

SAN FRANCISCO IS DEVASTATED

Homeless Thousands, Desolation Indescribable, Remain

IMPOSSIBLE TO PAINT PICTURE

Fire Devours Houses of Millionaires on Nob Hill

Brave Firemen Helpless Because of Lack of Water

Death List is Appalling, but at This Hour it is Impossible to Secure More Than a Few Names

(By Herald Staff Correspondent.)

SAN FRANCISCO, April 19.—The horrors of the street scenes and the terrible suffering occasioned by the absence of water, can, perhaps, be imagined by reading this statement:

When a small stream of dirty water spurted up through the cobble stones and formed a muddy pool at the corner of Powell and Market streets, hundreds of men, women, rich and poor, old and young, knelt and drank to quench their terrible thirst.

This is but one instance—there were many similar in every way.

Water! Water! Water!

It was the cry of the firemen. It was the cry of the thousands, yes, two hundred thousand people who were compelled to remain in the doomed city for the time being. Imagine the horror if you can!

Special to The Herald.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 19.—San Francisco tonight is the city desolate. It seems that the acme of its misery was reached at dusk when flames burst from all sides of the beautiful Hotel Fairmount, the palace that above every structure was apparently most strongly entrenched against the attack of all-consuming fire.

And surrounding the lofty pinnacle of flame as far as the eye could see to the south and east and far out to the west lay in cruel, fantastic heaps, charred and smoking, all that remained of a prosperous city. The metropolis of the western slope was in ashes.

Hope Worst is Over

This has been another day of an uneven struggle of man against the unconquerable element of nature. Acre after acre has been ground into dust and ashes despite the heroic perseverance of the firemen to limit the conflagration. Tonight there is a hope that the worst has been nearly reached and that when tomorrow dawns the end will have come, but the hope is faint indeed. If the flames can be barred in their devastation of the western addition then this will be written to the front disaster.

But San Francisco is not discouraged. Its best and highest class has already begun to plan for restoration and to care for the stricken ones, and relief will be immediate and effective. Total subscriptions of \$100,000 were made. Arrangements were made for the immediate relief of the needy.

Provide Bread and Water

The baking of 50,000 loaves of bread daily will begin tomorrow. Free transportation will be provided by the Southern Pacific to persons desiring to go to interior points. Major McKeever was appointed commandant of the camps of the homeless. Tomorrow there would be a daily delivery into the city of 10,000,000 gallons of water.

Tonight for the first time direct telegraphic communication was re-established between San Francisco and the outside world, and this message had the honor of being the first to be sent. By the most energetic efforts in the face of great obstacles the Postal Telegraph company succeeded in restoring one of its shattered lines, and its managers are hopeful of bringing back its service to the normal plane in a day or two.

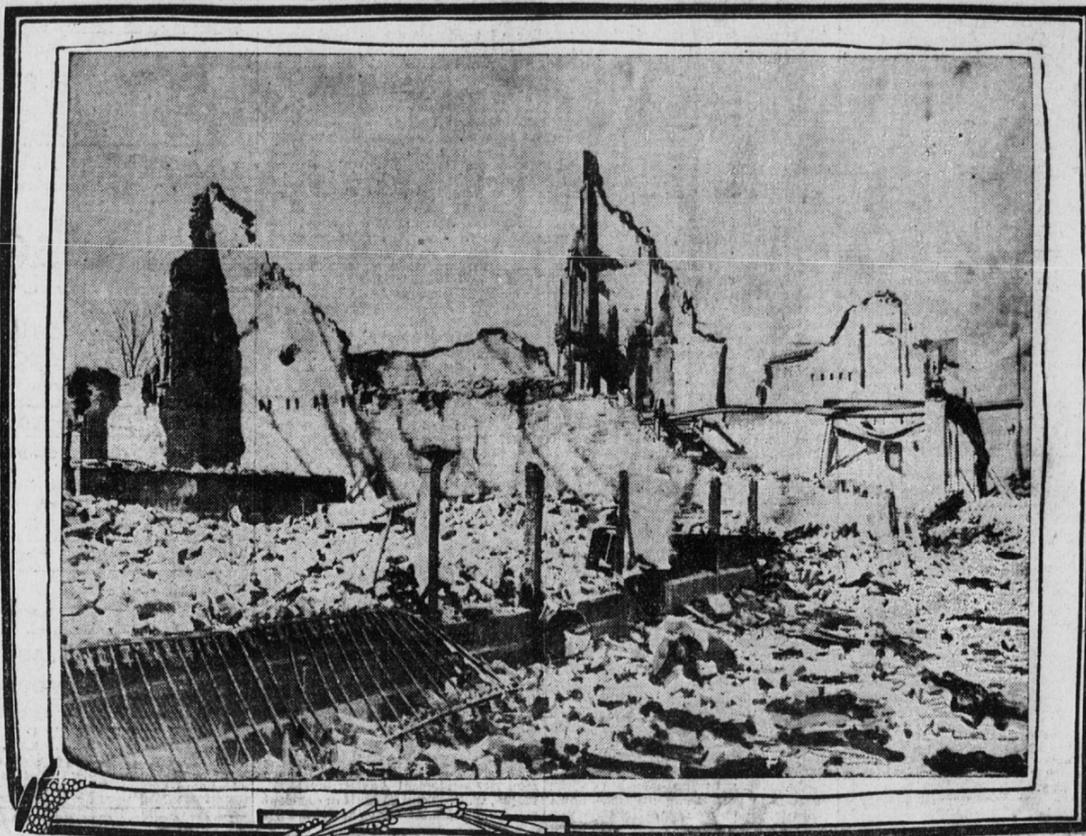
Three Fires Burning

The Postal office tonight is located in a little wooden structure erected on piles at the water front where, tonight three distinct fires were burning. One was on that portion that extends from Nob Hill down easterly to the water front. It was traveling slowly north toward the Telegraph Hill section and may die out from lack of material or may again sweep toward the extreme water front. The second center was in the Mission district. Here the fire had reached Eighteenth street but was making little headway toward the hillsides to the west, where thousands of people are camped. The third and most dangerous fire is that threatening the western addition. This is really a continuation of the Nob Hill fire. It is wedge shaped with the apex pushing forward.

Place Dead at 250

This is the point against which the firemen are bending their greatest efforts. Dynamite was used for back firing purposes with only fair success. Tonight many blocks may be blown up. Chief of Police Dinan said he thought 250 would fully cover the number of deaths. He found it impossible to secure details. About fifty bodies have thus far been found.

There was considerable shooting of looters today, but the offenders were



HAVOC IN THE HEART OF SAN FRANCISCO. A REMNANT OF PRAGER'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE. THE CALLAGHAN BUILDING, STILL INTACT, IS SEEN IN THE DISTANCE



DESTRUCTIVE WORK OF THE ELEMENTS. VIEW OF THE NORTHEAST CORNER OF THE RIALTO BUILDING

fortunate enough to escape with wounds.

OAKLAND, April 19.—A terrible landslide occurred on Loma Prieta mountain, ten miles above Soquel. Nine men were buried alive in their cabins at the Hinckley creek mill of the Loma Prieta Lumber company. The slide came down one side of the canyon and swept over to the other side, returning to bury the sawmill and the cabins in 500 feet of dirt.

A landslide occurred at Deer creek mill, just above Boulder creek, John Hannah and James Franklin being caught in their cabins and killed.

This afternoon at 4 o'clock water was obtained in the central fire district to the great joy of the firemen, and it was then thought that there was a good fighting chance to check the flames on the eastern side of Van Ness avenue.

At 10 o'clock this morning the fire had reached Van Ness and Sutter. The big power house at Sutter and Polk street was dynamitted, and this somewhat stayed the progress of the fire, but it swept across the street and the McNutt hospital was then blown up.

Then the big St. Dunstan apartment house was demolished with explosives. While the firemen were fighting with dynamite the steeple of St. Mary's

cathedral, a Roman Catholic edifice which had withstood the earthquake shock, caught fire. A fireman with a hose tied to his belt scaled the steeple and played a stream on the burning section and the blaze was extinguished. Thousands of people cheered the heroic deed and the handsome building was saved.

Firemen Use Salt Water

At 9 o'clock tonight the fire on the easterly slope of Nob Hill was eating its way toward Telegraph Hill.

A stream of salt water was being pumped from the bay through a hose one mile long to quench the progress of the conflagration, but it seemed that the strain since the beginning of the terrible calamity has been so un-speakably terrible that scores have become frantic and others have dropped from exhaustion in the streets.

Refugees Fill Streets

The streets are still choked with refugees hurrying hither and thither, scrambling wildly for an avenue of escape.

Since early morning when the great rush of flames scorched the hotel and apartment house districts along Ellis, O'Farrell and Sutter streets, men, women and children have been rushing or

members have suffered heavy personal losses.

There is a great shortage in the bread supply in the city. A panic took place this afternoon at the California street bakery and the police took possession of the premises and it will be operated under municipal control.

Scores Become Frantic

While the heroic fire fighters were making their last stand at the fire line on Van Ness avenue panic reigned among the survivors in other parts of the city.

The intense heat and the absence of water have added to the horror and the strain since the beginning of the terrible calamity has been so un-speakably terrible that scores have become frantic and others have dropped from exhaustion in the streets.

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staggering under heavy loads of luggage.

Some to the ferries at the water front in the hope of getting to Oakland and the east side of the bay; others to the hills, Golden Gate park, the ocean beach, the Presidio and San Mateo way.

Trip Entails Hardships

The trip to the hills and to the water front was one of terrible hardship. Famishing women and children and exhausted men were compelled to walk seven miles around the north shore in order to avoid the flames and reach the ferries. Many dropped to the street under the weight of their loads, and willing fathers and husbands, their strength almost gone, strove to pick them up and urge them forward again.

People Are Fairly Mad

In the panic many mad things are being done. Even the soldiers are unable in many instances to prevent men and women made insane by the misfortune that has engulfed them from rushing into doomed buildings in the hope of saving valuables from the ruins.

In nearly every instance such action has resulted in death to those who tried it.

At Larkin and Sutter streets two men

OAKLAND SHELTERS 50,000 REFUGEES

HOMELESS ONES FLOCK ACROSS BAY

Men and Women, Rich and Poor, Old and Young, Unfortunates Who Have Suffered the Tortures of Hell Crowding the Streets of Aristocratic Oakland

broke from the police and rushed into a burning apartment house never to reappear.

Probably 200,000 refugees are struggling to get out of the city, and hourly the task is becoming more difficult as the fire and heat cut off avenue after avenue. The streets are filled with struggling people, some crying and weeping and calling for missing loved ones.

Crowding all sidewalks in the threatened areas are hundreds upon hundreds of householders attempting to drag some of their personal effects to places of safety.

In some instances the men at ropes are dragging trunks tandem style.

Special to The Herald.

OAKLAND, April 19.—The streets of Oakland tonight are thronged. Fifty thousand people are here already and every boat that lands here brings its crowds.

There is nothing left undone to make the refugees as comfortable as possible and every house that has a room or nook to spare is opened wide.

On the doorways of houses people sink down in sleep when once they realize that they are safe. The parks are crowded and tents have sprung up like mushrooms. People of all nations are assembled here and every effort is being made that looks toward their comfort.

The water front is crowded. There are many who, since coming here, have found their loved ones missing and they besiege each boat that leaves for the destroyed city for passage.

The work of rescue goes on with unabated zeal. No thought of ceasing is contemplated until the last man or woman has been taken from the maelstrom that rages across the bay.

The water front here is bare, seared clean by flames. The fires have died and families camp as best they can. There is constant shift of people to and fro. And there is hunger here, the hunger which makes weary women forget their weariness when they look at their children crying for bread.

Every place has its wreckage. Clothing of all sorts, and all the smaller household furnishings, is strewn around. Every place that makes a shelter for a man or woman is occupied. The houses are all filled.

Up the streets that lead from the Oakland Mole are processions that wander on and on; not knowing where they go; not caring where they go, but crying for a relief from peril that has palled them for two days.

Wagons of all sorts are pressed into service. Chinese fairly swarm, making for the open, not caring where they go except that it be in the fields where there are trees instead of smoldering ruins.

Homeless dogs and cats, former household pets that have escaped the ruin, can be seen everywhere. There is food famine here even now and what the morning will disclose no one can tell. There is a general expectancy that supplies from Los Angeles will arrive early.

There is no such thing as sleep here tonight, save for those who have reached their limit of endurance and fall asleep even as they walk and lie like logs upon the ground where they have fallen.

Oakland is doing all it can. Los Angeles and other cities must help and help at once.