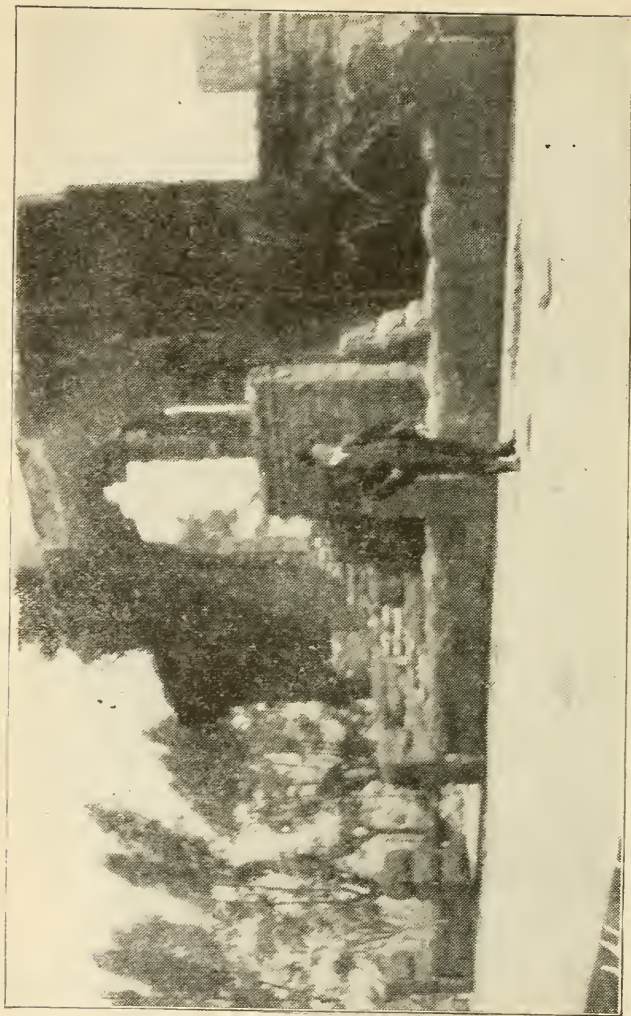
A thief was seen reaching into the pockets of a prostrate form in the ruins of a lodging house. A soldier raised his rifle to his shoulder, then hesitated as if to warn the ghoul. The brute at that pulled one of the hands of the victim from under the body to examine it for rings. The soldier's lips tightened. His eyes blazed. He took steady aim.

“Bang!”

A human vulture, that would be a disgrace even to the animal kingdom, plunged forward with a bullet through his heart, and the soldier calmly continued to patrol his post.



One of Nature's Peculiar Freaks in San Francisco. An Enormous Slab of Asphalt Pavement thrown on its edge by the Earthquake.



Ruins of the Beautiful Church of the Advent, San Francisco, California.

and are 4 blocks apart!

On Bush street, just below Sacramento street, another soulless despoiler of the dead was caught cutting the rings off the hands of a woman who had been crushed to death amongst the hundreds. There was no soldiery near by, and he felt safe. But there were men there. There was a rush, a cry or two from the ghoul, and in two minutes a dead thief was dangling from a pole at the end of a piece of wire wrenched from the debris.

Another thief robbed a coffee-store and turned shylock. A dollar a handful was his price for coffee. A policeman ran for him, the thief deserted his sack of coffee and fled, but a bullet from the policeman's gun brought him down. It was a common sight—this killing of the ghouls and the thieves, and the total probably reached two score cases before the fear of death at the hands of the guards overcame the greed of the degenerates.

The depraved in another line met the same fate in several cases. On the night of the second day, two of these were shot down for insulting helpless women in Golden Gate park. Stories, that were never verified by confession of the soldiers or other guards,

include statements that men had been shot for refusing to assist in the work of relief at the water front. Another story, and from a reputable citizen, was that dozens that had been driven from their homes along the Barbary Coast and were reluctant to go, had been shot down for lagging behind. Certain it was that before the close of the second day the bounds of reason were overstepped by the guards. Men who had gone back to the ruins of their homes to save some precious article, some friendly gift dear to them as life itself, or to dig out from the debris enough money to buy food for the ensuing days of certain suffering, were shot down because, in their dazed condition, they did not obey the command to halt. So it was that Governor George Pardee of the State of California, long since on the scene and in full control with Mayor Eugene Schmitz, of San Francisco, decided upon the withdrawal of the cadets of the University of California, upon whom most of the blame for the indiscriminate shooting had been placed.

But the soldiery was at its best where the grocers and general supply storekeepers, whose places of business had not been destroyed, acted the role of shylocks and began

turning away the long lines of starving, half-naked wretches who applied for food. Then the soldiers waved the shylocks aside at the points of bayonets, broke down the doors and the windows, and told the sufferers to help themselves. And it was the same when hackmen and express drivers and owners of automobiles charged, not dollars, but hundreds, for the use of their vehicles, knowing that most of the horses in the city had been turned loose when the conflagration began. But only death will conquer the selfishness of some of those who have, by hook or crook, amassed more of this world's goods than they can ever use.

CHAPTER V.

SCENES AND STRANGE EXPERIENCES.

Those who came out of the awful wreck and the mad revel of flames have strange stories to relate. Whole lifetimes of sickness and delirium, of pain and nightmare-dreams, could not present the soul with pictures more grotesque and unnatural than were unrolled in the garish panorama that passed before the eyes of the sojourners in San Francisco during those days and nights. One man, who lived through it, said:

“My room was in a cheap hotel. As I awakened some mighty invisible power seemed to take the great building up from the ground and shake it as a giant might shake a tin rattle. Under the city ran waves of motion like the waves of the sea. I sprang from my bed and reeled back and forth across the floor like a drunken man. A mirror fell down upon my head, cutting my face and hands, a bureau skated across the floor and crushed me against the wall. As I extricated myself I looked up and saw the ceiling open, a child’s bare foot came through

and the ceiling snapped shut, cutting off the child's leg. The severed foot fell down before me on the swaying floor. I ran out of the room and down a hall through a shower of falling plaster. Suddenly the building toppled and swung over the street. I jumped out of a window down into the street and ran, as I ran the building fell, sending a great gush of dust and dirt over me. Out of the wreck behind me rose hundreds of voices, yelling and wailing.

“I ran down Market street toward the ferry. A building fell into the thoroughfare, so nearly burying me that again I was covered and blinded with dirt and dust. I saw wounded people creeping along on their hands and knees, a mother and husband each carrying a dead baby in their arms, their only children, a pair of twins; I saw a lot of horses dead and dying under a fallen building; I saw the dead go by, an automobile piled full of crushed and ghastly corpses, then another automobile crowded with painted, half-clad actresses, laughing hysterically; then a garbage wagon filled with dead Chinamen.

“A man yelled to me, ‘Look out for that live wire!’ I just had time to sidestep cer-

tain death. Everywhere the smoking ends of live wires were sputtering in the dust of the streets and the ruins of buildings. I jumped across deep fissures in the ground, out of which water gushed from broken mains. In places the ground was sunken and, as one crossed it, it shook like jelly. I finally got to the ferry and escaped to Oakland."

"I saved one of the women from certain death just before I got out of the hotel," says another man. "She was running toward an open window and I caught her as she was part way out.

"'Where are you going?' I asked.

"'Oh, I was going down stairs,' she answered.

"She would have fallen fifty feet to the stone pavement. She followed me out on the street, bare-footed, and cut her feet on the broken glass, leaving a trail of blood behind her. The last I saw of her she was on her knees, begging God for mercy on her sinful soul."

Another man's story is as follows: "I awoke to the groaning of timbers, the grinding, creaking sound, then came the roaring street. Plastering and wall decorations fell.

The sensation was as though the buildings were stretching and writhing like a snake. The darkness was intense. Shrieks of women, higher, shriller than that of the creaking timbers, cut the air. I tumbled from the bed and crawled, scrambled toward the door. The twisting and writhing appeared to increase. The air was oppressive. I seemed to be saying to myself: 'Will it never, never stop?' I wrenched the lock, the door of the room swung back against my shoulder. Just then the building seemed to breathe, stagger and right itself.

"But I fled from the building as from a falling wall. I could not believe that it could endure such a shock and still stand.

"The next I remember I was standing in the street laughing at the unholy appearance of half a hundred men clad in pajamas—and less.

"The women were in their night robes; they made a better appearance than the men.

"The street was a rainbow of colors in the early morning light. There was every stripe and hue of raiment never intended to be seen outside the boudoir.

"I looked at a man at my side; he was laughing at me. Then for the first time I

became aware that I was in pajamas myself. I turned and fled back to my room.

“There I dressed, packed my grip and hastened back to the street. All the big buildings on Market street toward the ferry were standing, but I marked four separate fires. The fronts of the small buildings had fallen out into the streets and at some places the debris had broken through the sidewalk into cellars.

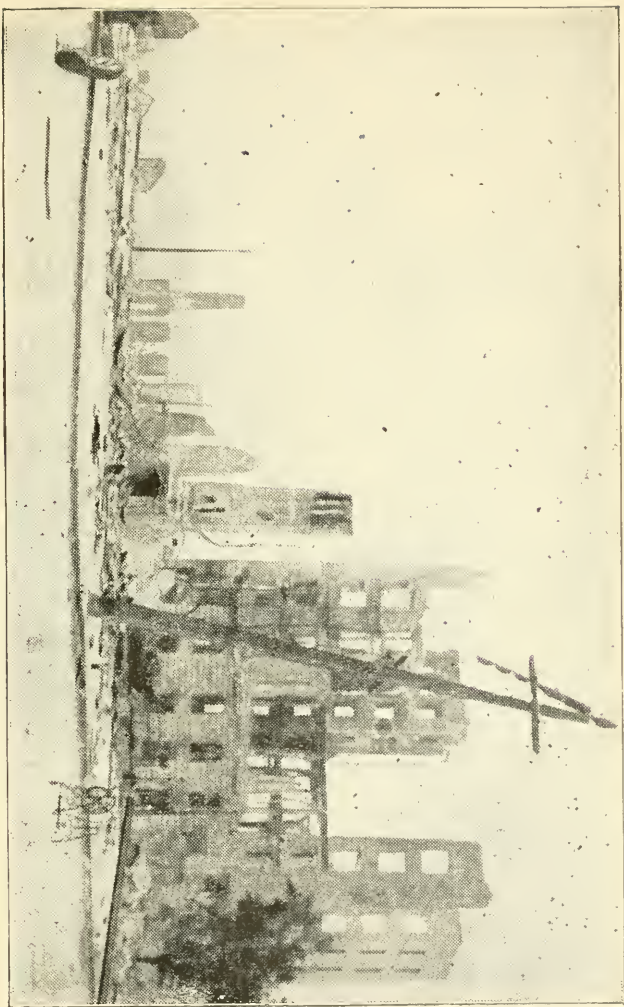
“I noticed two women near me. They were apparently without escort. One said to the other: ‘What wouldn’t I give to be back in Los Angeles again.’

“That awakened a kindred feeling and I offered my assistance. I put my overcoat on the stone steps of a building and told them to sit there.

“In less than two minutes those steps appeared to pitch everything forward, to be flying at me. The groaning and writhing started afresh.

“But I was just stunned. I stood there in the street with debris falling about me. It seemed the natural thing for the tops of buildings to careen over and for fronts to fall out. I do not even recall that the women screamed.

A view of the ruins on Fourth street, San Francisco, standing like sentinel ghosts in a deserted field.





Preparing Charred Remains of the Unidentified Dead for Burial.

“The street gave a convulsive shudder and the buildings somehow righted themselves again. I thought they had crashed together above my head. The two women arose and started to walk. I followed in an aimless sort of way. The street was filled with moving things again. The rainbow raiment had disappeared and all were clad in street clothes. Every one was walking, but there was no confusion. We did not even seem in a hurry. Down Market street the flames were growing brighter.

“We walked without baggage to the St. Francis. Fires were burning down toward the ferry, but the fire department had turned it. We had faith in the fire department.

“Soon I became aware that squads of soldiers were patrolling the streets. It appeared perfectly natural. I do not think I wondered why they were there.

“Men and women were all about us. We looked at each other and talked—even tried lamely to joke. But every few minutes a convulsive quiver swept through the city. The others seemed to be shivering.

“I noticed that the eyes of the men and women were rolling restlessly. Their tones were pitched high. It seemed to grate on my

nerves. Then I fell to wondering whether I was talking shrilly, too.

“I went to a grocery without a front and bought a few supplies—things that would make a cold lunch. The grocer did not even overcharge me. He was particular to give me the right change.

“The soldiers came and told us to move on. It seemed the natural thing to do.

“By this time the fire was creeping dangerously close. We would have walked to the ferry. We tried it on a score of streets, but that wall of fire was always there. It seemed to flash across in front of us.

“And in front of the fire always walked the soldiers. A number of times I hired express wagons. We would ride for a few blocks and get out on the sidewalk.

“Once we loitered until the soldiers came up. A rough fellow, who had been standing by my side, tried to dart through the line. He looked like a beach-comber.

“A young lieutenant caught him by the coat. ‘Here!’ he called to his men. ‘Shoot this man.’

“I hurried on, without looking back. I don’t remember whether I heard a shot fired.

But at the time it seemed so trivial a matter that I did not pay much attention."

"Our experience was terrible," says a woman who escaped, "but we are thankful that we live. We were dazed with fear while the big hotel was rocking and came to our senses only when a man pounded at our door and ordered us to get out of the hotel instantly. We did so, escaping to the street in our night clothes. Once outside the hotel court a stranger saw our plight and he crowded us into an automobile and hurried us to Lafayette park, where he dumped us out and was away again to aid others.

"We remained in that park two days and a night without other clothing than our night garments. Our food consisted of a few crackers and we had little water.

"Just imagine the workings of the minds of little children half crazed with fear of something not understood by them and parched and hungry at the same time. Such was the awful plight of our children and many thousands of others. Many hundreds of people did relief work while going about 'the camp' in their night clothes."

"I was asleep on the seventh floor of the Palace Hotel," a man relates, "at the time

of the first quake. I was thrown out of my bed and half way across the room.

“Immediately realizing the import of the occurrence, and fearing that the building was about to collapse, I made my way down the six flights of stairs and into the main corridor.

“I was the first guest to appear. The clerks and hotel employes were running about as if they were mad. Within two minutes after I had appeared other guests began to flock into the corridor. Few, if any, of them wore other than their night clothing. Men, women, and children with blanched faces stood as if fixed. Children and women cried, and the men were little less affected.

“I returned to my room and got my clothing, then walked to the offices of the Western Union in my pajamas and bare feet to telegraph to my wife in Los Angeles. I found the telegraphers there, but all the wires were down. I sat down on the sidewalk, picked the broken glass out of the soles of my feet, and put on my clothes.

“All this, I suppose, took little more than twenty minutes. Within that time, below the Palace the buildings for more than three blocks were a mass of flames, which quickly

communicated to other buildings. The scene was a terrible one. Billows of fire seemed to roll from the business blocks soon half consumed to other blocks in the vicinity, only to climb and loom again.

“The Call building at the corner of Third and Market streets, as I passed, I saw to be more than a foot out of plumb and hanging over the street like the leaning tower of Pisa.

“I remained in San Francisco until 8 o'clock and then took a ferry for Oakland, but returned to the burning city an hour and a half later. At that time the city seemed doomed. I remained but for a few minutes; then made my way back to the ferry station.

“I hope I may never be called upon to pass through such an experience again. People by the thousands and seemingly devoid of reason were crowded around the ferry station. At the iron gates they clawed with their hands as so many maniacs. They sought to break the bars, and failing in that turned upon each other. Fighting my way to the gate like the others the thought came into my mind of what rats in a trap were. Had I not been a strong man I should certainly have been killed.

“When the ferry drew up to the slip, and the gates were thrown open the rush to safety was tremendous. The people flowed through the passageway like a mountain torrent that, meeting rocks in its path, dashes over them. Those who fell saved themselves as best they could.

“I left Oakland at about 5 o’clock. At that time San Francisco was hidden in a pall of smoke. The sun shone brightly upon it without any seeming penetration. Flames at times cleft the darkness. This cloud was five miles in height, and at its top changed into a milk white.”

“I was in the Golden West hotel when the first shock came,” says a refugee. “When I awoke the hotel was shaking like a cradle. While I was dressing the rear wall of the hotel fell into the dining room. I was dressed by the time the second shock came, and was going to rush out of the building, but the appeals of the women on the same floor stopped me. With some of the other men guests on the fourth floor we managed to get the women out. It was no slight task—most of the women were hysterical.

“The first sight outside was that of naked and half dressed persons in the streets, run-

ning about, crying, screeching, wild with fear, while buildings were toppling down around them and choking up the streets. Many were wrapped only in bed clothes.

“It took me two hours to get around the fire and across the bay.”

“During the time I was there,” says a conductor, “the work of rescue and fighting the flames was going on without intermittence. The bodies of the dead were being carried through the streets in every manner of conveyance. In many places the streets were impassable. On lower Market street I saw a man with a team of horses and a truck on which four bodies were piled haphazard. As I stood there a building tumbled into the street which already was blocked in front. The flames came on apace, and the man, unable to save his horses or his freight of human bodies, sought safety in flight. As I watched, the fire licked up the dead and the living and swept onward in search of more sustenance.

“The detonations of exploding dynamite were terrible. At 1 o’clock the destruction of the Palace Hotel began. A regiment of soldiers formed a square around the tottering building, charges of dynamite were

placed in the corridors, and then a moment before the time for firing they drove the people headlong before them for some distance in order to protect them from accident.

“When I reached the city I made my way to the Palace along Market street. When I left at 2 o’clock the street was either on fire or in ashes, and in order to gain the ferry station I was forced to make a wide detour around Telegraph Hill.

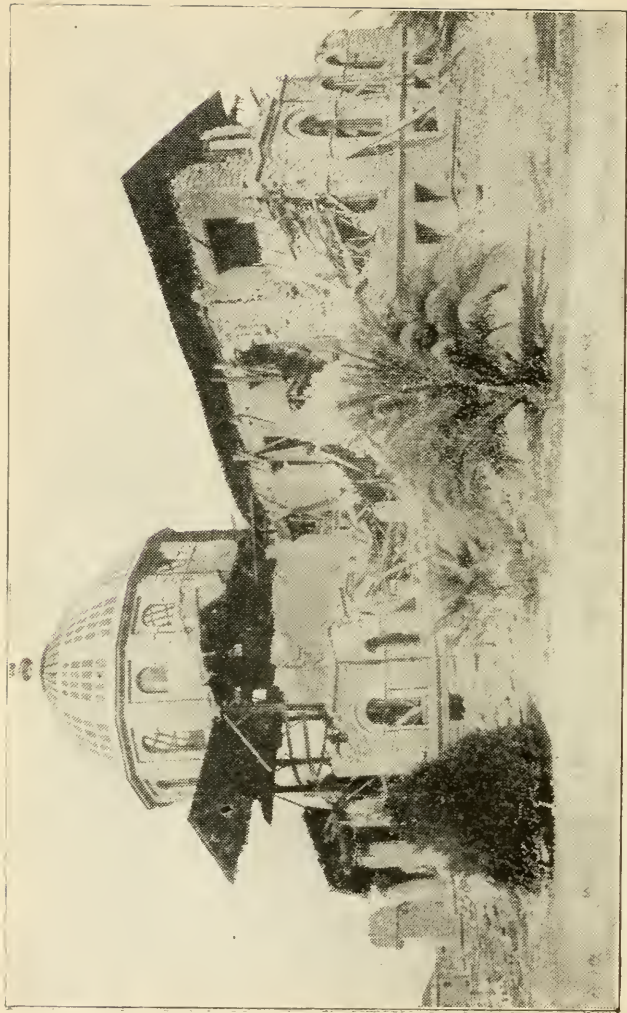
“One of the peculiar things about the disaster is that many of the buildings began first to burn from their upper stories.”

“I never saw anything like it,” says a traveling salesman. “And I have seen things, too. I was in the St. Louis cyclone and the Baltimore fire. They were nothing. Man, you can’t imagine it; it’s indescribable. I saw all San Francisco staggering and rocking, and then in flames. I wanted to rush down and jump in the bay and shut out all the awful sights.”

A dozen chapters of strange and thrilling experiences might be given the reader, coming direct from the lips of those who were caught in this the greatest disaster of modern times.

Napa Hotel, California. Showing a Wrecked Room, and one of the Occupants who was Injured.





Ruins of the Famous Memorial Library, Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Palo Alto, California.

PART III—THE EXTENT.

CHAPTER I.

THE SECOND SHOCK.

About 2:25 o'clock in the afternoon of the first day of the catastrophe, the second shock was felt, but before that time it was known at the Golden Gate that not alone had San Francisco suffered. Following the first news that Oakland had been severely shaken, that several lives had been lost and that not a chimney remained standing in the city, came the news that a score of other northern California towns had been either wrecked or badly shaken, and that there had been fire and tremendous loss of life; that roads and railroads had disappeared and that landslides had occurred.

Fleeing residents of outside cities that knew nothing of San Francisco's plight, brought what tidings had not already come by telegraph, telephone or wireless. From Berkeley came the first news, then it was known that Leland Stanford University buildings had been either ruined or damaged

to the extent of several millions of dollars; Palo Alto, San Jose, Alviso, Haywards, Santa Rosa, Salinas, Castroville, Pajaro, Monterey, Santa Cruz, Hollister, Gilroy, Niles, Alameda, San Rafael, Napa, Suisun, Vallejo, Martinez, Tomales, Stockton, Merced, Los Benos, Sacramento and Placerville were damaged and, by a strange freak, the earthquake took a roundabout course to the south and caused damage in Brawley in the Imperial Valley, two hundred miles from Los Angeles, without that shock having been felt in the Angel City. Other reports added to the list Pacific Grove, Watsonville, Healdsburg, Geyserville, Cloverdale, Hopland, Ukiah, Pleasanton, Benicia, San Pablo, San Quentin, Sausalito, Pinole, Redwood and other towns, but no sadder information was brought than that the State Insane Asylum, at Agnews, had been destroyed, the superintendent, his wife and more than two hundred patients killed, and two hundred of the insane had gained their freedom and were scattering over the state. Yet this story of widespread destruction hardly created a stir in San Francisco where scores of bodies were being found in ruins where it was supposed nobody had been lost, and already the Red

Cross nurses were caring for more than 500 injured in the newly-established hospital at the Presidio.

What could it matter when there was nothing but coals of fire and rubbish to show where had been miles of the finest business blocks and residences in the United States, and when Black Friday was being marked by the advance of the flames toward Telegraph and Russian hills and the valley between? When the white man of California had forgotten his antipathy to the colored race, and was making friends with his detested Chinese neighbors, and while the society woman who, on Tuesday night, was a butterfly of fashion at the ball or grand opera performance, was now assisting some factory girl or the wife of a junk-collector in preparing the handful of food called a meal, it was evident that the change was too great for any news to startle San Francisco—the name without a town.

When thousands were sleeping on top of the graves in the cemeteries as though it were not the home of the dead and when millionaires were begging tramps for a drink of water or to share a crust of bread, was it to be wondered that, not until nearly forty-eight

hours after her own doom had been pronounced, what was left of the Golden Gate failed to notice that Northern California generally had shared her disaster and her fatalities and was, in many cases, hungry and homeless?



A field of debris and ruin, City Hall dome and Hall of Justice, San Francisco.

CHAPTER II.

GEYSERS OF HOT MUD.

Contemplating the work of the earthquake from points outside the city, and without regard to cities or towns, no more awe-inspiring evidence of destruction could be found than that along the Southern Pacific's tracks between Monterey, Castroville and Pajaro.

Here the terrific wrenching given the earth had made great sinks, extending for miles along the tracks or where the tracks used to be, for now they were in hollows six feet deep and where the rails were visible to the eye, they were nothing but twisted strings of steel, doubled back, under and over like pieces of wire in the hands of a man intent on making a new and wonderful kind of puzzle.

At Fairman station, the section foreman, when he felt the first shock, grabbed his two children and left the section house for a place of safety. Looking back he saw the earth open and close several times, and the crevice was six feet wide. Then followed a baptism of burning hot mud all along the tracks between Castroville and Monterey.

Mud geysers appeared, spurting a boiling hot bluish shale-colored substance to a height of ten or twelve feet. In some places these geysers were only four feet apart and in others the average distance that separated them was fifty feet or more. The geysers burst through sand and loam. Some continued active for hours, others died down in a few minutes. The mud, so-called, was more the nature of quicksand and, at the present writing, there are pools of it along the railroad tracks of unknown depth.

The action of the earthquake expressed in this freak manner, also caused landslides in this section and blocked the coast line of the Southern Pacific, and the blockade not only stopped the first relief trains and caused them and all others to be detoured, but added its share to the suffering of 450,000 homeless people in the city of ruin and flames.

On the western division of the railroad out of San Francisco, the terrific shock played havoc with the tracks. At Suisun, Solano county, a long section of the tracks disappeared from view. Between Sprig and Teal stations, in the Suisun marshes, a mile and a half of the rails sank from three to six feet and, at another point, the crevice was of

a depth almost impossible of comprehension, being estimated at 1,000 feet under the level of where the tracks had been. A loaded passenger train was not more than a half mile from this new-made valley when the earthquake rocked it so that it was brought to a standstill. Then came a flagman, breathless, and told of the awful disaster that awaited the train if it had proceeded regardless of the first warning.

Deep crevices also appeared on each side of the tracks in the marshes and an ocean of water flowed over the lowlands between Suisun and Benicia, coming no one knows from where. A short distance below Suisun, a switch engine sank into the ground for a distance of three feet and, a few yards ahead of it, the tracks disappeared, being swallowed up.

CHAPTER III.

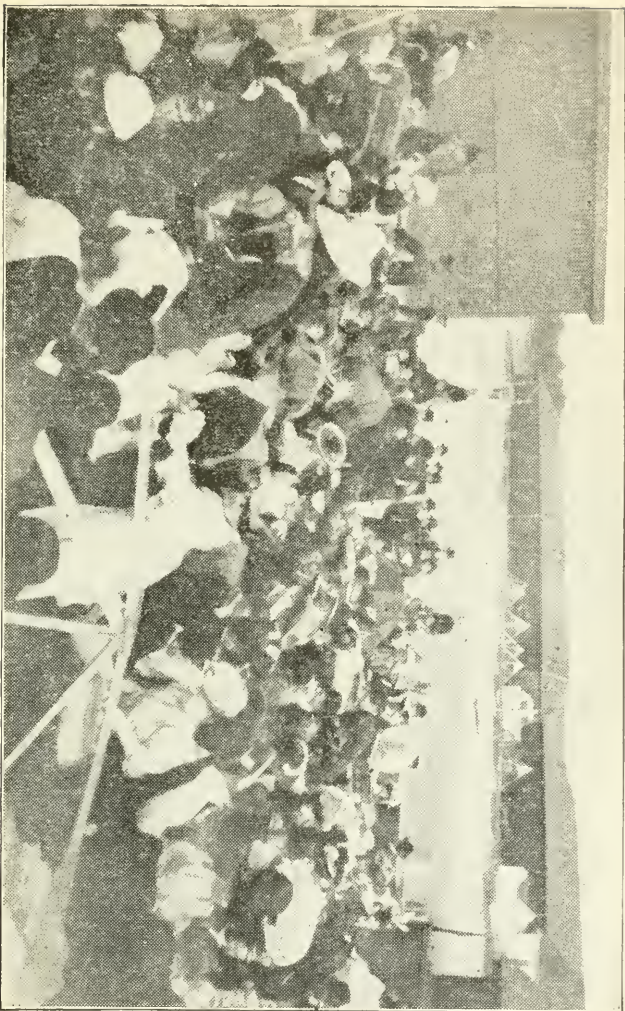
THE APPEAL FOR NEWS.

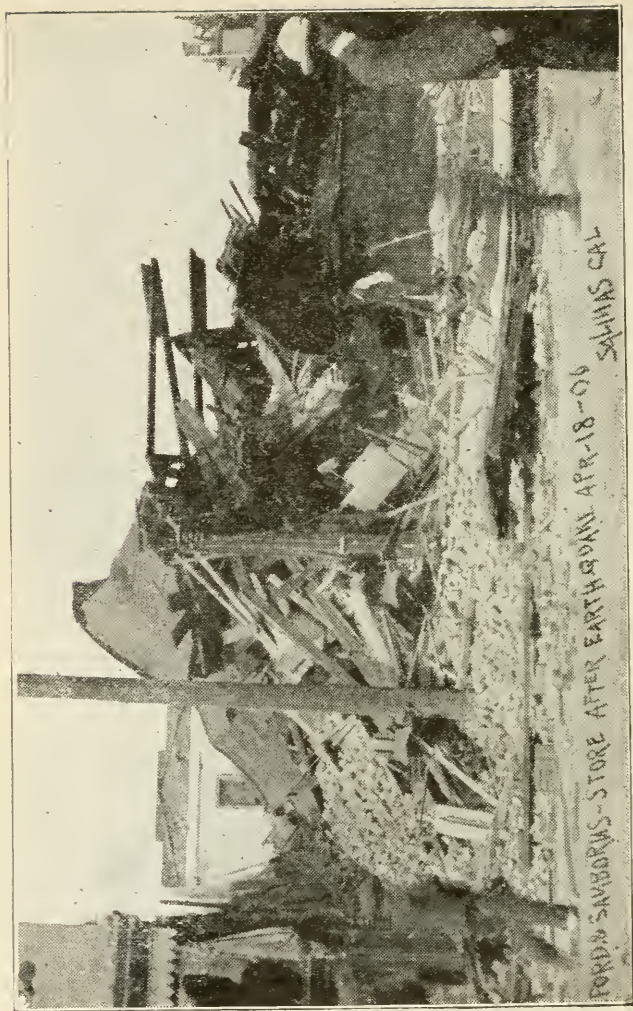
With every flag in the city at half-mast, thoughts of business, of social and private affairs and even of personal comfort vanished from the minds of thousands of Los Angeles people as the extent of the earthquake horror became known.

No two cities in the country so widely separated geographically had so much in common as Los Angeles and San Francisco, commercially and socially, nor did any two practically constitute an entire state, as these two in both regards, and certainly no two cities were bound by the same degree of the relationship and friendship of their people. Probably not one in a thousand of the people of Los Angeles but immediately mentioned the name of a relative or intimate friend in San Francisco when the first horrible news came.

In Los Angeles, as in hundreds of other American cities and towns, all day long crowds stood in front of the newspaper offices scanning the bulletins eagerly, with hope

Refugees at the Market Street Ferry, San Francisco, on their way to Oakland.





Ford & Sanborn's Store, Salinas, California, wrecked by the Earthquake.

or fear in their faces, always with looks of terror, and turning to discuss the catastrophe with the ones standing nearest them—it mattered not to either speaker whom it was he talked to. In offices and in business houses, as well as in the streets, people who could not expect one another to know more than the newspaper dispatches contained, felt forced by the very tension of the situation to address each other with the simple remarks: “Horrible, isn’t it?” and, “Yes, terrible.”

In Los Angeles and in many other California towns there was a rush for trains. The sights at the depots were pitiful, men and women breaking down as their fears gained mastery of their hopes, and as the later extras of the newspapers at hand showed that the first reports, instead of having been exaggerated, were mild. By noon all the berths in all the regular trains had been sold and enough tickets sold to fill twice as many cars as composed the trains for the north, both on the Santa Fe and the coast and valley lines of the Southern Pacific.

No private messages were being sent over the one wire open to San Francisco on the Postal Telegraph lines. Before the offices of the company, an excited crowd of men

and women surged back and forth all morning, all imploring the officials to send a message through for them to the stricken city, to bring back some word from dear ones in peril there. Manager Lewis said there was only one wire in operation and he had received imperative orders that it was to be used solely for company purposes, press dispatches and general news. When he made this announcement to the clamoring crowd, it fell silent for a moment. Then a groan went up. Pale-faced petitioners, who had thought to know in a little while what fate had come upon the husband, child, wife or mother in the city of doom, saw before them a day and night of frightful suspense before one word could come to them to dispel or confirm their fears. Men who have large dealings with the company tried to use their influence, implored and threatened, but the manager shook his head. Maddened men fought their way toward him with handfuls of money, offering it all just for the sending of one word and one in reply, just that they might know that one person in the world was still alive.

The manager compressed his lips and waved the money away. Women cried and

sobbed, imploring him to send some word for them. One old gray-haired woman crouched voiceless at his feet, her lips moving in silent appeal. The manager gritted his teeth and shook his head.

Every city in the United States made the attempt and always with the same result—San Francisco was shut off from the rest of the world. The rumor came that 10,000 had been killed and again the wires were assailed. And again the whole world had to wait. A San Franciscan cabled his brother in Los Angeles by way of Berlin, Germany. From Chicago, the Associated Press carried a touching story of a San Francisco man there trying in vain to learn if harm had come to his wife and child in the Vesuvius disaster and turning frantically to the unwilling wires to know if his mother had escaped death in this latest horror. And all he could do was wait. In desperation the Western Union sent 5,000 messages from Los Angeles to San Francisco by train.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST WIRE.

Late Thursday night, the first wire for the public was open from San Francisco but the messages on file had grown to thousands and, before Saturday morning, there were on file and waiting to be sent from Oakland, 15,000 telegrams, and from San Francisco enough others to bring the total up to 25,000. All the big cities in the country were appealing for telegraph service to poor, torn, charred, agonized "Frisco" during those days, as all hearts were warming for the response which was worthy of a chapter entitled "A Nation's Love." The Postal succeeded in restoring one of its shattered lines, working from a little wooden structure erected on piles at the water front.

The first news it carried was that three distinct fires were still burning, one in that portion extending from Nob Hill down easterly to the water front, the flames traveling slowly northerly towards the Telegraph Hill section. It was only a "toss-up" as to whether this fire would die out from lack of

material or again sweep toward the ocean. The second fire-center was in the Mission district where the blaze had reached Eighteenth street but was making little headway toward the hillsides to the west where thousands of waiting, fearing, wondering ones were encamped, spellbound at the scene if not thinking of their own misery. The third, and what was considered the most dangerous fire at that time, was threatening the western addition and was really a continuation of the Nob Hill fire. It was wedge-shaped, as its glare showed and, as it stood out against the blackness of the night, its apex seemed pushing forward at terrible speed. And at this point the firemen resumed their never-ceasing work of dynamiting for backfiring purposes.

Some fought madly for bread at bakeries and stores that afternoon and evening, and others, forgetful of their hunger, watched the fire-fighters and cheered them on for, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the second day, something like a semblance of the former water service was patched up, while elsewhere the firemen were pumping water from the bay in a vain attempt to check the mighty conflagration. When the fire reached the

big power house at Sutter and Polk streets, this building was dynamited and, for a moment, it was thought the flames had been stopped, but they swept across the street and the McNutt hospital was then blown up. Next the big St. Dunstan apartments were wrecked with explosives, but the fire blazed on and on. The steeple of St. Mary's Cathedral, an edifice which had withstood the earthquake, caught fire. A fire-laddie with hose tied to his belt climbed the steeple, played a stream on the burning section and the fire flickered and went out. Vast throngs stood munching dry crusts in the streets and cheered the heroic act, and, while these were thrilled by the sight and forgetful of themselves, the food was stolen out of their hands by others who did not thrill beyond the extent of self-preservation but more at the sight of the crusts.

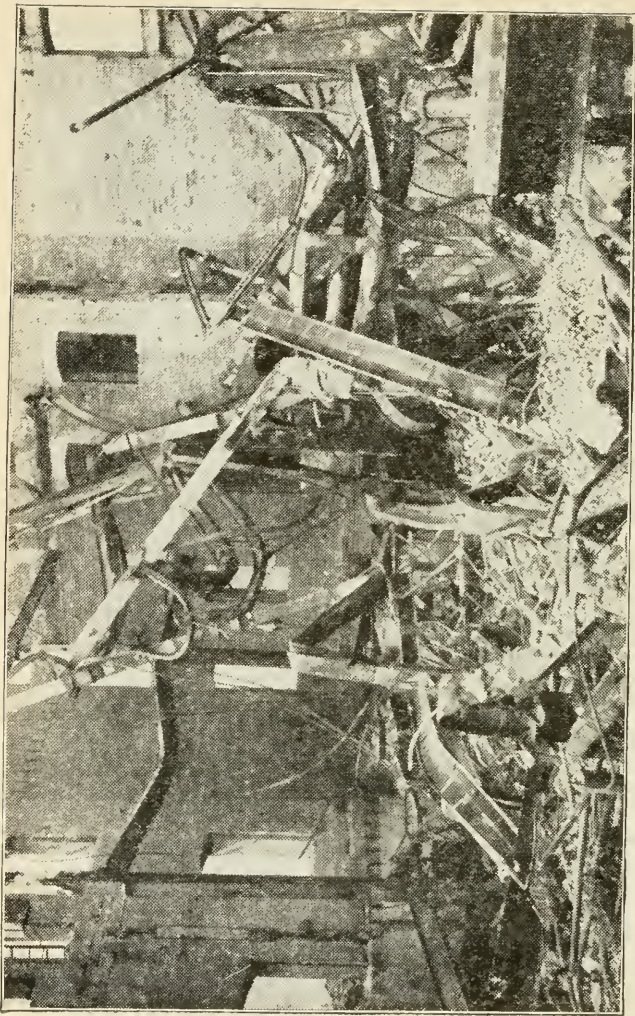
The soldiers brought gun-cotton from the Presidio and, when the dynamite was gone, they used it in continuing the destruction of buildings beyond the walls of flame. Then they brought machine guns and directed them against the stately residences that would go, by one means if not another, and that soon.

All day long the sun shone brightly over

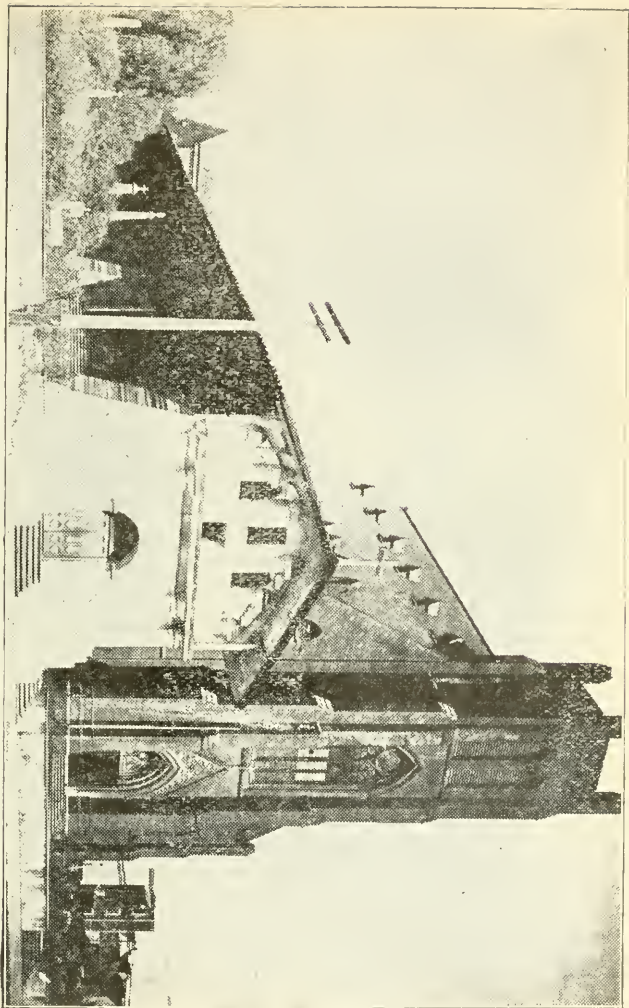
the doomed city, but down amongst the ruins it appeared blood-red and the sky was only a dense cloud of smoke, hovering like a pall over a roaring, seething furnace.



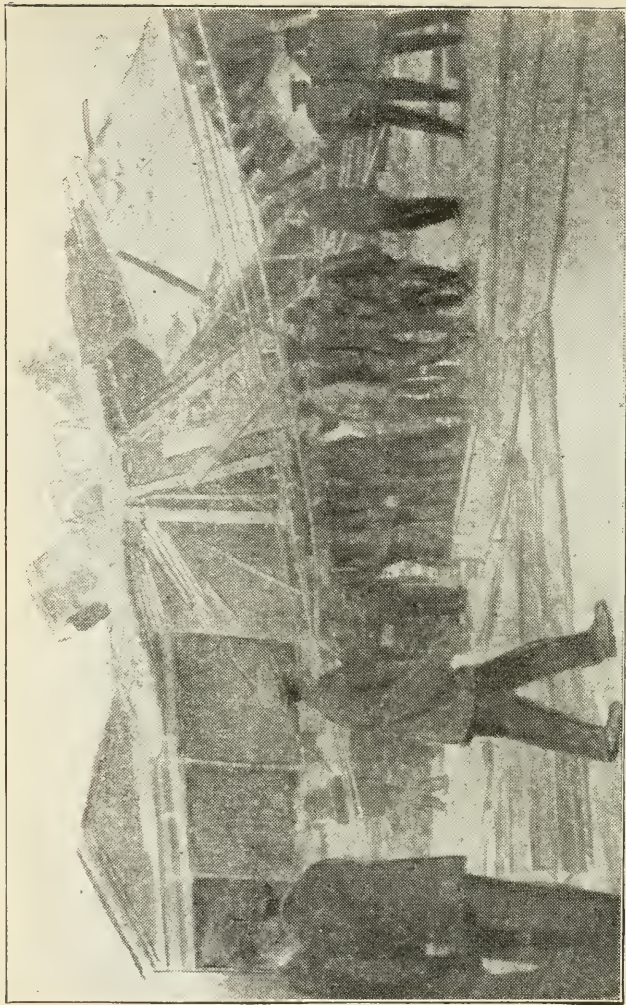
Refugees camped in a vacant lot. Looking toward Market Street, San Francisco.



Taylor and Geary Building, San Francisco, showing the Twisted Girders and Broken Beams of the Steel Framework.



Mission Dolores, an adobe building erected 1775, shown on the left, was not damaged, but the new edifice on the right was totally destroyed.



A Ruined Structure in Santa Rosa, California. Over one hundred people were killed, and two million dollars' worth of property destroyed in this flourishing city.

PART IV—THE CALL FOR HELP.

CHAPTER I.

“FOR GOD’S SAKE, FOOD.”

How desperate the situation in the ruined city, where smoke hid from view or sudden bursts of flame revealed to sight great jagged sections of asphalt paving standing on end in the middle of streets, while charred timbers leaned out over the sidewalk like the blackened limbs of dead trees in a forest, was shown by the following telegram, sent out on the night of the second day:

Oakland, Calif., April 19, 1906.

Owen McAleer, Mayor,
Los Angeles, Calif.

For God’s sake rush all cooked food to San Francisco as fast as possible. I will see that trains are rushed through.

George C. Pardee,
Governor State of California.

But that was not the first message of appeal, nor was the first necessary, as it after-

ward proved. Governor Pardee had already followed the first appeals of Mayor Schmitz with this message to the mayors of other California cities outside the earthquake belt:

“Mayor Schmitz informs me that his people need large supplies of food. Can you send supplies immediately in charge of competent man? Wire me at Oakland.”

Knowing that San Francisco's telegraph service was crippled, leading citizens of Los Angeles acted promptly in enlisting the aid of the government, and this message was sent to President Roosevelt:

“The Citizens' Relief Committee of Los Angeles in session is prepared to furnish such supplies and committees to San Francisco, as are desperately needed. Railroad company unable to accommodate, as railroad tracks are out of order and ferry service at Oakland disbanded. We urgently request you to place at the disposal of this committee the Boston or other warships now at Long Beach to transport supplies to San Francisco. Await your action in session.

“Owen McAleer, Mayor.

“F. Q. Story, Chairman.”

General Funston wired Secretary of War William H. Taft, the first day, as follows:

“Secretary of War, Washington: We need thousands of tents and all the rations that can be sent. The business portion of the city destroyed and about 100,000 people homeless. Fire still raging. Troops all on duty assisting the police. Loss of life probably 1,000. Best part of residence district not yet burned. “Funston.”

The following dispatch was sent to General Funston by Secretary Taft at 4 o’clock the second morning:

“Your dispatch calling for tents and rations for 20,000 people received. Have directed sending of 200,000 rations from Vancouver barracks, the nearest available point. Will give orders concerning tents immediately and advise you within an hour. Do you need more troops? Of course, do everything to assist in keeping order, in saving life and property and in relieving suffering and hunger by use of troops, material and supplies under your orders.

“House passed enabling resolution today and senate will tomorrow. All railway and

telegraphic facilities surrounding San Francisco reported badly damaged and demoralized. Officers will accompany (rations) where necessary in order to insure prompt forwarding and delivery as soon as possible, with orders to keep in touch with you when practicable.”

To the first telegram from Los Angeles to the President came this reply:

“Navy department is endeavoring to use the war ships to the limit that they are available. Some have gone up to protect life and property already. Of course the warship is singularly unfitted to transport supplies or individuals. Have instructed navy department to do everything that can properly be done. “Theodore Roosevelt.”

Then, after a conference with Miss Mabel Boardman, of the Red Cross Society, whose badge was to prove as the light of heaven in the desolate city on the western slope, the President issued the following proclamation:

“TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

“In the face of so terrible and appalling a national calamity as that which has befall-

en San Francisco, the outpouring of the nation’s aid should so far as possible be entrusted to the American National Red Cross, the national organization best fitted to undertake such relief work. A specially appointed Red Cross agent, Dr. Edward Devine, starts today from New York for California to co-operate there with the Red Cross branch in the work of relief.

“In order that this work may be well systematized and in order that the contributions which I am sure will flow in with lavish generosity may be wisely administered, I appeal to the people of the United States, to all cities, chambers of commerce, boards of trade, relief committees and individuals, to express their sympathy and render their aid by contributions to the American National Red Cross. They can be sent to Charles Hallam Keep, Red Cross treasurer, Washington; Jacob H. Schiff, New York Red Cross treasurer, or other local Red Cross treasurers to be forwarded by telegraph from Washington to the Red Cross agents and officers in California.

“Theodore Roosevelt.”

But time was speeding on lightning’s

wings, and soon there came this pitiful cry from the ruined Golden Gate:

Bread. Bread. Bread.

To the Women of Los Angeles:

San Francisco cries for bread. Our bakeries are inadequate. In the name of humanity we appeal to the women of Los Angeles to bake bread and deliver it at the Chamber of Commerce.

Chamber of Commerce Relief Committee.

CHAPTER II.

THE NATION'S RESPONSE.

Before it was yet dusk on that awful first day—before the extent of the catastrophe was half known—the first relief train of physicians and nurses with a baggage car laden with medical and surgical supplies, pulled out of the Southern Pacific depot in Los Angeles, bound for the only place in the southern California mind, a mind that was still dazed and reeling from the blow five hundred miles to the north. But the nation and the world had been quick, too. The United States Congress, regardless of precedent or law, did what the heart said was humane and reason said was sane and necessary, and passed a resolution to appropriate a million dollars for relief and, without a murmur. Senator Perkins, of California, had only to ask and San Francisco received. That no idea of the extent of the disaster had obtained in the nation's capital at that time was evidenced by the fact that the resolution referred to the homeless as 100,000 in number, when here in the west it was patent at

that hour that no less than 350,000 would need shelter by dawn. The resolution follows:

“Whereas, the most terrible disaster which has ever taken place on this continent has occurred in the State of California, in which one-half of the city of San Francisco has been practically destroyed by earthquake and fire, and many towns and cities along the coast have suffered from similar devastation, and

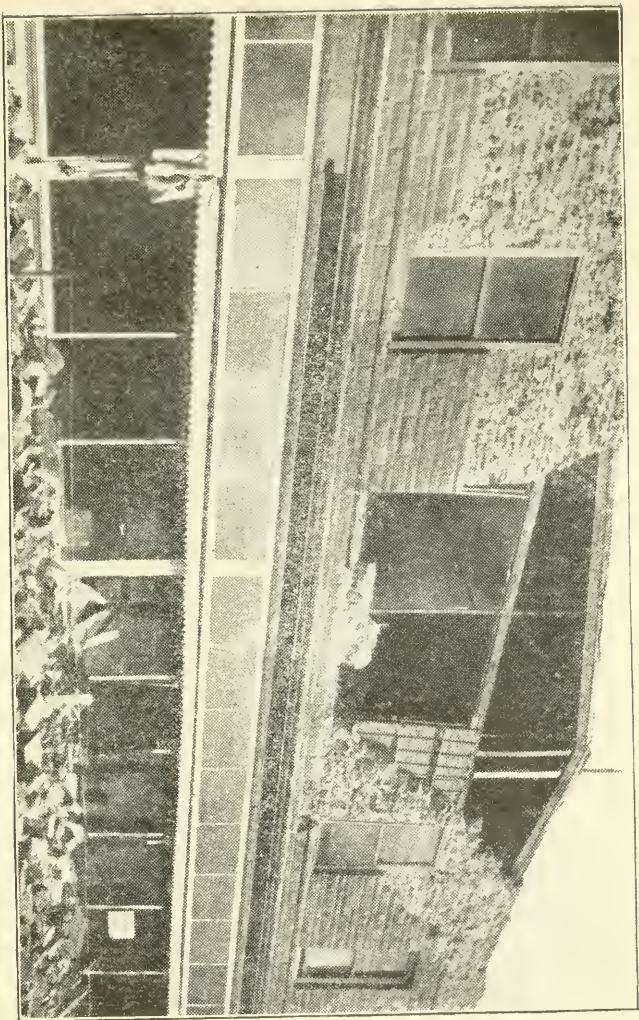
“Whereas, in all the afflicted localities there has been wrought such ruin as has resulted in great loss of life and the serious injury of thousands of people; and

“Whereas, the destruction of dwelling houses has rendered homeless 100,000 of the inhabitants of San Francisco, alone, and

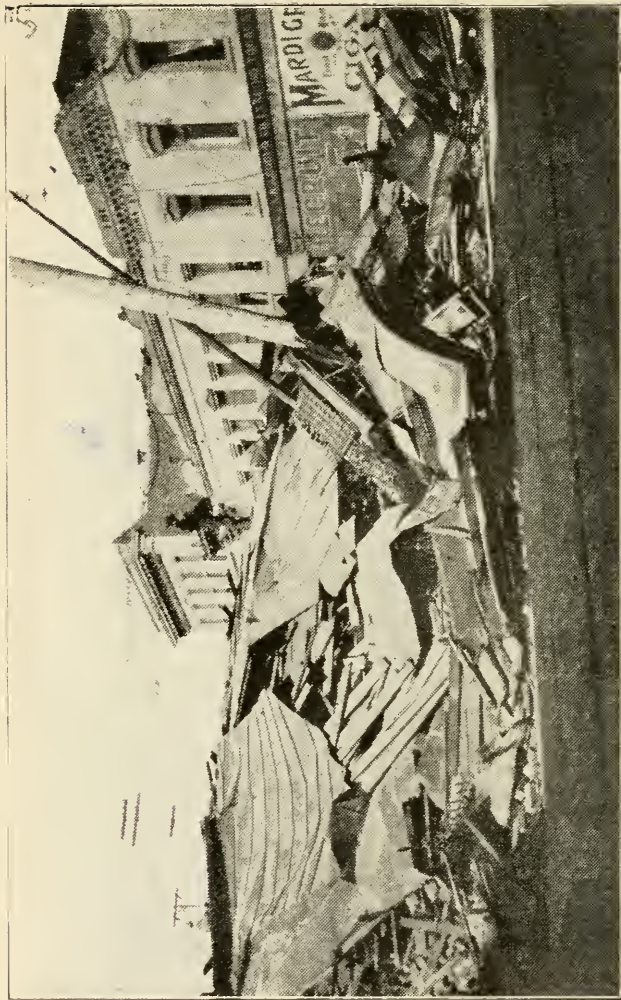
“Whereas, there is most urgent needs to bury the dead, care for the injured and shelter and feed the homeless, and

“Whereas, the local administrations will, for some time, be unable to cope with the situation and extend such aid and assistance as is immediately necessary, therefore be it

“Resolved, that the sum of \$1,000,000, or such part thereof as may be necessary is hereby appropriated out of any money in



Migliavacca Building, Napa, California, Badly Damaged by the Earthquake.



The wreck of the Hobson Building, San Francisco, California.

the treasury not otherwise appropriated, to be expended by and under the direction of the secretary of war in the purchase and distribution of quartermasters' and commissary stores to such end and for destitute persons as may require assistance in the district devastated by the earthquake and fire.

“The secretary of war is authorized to use the steamers and other boats and vessels belonging to or now employed by the government upon San Francisco bay or adjacent waters in transportation and distribution of supplies furnished by the United States or individuals to such destitute people, and he may employ such other means of transportation as he may deem necessary to carry the purpose of this joint resolution into effect.”

And that was only the first act of mercy by the mighty, all protecting, government of the first of the world's republics for, shortly thereafter, another million and a half of dollars was ready for the sufferers at the national capital.

From Chicago the Export Shipping Company offered to send all donated supplies free of charge, Mayor Dunne wired assurance of immediate relief, the Chicago city council

held a special session and the sum total of Chicago's humanity was \$1,000,000 with assurance of more if needed. Governor Guild, of Massachusetts; Mayor Fitzgerald, of Boston, and a relief committee headed by Kidder, Peabody & Co. sent \$25,000 without delay and the entire state of Massachusetts awoke and swelled the grand total to \$2,000,000.

President Roosevelt had wired Governor Pardee: "Call upon me for any assistance I can render," and the message was only one of hundreds of similar messages that poured in. Mayor Smith, of St. Paul; Governor Mickey, of Nebraska; Governor Jesse F. McDonald, of Colorado; Governor Joseph Folk, of Missouri; Mayor Charles A. Bookwalter, of Indianapolis; officials of Tacoma, Seattle, Portland, and a hundred other cities west, and New York and a hundred other cities east; from Arizona and every other state in the west, of Ohio and every other state in the east, started the vast, almost incomprehensible, work of relief.

By the following Sunday night, less than five days after the earthquake, New York City had contributed almost \$2,000,000; Chicago, \$1,000,000; Massachusetts, \$2,000,000;

Philadelphia, \$500,000; St. Louis, \$200,000; Cleveland, \$100,000; Sacramento, Calif., \$100,000; Pittsburg, \$225,000; Seattle, Wash., \$90,000; Minneapolis, \$50,000; Detroit, \$48,000; Milwaukee, \$40,000; Washington, D. C. (exclusive of government appropriation), \$40,000; Los Angeles, \$600,000; twenty other cities, \$900,000; John D. Rockefeller, \$100,000; Clarence B. Mackay of the Postal Telegraph, \$5,000 (and \$100,000 for the rebuilding of the University at Berkeley), George J. Gould, \$5,000; Chas. M. Schwab, Mrs. C. P. Huntington, W. R. Hearst, Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst and others \$5,000 each to a total of \$750,000, Adolphus Busch gave \$100,000 for Red Cross work, and the wondrous grand total at that time was more than ten millions of dollars.

Train loads of provisions on free railroad tracks already were starting from the east, soon to reach the coast by the score, other train loads of clothing and bedding and tents for shelter, to follow them. All over the East, California oranges were being sold at auction and the proceeds sent to relief headquarters. And it was far from a black Friday that brought delayed telegrams to I. W. Hellman, banker of the city that had been,

from great bankers in the greater land east of the Rockies, offering fifty millions of dollars to the financial institutions that were under the ashes.

Poor, bleeding, burning San Francisco's call for help had been answered.

All over the land odd and hurried means of raising funds for the distant sufferers had been inaugurated. Balls and parties were given, churches instituted suppers and socials, the proceeds of which went to swell the helpful fund, thousands of Salvation Army lads and lassies proffered contribution boxes on street corners throughout the towns of the country, ministers preached eloquent sermons and ordered special offerings taken, newspapers urged "Frisco's" need and gathered thousands of dollars for her stricken people.

To Chicago Madame Bernhardt hurried from Indianapolis, her great Texas tent was pitched on the lake front, and to assist her came every prominent actor and singer who was then in Chicago. People flocked to the tent in hordes and \$15,000 was added to the fund. Two thousand policemen one day spread themselves over the city of Chicago asking for money for San Francisco from

house to house, societies of every sort gave entertainments and benefits. It was thus everywhere throughout the length and breadth of the land. Pity made all men of kin.



A shattered sidewalk, San Francisco. In the heart of the residence district

CHAPTER III.

A SISTER CITY'S LOVE.

Within three hours from the time the first news was sent to Los Angeles, the heart-strings of the sunny sister city reacted from the numbness that followed the shock, and the history of the days of '49 must fade before the scenes of what followed. It was money first—\$25,000 was on hand within five minutes after the first call, and \$500,000 pledged before night-fall. The city council appropriated \$5,000 without delay, a Fete de Champetre at the home of Artist Paul De Longpre, for the benefit of Vesuvius sufferers, was turned into a benefit for the sufferers in the north. Theaters offered the night's or week's proceeds, a monster theatrical benefit for Vesuvius victims was changed to a San Francisco benefit, all the churches announced special collections, every financial and social organization in southern California opened subscription lists and the civic and commercial bodies started raising vast funds; bakers toiled all night long in furnace-like rooms baking bread for the starv-

ing thousands—25,000 loaves a day was their average—and asked nothing but gratitude for it. City policemen, firemen, and postoffice employees gave their day's wages and the employees of every business house in the city did likewise.

There were benefit dances, benefit concerts, benefit sales of flowers, of goods of all kinds, benefit lemonade and peanut stands on the sidewalks, presided over by little children who knew no other way to add their mites to the love-fund. Then came the pugilists. World's champion James J. Jeffries sold oranges at auction from a wagon in the streets and he got \$20, \$10 or \$5, for many a one of them.

“Come on everybody,” shouted Jeffries holding up an orange. “This fruit is being sold for the San Francisco sufferers; come on, help those in distress. Help the children whose fathers and mothers have lost all they had in the world. Come on, you men there. Come on help the mother and her little child!”

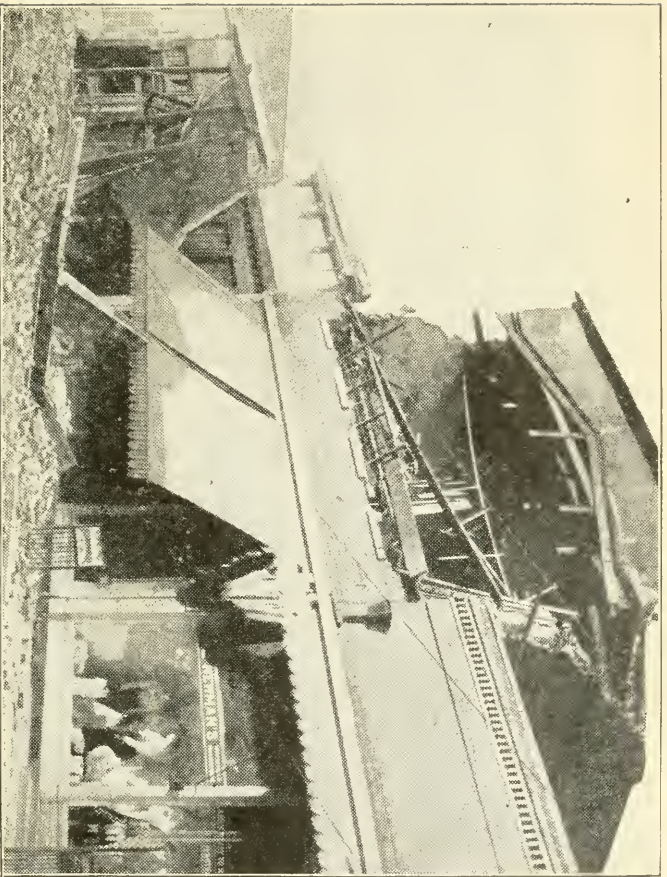
Battling Nelson stood in the rear seat of a big auto, selling newspapers for as much as he could get for them, the proceeds to go to the relief fund. The newspaper offices do-

nated papers as often as the little pugilist's supply ran out.

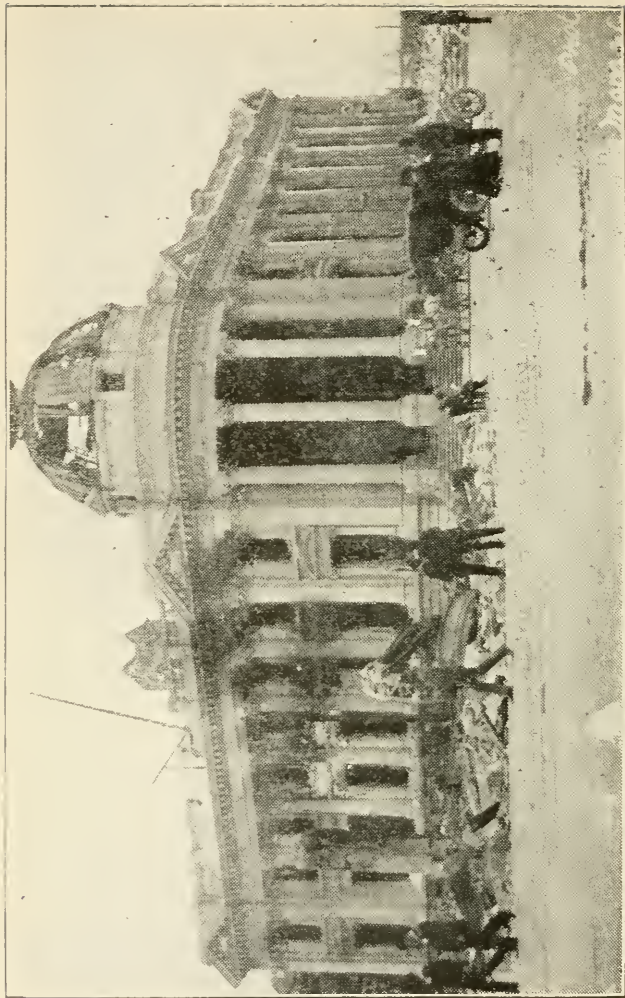
Nelson's face was as red as a beet and ran streams of sweat under the glaring sun, but he stuck to his post as long as anybody would buy, and he never once forgot to say, "Thank you," when anybody bought a paper, it mattered not to him if it was a penny or a dollar sale.

Mayor McAleer paid the pugilist \$5 for a paper and Tom McCarey, prize fight manager, did the same. A half dozen \$5 pieces were in the cash box in less than half an hour; in an hour more than \$200 had been realized and the sale was still going on. Several persons gave all the change in their pockets without stopping to count it and the dollar sales were frequent enough to ensure the success of Nelson's idea.

The little champion and Billy Nolan added a check for \$1,000 to the amount. A monster boxing benefit was arranged. Jeffries, who had refused to use his giant strength and cleverness against his fellows again for his own benefit, needed no persuasion in using it for the benefit of the stricken city of his native state, and that was enough for the lesser lights of the ring.



Newman's Ruined Dry Goods Store, Napa, California.



Wreck of the Hibernian National Bank Building, San Francisco

The program was quickly arranged, Jeffries and Jack Root, Battling Nelson against Eddie Robinson, Tommy Burns against George Blake, Kid Herman against Abe Attell and Aurelio Herrera against Mauro Herrera, each contest four rounds.

The men of the arena were out to raise \$15,000 for charity.

Every city and town in southern California subscribed thousands and still the work of relief in the Angel City went on. Three days holiday had been declared by Governor Pardee, to avoid legal complications in business deals that had been cut short in San Francisco, and there was no session of the public schools, but when the school children were appealed to bring boxes of cooked food to their study rooms for shipment to the north, they responded in armies.

And it was the same when the women of the city were called upon to bake bread, more bread. Train load after train load of supplies was going to the north—the Hearst relief train, the Citizens' committee trains, the Native Sons and the Native Daughters of the Golden West's trains, the railroads' own supply trains and the Southern Pacific, Santa

Fe and Salt Lake Railroads were transporting everything free of charge and on passenger train time. The International Typographical Union, through the Los Angeles headquarters, sent \$10,000.

As Los Angeles steamers were leaving Port San Pedro, laden with clothing, bedding and provisions for the sufferers, there came news that a shipload of supplies valued at \$10,000 had set out from Victoria, B. C., for the devastated city. The big Los Angeles gas works was turned into a bakery and there were prepared enormous quantities of bread, hams, bacon and beans. Sympathetic mothers made baby-clothes by the score, children took their savings banks to relief headquarters and emptied them into the rapidly increasing general fund, blacksmiths gave the day's receipts of their shops, "Lucky" Baldwin came forward with a car load of flour, there were benefit baseball games and piano recitals, minstrel shows, sales of tempting lips by pretty actresses on the street corners and—but a volume of a thousand pages could not contain all the list of separate acts of generosity and humanity in the warm-hearted sister city to the south.

And this was but one city among a thousand American towns the hearts of whose inhabitants had been stirred to throbbing compassion by the measureless catastrophe by the Golden Gate.



Wreck of First Baptist Church, San Francisco.

CHAPTER IV.

THE REFUGEES.

Few, if any, of the fleeing hundreds of thousands of homeless got further than Oakland, across the bay, that first day, or at least further than San Mateo to the southeast. But on the second day, while the flames were sweeping up Russian Hill, they found trains to accommodate at first a hundred, then a regiment, then an army, and the flight down into the Santa Clara Valley, to Monterey and Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, Kern, Ventura, San Bernardino, Riverside and Los Angeles counties began. The Southern Pacific and Santa Fe announced that all refugees would be carried free to any point on their lines in California. The order had back of it the magic names of E. H. Harri-man and E. P. Ripley, as had the orders for free transportation of relief supplies. And then the real rush began.

To the accompaniment of crackling flames that now had reached the western addition, now had reached presumably indestructible Fairmount Hotel and even now had doomed

the North Beach water front, 15,000 people clambered aboard the trains and complained not, but thanked God if mother or father, sister or brother, wife, husband or baby were at their side.

On Saturday, 25,000 looked from the windows of southbound railroad trains not only at the devastated, blackened district north of Market street bounded by Van Ness avenue, Greenwich street and the bay shore facing Oakland, but at a blaze leaping up from the foot of Powell street, at a suspicious glow here and a dull red spot off there. With the memory of the night before haunting them—the memory of a wall of fire seven miles long, stretching from South San Francisco to the once—magnificent, gorgeous, proud Nob Hill; and the memory of a cold, raw, damp night in frail tents or on the open ground; the gnawing pangs of hunger and thirst, for it had been difficult to handle the relief supplies when they arrived and many had not found the relief stations; they looked on the sight and dwelt on the memories and struggled with the present mental and physical sufferings, and marveled that they still lived. And, on Sunday, other thousands left the shattered, scarred and broken city and trav-

eled—anywhere, everywhere, so long as there was somewhere to go, for a chilling, drenching rain was falling and the wailings of the babies and the moanings of the mothers who elected to stay in camp and wait for missing loved ones, was something to leave behind, quickly and forever, if possible. And when, at 10:30 o'clock Sunday night, nearly five days after the first shock, there came a third earthquake, hundreds of the bravest broke for Oakland and outside towns before they learned that no damage had been done, and again there were struggling mobs and wild scenes at the ferry landings and at the depots.

As with other towns, Los Angeles' arms opened wide to the refugees and, in the City of Angels, many of the last scenes in the country's greatest tragedy were enacted. It is doubtful if, on the trains or in the refugee camps, human interest and distressing pictures were fuller of color.

A trip through any of the trains was a trip through a corridor of horrors. There was no complaining, but there was a panorama of wild eyes, drawn, pale features, quivering lips and trembling hands. There were faces on which lack of sleep and food

and water had stamped the terrible story, and there were hearts that were heavy with the news they were bringing to the waiting ones, and few that could smile over the messages in their keeping. Through the trains agents of the relief organizations went and gave tickets for supplies and directions where to find them, addresses of Los Angelenos for whom otherwise weary searches would have been necessary, and, best of all, they gave assistance on all sides and without question other than the one to all:

“Do you need help?”

Under the great train-shed wife met husband, father met wife and child, relative greeted relative and friend rushed joyfully forward to grasp the hand of a friend. But there were those who looked with tearful eyes and walked away and returned to look again, then to turn back and sink down on a trunk or box or on the cold flagging and weep in a way that froze the hearts of those who stood helpless to console.

Men who had made the depot their home for three days found either joy or sorrow or renewed suspense in the arrival of the trains. Women with babies at their breasts stood in the shed, in the waiting room or at

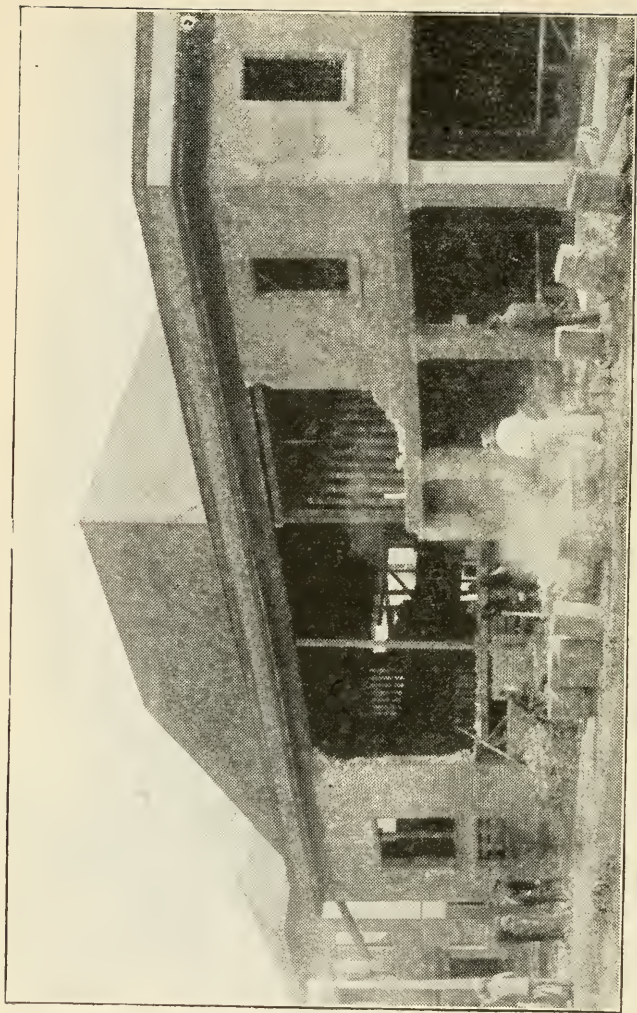
the gates, peering out with eyes that had not closed in slumber in many hours and that had little of reason left in them. A boy of three or four years who had come in with a party of two men, a woman and a youngster of his own age, broke away from them and raced toward a trunk just outside the baggage room door. He turned handsprings on the trunk, hilarious over his new and unaccounted-for freedom as compared with previous warnings not to soil his clothes. A haggard woman whose elegant necklace did not harmonize with a begrimed collar but helped tell the story of long waiting, ran out of the gates, clasped him in her arms, then turned to the little party coming slowly towards her—the boy's father was not with them and it were better that the word-picture end here. And yet it was only one of many touching sights that will be recalled in after years.

If man there was in all the waiting throng at Arcade depot, in Los Angeles, who had no relative or friend in San Francisco when the earth was rent asunder and flames completed the awful work of destruction, he only had to look about him to be convinced that he should be thankful.

Trains came in quick succession and hun-



Jeffries, the Celebrated Pugilist, shown in the Sweater selling Oranges at five and ten dollars apiece, to the Citizens of Los Angeles, for the benefit of San Francisco Sufferers.



Ruins of the New Hayes Theater, Napa, California.

dreds poured from the cars, natives of the four corners of the earth, men of last week's wealth carrying this week's possessions in a blanket or a bed quilt and regarding enviously some Chinese or Italian or other refugee from the tenement district of the ruined city who had more possessions in his own blanket. Men who appeared to be suffering from the heat in the cars drew their overcoats closely about them and women held their shawls more tightly around their throats, for all these were trying to conceal their half-naked condition. A boy ate ravenously from a tin of some kind of canned meat. A man in a seat opposite eyed him hungrily and asked the conductor how far it was to the depot. A woman in the seat with him envied the boy only his appetite. She had suffered from hunger until she was no longer hungry. Hundreds were cared for by relief committees in the big court back of the depot, where ropes had been stretched and at the long tables the tired, footsore, heartsick refugees lined up for food.

Oranges, oranges, everywhere, littering the tables in golden strings and streams; bread and meat and coffee on the tables, at the stands, in the hands of scores of women and

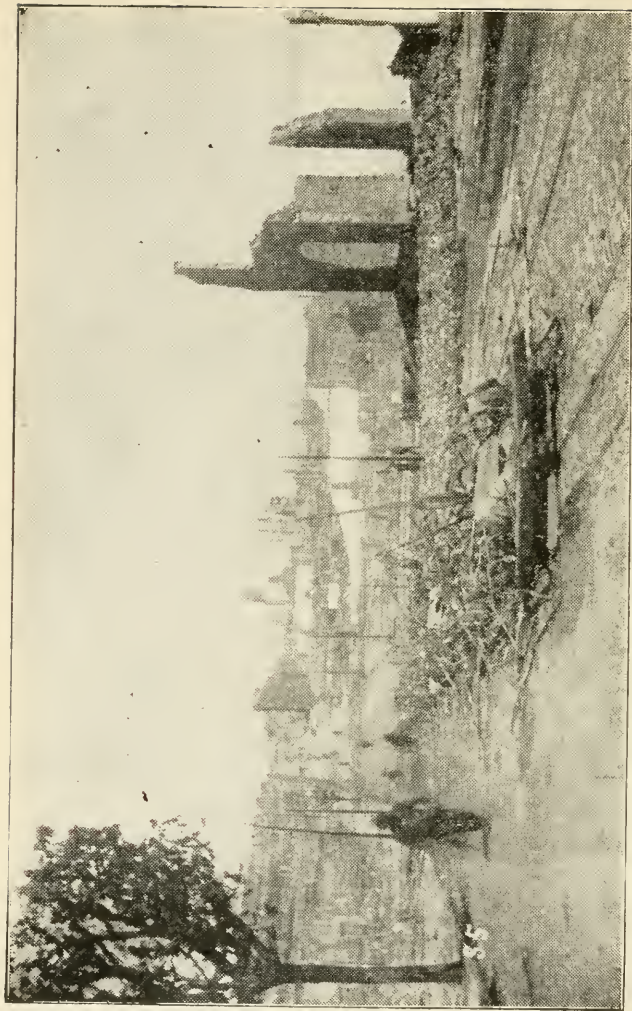
men, and often two or three of these angels of mercy would be crowding food on the stranger all at the same time. There was a stand with city directories on it, others where food and information was dealt out singly or doubly, and everywhere kind words, cheerful, hopeful words for the refugees. The sweetfaced woman's query to a sobbing sister as to "What is it, dear?" mingled and seemed to harmonize with the gruff voice of some bronzed man whose first greeting to his just-arrived chum was a slap on the back, then a "Hello, old man, felt sure you were all right," for it was just human nature aroused; and the surroundings of yelling newsboys, strong-lunged baggage-men and positive-voiced policemen completed the scene.

For all, for the man and woman who sat munching their food on the pitiful heaps of bedding or clothes which they had saved from the wreckage, for the family, once wealthy, that escaped with no possessions; for the babies of each of these classes who played with the precious dolls they had carried out or struggled to get away from restraining hands when a bright bit of orange-peel under one of the tables attracted their

attention—was this ocean of charity and human love on the part of a people blessed with love and peace and prosperity in a sun-kissed, favored land.

While halls, churches, homes, vacant houses, were thrown open to the incoming homeless throngs, world-famed Agricultural Park was turned into a camp ground, soon dotted with hundreds of tents and, at the eastern entrance to the city, where once the broad acres were occupied only by a quiet, contented old don and his family, when siestas were the order of the day, white tents sprung up and a detention camp was established to separate the sick from the well, the moral from the criminal, the desirable from the undesirable.

Self-protection was beginning to assert itself, though charity and love still were the stronger emotions in the California southland.



A String of Street Cars destroyed by the Mighty Flames, which swept away nearly everything in its Path.

PART V—ATHENS AND THE PHŒNIX.

CHAPTER I.

THE ATHENS OF AMERICA.

When the third earthquake shock was felt in San Francisco, on Monday night, April 24, it mattered little from a financial point of view, there was practically nothing left to go under from the tremor. Here and there a steel frame remained, but frame only, like some giant cage from which the bird had flown.

From Golden Gate avenue north stood the lone monument to the fire-fighters, the department men, policemen, volunteers—many of them killed or dead from sheer exhaustion—and to the three trusted men who won hero medals, the dynamiting force sent by Admiral McCalla from Mare Island, Captain MacBride, Chief Gunner Adamson and an assistant.

What the ruined Golden Gate City looked like is best told by pictures, and fortunately for those whose nerves are not the best the photographers passed by most of the spots

where lay the heaps of what, a few days before, had been happy or miserable, hopeful or pessimistic, rich or poor, high or low human beings. It was not hard to agree with the coroner that 1,000 had met their death; the wonder grew that the number was not larger as one contemplated this Athens of America, this blackened diamond, this shattered bowl of cut glass, this leafless rose with the broken stem that once had been a city of cities. They had taken from the ruins at Polk and Bay streets thirty-two victims; from Portsmouth square, twenty-three; Washington Square, twelve; Six Mile House, two hundred; Laurel Hill, twenty-three; in other parts of the city, ten, while down in Chinatown and in the district south of Market street no search had been made, but it was known that charred bodies were there by the score; and other scores of dead had been buried by the soldiers who found them along the water front—given to the earth or sea and nobody kept count.

A new commander was in charge of these ruins of Pompeii—Gen. A. W. Greely, who took charge of a task well handled by General Funston, and established headquarters at Fort Mason, just east of the Presidio, on

the north shore of San Francisco bay, and already the special policemen and deputies were being withdrawn. It was high time, be it overwrought nerves or what it may that caused the terrible mistakes these specials had made, for inoffensive citizens had been shot, murdered by them for the mere act of entering certain of the ruined districts.

Even the sign of the Red Cross had not saved Maj. H. C. Tilden, a millionaire citizen of San Francisco, who was crowning himself with glory and bringing down blessings on all his kind by assisting in the work of relief. Although he was a member of the governor's staff and his automobile flew the Red Cross flag, one of three fools pierced his heart with a bullet for no reason whatever except that they had guns and a little brief authority. E. E. Boynton, George W. Simmons and Malcolm T. Vance were arrested. They claimed a soldier in the Tilden automobile began shooting at them when they raised their guns. Be that as it may, a martyr fell, and a noble work was delayed.

On the same day another martyr name was added to the list, the name of Dr. Charles F. Taggart, beloved citizen of Los Angeles, who was accidentally shot through the heart with

his own pistol on the stairway in the Hearst Relief Hospital, in the Crocker Grammar School Building, 111 Page street, of which hospital he had charge.

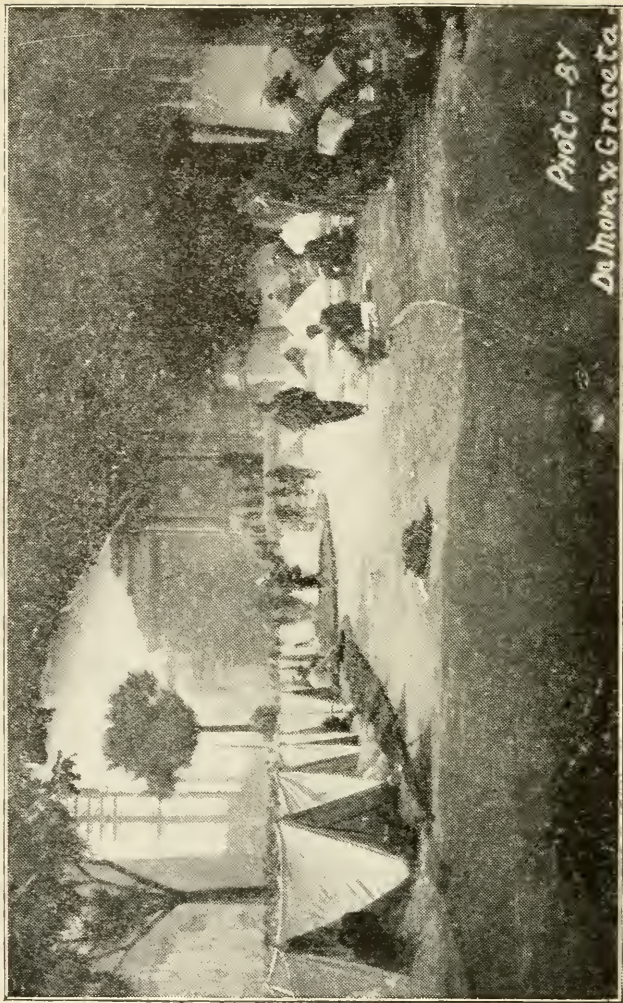
In the parks, so great were the crowds that it hardly seemed possible that thousands continued to fill the outgoing trains to carry stories of lost fortunes, of scenes they could not forget, of injuries and narrow escapes, of hunger and thirst, misery, suffering and woe; thousands crowding to get out of a paradise that was turned into an inferno, hundreds blocking the way, trying to get into the city to reach relatives and friends not yet heard from and whose charred bodies may not be in the embers, the ashes or underneath the wreckage where tons of debris is piled high in the streets; of thousands wandering aimlessly about, not knowing where to look for loved ones, and still others standing dazed by the ruins of what were their once magnificent homes.

Nor would it seem, although it was true, that the work of relief was so difficult that President Roosevelt had found it necessary to send an appeal to the Red Cross to treat all alike, to make no distinction between the white man and the 23,000 homeless Chinese.



EARTH QUAKE
SALINAS, CALIF.
APR-18-06

Interior of a tinshop, wrecked by the earthquake at Salinas, Calif.



Oakland Calif. Awaiting passes to enter the doomed city to search for friends and relatives.

CHAPTER II.

SANITY AND THE SEARCH FOR GOLD.

Had San Francisco been penniless at the time of the catastrophe of 1906, she could not have been worse off than in the succeeding days, but she was far from it. Buried under glowing coals and debris she had \$400,000,000 in her banks, and a later examination showed the bank vaults to have escaped damage. There was also in the government mint and sub-treasury other millions. When something like a semblance of order and sanity was restored, the search for the gold began, but, by that time, all needs were being supplied from the outside and the ghost of the old Golden Gate knew that all the world loved her and would not see her suffer if it was within human province to prevent her suffering.

And yet, Death mocked the man who searched for the yellow metal in those hot ruins and under the thousands of tons of wreckage, for there happened a turn in affairs that is almost too horrible to contemplate and which I hesitate to set down here,

except in the hope that future generations may realize in advance the possibility of such conditions if ever they hear a call like this call for help.

On Tuesday, April 24, reports came to the relief forces and to the gangs burying the dead that, along Telegraph and Russian Hills and along the entire North Beach, starving dogs were eating human bodies, half-buried in the ruins. Men who had been sent to the ruins of homes, to see if some property remained that could be brought out of the wreck, made the discovery and reported to the naval officers in command of the water front military district. Blue-jackets were dispatched at once to cover the sections designated and kill the dogs, and all day long rifle shots rang out, while gangs following the sailors buried the bodies both of humans and dogs or threw the latter into the bay. Here and there a few smouldering fires were found and they were used as crematories. It had not been believed there were many fatalities in the Telegraph and Russian Hill district, but the search, started because of the gruesome work of the dogs, revealed bodies by the score.

Further findings of the damage were made

about this time, too. Among the discoveries was that the government's strong fortifications at the entrance to the Golden Gate had not escaped, although the injury to government property at Mare Island Navy Yard was infinitesimal. At Lime Point the emplacements on the big guns had been twisted and cracked, the heavy concrete both on the floors and walls of the emplacement showed unmistakable evidence of not having withstood the earthquake, and conditions were equally bad at the old fortifications back of old Fort Point.

The giant thirteen-inch guns on both sides of the Gate, and constituting the main defense, practically had been rendered useless, the earth's heaving having destroyed the adjustment upon which, delicate as it was, the guns, weighing many tons, were operated as easily as the pendulum of a clock. But, because the Lime Point batteries stand out on an immense bluff, towering hundreds of feet above the bay, and the shock was greatest there, they were the worst damaged. The wonder is that they were not ruined.

When a more thorough inspection of the burned district was made a queer feature of

the fire was found. Attention was attracted to a stretch of three hundred houses on the south and east slopes of Telegraph Hill by the manner in which they had been saved. Their occupants, mainly Italians, had brought barrel after barrel of their beloved red wine up from the cellars, carried it to roof or attic, and poured it, a ruby flood, on the houses which, every minute, were growing hotter. The wine accomplished the miracle of saving the homes, and the houses stood as an oasis in a desert, though the red stains of the clarent in their walls showed that, as an oasis in the ordinary sense of the term, it had gone dry.

Now, from foreign shores were coming offers of help and the ability of the nation to take care of its own was firing the hearts of the people with pride as they read, first, the President's kind but firm refusal of a quickly-raised fund of \$1,500 from Dublin, Ireland, where their hearts are bigger than their bodies, and then they read this bit of correspondence that came over the Associated Press wires:

“New York, April 25.--The Staats-Zeitung prints the following telegrams:

“ ‘New York, April 24.

“ ‘Theodore Roosevelt, President:

“ ‘Your statement is reported in the German press as declining assistance from foreigners for the San Francisco sufferers. Will you allow us to correct this false impression so that our friends in Germany may be permitted to follow the dictates of their hearts and contribute?

“ ‘HERMAN RIDDER,

“ ‘New York Staats-Zeitung.’

“ ‘Washington, April 24.

“ ‘Herman Ridder, New York Staats-Zeitung:

“ ‘Your kind message to the President received. The spontaneous contributions of the American people have been ample to meet all requirements. Offers of aid from all parts of the world have been so in excess of all needs that, to avoid any discrimination, it is determined best to accept no outside help.

“ ‘The President wishes the German people to understand how deeply we appreciate their hearty sympathy and that we are quite as grateful to them for fraternal and hu-

manitarian motives as we would be did it seem possible to accept their generous aid.

“(Signed) ROBERT BACON,
“ ‘Acting Secretary.’ ”

It was hard to make the foreign countries take “no” for an answer. Famine-stricken Japan wanted to send a hospital ship, Paris tried to force 110,591 francs upon us, the Empress Dowager of China sent the American legation a check for \$50,000 and \$20,000 more to her own people in San Francisco; in the Natal a relief fund was started, and the Reichstag adopted resolutions of sympathy. The President still refused foreign aid.

Not only was California and America taking care of her own, but the dawn of a brighter day was at hand.

CHAPTER III.

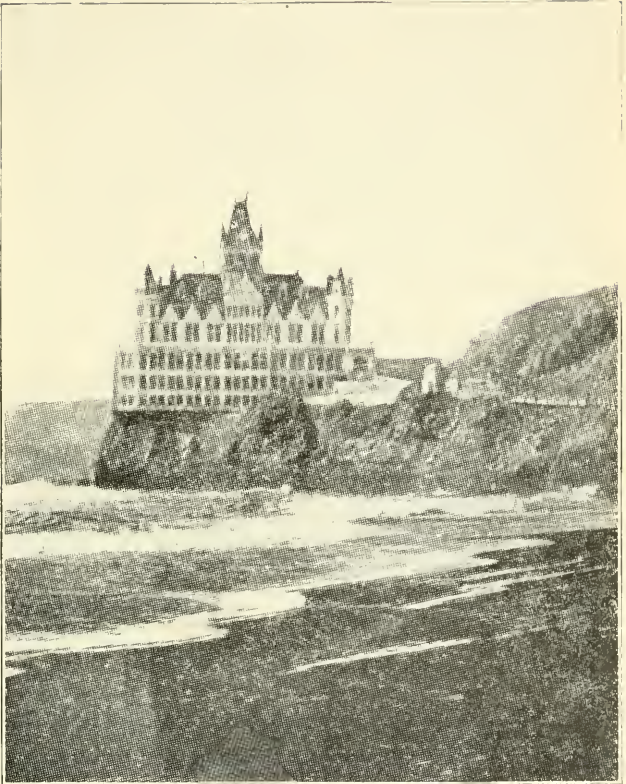
THE SPIRIT OF THE ARGONAUTS.

The only way to kill the optimism of a Californian, or one who has chosen to be an adopted child of the great, bright, glorious Golden State, is to kill the man himself. That much was evident in less than a week from the time the city of San Francisco went down in ruins, and it was proved in the face of obstacles and repeated discouraging happenings such as no city had ever known.

After the first earthquake, there came a second and a third, as already related, and, on Wednesday, April 25, there came a fourth shock. Contemplate, if you will, a picture of fifteen square miles of smoking wreckage, a condition still so congested that close to 350,000 persons were being fed by charity daily, a lack of sanitation such that every moment a horrible epidemic of disease was threatened; then answer yourself what you would have done when, again and again, the earth slid from under you and there came that terrifying, nerve-breaking, brain-burn-

ing, suffocating sensation which no one can ever entirely forget. But they did not flee the faster from the smouldering embers of San Francisco. The exodus that day and the next was no greater than in the preceding days.

They were going to build a new City of the Golden Gate or die in the attempt; both, if necessary. Thousands of laborers digging and hauling bricks from the blocked streets, scarcely hesitated in their work. Not one in a hundred gave up. This Titanic task, once begun, would be finished unless all of San Francisco went into the bay, and then a greater San Francisco would be builded, anyway. The spirit of the Argonaut was not to be broken. The armies of men and their teams of government mules continued at work. The bankers stayed and were among the first to start the project of reconstruction. Secretary of the Treasury Leslie M. Shaw applauded the bankers by placing fifteen million of dollars of the government's surplus on deposit in the San Francisco banks practically before there were any rejuvenated banks, and certainly before the hundreds of millions in the buried vaults had had time to cool off.



The celebrated Cliff House San Francisco, which was falsely reported to have been swept into the sea.



Ruins of the Famous Palace Hotel which, with the Grand, contained 1500 rooms and 900 bathrooms.

Congress also cheered the struggling remnant of a one-time metropolis by deciding to remove the tariff on all dutiable material needed in rebuilding the city, for one year. Life insurance companies suspended collection of premiums on all policies for sixty days. Governor Pardee proclaimed each succeeding day a holiday in California, to avoid legal complications for the financiers. The President sent Secretary Metcalf back to his beloved city to inspect and repair the government's buildings there and in Sacramento, Oakland and San Jose. The water companies had more than a thousand men at work repairing the broken mains, and now no one suffered for water. Eighty men of the Benicia Signal Corps were at work already restoring government telegraph and telephone service, and Los Angeles capital had begun work on a four-million dollar new Home telephone service for the new city to be. Even the state militia was not needed now, for order had been restored and everybody was working. Some worked who had not done so in years. Guards had an odd, but effective, habit of prodding a man in the back with a bayonet if he refused to labor and these guards made serious mistakes. Sight-

seers, and even some of the relief workers had reason to know this. The troops took away the automobile of the supervisor of San Mateo county and made him and his friends carry bricks. The chief of police of Milpitas was sightseeing. He got orders to join the gang. He protested. A bayonet helped him change his mind. A former chief of police of Los Angeles, and a detective of the same city, were compelled to join the throng, although the former had taken the first trainload of provisions into the city. And—I demanded an affidavit in the case—a newspaper correspondent, who had no pass, hustled bricks with the others and without any rest whatsoever. A bride and groom on their wedding tour were stopped in the street and the groom forced to work through four hours, while the bride sat upon a box and waited for her “lord.”

U. S. artillerymen resumed the dynamiting of buildings, the few walls, rather, that still stood. Men were at work raising the sunken steamship *City of Pueblo*, owned by the Pacific Coast Steamship Company. The Southern Pacific was rebuilding its tracks and paying out a half million dollars due its men before the catastrophe occurred. The

Alaska Packers' Association was loading eighteen ships at the Stuart street wharf and offering employment to three thousand men. The Humboldt Banking Company had contracted for a new seventeen-story building to cost a half million dollars. Sanitary conditions had improved. Four street railway lines were in readiness to resume business.

What it all meant was found in the tone of the following telegram sent by Mayor Schmitz to the nation's chief executive a few days before:

“To the President of the United States, Washington, D. C.: Generous contribution of \$1,000,000 from the federal government for relief of destitute citizens received and deeply appreciated. The people overwhelmed by your generosity. All of this money will be used for relief purposes. Property owners determined to rebuild as soon as fire ceases. City will immediately proceed to provide capital for the purpose of reconstructing public buildings, schools, jails, hospitals, salt and fresh water system and sewers.

“The people hope that the federal govern-

ment will at once provide ample appropriations to rebuild all federal buildings on a scale befitting the new San Francisco. We are determined to restore to the nation its chief port on the Pacific.

“(Signed) E. E. SCHMITZ, Mayor.”

And now school teachers were reporting for duty and schools opening in school-rooms made of tents. The exodus from the ruined city continued slowly, but the people were good-natured. In Golden Gate Park and the Pan Handle it was not all that could have been desired, but there was not much grumbling—they even played on an old piano and a banjo, did two homeless fellows, and heard the sound of thousands of feet pattering to the rousing rhythm of ragtime. And yet, from out the throngs that stayed, or from out the throngs that wended their way to the ferry with their worldly possessions in handkerchiefs at the end of sticks slung over their shoulders, there came a woman whose breast was ice and whose veins were molten metal. Food and water she passed by untouched, for in the park she had watched her husband's eyes close forever, kissed his lips for the last time and turned away, barefoot, to

wander aimlessly, desperately, homeless, forsaken, with a baby at her breast that moaned and clutched her flesh in the agony of two tiny, broken legs.

Why these thousands remained, why we all stand fast when Death himself leers in our faces and blows his withering breath very close to our nostrils, is no mystery. An incident will best explain:

While the City of the Golden Gate was yet ablaze and there was sweeping over the Presidio a blanket of smoke that seemed a final warning, a silent multitude with ghastly-white faces had stood outside the barracks. The military band appeared and, of a sudden, there burst on the air a grand, glorious, a heavenly tune—"America." Then the eye brightened, the heart leaped, the blood raced through the chilled veins of mere man, and there sprang from the innermost soul, as from the lips, that sweet refrain:

"My country, 'tis of thee."

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAUSE OF IT ALL.

Believing, as I do, that there is some vast, unseen, conscious force—some Great Master Mind—that controls all this universe, I would not argue with those who have seen in the San Francisco catastrophe an act not so much of punishment, but of warning, by the Almighty, but will append the scientific explanation as given by Prof. Edgar L. Larkin, in charge of Mt. Lowe, Cal., Observatory, which article appeared in the Los Angeles Examiner, as follows:

“The counterpart of the Vesuvian outburst has occurred. Seismic forces raging in the earth’s interior have asserted sway and dominion. Remnants of ancient and primordial cosmical heat, pent up since a crust solidified on the exterior of the forming earth, have made themselves felt in the midst of a great city filled with living beings that can suffer. And culture, refinement, goodness and love are submerged in fire.

“Many theories have been advanced by geologists and astro-physicists, and by math-

ematicians also, to explain earthquakes and volcanoes. Mathematicians have discovered what the geologists alone could not have found out, that this earth is in the clutch of thrust, and strain within. The density of the central regions of the globe has been computed. If a ball of gold or platinum one thousand miles in diameter had its center coincident with the center of the earth its mass would give the computed mathematical density. Now, if an envelope of liquid porphyritic granite surrounds this, the fluid is subject to stress and strain; for the attraction of the sun and moon on this intensely dense center must cause varying pressures. And pressure with variation is one thing necessary to produce earthquakes.

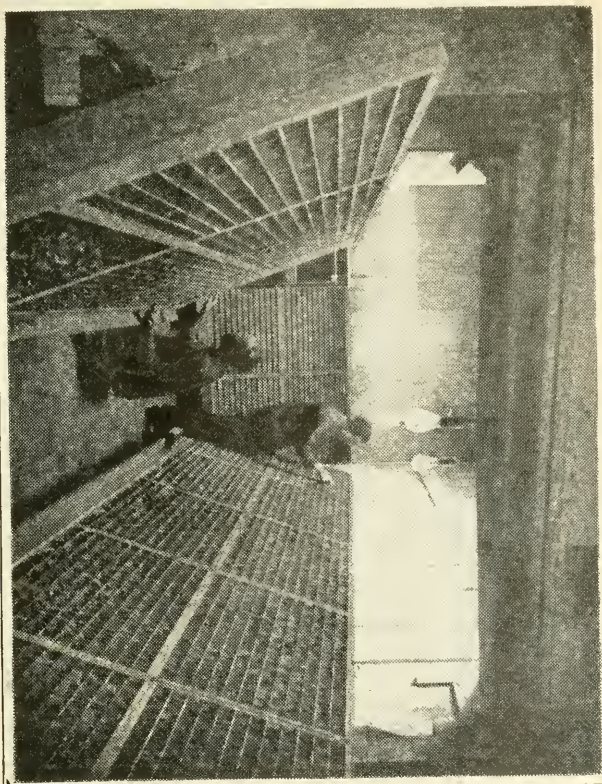
“Thrusts, bindings, stresses and strains in the earth’s interior form a subject of wonderful mathematical interest; and the ablest mathematicians have solved the formidable equation. There are vast empty caverns in the earth. This is known from a most delicate test—the swinging of seconds pendulums in all parts of the world. Thus, if the globe is homogeneous, a pendulum that beats exact seconds on any circle of latitude ought to do so on that circle entirely around the

sphere. But there are variations, showing that void spaces are below; or at least, filled with exceedingly light material. And the entire earth behaves as though it were in the grip of some colossal power, for the poles make strange gyrations. Thus the terrestrial poles describe a curve compounded of two remarkable motions.

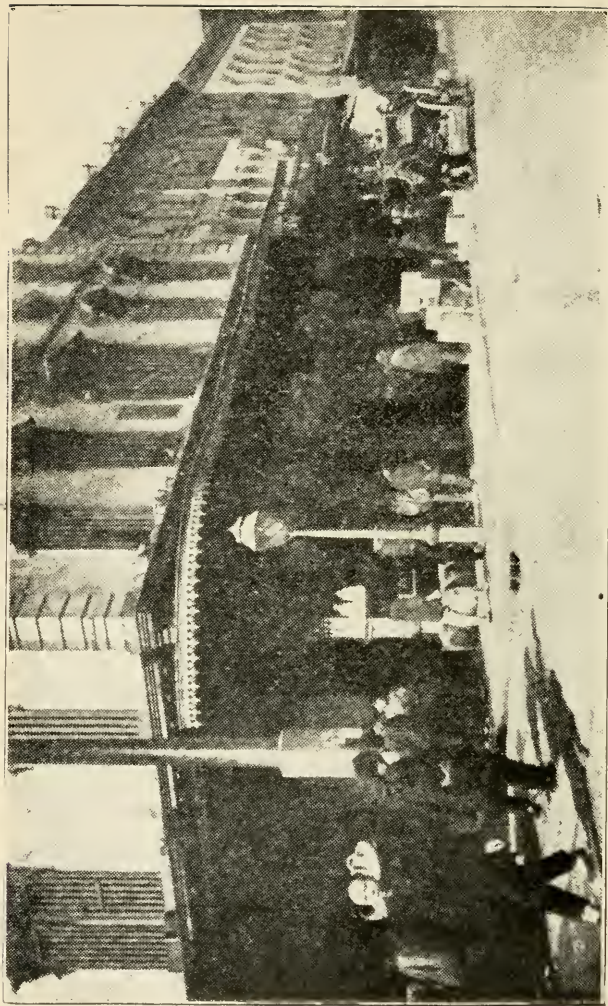
“One motion would cause either pole to traverse a circle sixty feet in diameter annually; and the other an ellipse with a little greater major axis, in 428 days. The result is a complex curve; but the fact stands out that the curve varies. That is: Both circle and ellipse are disturbed and distorted. Now astronomers have computed the force of attraction on the earth exerted by every planet in the solar system and by the moon. When every one of these is accounted for, there remains a force that certainly exists in the earth’s interior.

“Arguments have raged for a century regarding tides within the earth. The doctrine is that the moon, sun and planets draw up the internal liquid into a bulging heap as well as the external—the waters of the sea. This problem is not settled; for some hold that the white-hot liquid in the earth does

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A Chinese Printing Office, San Francisco.—Sacramento near Kearney Street, Ng Poon Chew proprietor. This shop has over five thousand characters in its cases.



Historic China Town, San Francisco, before the earthquake.

not exist as one continuous mass, but that it is distributed in vast lakes, pockets or in liquid seams between colossal walls. Now, if there is anything in the tide theory April 18, 1906, was propitious. Here is a table giving the positions of the sun, moon and planets at noon on that eventful and now historic day. Right ascension in the right hand column means the distance expressed in time, of all the bodies from a given point in the sky, which point for centuries has been the first point of Aries in the Zodiac.

“Positions in solar system April 18, 1906:

Names of Bodies—	Positions in Right Ascension.	
	Hours.	Min.
Sun	1	43
Moon	23	50
Mercury	00	30
Venus	2	49
Mars	3	21
Jupiter	4	21
Saturn	22	53

“Thus the moon was only ten minutes from the first of Aries, and the sun one hour and forty-three minutes beyond it. The table shows that these seven bodies were all within

five hours and twenty-eight minutes of each other; and, therefore, all together in one direction, and all pulling against the earth. Now let us see what effect their combined attraction had on April 18, 1906. Here are distances of the earth from the sun at intervals of one year:

Years.	Distances of the Earth from Sun in Miles.
April 18.	
1905	94,037,800
1906	93,419,200
	<hr/>
Difference	618,600

“Thus the earth was off its track and nearer the sun more than 618,000 miles in 1906 than 1905 on the same day. The reader may decide if tides caused the dreadful upheaval. The earth has often been off its orbit more than this without earthquakes or volcanoes.

“Since Vesuvius began its eruption, I have been able to secure four observations of the sun in the great telescope. It was quiet. At the first observation there were seven spots; second, 9; third, 6; fourth, 7. The largest of all was about twice the size

of the earth, far too small to amount to anything. They may be dismissed.

“Every great volcano is near the sea. These often cast up mud. Water gets into cavities, lakes and chasms filled with melted rocks. Enormous volumes of steam are generated and keep on forming until the inevitable explosion comes. Now, if moist materials issue, the volcano is not deep seated, for the mud did not have time to dry. If every particle of the output is white hot, the vent leads into deep recesses. A volcano is a safety valve on the boilers within the earth. Had Vesuvius been within ten miles of San Francisco, there would not have been an earthquake. The earth’s crust is thinner under the ocean floor than on shore.

“The earth’s crust formed in layers during millions of years under ancient thermal seas, and solidified. Then the globe contracted, warping the layers, and cracking them into vast blocks. Then the edges of one chunk, layer or wide area lowered, leaving the edges of all the adjacent layers exposed. Soil in time obscured some of these. But those deep in the earth make no end of trouble when water percolates down one inclined surface and meets a rising flood of

melted rock. Sounds have been heard in the earth of grinding; and also sudden thumps as though the edge of one layer or series of layers suddenly slipped in the subsiding shell of the earth. In primordial times there was an upheaval of some kind at San Francisco, at the time the Golden Gate was made. This rent drained ancient California of a rock bound sea.

“From the observatory, the entire area is visible from the sea to Monrovia. It has the appearance of having been washed down from the Sierra Madre mountains. Indeed, I have seen thousands of tons of soil, rocks, sand, gravel and debris rolling and tumbling down the majestic sides during three terrific storms. And the ancient sea once extended to the base of the mountains. Therefore, water made all of South California from the sea to Riverside. It is not a volcanic or earthquake region at all. That wide plain is as safe as the plains of Illinois, for they have had more earthquakes in Central and Southern Illinois, Missouri and Northern Arkansas than in Southern California. I have not seen a trace of volcanic activity in the mountains, nor of faults near the beach.

I would as readily take chances in Southern California as in the Mississippi valley.

“Earthquakes in California do not disturb a very wide area. They are what may be called local. The earthquake at Lisbon in 1755 extended over an immense space, reaching from England, the Baltic provinces, North Germany, and the Alps to Spain, all Portugal, and to Morocco in Northern Africa. It killed 60,000 people in Lisbon in six minutes. They rushed from their falling homes to the quay and beach. A mighty chasm opened and the people were engulfed. The rent closed and the 60,000 are there yet.

“But Nature was more merciful in Lisbon than in San Francisco; for the awful terrors of fire add misery to a scene, where one might think that the solid earth was ending in turbulent chaos. The great Charleston, S. C., earthquake, August 31, 1886, was wide, indeed, and waves in the earth extended from Florida to New York, and even to Ontario, Canada, and westward to Missouri and Iowa, an area 800 by 1,000 miles.

“The earth is a chemical laboratory. Vast reactions set in and generate terrific gas pressures. Gas wells in Kansas have pressed 700 pounds to a square inch. I saw

one roaring near Anderson, Indiana, with a pressure of 600 pounds. Corrosive gases also are liberated in enormous quantities. They are deadly. Chlorohydric, sulphurous and carbonic acid gases often escape volcanic throats. Thus, the 33,000 people at the base of Pelee were suffocated in a few minutes by biting and gnawing floods of hydrochloric acid gas. Vesuvius, Etna and Strombo'i, those Mediterranean chimneys alone, have prevented all Southern Italy from being destroyed by earthquakes.

“It would be a vast benefit to California if a mighty volcano, or even three, should burst forth in her mountains.

“It is the surmise of the writer that the San Francisco earthquake was caused by a fault. The dispatches do not state whether sounds were heard. I went in haste, on order of the Hearst papers, to Los Alimos, three years ago. Only three tremors were felt after my arrival; these made 77 in all. Two of these were accompanied by a melancholy, sad and sinister sound. The rolling and rumbling was like that of a carriage rolling over a bridge of planks. Once heard, this appalling sound will never be forgotten.

“If sounds were heard at San Francisco,

low and subdued, they were no doubt caused by a deep-seated fault. If it is deep, then there is hope that it is final, the last of a series of regular and natural adjustments in primeval strata distorted in those remote eons of the past, when the entire Pacific Coast was lifted from primal seas. Credibility is due to this theory that it is the end of the series. No gas escaped from the earth, so far as reports go. The disturbance is not wasting its energies in volcanic or eruptive form. And from the hurried reports telegraphed to Los Angeles, by persons in the immediate presence of death, this hastily written note is made. I would be glad indeed to make an inspection of the entire area, and try to determine the real nature of the awful upheaval.

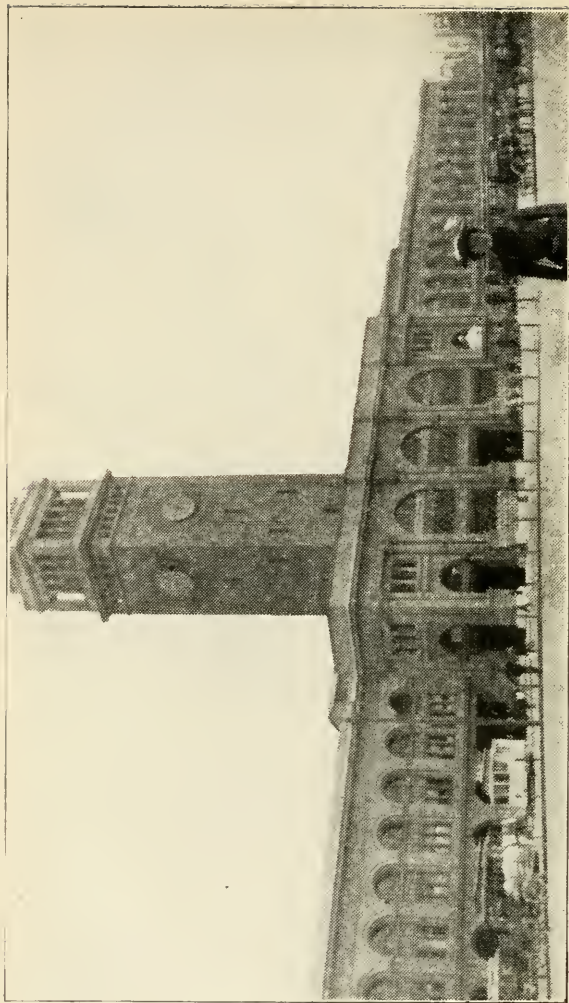
“There is one more hypothesis regarding the obscure cause of earth strains—the vast accumulation of ice at both poles. Enormous heaps are piling up deeper and deeper every year. The shell of the earth cannot be very thick or rigid. These weights on the axis must have effect. From secular changes all the time at work in the orbit of the earth, it is known to astronomers, that distances from the sun vary, and that the alternate

poles change relation to the sun, during vast periods of time. This causes the ice to vary in thickness as polar caps. The earth trembles incessantly, but very delicate seismographs are required to record these minute oscillations.”

And now the nation has arisen in its compassion and power and has said that the Queen of the Golden Gate shall rise again, more beautiful and glorious than before. Every quarter of the country has poured food and treasure at the stricken city's feet, calling to San Francisco and all California, “Arise, and be of good cheer! There cometh a fresh dawn and a new day!” And the Golden Gate Queen and all the sun-kissed land that borders on the western sea has arisen and cried, “We will create a fairer San Francisco and finer towns all along this golden coast!” So, strong-willed and buoyed by hope they are taking up the mighty task. Soon a more splendid San Francisco will arise, all the devastated towns of the sunny coast country will be recreated and fashioned anew, and the land of fruits and flowers and health-giving sea-breezes and sunshine, will be fairer than before its days of



All that is left of the beautiful St. Patrick's Cathedral, San Jose, Cal.



• Market Street Ferry, San Francisco. The gateway of escape for the thousands of refugees on their way to Oakland.

dark disaster fell. All the elements of prosperity and success remain in California; in soil and mine and mill and mart, her natural advantages are the same, in the hearts and souls of her beautiful daughters and courageous sons bravery and strength and high purpose still remain. Richer and more splendid all her cities and institutions will, therefore, arise. Some day in the minds of her generous people the loss by earthquake and fire will seem as nothing, passing to the region of dim memories as they contemplate the glories of a new and more sumptuous estate.

THE WORLD'S SYMPATHY.

LIBERAL OFFERS OF MONEY FOR THE STRICKEN CITY AND THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY.

To the Senate and House of Representatives:

Immediately after the disaster at San Francisco many offers of assistance in the shape of contributions were tendered by foreign individuals, corporations, governments and municipalities. The Canadian government, with an instant generosity peculiarly pleasant as a proof of the close and friendly ties which knit us to our neighbors of the North, offered to pass a resolution appropriating \$100,000 for the relief of the sufferers by earthquake and fire. With a generosity

equally marked and equally appreciated the Republic of Mexico, our nearest neighbor to the south, voted to appropriate \$30,000, and the Republic of Guatemala voted to appropriate \$10,000 for the same purpose. The Empress of China, in addition to sending money to be used for the Chinese who suffered in San Francisco, offered to send more than double as much to be used for the inhabitants generally. The Japanese government immediately offered to send across the ocean one of their beautifully equipped hospital ships to be used in any way for the sufferers, and also offered 200,000 yen to the relief committee, in addition to more than 100,000 yen sent by Japanese subjects. The government of far distant New Zealand voted \$25,000. The government of Martinique voted 1,000 francs, the municipality of Edmonton, Canada, \$1,000. Many municipalities, corporations and individuals in England, Germany, France, Japan, Cuba and other countries immediately proffered aid.

Where these offers of aid are made to the private relief committees organized to deal with the distress in San Francisco I have, of course, no official action to take concerning them. Where they were tendered to me in my official capacity I did not feel warranted in accepting them. But I am certain I give utterance to the feelings of all our countrymen when I express my very lively appreciation of the warm-hearted generosity and eag-

erness to help us in the time of our affliction shown by the governments, the municipalities, the corporations and the individuals mentioned above. We are deeply grateful to them and we are deeply grateful for the way in which they showed in such practical fashion the growth of the spirit of brotherhood among the nations.

Most kind and welcome messages of sympathy also were promptly sent to us by the Emperor of Austria, the King of Belgium, the President of Bolivia, the Prince of Bulgaria, the President of Brazil, the President of Chili, the President of Cuba, the King of Denmark, the President of the Dominican Republic, the Khedive of Egypt, the President of France, the German Emperor, the King of Great Britain, the King of Greece, the President of Guatemala, the King of Italy, the Emperor of Japan, the Emperor of Korea, the President of Mexico, the Prince of Monaco, the Queen of the Netherlands, the President of Nicaragua, the King of Norway, the President of Peru, the King of Portugal, the Czar of Russia, the King of Servia, the King of Spain, the President of the Swiss Confederation, the King of Sweden, the Sultan of Turkey, the President of Venezuela, the governments of Austria-Hungary, Bavaria, Belgium, Brazil, Chili, Costa Rica, Colombia, Denmark, Ecuador, France, Great Britain, Guatemala, Greece, Haiti, Italy, Japan, Panama, Persia, Portugal, Paraguay,

Peru, the Netherlands, Norway, Switzerland, Spain, Uruguay, Sweden, Russia and Siam; by the ministers of foreign affairs of Chili, Greece, Nicaragua, Portugal, Paraguay, Guatemala and Russia; by the Viceroy of India and the Governor General of Australia. by the governors of Ontario, Hongkong, Ceylon, the Bermudas, Natal, the Azores, the Iwate Prefecture of Japan, by the premiers of New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia and New Zealand; by the National Assembly of Salvador; by the Cuban house of representatives; by the national assembly of Guatemala; by the mayor, senate and house of Bremen; the mayor, president and the senate of Hamburg; the mayors of Adelaide, Queensland, Hobart, Madrid, Osaka; by the chambers of commerce of Nagoya, Japan and Calcutta; by the sea traders and the silk fabric guild of Yokohama and the Asahi Shumbun of Osaka; by the Canadian Manufacturers' Association of Toronto and the Latin Union of Havana; by the prime minister of England and lord mayors of London, Liverpool, Bristol, Leicester and Shrewsbury; by workingmen's councils, religious associations, and by a multitude of other associations, organizations and private individuals.

Appropriate expressions of gratitude to all these friends have been returned by the State Department or by myself, but it seems to me that the real depth of grateful feeling awak-

ened in our people by all these evidences of genuine sympathy and friendship should be expressed also by formal action of the supreme legislative power of the nation. I recommend the passage by the Congress of an appropriate resolution to that end.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The White House, May 3, 1906.

A UNIVERSAL PLEA FOR THE EARTHQUAKE SUFFERERS.

The whole world has mentally, if not orally, joined Bishop Greer, of New York, in his prayer for San Francisco and California's people:

“O Father of mercy and God of all comfort, our only help in time of need, look down from heaven, we humbly beseech Thee, behold, visit and relieve Thy servants to whom such great and grievous loss and suffering have come through the earthquake and the fire.

“In Thy wisdom Thou hast seen fit to visit them with trouble and to bring distress upon them. Remember them, O Lord, in mercy and endue their souls with patience under this affliction.

“Though they be perplexed and troubled on every side, save them from despair and

suffer not their faith and trust in Thee to fail.

“In this hour of darkness, when Thou hast made the earth to tremble and the mountains thereof to shake, be Thou, O God, their refuge and their strength and their present help in trouble.

“And forasmuch as Thou alone canst bring light out of darkness and good out of evil, let the light of Thy loving countenance shine upon them through the cloud; let the angel of Thy presence be with them in their sorrow, to comfort and support them, giving strength to the weak, courage to the faint and consolation to the dying.

“We ask it in the name of Him who in all our afflictions is afflicted with us, Thy son, our Savior, Jesus Christ, Amen!”

**APPROXIMATE SUMMARY OF CASUALTIES AND
LOSS OF PROPERTY BY EARTHQUAKE
AND FIRE.**

SAN FRANCISCO.

(Population, about 400,000.)

Number of dead, estimated.....	1,000 to 2,500
Number of injured, estimated.....	15,000
Number of homeless, estimated.....	300,000
Property loss, estimated.....	\$300,000,000
Area burned, square miles.....	10
City blocks burned.....	1,000
Buildings destroyed.....	60,000

OTHER CITIES.

City, Town or Village—	Population.	Damage.	Casual- ties.
Oakland	70,000	\$ 500,000	5
Alameda	17,000	400,000	...
San Jose	35,000	3,000,000	10
Palo Alto (Stanford University)	5,000	4,000,000	3
Agnew (state hospital for in- sane)	800	400,000	270
Napa	5,500	250,000	...
Salinas	3,000	2,000,000	...
Hollister	1,900	200,000	1
Vallejo	8,000	40,000	...
Sacramento	30,000	25,000	...
Redwood City	1,800	30,000	...
Port Richmond	400
Suisun	1,000	50,000	...
Santa Rosa	7,000	800,000	300
Watsonville	3,000	70,000	...
Monterey	2,500	25,000	8
Loma Prieta	300	10
Stockton	18,000	40,000	...
Brawley	500	100,000	...
Santa Cruz	7,000	150,000	...
Fort Bragg	5,000	100,000	5

THE END.

APPENDIX.

FACTS AND FIGURES ABOUT SAN FRANCISCO AND THE GREAT STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Has one of the best harbors in the world.

Has no financial indebtedness.

Has a population of about 400,000.

Has the largest mint in the world.

Has 11 savings banks, with resources aggregating \$156,652,476.

Has 33 commercial banks, with resources aggregating \$123,226,038.

Has 7 national banks, with resources aggregating \$56,245,724.

Bank clearings for 1904, \$1,528,734,564—
balances \$168,267,738.

Capital owns and controls most of the Pacific Coast mines.

Built the Wisconsin, the fastest battleship afloat.

Is the natural shipping point for the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands and Oriental ports.

Has the most complete street-car system.

Imports for 1904, \$42,570,477.

Exports for 1904, \$50,709,832.

Has only had one genuine snowstorm in the memory of any one living, December 31, 1882, when snow fell about three inches deep and remained on the ground twenty-four hours.

Has 185 clear days each year.

Has 104 partly cloudy days each year.

Has 76 cloudy days each year.

Has a temperature which only varies 10 degrees between seasons.

Is the third commercial city in the United States.

Assessment roll for 1904, \$503,053,557.

Ranks first in the world in the use of telephones, having one 'phone for every sixteen inhabitants.

Is the western gateway for American commerce.

Is the greatest shipbuilding port on the shores of the Pacific Ocean.

Property on the southeast side of Market street brought \$6,000 a front foot.

Real estate sales in San Francisco during 1904 were \$45,803,908.

The gold received from Klondike and Nome in 1900 was over \$30,000,000.

San Francisco is the leading whaling port of the world.

RELIABLE INFORMATION CONCERNING THE STATE'S RESOURCES.

Has produced \$1,500,000,000 in gold, which exceeds one-third the production of the world.

Has the highest peak in the United States—Mount Whitney, Inyo County, being 15,046 feet.

Has the highest town in the United States—Bodie, Mono County, being 9,000 feet above the sea level.

Has the lowest point in the United States—Death Valley, Inyo County, being 300 feet below the sea level.

Has greater wealth, per capita, than any other State.

Has the largest tree in the world—"General Grant," in Tulare County, being 109 feet in circumference.

Has the tallest tree in the world—"Key-stone," in Calaveras County, being 365 feet high.

Has 3,000 oil-producing wells, yielding 30,000,000 barrels petroleum in 1904.

Has a world-renowned reputation for fine-blooded fast horses.

Has a coast line of 900 miles, with numerous good harbors.

Has twice the barley crop of any other State and one-fourth of all that is produced.

Has the richest educational institution in the world—The Leland Stanford, Jr., University, endowed with \$30,000,000.

Has a topographical situation which will duplicate all the climates and all the products of all the other States combined.

Has a larger honey production than any other State.

Has a reputation of being the only raisin-producing State in the Union.

Has the largest irrigation canals in the United States, located in Fresno, Kern, and Tulare Counties.

Has adopted, by common consent, as floral emblem of the State the California poppy or *eschscholtzia*.

Has a greater variety of fish than any other locality known, over 150 species being reported in Monterey Bay.

Has the record of having the first beet-sugar factory in the United States, at Alvarado, Alameda County.

Has produced the first pig tin in the United

States, from the Temescal mines, San Diego County.

Has the largest ferry boat in the world, "The Solano," used for transporting trains across Carquinez Strait, between Benicia and Port Costa.

Has a population of 2,000,000.

Has a larger beet-sugar production than any other State.

Has the distinction of being the only State producing asphaltum and bituminous rock.

Has over \$125,000,000 invested in dairies, producing \$20,000,000 annually.

Is the home of the orange, the olive and the fig.

Has the largest farm in the United States

Has a larger production of walnuts than any other State, and a better quality.

Has the crookedest railroad in the world—Mt. Tamalpais.

Has sixty-six National Banks with resources aggregating \$131,163,341.

Has twenty-one private banks with resources aggregating \$3,143,711.05.

Has 3,925,000 acres of land under irrigation.

Has an area of 157,801 square miles; being the second largest State in the Union.

Has orange groves comprising an area of over 85,000 acres.

Has three of the longest power-transmission lines in the world, and leads the country in the development of electrical power from water.

Has 245 Commercial Banks with resources aggregating \$221,893,649.

Has 88 Savings Banks with resources aggregating \$246,326,988.

All the quicksilver produced in the United States comes from California and from one mine in Oregon.

California's mineral production is worth approximately \$40,000,000 a year.

The vine acreage of California now exceeds 250,000 acres.

The largest watermelon was raised in Orange County, weighing 150 pounds and measuring five feet six inches in length and four feet nine inches in circumference.

The largest gold nugget ever discovered in the United States was at Carson Hill, Calaveras County, 1851. It weighed 195 pounds and was valued at \$43,534.

Since the San Francisco Branch Mint was established in 1854, the total coinage has been over \$1,200,000,000.

Gold was discovered in California, January 19, 1848, by James W. Marshall at Sutter's Mill, Sacramento County.

The first American flag raised in California was by Commodore Sloat at Monterey, 1846.

The first railroad constructed in this State was in 1854 from Sacramento to Folsom, twenty-two miles.

The first street-car cable line ever constructed was on Clay Street, San Francisco.

The Sacramento is the longest river in the State, being 400 miles from its source in Goose Lake.

Fresno has produced a sweet potato weighing 44 pounds.

The largest Irish potato was from San Luis Obispo County, weighing 13 pounds; 46 inches long

The mineral-bearing belt in California extends through its entire length of over 800 miles and only a small portion has yet been explored.

California fresh fruit shipments to the East during 1904 amounted to 5626 carloads.

Copper mining is one of the coming industries of California.

Shipments of California pears East during 1904 were 2,186 carloads.

California produced gold to the value of \$81,250,000 in the year 1852 when placer mining was flourishing.

SPANISH AND INDIAN NAMES AS PRO-
NOUNCED IN CALIFORNIA.

Alameda (ah-lah-may-dah)—Grove of poplars, a walk.

Alcatraz (al-cah-trass)—Pelican.

Almaden (al-mah-den)—Place of mineral deposits.

Alturas (al-too-ras)—Heights.

Alviso (al-ve-so)—A view.

Amador (ah-mah-dor)—Lover.

Bella Vista (bail-ya vees-tah) — Pretty view.

Benicia (ben-ee-shah)—Venice.

Buena Vista (buay-nah vees-tah)—Good view.

Calaveras (cal-ah-vay-ras)—Skulls.

Casa Grande (cah-sah gran-day)—Big house.

Chico (che-co)—Little or small.

Colorado (col-o-rah-do)—Red.

Contra Costa (con-trah coce-tah)—Opposite coast.

Coronado (co-ro-nah-do)—Family name.
Crowned.

Del Norte (del nor-te)—Of the North.

- El Dorado (el do-rah-do)—Gold field.
- El Paso (el pah-so)—The pass.
- Farallones (fair-al-yo-nais)—Islands rising out of the sea.
- Fresno (fres-no)—Ash tree.
- Guadalupe (gwha-day-loo-py) — Literally, Wolf River.
- Hermosa (air-mo-sah)—Beautiful.
- Hotel Del Monte (hotel del mon-ty) —Hotel of the forest.
- Laguna Del Ray (lah-goo-nah del ray)—Lake of the king.
- Lobos (lo-bose)—Wolves.
- Los Angeles (loce ang-a-less)—The angels.
- Los Gatos (lose gah-tose)—The cats.
- Madera (mah-day-rah)—Wood in general.
- Madron (mah-drone)—Name of tree.
- Marin (ma-reen)—Name of an Indian chief.
- Mariposa (mar-e-po-sah)—Butterfly.
- Martinez (mar-tee-ness)—Name of a family.
- Merced (mer-ced)—Mercy.
- Milpitas (meel-pee-tas)—Literally, a thousand whistles.
- Modesto (mo-dais-to)—Modest.
- Monte Diablo (mon-tay de-ah-blo)—Devil mountain.

Monterey (mon-tay-ray)—King's mountain.

Oro Grande (oro gran-day)—Big gold.

Pajaro (pah-hah-ro)—A bird.

Palo Alto (pah-lo ahl-to)—Tall tree.

Pasadena (pas-ah-day-nah).

Paso Robles (pah-so ro-blee)—Oak pass.

Pescadero (pais-cah day-ro)—A fishing place.

Plumas (ploo-mas)—Feathers.

Potrero (po-tray-ro)—Stock farm; place for raising colts.

Presidio (pray-see-de-o)—Garrison of soldiers; prison.

Rio Vista (re-oh vees-tay)—River view.

Sacramento (sah-crah-main-to)—A sacrament.

Salinas (sal-e-nas)—Salt deposits.

San Bernardino (san ber-nar-de-no)—St. Bernard.

San Diego (san de-a-go)—St. James.

San Francisco—St. Francis.

San Jose (san ho-say)—St. Joseph.

Santa Catalina (san-tah cat-ah-le-nah)—St. Catherine.

Santa Cruz (san-tah croos)—Holy Cross.

Santa Fe (san-tah fay)—Holy Faith.

Santa Monica (san-tah mon-e-cah)—St. Monica.

Sausalito (sow-sah-le-to)—A willow grove.

Sierra Nevada (se-air-rah nay-vah-dah)—
Snowy mountain range.

Tamalpais (tam-ahl-pah-ees)—Land of the
Tamal Indians.

Vallejo (val-lay-ho)—A little valley.

EARTHQUAKES.

CAUSES—The trembling of the earth's surface is due to a series of undulatory or elastic waves, transmitted through the rocks below the surface. These waves are of two classes: (a) Compression waves, which are propagated parallel to the direction of their transmission; (b) Distortion waves, which move normal to the direction of their transmission.

Earthquakes are again classified as simple and linear. In the former the waves radiate from a center or focus in all directions; in the latter the impulses are felt along narrow strips of the earth's surface. The transmission of these waves is regulated to a certain degree by the character of the rocks through which they move. The speed naturally is greater near the center of their origin. The destructive effects of earthquakes are not so much due to the amplitude of the vibrations as to the high velocity of their undulatory impulses.

The point of origin of these impulses, the focus or seismic center, is hard to determine.

This point is generally an area and not a circumscribed limited point. The depth of this area is generally eight or ten miles, and sometimes thirty. That of Charleston was about twelve miles.

The tremor is felt sometimes for an almost incredible distance, according to the extent of the seismic area. That of Lisbon extended from Madeira over southwest Europe, northeast Africa and north to Great Britain. That of Charleston from northern Florida to New England and west to Iowa, an area of 800 miles wide by 1,000 miles long.

The duration of the tremors also vary, in Lisbon lasting about six months, and in the Calabrian earthquakes continuing for four years.

The waves make the ocean increase their speed and length and height as they approach the shore, causing what is known as tidal waves.

In 1883 sea waves at a speed of 400 miles an hour traveled around the world, through the explosion of Krakatoa. On the Java coast they were 60 feet high.

A seismic zone, in which earthquakes are common, encircles the entire globe, but this zone is not coincident with the distribution

of volcanoes. It takes in Japan, Tibet, Persia, Afghanistan, Hawaii, the Azores, Italy, Syria, West Indies and Central America.

Over 2,000 years ago Pliny ascribed the cause of earthquakes to volcanic eruptions, and many of our modern geologists have agreed with this theory.

Earthquakes, however, have taken place unaccompanied by any volcanic activity, so that the latest theories unite in ascribing the cause to a variety of phenomena.

The explosion of steam which almost entirely destroyed Krakatoa in 1883 was the direct cause of a violent earthquake. Again, earthquakes sometimes precede volcanic eruptions.

The pressure and strain upon the subterranean rocks often causes the strata to move or slide, one layer upon the other, disturbing the surface or crust of the earth, causing fissures and tremors of various intensities.

ACCOMPANYING PHENOMENA—Many writers claim that various phenomena often precede or accompany an earthquake, such as changes in the atmosphere or heavens, irregularities in the seasons preceding the "quake", sudden calms and sudden gusts of winds, violent

storms in countries where they are unknown, reddening of the sun's disk, etc.—

Professor Perry, of Dijon, France, claimed he had discovered relations between the ages of the moon and these occurrences. Zantedeschi claimed that the earth's liquid nucleus responded to the moon's attraction in tides.

Mr. Mallet says that volcanoes and the center of earthquake disturbances are near large bodies of water

HISTORY—Credible records show between 6,000 and 7,000 earthquakes between 1606 B. C. and A. D. 1842. It is estimated that approximately 13,000,000 people have been destroyed in this way.

PHYSICAL RESULTS OF EARTHQUAKES—In the Lisbon earthquake, the quay sunk into the sea. In the Calabrian catastrophe, over 200 small lakes and swamps were formed. In 1819, at the mouth of the Indus, a lake covering 2,000 sq. miles came into existence.

Elevations of the earth's surface are not common. Most of the phenomena result in or from a settlement or downward displacement at the crust.

VOLCANOES.

That there is a strong relation between the volcano and the earthquake is admitted by all scientists; but just what this relation is has not yet been definitely determined.

The phenomena resulting from volcanic action is opposite in some respects to that caused by earthquakes. In the latter the surface of the earth is generally depressed, while in the former an elevation of the crust takes place. In some instances the topography of the country has been entirely transformed as a result of the volcanic eruption.

Iceland is a good instance of this activity, the entire island having evidently risen from the sea as a result of a volcanic eruption.

The lava when first issuing from the crater resembles melted iron running from a furnace, but as it cools it forms a black, porous crust on the surface. In some instances, the streams of lava have been so thick that the interior has remained hot for twenty years.

Over sixty eruptions of Mount Aetna have been recorded. In 1669 the lava from this volcano piled up to a depth of 60 feet. In

1832 a number of craters opened up in the sides of the mountain and a stream of lava 18 miles long, 1 mile broad, and 30 feet deep, poured in a devastating stream over the adjacent fields and vineyards.

In 1835 the awful eruption of Consequirna took place, lasting for three days. Forty thousand square miles was virtually covered with ashes, dust and lava, and the sun was obscured over half of Central America.

The eruption of Mount Vesuvius, A. D. 79, destroyed the then flourishing cities of Pompeii, Herculaneum and Stabiæ, covering them to a depth of 15 feet. The eruption of April, 1906, has not been equalled since the eighteenth century. The streams of lava reached nearly to the southern foot of the mountain, something that has not occurred for generations.

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS.

- Feb. 24, 79—Pompeii and Herculaneum destroyed by eruption of Mt. Vesuvius. 30,000 lives lost.
- 1137—Catania, Sicily, Mt. Aetna eruption. 15,000 lives lost.
- 1268—Cilicia, Asia Minor, earthquake. 60,000 lives lost.
- Dec. 5, 1456—Earthquake at Naples. 40,000 lives lost.
- Feb. 26, 1531—Earthquake at Lisbon. 30,000 lives lost.
- July 30, 1626—Earthquake at Naples. 70,000 lives lost.
- April 6, 1667—Schamaki destroyed. 80,000 lives lost.
- Sept., 1693—Earthquake in Sicily destroyed 54 cities and 300 villages. 1,000,000 lives lost.
- Feb. 2, 1703—Jeddo, Japan, destroyed. 2,000,000 lives lost.
- Nov. 30, 1731—Earthquake at Peking. 1,000,000 lives lost.
- Oct. 28, 1746—At Lima and Callao, Peru. 18,000 lives lost.
- Sept., 1754—Grand Canary destroyed. 40,000 lives lost.
- June 7, 1755—Kashan, Persia, engulfed. 40,000 lives lost.
- Nov. 1, 1755—Great earthquake and tidal wave in Spain and Portugal. 50,000 people of Lisbon perished; Coimbra, Oporto, Braga and St. Ubes overturned; Malaga, Spain, razed; 12,000 killed at Fez, Morocco. Total, 1,000,000 lives lost.
- Feb. 4, 1797—Panama and Quito buried. 40,000 lives lost.
- Aug. 10, 1822—Aleppo, Syria, destroyed. 40,000 lives lost.
- Dec. 16, 1857—Calabria, Sicily, destroyed. 10,000 lives lost.
- July 2, 1863—Earthquake at Manila. 1,000 lives lost.
- Aug. 31, 1868—In Peru and Ecuador. 25,000 lives lost.
- Oct. 20, 1883—Eruptions in Java and Sumatra. 100,000 lives lost.
- Aug. 31, 1886—Earthquake at Charleston, S. C. 41 lives lost.
- May 8, 1902—St. Pierre, Martinique, eruption of Mt. Pelee, 30,000 lives lost.
- May 8, 1902—St. Vincent, W. I., eruption. 2,500 lives lost.

HISTORIC DISASTERS BY TORNADOES AND OTHER STORMS.

Among the destructive cyclones and tornadoes of the past have been those at Rochester, Minn.; St. Cloud and Sauk Center, Minn.; New Ulm, Minn.; St. Louis; New Richmond, Wis.; Clear Lake, Wis.; Marshalltown, Iowa, and the one at Marquette, Kan., where 29 lives were taken and much property was destroyed. All of the storms have occurred within the last 65 years. A list of notable storms, showing a terrible loss of life and property, follows:

Adams County, Mississippi, May 7, 1840—100 killed; property loss \$1,000,000.

Adams County, Mississippi, June 16, 1842—500 killed; property loss \$3,000,000.

Erie, Pa., July 26, 1875—134 killed; property loss \$500,000.

Barry and Stone Counties, Missouri, April 18, 1880—100 killed, 600 injured; property loss \$1,000,000.

Grinnell, Iowa, June 17, 1882—100 killed, 300 injured; property loss \$1,000,000.

Emmetsburg, Iowa, June 24, 1882—100 killed; property loss \$250,000.

Illinois, Kentucky, Mississippi, Georgia, Tennessee, Virginia, North and South Carolina, February 9, 1884—800 killed, 2,500 injured; 10,000 buildings destroyed; unparalleled series of tornadoes, there being over 30 scattered over the territory named after 10 a. m. on that day.

Louisville, Ky., March 27, 1890—76 people killed, 700 injured, 900 buildings destroyed; the storm cut a path 1,900 feet wide through the city, destroying property to the value of \$2,500,000.

Savannah, Ga., Charleston, S. C., and Southern Coast, August 28, 1893—1,000 people killed; great destruction of property.

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