

Gayety of San Franciscans Survives Earthquake and Conflagration.

San Francisco has been called the American Paris. There was a gayety about its people which seemed to reflect its clear skies and almost constant sunshine. Some have said that the great fire will change all this, that it will make the San Francisco of the future more sober, and will cause her citizens to think less of to-day and more of to-morrow.

When the conflagration was at its height, when men, women and children were fleeing from the flames, leaving their dead behind and carrying with them little more than the clothes on their backs, most of them manifested a fortitude that could almost be called buoyancy of spirit, and thus even in the hour of their greatest distress they seemed to show a lightness of heart that could not be crushed. Illustrations of this native cheerfulness, as described by those who saw San Francisco falling in ruins, are numberless.

Mayor Schmitz, two days after the earthquake had set San Francisco afire, when the flames were still threatening to sweep the whole city away, ran across an old political friend in the street, bearing on his back a well stuffed gunny sack. Out of the bundle stuck a shotgun and a pair of carpet slippers. At the sight of the Mayor the man, out of force of habit, extended his hand, thereby letting fall his burden. There was a crash of breaking glass and the gunny sack and a gold watch rolled into the roadway, and a gold watch rolled into the roadway.

"And is this all you have left?" asked the Mayor.
"Yes, thank God!" was the reply. "I was taking it to the park. They just blew up my house with dynamite."
"Well, then," said the Mayor. "Take your gun and come along with me. I need you. Leave the stuff," pointing to the bulging sack, "where it is."

ALL LOST BUT CLIMATE.

"Why, of course, of course," replied the politician. "I'll be satisfied if I lost everything but the climate, Schmitz."

"I go to the Panhandle the first night after the fire broke out," said A. Dalrymple, of New York, on reaching Los Angeles. "There the soldiers had tents for us. Our group found an eighty-year-old woman, and we gave her shelter. So told me she had owned two buildings south of Market street, and, of course, they were gone. 'I have not a relative in the world,' she said, 'and now I have nothing to live on.' But that old woman was the most cheerful one in the whole park. She cracked jokes with us, told stories and laughed at our feeble efforts to make merry."

"How will I live?" she said when we asked her. "Well, boys, you see I haven't got much larger to live, and there are good country farms in California and lots of good hearted people in this big state. There's no use worrying. Let's go to sleep." And she turned over on her mattress and was soon asleep.

"I saw a man and wife reunited under circumstances which show why San Francisco will emerge from this ordeal greater and more beautiful than before," said R. Campbell, a young commission merchant of that city. "I was working under the direction of a squad of soldiers digging graves for a great pile of corpses taken from the Latin Quarter. Alongside of me was a man in a dress suit and silk hat. He swung his shovel with a vim, although I could see he had blistered his tender hands so badly that the raw flesh was laid bare. He told me that he had a home on Nob Hill, and the night before he had been told to get out in a hurry, as the whole district was to be dynamited."

"The man had given away all of his clothes to refugees except those on his back and his best dress suit. On being told to leave, he put his 'old rag' in a suit case, jumped into his automobile and started for his summer home in Menlo Park, where his wife and family had already taken refuge. Menlo Park is about twenty-five miles from Frisco. He had hardly gone a block before his motor car was stopped by a soldier, at the point of a gun. He was forced to surrender it, to be used as an ambulance, and was at once put to work digging graves. The soldiers also told him to give the suit he wore to an old man who was in rags and to put on the dress suit himself."

TIME FOR A KISS.

"A day later, while my Nob Hill friend was in the act of filling in a grave in which we had buried six men in one lot, a woman caught sight of him from across the street, and, with a scream, rushed into his arms. Even the soldiers were astonished. Finally one of them shouted: 'Here, here, get to work!'
"Just let me kiss my wife again," said the groveller in the dress suit. And they let him. The poor woman had come on from San Mateo in the fear that he was dead, and had been wain-

Merry Scenes Among the Ruins as Survivors Made the Best of Their Hard Lot and Thanked Heaven They Were Alive and the Climate Remained.

dreing around the city a day and a night searching for him. She had given away her ring and earrings and even her silk skirt and stockings for food. She looked more like a beggar woman of the slums than the one-time mistress of a Nob Hill house. At the second command from the soldier to 'get to work,' the man and woman separated, but though still in tears, they were smiling. The woman went over to a nearby saloon which had been turned into a dispensary, and went to work there, tearing up cloth for bandages. The man went back to his shovel, and, as he again began making the dirt fly, he said to me:

"As long as a man has a sweet wife and sweet babies, he can be happy even when burying the dead."
"Most of the refugees leaving their homes were cheerful," said H. C. Carr, of the staff of "The Los Angeles Times," after groping about for a whole day through the smoke and cinders of the burning city. "I saw a pretty tailor-made girl meeting her friend in the street. One of them had a little bundle of things tied up in a handkerchief."

"That's everything I own in the world," said she, grinning—positively grinning.
"That's nothing," said the other girl, smiling back. "I've lost track of my family somewhere in this crowd, and I haven't a rag except what's on my back, and not a nickel."
"Oh, well, what's the use of worrying," replied the other, and with that they parted.

CUPID IN THE RUINS.

"A fine looking young fellow in khaki trousers and a fashionable coat was carrying an enormous bundle of clothes. His young wife was clinging to his arm. It was everything they had left in the world, probably out of years of hard saving, but they were both going along in good spirits."

"A little further up the street I saw a refined looking young girl cooking breakfast in the gutter. She wore a handsomely made but badly torn skirt and had a remarkably fine gold bracelet on one wrist. Her oven was made of two bricks and a toaster grill. A young man was bringing her bits of firewood and they were consulting together over the frying of some bacon. Further on two other women were doing the same thing and having fun out of it between themselves. Judging from their looks they were women of the streets, but they had forgotten it."

"I passed one tent where a young mother lay at ease with her little girl under a parasol. Just as I was going by the little girl demanded 'another.' The mother laughed happily and began: 'Well, once upon a time'—As though one of the stories of all the ages was not going on down the hill below her."

"To one of the groups on the lawn came a young man grinning all over and positively swaggering. He was received with shrieks of joy. He had six cans of sardines. He brought them to people who would have been insulted at the offer two days ago.
"A San Francisco man invited me into his house, where we saw the wreck of his cut glass and his library. But he forgot it all over a rare piece of good fortune that had befallen him. The maid had managed to get a whole teakettle of water. It was vile and muddy, but it was water."

BLOWING UP BUILDINGS.

The work of the dynamiters in blowing up buildings to check the flames was regarded after a time by the majority as no more terrible than the setting off of huge fireworks on July 4. Human nerves, it would seem, adjust themselves to all conditions.
"A dapper young cavalry lieutenant came into the street," said Mr. Carr. "From their porches people watched him with pathetic anxiety. Making a megaphone of his hands the sentry turned and bawled these words:
"This street is going to be dynamited. If you want anything in the grocery store, go and get it."
"The rest of his remarks, if there were any, was lost in a shout of applause from the crowds that seemed to smell such things. There was a precipitate rush for the grocery store. Men would come out laden and even staggering with loot—canned goods, flour, bacon, hams, coffee—as much as they could possibly pack. I saw one little girl not over four; this was the day she always had been dreaming of. Hugged to her heart was an enormous jar of stick candy, big enough to give her a stomach ache for the rest of her life. She could hardly lift

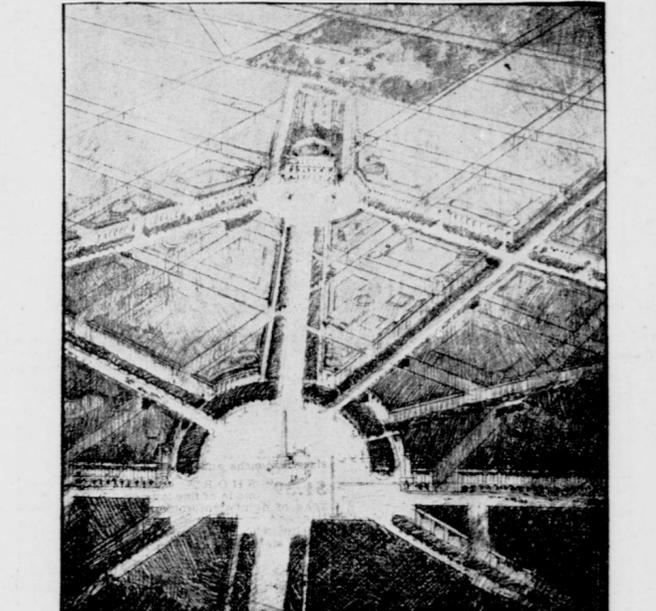
it; but she put it down to rest, then went patting on."

In greatest contrast to the undaunted courage of the majority of San Franciscans was the fendishness of that evil element to be found in the depths of all great cities. These drogs of humanity had been cast up like froth. They staggered out of the cellars and attics of the hovels along the "Barbary Coast," from the caves beneath Chinatown, and many a narrow alley just south of Market street. Many seemed blinded by the light, as if they had spent all their days in dim chambers. These were the creatures whose acts of robbery, rapine and assault caused the soldiers to shoot many of them dead in the streets.

"While I was walking about the streets," said Willis Ames, a Salt Lake man, "I saw man after man shot down by the troops. Most of these were ghoulies. One man made the troopers believe that one of the dead bodies lying on a pile of rocks was his mother, and he was permitted to go up to the body. Apparently overcome by grief, he threw himself across the corpse. In another instant the soldiers discovered that he was chewing the diamond earrings from the ears of the dead woman. 'Here is where you get what is coming to you,' said one of the soldiers, and with that he put a bullet through the ghouli. The diamonds were found in the man's mouth."

WORK OF GHOULS.

Miss Bertha Logan, of this city, in trying to escape from the St. Francis Hotel, in San



THE PROPOSED NEW CIVIC CENTRE FOR SAN FRANCISCO. Avenues to radiate from a central concourse, according to plans drawn some time ago by D. H. Burnham, and now to be adopted by the city, according to Mayor Schmitz.

Francisco, stumbled and fell in the lobby. She had waited in the hotel until it appeared doomed. Her head struck the stone floor and she became partially unconscious. She realized, however, that as she lay there a man approached her, and putting his arm around her waist, dragged her over to a corner. Then he took her left hand and tried to pull a ring set with a large diamond solitaire from her finger. But it stuck. He wrapped a handkerchief tightly around the joint which held the ring, but even this would not loosen its hold. She tried to scream, but a hand clutched her throat and almost strangled her. Suddenly she felt a sharp pain shoot through her whole arm. It caused such agony that it brought her out of her stupor. She found that her ring was gone. The finger on which she wore it had been torn away.
Liquor was found responsible for many acts

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of crime. Men who were drunk in their sober moments made bold when drowsed to knock citizens down in the streets to rob them of a little jewelry, even in broad daylight and in the immediate presence of soldiers. Some seemed to court death at the hands of the military in their frenzy to steal. Accordingly, General Funston ordered that all the liquor in the city should be thrown into the gutters. In many districts the streets reeked with the odor of alcohol. If a man was found to have a whiskey flask in his pocket, it was dashed to pieces at his feet. If he made any resistance he suffered.
A son of T. P. Riordan, a real estate dealer, was on his way home and had a bottle of whiskey in his coat pocket. The soldier on duty ordered him to stop and throw the whiskey away. When Riordan refused the soldier immediately shot him dead.
The soldiers, militia and citizens' patrol also

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Le Boutillier Brothers West Twenty-third Street.

they had been since the earthquake, to Menlo Park, where he had a summer cottage. His automobile had been used as an ambulance in conveying sick and wounded to the hospital, and the Red Cross flag was displayed on his car. Besides this, he had the Red Cross insignia on his right arm.
According to Lieutenant Seaman, six men stood in the middle of the road at 22d and Guerrero streets, separating when the car was within fifty feet of them. When the car was within ten feet of the guard, Seaman says, the men began shooting without warning or challenge and kept up firing after the car had passed them. The lieutenant added:
"The machine had gone about fifty feet past the patrol when the car stopped suddenly. Tilden, who was operating the car, fell toward me, saying, 'Well, they got me—they killed me.' He then dropped back into the seat and rolled out of the car. I sprang up and fired five shots in quick succession at those who were still shooting behind us. A doctor came running from a house near by, and after examining Tilden said he was dead. Several policemen came running and arrested three of the men who did the shooting. The men were in khaki uniform."

SOME RIDICULOUS THINGS DONE.

Fear often drives men to do ridiculous things. "There were some sights which I did not think funny at the time," said Mr. Dalrymple, who has already been quoted above. "Yet I cannot help laughing at them. I saw one big fat man, with a nightgown covering his rounded form, calmly walking in upper Market street, carrying a huge bird cage in his arms, and the cage was absolutely empty. Not a bird in it. The man was as self-possessed as if he were completely dressed, and seemed to enjoy looking at the wrecked buildings.
"Another man was leading a huge Newfoundland dog and carrying a kitten in his arms; he kept talking to the kitten. In Fell street I noticed an old woman, scantily dressed, pushing a sewing machine up the hill. She would progress a little, and then become exhausted and rest. To her task she went again. That sewing machine was her world.
"When I got to the park there was a man totting in carrying a large carved wooden Japanese statue. That was all he had, and he laid

it carefully down on the grass as if it had been his wife or child.
"It seemed as if every person was carrying a phonograph, with the big trumpet tucked under his arm. I never saw so many phonographs in my life. Didn't know there were that many.
"There were two men who had taken two bicycles, and putting them side by side had placed a mattress on top. On the mattress they had a sewing machine and an oil painting. This they were pushing along toward the park."
"A San Francisco man," said Mr. Carr, "was near me on the ferryboat with his wife and boy. He was bordering on nervous collapse from exhaustion.
"Suddenly he sat up with a jerk. 'Harry, where is that Eagles pin?' he demanded of his son.
"I didn't bring it," said the boy. 'You said not to bother with these things.'
"I told you not to bother about the Foresters pin," exclaimed the father. 'Why, darn it, that Eagles pin cost me \$1.25.'
"That man had seen his entire fortune go up in smoke that morning."

FROM THE SALTON DESERT.

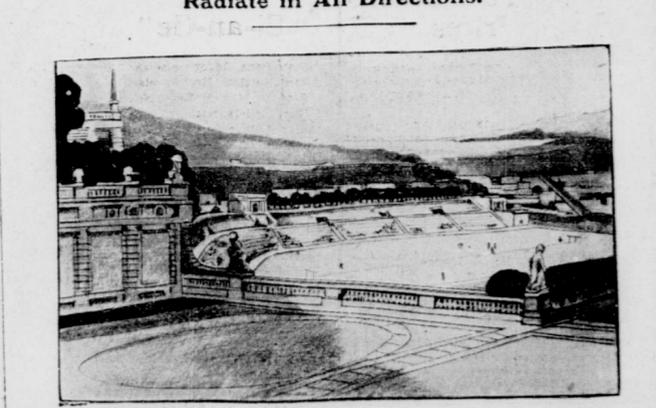
It was there, on the Lower Colorado River, that "Captain Smith" found the lame turtle, and so won its gratitude by healing it that it returned in later years and offered its services as an animated ferry when the captain was on an island threatened with a rising flood.
On yonder mesa, sloping upward from Volcano Springs, is the "invisible city," where the clangor of street bells and all the hubbub of a metropolis can be heard, but where only the gravely soil, the dreary mountains and the scant, dwarfed vegetation can be seen.
Near Superstition Mountains is the spring of natural gin, where the cogrute, the gray wolf, the fox and the wild fowl are on perpetual debauch, and near by is the hill from which flows natural ink. In the same vicinity is the mine of crystal, which makes perfect pens, and the deposit of blotting paper ready made.
It was in the Superstition Mountains that Otto Schmidt found the invisible serpents with alias cups on the tails that revolved and produced beautiful music. It was in this desert, too, that an ingenious Yankee found a group of camels, abandoned in early days by the army, and by splashing the water from their sacks was able to irrigate a farm, while the animals piled back and forth between the river and the farm, ever keeping up the water supply.
Now the grim valley, rendered wonderfully fertile by irrigation, is the home of eight thousand thriving people. Recently the Colorado River, breaking through its old bounds, began again to run into the valley which it formerly occupied, but now great steel and concrete dams are being built, and by May 1 the river will be forever shut out, except where it is needed for irrigation purposes.—Technical World.

Plans Ready for a More Beautiful City by the Golden Gate.

It is now announced that San Francisco will probably be rebuilt on an improved plan, which was devised by Daniel H. Burnham, who was engaged in 1904 by the Merchants' Association to draw up plans for utilizing the many natural beauties of the city by the Golden Gate. The plans were recently adopted by the association and presented to the city, but no further action was taken. Now they are to be utilized, according to Mayor Schmitz, but probably with some alterations made necessary by the fire and earthquake.
In studying San Francisco Mr. Burnham was struck by the remarkable contour of the city, by the many hills and by the peculiar laying out of the streets, which made it easy to form what he called a civic centre, from which boulevards would radiate to all parts of the city. The heart of his plan is a civic centre at the junction of Market street and Van Ness avenue. A concourse would be established there, from which eight great avenues should radiate, and the whole area of the civic centre would be about a square mile. It would include the City Hall, which would be connected with it by a broad avenue. Next to this are the outer and inner boulevards. The great outer boulevard would start from the foot of Market street and run along East street, traversing the dock and winding around picturesque Telegraph Hill. It was planned to be carried over the roofs of the big bonded warehouses, around Fort Mason to the Presidio, or military reservation, and thence along the headlands overlooking the Golden Gate, the ocean and the bay to Point Lobos,

and thence down to a terrace opposite the Seal Rocks. Running south from this point the boulevard follows the Cliff House Road until it reaches the great highway between Golden Gate Park and the ocean. Along this highway it will run to the Lake Merced country, thence to Colima, notorious as the scene of prizefights; to Boden and the San Mateo Highway. From this point it sweeps in between South San Francisco and the San Bruno Hills until it reaches the bay at Siera Point, and thence northward to the point of beginning, making the entire circuit about thirty miles.
There is probably no driveway in the country which can compare with this in the variety and the beauty of the scenery. On one side will be presented the varied panorama of a city as picturesque as Florence; on the other the view of bay, Golden Gate and ocean, and of the sweep of headlands that encircle the great bay of San Francisco. For ten miles it will run along the beach of the broad Pacific. Then the drive will be across country by Lake Merced, giving views of fifty miles of the bay and ocean. This varied by views of the bay and ocean. This varied by views of the bay and ocean. This varied by views of the bay and ocean.
The next noteworthy feature is the extension of the Golden Gate Park Panhandle to Market street and its continuation in the form of a parkway to the waterfront, at the Pacific Mail dock. Mr. Burnham's scheme is to extend the present Panhandle, making a noble avenue one hundred and fifty feet wide, which will be

San Francisco May Be Rebuilt with a Magnificent Civic Centre from Which Wide Avenues Will Radiate in All Directions.



THE PROPOSED STADIUM AT TWIN PEAKS, PART OF THE PLAN FOR A MORE BEAUTIFUL SAN FRANCISCO.

crossed by only two streets, Fillmore and Devisadero. One of these will pass under and the other over the Panhandle avenue. This will cut Market street at the heart of the civic centre. Then a great avenue will extend diagonally across the south side of the city to the Mail dock, where there should be a large park. There are also provided extensions of Van Ness avenue, Eleventh street and other streets in this vicinity. Diagonal streets are also provided for the territory south and north of the park, with all parks at frequent intervals.
For the sunset district, which is now largely composed of sand dunes south of Golden Gate Park, Mr. Burnham provides a large public square in the centre, with four great avenues radiating from it. But the most effective scheme of decoration for the suburbs is the parking and terracing of Twin Peaks. There will be four main approaches to the peaks, the most important being the extension of Market street around the peaks and down to Lake Merced. Encircling the entire line of the hills will be a drive five hundred feet above sea level, and, where feasible, eight hundred feet above.
These roads will be so arranged as to leave the hills unscarred on the north side. The peaks, as well as the property on the west side to Lake Merced, will be made into a public park. The plan includes the preservation of the wooded background of the peaks. Beyond the peaks is a natural valley, in which will be established an amphitheatre or stadium, where might be held horse shows, football contests and other games. The plans for Twin Peaks also include an academy or centre for intellectual and artistic pursuits. This would be called the Academy and would combine reception and lecture halls, dining rooms, etc., surrounded by small structures fitted for special work or study, with a little open air theatre after the Greek plan. This academy should be located on the southeast slope of Twin Peaks, sheltered from wind and fog. It may be said in passing that Mr. Burnham declared this slope of Twin Peaks to be an ideal place for artistic or literary work, as it commanded a noble prospect and was sufficiently removed from the city to give seclusion.
Mr. Burnham also recommended the establishment of an Athenaeum on the hills around Twin Peaks. It should receive some great works of art, and it should be ornamented with a massive statue emblematic of San Francisco. The Athenaeum should consist of courts, terraces and colonnaded shelters. The latter should be arranged after the manner of the great Porch of the Villa Hadrian. The Athenaeum and its monument would be visible from all parts of the city west of the Twin Peaks.
Another picturesque feature should be Telegraph Hill Park. This would consist of two terraces, one at a level of 275 and the other at 250 feet level. At this latter elevation a narrow driveway would encircle the hill. Two approaches to these terraces would start from Washington Square. They would meet on the lower terrace and merge into a driveway winding around the hill and affording the finest views of the bay and the Golden Gate. Other hills are treated in similar fashion, with terraces and driveways and parks. It was estimated that the carrying out of these plans, as Mr. Burnham has developed them, would cost \$50,000,000.