

TENSANDS CHEER FOR EXPOSITION

KEYSTONE OF THOUGHT GIVEN BY ARCHITECT

"Let Me Ask Critics Not to Make Mud Fly, But Help Us Make Dirt Fly," His Caustic Comment

spoke only to the absent. If a lone critic or pessimist was there who had forgotten the Call's burning of the knocker's hammer on Christmas eve, his voice was drowned in a thunder of cheers that boomed forth when the first physical work on the finest of the fair's stately halls was started.

From 1:30 in the afternoon, when California's famed winter sunshine flashed on the gilt and steel of the proud paraders in Van Ness avenue, until that selfsame sun sank reluctantly behind the bars of the Golden Gate and tipped with poppy yellow the wings of a darling air pilot, Baby 1913 stood aside with doffed cap while his coming brother, 1915, held the center of the stage with carnival greetings, happy handshakes and hints of the big joys he will bring when the gates of Harbor View swing open to the world.

NO WORDS CAN PAINT

If you were not there, no words can paint the historic picture for you—historic because it means the visual complement of a celebration designed to commemorate the wedding of two oceans, the union of the east and the west, the severance of continents—or, more specifically, the completion of the Panama canal.

There was no exposition site. The people hid it, packed it like cement under foot, clung to it, hugged it like a mother and swarmed its slopes like ants on a hill. Out on the bay a mysterious submarine bobbed up and down from the depths, the fire tug Sullivan shot its lone shaft of silver spray skyward, Uncle Sam's ships spread their rainbow pennants against the green of the Marin hills, and the graceful racing shells cut sparkling strips athwart the even waters.

Why mention the weather? Poets have sung of San Francisco's mid-winter heavens and eastern tourists have marveled at it until Webster's unabridged list of adjectives has been exhausted. If there was an exception yesterday, it was only that the yellow of the huge balloons added a new unworked color to the blue arch and the sails of the airships played make believe clouds in a spotless sky.

Land, water and air were the people's playground. Athletes and sportsmen in the waters, thousands and enjoyed themselves on terra firma and in the placid atmosphere Aviators Sutor and Christofferson carried passengers and cut circles around the sedate balloons.

PILGRIMAGE TO PLACE

Taking the generous breadth of Van Ness avenue, autos, horsemen and soldiers adroitly formed a double line of pilgrims to Harbor View shortly after 1 o'clock. The pageant was headed by a company of mounted police, followed by two score of autos containing exposition, state and city officials and dignitaries. Otto F. Schiller, chief adjutant, and Sergeant Gorman were in charge.

Bands played sprightly music, commanders barked their abrupt orders, citizens lined the sidewalks or leaned from their windows and verandas, punctuating the marching step with applause as the brilliant concourse passed along Van Ness avenue to Lombard, west to Fillmore and halted before the reviewing stand in the exposition grounds.

The organizations that lent military pomp and pleasing color to the march were as follows:

National guard, commanded by Colonel George A. Schaefer, including the following: Coast artillery reserves, band, hospital detachment and eight companies. Company B, signal corps, his Park Boys' band, California Grays, school children, under command of George F. M. Meihling, physical culture instructor; the Nationals, Chinese band, Boys' and Girls' Aid societies, Chinese band, fire department apparatus, commanded by Chief Thomas F. Murphy.

BEST MUSICIANS TRY

At the reviewing stand the California Grays formed in double line, following the officials and en route to the platform. Chairman Phil T. Clay's trophy was awarded to the League of the Cross band as the best musicians of the day.

While the throng that stretched like a blanket from Francisco street to the bay shore was still marking time to the music of the military bands and army of school children, dainty and picturesque in their summery costumes drew attention to the paramount issue of the day.

SHOVEL DRIVEN IN YIELDING EARTH

An attentive and interested crowd listened to the introductory remarks of Chairman Clay, and then President Charles C. Moore of the exposition mounted the platform. He plunged without ceremony into the business of building a fair, calling upon the people for aid and support and urging all to join in its exploitation.

"This is no time for talking," he said. "It is a mistake to say that work begins on the exposition today. It began three years ago. Instead of standing here listening to talk we ask you to see for yourselves this splendid site—50 acres set aside for amusement. This will be a city of palaces—the finest the sun ever shone upon.

"Today we are about to break ground for the machinery building, which will cover eight acres and would house 30 or 35 such buildings as the St. Francis hotel. We ask you to look over the sites for the other great palaces—the court of honor, the yacht harbor, the racetrack, the agricultural exhibit—and if you are not thrilled with what is before you we will be the most disappointed men, as fair directors, in the world.

June, 1914, nine months before the gates will be formally opened.

Moore painted a word picture of the site as it will appear with its landscape gardens, and concluded by urging all "to preach the gospel most earnestly and strive for the success of the exposition to which the city, the state and the nations will invite the whole world."

State Commissioner Chester Rowell, representing Governor Johnson, quoted from the scripture, setting forth from the Book of Esther the story of the first exposition and how the king kept it open for six months and at the end lost one wife and got another.

From this ancient exposition he turned to those of more recent times and stated that the task on San Francisco's hands is easy, compared to others, because the city is forewarned by the mistakes of those that have gone before.

"CITY OF OUR DREAMS"

"It is fitting," he concluded, "that we should see the city of our dreams rise on this day, the beginning of the new year. I am sure that we will welcome the whole world with the enthusiasm that San Francisco welcomes this epoch today."

City Attorney Percy V. Long spoke for Mayor Rolph, who did not arrive until he was ending his speech. Long called attention to the fact that the beginning of physical work was the evidence of months of preparation, comparing it to the successful battle of an army whose victory is due to months of unseen training and planning upon the part of its commanders. He declared that the exposition officials were entitled to congratulations and support, spoke of Mayor Rolph's efforts for a united city, and urged the people to present a united front in order to accomplish the task in the future.

Rolph arrived at the close of Long's address and was wildly cheered. He did not speak, but bowed his acknowledgments to the crowd.

Clarence R. Ward, the architect who designed the Machinery building, gave his audience a number of significant facts concerning the monumental structure.

"LITTLE TO SAY, MUCH TO DO"

"I have little to say, but much to do," he said. "This is certain to be the greatest of all expositions. Artists and architects unite in affirming that with such a climate and such a site as this we are bound to have a fair without equal in history. This site on the bay surpasses even the far famed bays on the Mediterranean sea.

"The Machinery building will be the largest frame structure in the west. It will contain 8,000,000 feet of lumber, which, if cut into inch boards, would floor the exposition six times over.

"To our critics I wish to say, cease making the mud fly and help us make the dirt fly."

It is a simple matter, the shoving of a shovel into soft earth and lifting it out again laden with a heap of sand and soil. But it was fraught with significance yesterday so tremendous that a hush fell upon the acres of spectators grouped around the site of the Machinery building when President Moore grasped the shovel and prepared to turn the first earth for the building.

It was the rubbing of Aladdin's lamp, the first step toward lifting, as Rowell said, "the city of dreams."

MOORE LOST NO TIME

Moore lost no time. Enough had been said. The ground was ready. With a firm grip on the handle, a determined push with his foot, he sank the blade deep in the soil. Up went the earth, and up went a shout from 100,000 throats that must have echoed in the dark ravines of old Tarnalpalas and frightened the gulls on the Farallones. Hats darkened the air, horns tooted, whistles shrieked and bedlam in general broke loose. A stranger coming suddenly upon the joyous scene would have thought that young 1913 had just arrived, some 15 hours late.

After Moore it became a contest of who could turn out the biggest shovelful of soil. Chester Rowell did well, but Mayor Rolph appeared to dig deeper and bring forth the heaviest load. Adjutant General Forbes proved that Uncle Sam, who digs ditches like the Panama canal, considers one shovel of earth a mere atom. Architect Ward put his heart into the spade, because it meant the beginning of his great building. Engineer Conick of the exposition company also dug.

When the last shovelful was turned someone cried, "Three cheers for Moore!"

They were given—strong, lusty, en-

First Sales of Stamps Supplies Soon Exhausted

The city put the stamp of approval on the exposition yesterday and incidentally approved the new exposition stamps to the extent of purchasing 25,000.

In a wire cage in front of the Service building at Harbor View, Postal Clerks A. N. Pears and Tyler C. Gile sold 1 and 2 cent stamps as fast as they could tear them off and make change. This was the first sale of the first issue of the exposition stamps made especially by the government to advertise the fair.

Such a run was made on the little postoffice that J. D. Cardineil, connected with a souvenir company, was forced to jump into his auto and rush post haste to the home of Thomas M. Welch, chief stamp clerk.

Welch was in the midst of his New Year dinner, but he went to the office and was so busy that the people at Harbor View might be supplied. The new 2 cent stamp pictures the Golden Gate and the 1 cent stamp Harbor View.

Enthusiastic cheers—and three more for Rolph and three for the exposition. Then a voice from the depths of the human sea proposed three cheers for the contractors and the city of San Francisco in the hills of the city, because they voice the undying San Francisco spirit that made yesterday the ground breaking a greater destiny that will come in 1915.

ILLINOIS WOMAN HAS SAMPLE OF EARTH

Illinois has a sample of the first shovelful of earth turned by President C. C. Moore of the Panama-Pacific exposition for the first building yesterday.

When Moore tossed the rich soil on the site of the big machinery building a woman wearing a badge of the Illinois society hurried to the front and kneeling down scooped up a generous handful of the precious earth and deposited it in her handkerchief.

Women played an important part in the ground breaking celebration yesterday, as upon them fell the duty of receiving all who called at the service building either to join the state or foreign societies for general information.

While the California Grays stood at attention in the main corridor the women greeted visitors from near and afar. This was done by the woman's board of directors and those affiliated with the following societies: Ohio, Indiana, Wales, Italy, Holland, Maine, Wisconsin, Illinois, Arizona, Missouri, New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Minnesota, West Virginia, Michigan, Germany, France, Portugal, Canada, Switzerland and Sweden. The state board and improvement clubs also acted as receiving committees.

BLUE WATERS, AMETHYST HILLS

Say everything your imagination can supply about the skies, the amethyst hills of Marin county, the placid blue of blue waters of the bay, the opalescent skies, the soft air, with just enough of a tang to make it a tonic draught for the most jaded, the sunshine, the soft green of our own hills—and having said it all, you can not outdo the actuality.

It made every one glad to be alive and then glad again to be a San Franciscan even by adoption.

Such crowds have never turned their steps Harbor Viewward before. Men who are wise as those things estimate the number at not far from 200,000. In any case, the whole face of the fair site seemed covered with them. Early they began to go; late in the afternoon they were still congesting every car line, tramping in mobs along Van Ness avenue and down the Fillmore street hill to the flats by the bay.

First of all, after noon, the parade was the magnet at Van Ness street. Crowds gathered there and marched with the various military organizations along the avenue. It was a colorful, cheering sight. National guardsmen, looking as though they were "regulars" when it came to marching and holding up their chins, ignoring the crowds and seeming to be anything but bored, were the principal California Grays, in their uniforms of snowy white and softest gray; Nationals, giving the gayest touch to the scene with their bright Zouave costumes; sternly marching lads from the Boys and Girls' Aid society, in businesslike khaki, and bringing back to many remembrances of the happy Por-

tona week, Don Nicholas Covarubias, in the royal costume of Don Gaspar de Portola, mounted on a prancing horse, in the russet velvet caps, the cavalier hat with its sweeping plumes, Don Gaspar appeared as he did on that brilliant October morning when he made his first entry into the city to open the Portola celebration. Cheers greeted the handsome old Spaniard all along the line.

EVERYBODY INSPECTED

Investigation was the chief object of the day, apparently. Everything was carefully inspected by every one. Women asked questions by the million. Men supplied information as freely. Much of it was all wrong, but it made no difference. It's a frightfully strong minded, flat headed, objectionable sort of a woman with a carping, unlovely nature who insists upon actual truths from a man she really likes—even for the time being. And all present were in holiday mood. No cross words were heard—even on the cars.

Transportation is still a long way from a solved problem as regards the fair. Every car line was running double the number of cars, and every car was taxed quite beyond its most abnormal capacity. Automobiles by the hundreds carried the limit of passengers and the streets were blocked with machines three abreast and moving at a snail's pace. It is evident that pedestrianism has to become a popular fad in San Francisco before 1915 unless some new car lines are built quite quickly.

THREE HUNDRED KIDDIES SING

At the ground breaking one of the characteristic features was the singing of the 300 school children, under the direction of Miss Estelle Carpenter. Without any preliminary rehearsal patriotic songs were given by the little ladies and lasses from six of the city's primary schools, "California," "San Francisco," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," and "America" were sung. Cheers greeted the melody and the national colors were waved with charming spirit and enthusiasm by these small citizens, many of whom sat bareheaded, with thin white gowns.

Despite the fact that January was beginning, wraps were an unknown quantity. This event was the real beginning of the exposition. All the tiresome unseen preliminaries necessary before anything could be actually demonstrated have kept the officials busy. Now the excitement of witnessing material achievement will be vouchsafed us.

Celebrations of the world and his wife are going to bring the people of the city together in a way that nothing has done—save that great calamity which we only remember now for the great things to which it stirred San Francisco.

From near and far people will come in 1915 to enjoy the exposition. If one may judge by the throng given yesterday, San Franciscans are going to have quite a bit of joy every now and then during the next two years as they build and prepare.

CHILDREN SING GLAD SONG AT CEREMONIES

Blue Waters, Amethyst Hills, Turquoise Skies Furnish Setting for Event of Wonderful Beauty

By MARY ASHE MILLER

"Hurrah for 1915!" "Three cheers for the fair!" Children thrilled it and their elders shouted it during the afternoon at the great celebration at the exposition site. And those who did not raise their voices aloud proclaimed the sentiment to all the world by their enthusiasm, their happy faces and their pridelul air.

With the coming of 1913 the real "exposition spirit" was born in San Francisco. Not that a suitable amount and manifestation of it has not prevailed since the idea was first broached that the opening of the Panama canal be made a veritable occasion for this city. In this instance, however, it bit into the consciousness of the masses more than usually effective.

These ceremonies and crowds, though put enthusiasm into the people who are not going to gain anything much except the joy and excitement of the fair. People who will have to entertain their study old relatives from all over the world; people who are going to be crowded and cramped by almost forgotten friends from "back home," people who are not going to make one son by the great exposition, but who will be a little hampered by the lack of variety in our climatic conditions, or gala occasions. But never before has there been a better day.

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They realized for the first time that it is going to be "our" party and that every one of us has a share in the matter.

In recounting the numerous events there must be the usual reference to the weather. Of course it was perfect. San Franciscans are getting just a little hampered by the lack of variety in our climatic conditions, or gala occasions. But never before has there been a better day.

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TWO WOMEN FLY OVER FAIR SITE

Women flew over Harbor View and the bay yesterday almost with the regularity of passengers crossing from Oakland on the ferries. Among those carried by Aviators C. M. Sutor and Silas Christofferson were Mrs. F. E. Carroll and Mrs. W. F. Dunn. A regular passenger service was inaugurated by the armed, and while many thousands craned their necks down below to catch a glimpse of the ground breaking for the machinery building, women sat at ease on the swift moving air vessels, enjoying a splendid "plane's eye view" of the ceremonies.

January Sale BOYS' SUITS and OVERCOATS

- Boys' School Suits (Ages 8 to 16 years) Regularly \$5 to \$12.50 **\$3.50**
- Boys' Long Overcoats (Ages 8 to 16 years) Regularly \$7.50 to \$15 **and**
- Children's Overcoats (Ages 2 1/2 to 10 years) Regularly \$5 to \$10 **\$5.00**
- Russian and Sailor Suits (Ages 2 1/2 to 10 years) Regularly \$5 to \$10

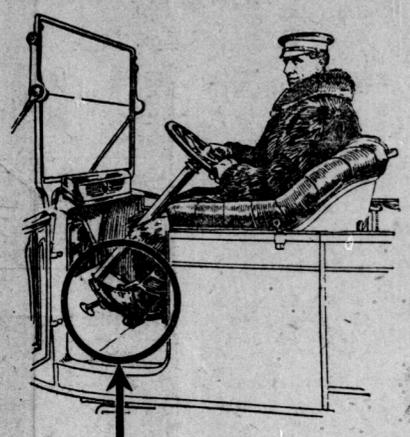
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Simple Pressure of the Foot—one action only. Requires no skill or strength. 100 per cent Efficient. A distinctive feature of the Locomobile Electric Starter is the Removable Pedal which forms a valuable locking device when car is left standing.

Since the 1913 product of the Locomobile Company of America was put on the market, an Electric Motor Starter has been developed for our Six-cylinder cars. Each model with this device lists at \$100 more than the standard 1913 price as announced.

The installation of the Electric Motor Starter on 1913 models delivered prior to its development can be made at our factory or any branch house at a cost of \$100.

Prices of standard 1913 Six-cylinder models with Electric Motor Starter Equipment are as follows:

Little Six Models	Six "48" Models
Touring Car, 5 passengers..... \$4,300	Touring Car, 7 passengers..... \$5,200
Torpedo, 4 passengers..... 4,500	Torpedo, 4 passengers..... 5,200
Roadster, 2 passengers..... 4,500	Torpedo, 5 passengers..... 5,200
Coupe, 3 passengers..... 5,200	Roadster, 2 passengers..... 5,200
Limousine, 6 passengers..... 5,500	Limousine, 7 passengers..... 6,200
Limousine, 7 passengers..... 5,500	Landulet, 7 passengers..... 6,200
Landulet, 6 passengers..... 5,500	
Landulet, 7 passengers..... 5,500	
Berline Limousine, 7 passengers 5,750	
Berline Landulet, 7 passengers 5,800	

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The Best Service Organization in the Far West
Van Ness Ave. and Hayes St., San Francisco



A new car for the new year! Why try to get along with old, cumbersome, "liability on wheels"? A substantial portion of our product for the new year will go to those who have tired of the expense and trouble of a heavy, unhandy car.

Every third car is a Ford. Nearly 180,000 have been sold and delivered. New prices—runabout \$525—touring car \$600—delivery car \$625—town car \$800—with all equipment, f. o. b. Detroit. Get particulars from Ford Motor Company, 100 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco, or direct from Detroit factory.

Special Excursions BACK EAST



January 9, 10, 11

- \$70.00 New Orleans and Return
- \$70.00 New Orleans and Return via Memphis
- \$72.50 New Orleans and Return via St. Louis
- \$72.50 New Orleans and Return via Chicago

Stopovers allowed on return trip within final limit, March 11. Further information on request at our

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