

THE CITY THAT IS TO BE.

SAN FRANCISCO, REBUILDING, IS PROSPEROUS AND HAPPY.

More Than \$400,000,000 to Be Spent in New Buildings—Already Baltimore's Record Has Been Surpassed—No Market for Cheap Goods for Any One.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 19.—We sat upon a heap of bricks, the banker and I, in the middle of a street that leads up to Van Ness avenue. We had been wandering for hours through the heart of San Francisco, and will be again, and having climbed to the uppermost edge of the desolation we sat down to rest for a moment upon the only bench that offered itself.

The light of countless stars gleamed faintly upon miles of debris. Here and there a ruined arch loomed distinguishably against the firmament or the rays of a street lamp flared fitfully through what had once been a doorway. It could not have been far from morning and the chink that had breathed all night from the north was turning chilly.

Of a sudden, a piano tinkled softly in a house just above us that had somehow escaped the flames. There was a little ripple of feminine laughter, and then we heard a woman's voice:

Ouvre ta fenêtre, ma chère!

"You hear," said the banker as he scratched a match on the bricks upon which he sat. "Open thy window, beloved. Behold the dawn." It is addressed to San Francisco, our San Francisco, the best loved of any city of modern times. And it embodies, better than any long winded statement I could make, the spirit of the people of this city.

It means that the people of San Francisco are looking to the future. It is dead, but not hopelessly dead, and though it was deeply mourned, we are not the people to sit among our ashes bewailing what we cannot help. Have you seen anything here that makes you dissent from that?

"No," said I. "I have seen a busy, active people, going hastily amid incredible heaps of ruins, a people evidently well fed, well dressed, hopeful, optimistic, smiling, apparently already prosperous again and, most surprising of all, having a good time."

"Your eyes have told you the truth," said the banker.

"And yet," said I, with a wave of my hand at the wide sweep of tottering walls, crumbling towers and blackened junk, "in this light it looks like one with Nineveh and Tyre."

"It does," admitted the banker. "But consider the size of the job to which we have set our hands so light heartedly. Four square miles, 2,500 acres, absolutely devastated, swept off the map—not a first class hotel or theatre or business structure left to us. When the fire had finally spent itself fifty-five miles of our streets were choked with a tangled mass of bricks and steel and junk and wreckage of all the sorts there are. If you take everything into consideration it seems certain that \$1,000,000,000 would scarcely repay the damage. A friend of mine with a talent for statistics has figured it out that if all the bricks in these ruined buildings were placed together end to end they would encircle the earth thirty-six times.

"Well, we are going to rebuild San Francisco and we are going to do the biggest part of it in five years. We could do it all in that time if it were not for the exactions of union labor. Since the fire we have spent \$50,000,000 in reconstructing various kinds. The vast majority of the building permits issued in 1905, about two-fifths of all permits issued, 1,200 in number, have been for permanent buildings.

"If people don't think we are hustling, just you tell them that in the two years following the Baltimore fire the building permits amounted to \$28,000,000. It's only seven months since April 18 and we have exceeded the Baltimore record by \$2,000,000. People ought not to forget, too, that we have to build two cities at the same time. All our great business enterprises must be temporarily housed while their permanent homes are being replaced. The rebuilding of the Van Ness district, where all the big shops are now doing business, has accomplished that part of the job.

"In the burned district we haven't been idle, either. Of the class A buildings there, the steel frame, technically fireproof, thirty-seven are partly reconstructed to-day. Counting all classes of construction, 700 permanent buildings have been put up in the district that the fire swept into ruins; over 6,000 structures have been raised there, but of course most of them are makeshifts. We had to have them as soon as possible so that our business life might go on.

"Seventy-five per cent. of our street car lines are running again. The United Railroads have spent over \$3,000,000 since the fire in rehabilitating and betterment. For waterworks repairs \$1,000,000 has been expended, while the city has put out over \$2,000,000 in work on the streets, the sewers and so on. The gas company has spent an equal amount in getting its service into shape.

"The best information shows that before we are through we shall have spent \$400,000,000 in new buildings, of which \$185,000,000 will have been paid for labor alone. Every single day of the week we are using 15,000 teams to help clear up the rubbish, debris is to be carted out at the rate of 15 carloads every 24 hours. In the ruins of the city there was \$20,000,000 worth of junk of various kinds.

"Let nobody run away with the idea that San Francisco is broke," continued the banker. "We have more money than we ever had in our lives. The banks are bursting with it and the bulk of it isn't insurance money either. Up to November 1 the clearings had been about \$800,000,000 since the fire and those of Oakland were \$30,000,000. Of the \$150,000,000 insurance losses paid only \$50,000,000 has been cleared through our clearing house."

"There was a gray streak faintly visible over where Mount Diablo ought to be. The unmistakable chill of dawn was in the air. The banker turned up his collar and thrust his hands into his pockets as he hurried.

"Why, last week the clearings in San Francisco were \$56,000,000, more than \$2,000,000 greater than for any other week in the city's history. Out of \$200,000,000 of insurance, all but about \$58,000,000 has been paid and we shall get some of that."

"We've got nine theatres now running, not to mention three skating rinks. Contracts have been let for a \$1,500,000 Coliseum at the Madison Square Park that will be an out as big as the Madison Square Garden and the attendance at the first day of the racing season on Saturday was the largest in the history of the tracks. So you see our life is not all one dull round of toil."

The banker was right. San Francisco was over a pleasure loving town, and even in its ruins it is gay. All the old resorts that made it famous are finding themselves new homes, and the bright lights are again beginning to burn in Fillmore street and its neighbors almost as late as they did further

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VERY ATTRACTIVE PRICES.

Le Boutillier Brothers West Twenty-third Street.

down town in the ante-earthquake days when San Francisco never went to bed. The Poodle Dog has found a new home in Eddy street. Delmonico's is open in Fillmore street. Marchand's, Tait's, the Louvre and even that wonderful Coppas, are all doing business. Mathias is reviving his ancient glories in Broadway, while there you could get any kind of a national dinner with appropriate architectural surroundings, from Chinese to Spanish, and drink cocktails off a coffin in the famous morgue, has made a new start.

Had it been merely the earthquake there would be scarcely a scar on the face of San Francisco to-day, for all accounts agree that scarcely 2 per cent. of the damage was done by the big shake. Not more than \$10,000,000 damage was done to the St. Francis Hotel by the earthquake, yet it will take well toward \$2,000,000 to restore the structure. The earthquake scarcely cracked the plaster of the Palace Hotel, yet it will cost \$90,000 to pull down the blackened steel skeleton that the fire left.

San Francisco therefore looks forward with the calmest hope to the future, for she plans to build a system of waterworks that engineers have assured her will certainly withstand another earthquake shock even heavier than the one of April 18. The new system will include a series of huge reservoirs on the solidest ground. All the fractures in the distributing mains were on made ground, and it is therefore planned to safeguard the new mains in every manner known to science. The engineers who have investigated the subject, and they include some of the ablest in the profession, are unanimous in the opinion that a waterworks system can be constructed that will be practically quakeproof. It is upon this foundation that San Francisco is building so confidently for the future.

San Franciscans are an artistic and an art loving people. In their great disaster they lost hundreds of beautiful things. But the art life of the city is reviving with its material vitality. Up on the hillside of California street, where an attractive two story building, shared an attractive California style, was a stable. It now shelters an exhibition of paintings by the man who is generally regarded as the foremost living artist of the West, William Keith.

In the great fire no less than 2,000 canvases from this painter's brush, practically his life work, were destroyed. But Mr. Keith, though he is well over 60, was not crushed. He sat to work while the ruins filled the air, and to-day you may see in that ex-stable on California street sixty-five paintings he has with amazing speed completed since the disaster. Some of them are reproductions of those that perished, but, when all is said and done, Mr. Keith has probably established a record.

No, San Francisco is neither crushed nor is she broke. Outside the entrance to California Field a week ago a man was handed a check for \$100,000. He was a plasterer pressed up to the football ticket office with a stack of silver dollars in his hands. He bought six tickets at \$2 each and then rejoining a group of his fellows who were waiting the entire lot of them trooped gaily into the grand stand to see the game.

As I passed a new building in Montgomery street yesterday a bricklayer was hauled head over the wall at the second floor and called to a boy in the street, dropping a half dollar.

"Hey, Johnnie," said he, "run over to the Dutchman's an' git me a couple o' bottles o' beer an' a two bit cigar."

The biggest retail butcher in San Francisco declares that he never did so much business in his life as now. But it is all in the high priced meats. Everybody wants the choice cuts. The leg of mutton, the poor man's dinner, is a drug on the market. He has 300,000 pounds of the coarse cuts of beef in his cold storage warehouse because the workmen who used to eat them don't buy them any more. Only the best for them at present, they say.

This butcher has a brother-in-law in the dry goods business. After the fire he laid in a big stock of cheap dress goods, thinking that there would be a demand only for that price goods. He's got them yet. Nobody will buy them. The great demand is for piece goods either. Few want to buy things made and high priced suits.

Some of these things I told to the banker and some of them he told to me, as we sat on that unsympathetic brick heap while the dawn grew from gray to purple, from purple to pink and breathed a slant of mists that lay upon the waters of the bay where have come and where will still come the ships and the people of all the earth's nations. Then the sun rose upon a city ringing with the sound of that woman voice, singing to San Francisco, fresh and sweet and real!

TABLET AT MCGOWN'S PASS

Marks the Spot Occupied by the British Troops in 1776.

A bronze tablet was unveiled yesterday afternoon at Fort Clinton, McGown's Pass, in Central Park near East 100th street. It bears this inscription: This Emancipating McGown's Pass Was Occupied by British Troops Sept. 15, 1776, and Evacuated Nov. 21, 1783. Here, Beginning Aug. 18, 1814, the Citizens of New York Built Fort Clinton to Protect the City in Second War with Great Britain. This Tablet is Dedicated by the Historical Society of the City of New York, A. D. 1906.

The tablet was bought with the contributions of 30,000 school children, members of the City History Club of New York. It is placed on the stone pedestal supporting the historic cannon, which has been neglected for many years on the site of Fort Clinton.

The unveiling was under the auspices of the Department of Parks, the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society and the City History Club. Mr. Jefferson Seligman presided and gave a brief address of welcome. Bishop Potter read the invocation, and Edward H. Hall, secretary of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, delivered a short historical address.

Mrs. Robert Abbe, president of the City History Club, made the presentation address, and Master Henry D. McGown and Miss Dorothy Joyce McGown performed the unveiling ceremony. The tablet was accepted in the name of the city by Moses Herrman, president of the Park Commission. The ceremony closed with prayer by the Rev. William McClellan, rector of Grace Emmanuel Church, Harlem.

WONT HURRY THE 'STAIRS.'

Mr. Ridder Not Expected to Get a New Building Up in 90 Days.

One of the buildings which the city will take title to on December 24 in order to tear down to make room for the new bridge terminal will be that occupied by the Staats-Zeitung. The tenants of the condemned buildings will have from thirty to sixty days notice to quit. Herman Ridder, the proprietor of the Staats-Zeitung, wrote yesterday to Mayor McCallan stating that while work on the new building he is to erect at Duane and Lafayette streets would be begun immediately, it would be impossible for the removal to be made in ninety days. He appealed, therefore, to the Mayor for more time.

SHE DIDN'T GET HER \$30,000.

Una Boyd's Suit Against Geo. P. Slade Falls for Lack of Prosecution.

Supreme Court Justice Truax dismissed yesterday for lack of prosecution a suit brought by Una Boyd against George P. Slade, who, she says, is wealthy.

The suit was to recover \$30,000 for the failure of Slade to carry out an alleged agreement by which he undertook to provide for her during her life and to make a will in her favor. The woman declared in her complaint that she met Slade twelve years ago. She was unaware she set forth that he was married at the time, and she accepted his offer of marriage, promising also not to sue him or to cause him any trouble.

When she discovered that he was already married, she says, she upbraided him and threatened to denounce him to his family. To quiet her he promised, according to her story, that he would maintain her in comfort for the rest of his life and would make provision for her in his will.

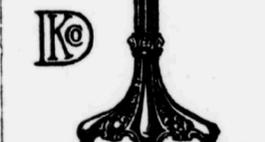
Slade did support her for eleven years, until September last, she says, but since then he has contributed nothing to her maintenance and has destroyed a will which he had made in her favor.

Slade, through his counsel, Richard Thorne, denied all of the woman's allegations, and after waiting a year for her to bring the suit to trial moved for its dismissal on the ground of non-prosecution. Neither Mr. Thorne nor Epstein Bros., counsel for the Boyd woman, would talk about the case yesterday.

GEORGE W. CABLE MARRIED. Writer Takes Kentucky Woman for His Bride in Philadelphia.



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IN SOCIETY.

The Metropolitan Opera House will be the meeting place of society beginning tomorrow night. Col. and Mrs. Robert M. Thompson, who will occupy Mrs. Vanderbilt's box, will be accompanied by their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Peil, and by Miss Berford. Mrs. Ogden Goelet and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard T. Wilson, will occupy their boxes, Nos. 1 and 3. Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. M. Orme Wilson and Lady Herbert will very probably be with them. Mrs. Philip Lytle, who will share a box Monday night with Mrs. Pembroke Jones, will wear some stunning costume. August Belmont, now his town house in East Thirty-fourth street, will be likely to have his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont, Jr., in his box. Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt will have with them Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Havemeyer, who was Mrs. William R. Travers.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ewing had a pretty wedding in the Church of St. Vincent de Paul last Wednesday. It was the third in a time, occurring just a year, two of the Du Vivier family with a young couple, Mrs. Philip Lytle, who will share a box Monday night with Mrs. Pembroke Jones, will wear some stunning costume. August Belmont, now his town house in East Thirty-fourth street, will be likely to have his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont, Jr., in his box. Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt will have with them Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Havemeyer, who was Mrs. William R. Travers.

Mrs. Lyon Gardner, who sailed on the Savois on Thursday, will remain in Paris for a time before going to London to visit her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Cox. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin, whose departure was deferred, owing to the death of the latter's uncle, Hermann Gehrlich, also sailed on Thursday for France. They will remain abroad until the spring, when they will return and go to Newport, where they have rented a cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentice Strong will live in New York after their wedding journey. At their wedding in St. Thomas's Church last Wednesday afternoon the bride wore some fine jewels, including a necklace with a pendant of diamonds and moonstones, presented by the bridegroom. The gown she wore of Duchesse lace over white satin, with court train, was made in Empire fashion.

Miss Lucy Roosevelt will be introduced at a tea given by her mother, Mrs. W. Emlen Roosevelt, on Monday afternoon, December 3 at her home, 304 Fifth avenue. On Friday night, December 14, Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt will give a dinner dance.

Mrs. Vanderbilt will, it is expected, give some dances and entertainments in January at her residence on Fifth avenue and residence here on the bridge. The valetienne lace gown she wore of white satin was trimmed with point lace. Though only white flowers were used to decorate the chapel there was a combination of colors in the costumes of the bridal party. The bridesmaids were in pale green chiffon, embroidered in lavender and green, with silver, and they carried catalpa orchids. The valetienne lace gown of the little flower maiden was relieved with pale green ribbons. Mr. and Mrs. Gallatin will have their own sail for Europe in next autumn. They will sail for Europe in February.

Mrs. William G. Roelker, who returned from her European trip in time to display

Hackett, Carhart & Co

This Sale of Tailored Suits for Women and Misses One of the Biggest Events We Have Ever Conducted.

Arranged for Monday, November Twenty-sixth, and Following Days—it Involves Over Nine Hundred Suits.

Suits worth up to \$30 At \$15 Suits worth up to \$40 At \$18.50 Suits worth up to \$50 At \$25

The following groups represent the various models and fabrics of the suits concerned. They are in all the favored shades of the season, including blue and black. The jackets have linings of exquisite quality taffeta, satin or peau de cygne. Skirts are in the new plaited, plain and skirted models. The trimmings take form in braiding, embroidery, velvet and Persian garniture.

- Prince Chap Suits, Sack Coat Suits, Blouse Suits, Pinafore Suits, Semi-fitted Suits, Tightfitting Suits, Pony Suits, Eton Suits

Weeks back this event was planned, and we feel it is destined to leave its mark. It was brought about by this: Thousands of yards of material are constantly being cut up into various garments—from each bolt of cloth there remains in most instances enough material to fashion one or two or perhaps five suits. These odd lengths of cloths have been gathered together for the purpose of making the suits entered in this sale. Under other circumstances the like of this event could never be organized.

Fur Lined Coats at \$49.50. Value \$65. Of imported black broadcloth with dark gray and white German squirrel or handsome brown linings. Collars of Persian lamb or black lynx. These coats are fashioned on loose, full lines with the new sleeve effects.

Pony Coats of Fur at \$65. Value \$90. Of Russian pony and caracul, high lustre flat skins. Linings of brocade satin, novelty buttons.

Automobile Coats, \$19.50 to \$150. Of dogskin, marmot, raccoon, caracul, Russian calf and Russian pony. In models specifically designed for motor service.

Black Lynx Sets. Value \$60. At \$46. 70-inch scarf, large, flat muff to match.

Natural Mink Sets. Value \$67.50. At \$48.50. 3-skin double fur scarf, trimmed with heads, paws and tails and heads. 3-skin flat muff to match.

Dark Natural Mink Sets. Value \$87.50. At \$62.50. 4 large skins, with heads crossed at back, trimmed with heads. 4-skin flat muff to match.

Baum Marten Sets. Value \$120. At \$85. 2-skin animal scarf, with crossed heads, and flat 4-skin muff with tails and paws.

A Diversified Collection of Inexpensive Fur Neckpieces and Muffs. Persian Lamb Sets, Broadtail Paw Sets, \$15.00. Persian Paw Sets, \$12.50. the set. Flat caracul Sets, \$16.50. Natural Squirrel Sets, Sable Squirrel Sets, Far Eastern Mink Sets, Black Lynx Sets, \$17.50.

Hackett, Carhart & Co Broadway at Thirteenth Street. Advertisement for fur coats and suits.

some of her recently acquired French finery at the Horse Show, will go on to Washington for the winter with her husband and his family. They are now at the Gotham. Mrs. Roelker, who was Mrs. Brokaw, is an expert rider and driver. The Roelkers will occupy the Alexander house on Connecticut avenue.

Norman Grant, younger son of Dr. George Grant of 22 East Forty-ninth street, whose mother was a Miss Manice, will be married to Miss Sophia Fowler Cole next Wednesday, November 28, in Grace Church, Chicago. The bride is a daughter of the late Rev. H. H. Cole. Quite a party of the New York relatives and friends of the bridegroom will go on to the wedding.

Cards are here for the wedding of Miss Grace Mantz and William Francis Bowen, to take place on Thanksgiving evening at 8 o'clock at St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, Washington, and to be followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Mantz, 2515 Fourteenth street, N. W.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Coleman Drayton will spend the winter at the Gotham. They have been in Paris for a number of months. Mr. and Mrs. William B. Leeds are in their new home, 987 Fifth avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Blise, Jr., are now in a house they have taken for the winter at East Thirty-sixth street.

The fact that Mrs. Sartoris has decided to make New York her home for at least the ensuing three years affords much pleasure to her many friends here. She has taken a lease for that time of a very large suite of rooms at the Hotel Colingwood and will be likely to give some dinners, musicales and teas. The children of Mrs. Sartoris are now all married.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Huntington Day returned from their bridal trip last week, and Mrs. Day's mother, Mrs. Clara Richardson Bradford, gave a big reception for them on Thursday, which she omitted at the home wedding of the couple.

Mrs. Woodbury Kane, one of the very popular widows of the Newport set, will give her Thanksgiving with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. George E. de Forest.

There will be a number of New York bridal guests at the wedding of Miss Mary Digges Lee and Outerbridge Horsey of Burkittsville, Md., to take place next Tuesday at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Charles Carroll Lee, in Washington. The Lees formerly lived here at 56 E. Fourth street. Mr. Horsey on the maternal side is related to the Lee and Carroll families and lives at the Horsey homestead, in Frederick county, Md. One of his married sisters is Mrs. Emilie Warwick Montgomery.

Cards are here for the wedding of Mrs. Emily Tighman Earle, granddaughter of the late Postmaster-General George Earle and a niece of Mrs. Robert McPherson of Washington, and Berkeley Reynolds Davis, to be celebrated quietly next Wednesday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock at the home of Dr. Samuel T. Earle, in Baltimore. Mr. Davis, who formerly lived in Washington and who now makes his home on Long Island, is the second son of Mrs. John Russell Young and a son of the late Thaddeus Davis.

Mrs. Sheffield Cowles will give an old fashioned New England Thanksgiving dinner at the old Cowles homestead at Farm-

...Cafe... Des Ambassadeurs

38th Street, just off Broadway. New York's Restaurant a la Mode.

If the "Great White Way" is the marvel of New York town, the "Cafe des Ambassadeurs" is situated as it is within a few blocks of every theatre of note, is certainly by far the most perfect, the very quintessence of "After Theatre" enjoyment.

Just a bit removed from the garish and noisy big thoroughfares, the "Ambassadeurs" is all in a class by itself, not alone on account of its favorable location, but also on account of the spick span quality of its service, its exquisite cuisine and last, but not least, the perfect tone of its patronage.

On Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, Nov. 29, a special "Dinner de Luxe" will be served from noon to 9 P.M. at \$1.50 for each person.

Belgian Orchestra TABLE D'HOTE \$1.50 Tel. 5511 30th

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