

SAN FRANCISCANS OWE MUCH TO THE KHAKI-CLAD REGULARS

SAVED LIVES OF THOUSANDS AND MUCH PROPERTY

History Records No More Heroic Fight Against Desperate Odds Than That Made by the Soldiers From the Presidio Under General Funston.

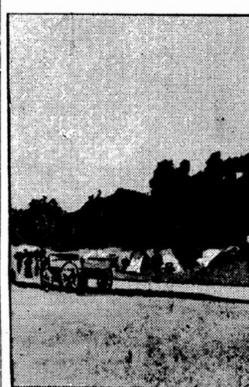
(Special Correspondence.)
Rarely has the United States army been called upon to wage war upon Nature in her wrath, but the San Francisco earthquake disaster offered the finest sort of spectacle of the army of a great nation in action. From the hour when the earliest heavings and quakings of the earth began on the morning of April 18 until the present hour, Gen. Funston and his men have been fighting a winning fight with the titanic cosmic forces of the nether world, followed by patient, determined campaign against the lawless passions of the human race and the panic fear of a stampeded populace.



Guardian of City.

Earthquake shock and fire! What possibilities of horror and despair! One thought of these two phenomena contains! Let one imagine himself standing at a vantage point amid the falling elements its personnel, how splendid its discipline and organization, could have coped alone with such a situation. The work of ghoul and looter had to be anticipated and reckoned with. Before the day of disaster had grown hardly three hours older plunderers and despoilers of the dead met sudden death at the hands of the soldiers. No questions were asked, no chance for an explanation were given. Judgment was grim and summary. It was only by resolute sternness that loss of life could be curtailed. People would rush into the very core of fire in the impossible attempt to rescue belongings. Example is contagious, and it was necessary to keep fire-mad folk out of the area of destruction. It was not proper or possible to leave it to their option whether or not to put their lives in jeopardy. The cashier of a bank attempted to enter the tottering, smouldering ruins of his institution to secure some papers. The sentinel halted him and forbade him to pass. He refused to obey, ran by the sentry, and was shot. It seems cruel, but such incidents restrained others—perhaps many—and thereby prevented loss of life. Hence it was humanity. In a short time the panic stricken learned that martial law was inflexible, but kind; that the hand of federal authority was stretched out to soothe and relieve, not to smite; that above all one must halt when the man with the rifle on his shoulder said "Halt!"

Within a few minutes of the time that the troop of cavalry deployed in front of the Palace hotel several companies of regular infantry, armed with axes, for service as pioneers, arrived in the business district. The presence of these grim, inflexible regulars was



One of the Refugee Camps.

to the affrighted populace like a cool hand upon the brow of a fever patient. It helped calm the panic of the people to see the soldiers facing the fire as if it were a human foe, directing the movements of the refugees and bringing order out of chaos. What does not San Francisco owe to the United States army for service as pioneers, arriving due credit for the work of wrecking the eastern side of Van Ness avenue, the grewsome work of "blazing a trail" which stopped the flames at that thoroughfare. These men, veterans in the handling of high explosives, experts at destruction, worked throughout Thursday night, April 19, toppling alike the palaces of millionaires, aristocratic apartment hotels, business blocks and churches. The destruction of these buildings, which

would have been a crime of colossal magnitude in ordinary times, proved to be the sacrifice that saved the pleasant residence district of Pacific Heights and the western addition, the beautiful regions around Golden Gate park, from being obliterated, and with them the last trace of the once proud city of San Francisco.

A battalion of youthful sailors from the training station at Gosport Island was among the first regulars sent to the relief of the burning city. Fresh from the drill ground, they appeared in all the ship-shape smartness of new leggings, white duck trousers, natty blue jackets and soft skull-caps. They were so trim and neat appearing that it did not seem at times as if they were the real thing, but they were. With them came the far-famed "handy man," the "Jolly," "soldier and sailor," the United States marine, with laurels from Guantanamo, Tientsin and Samar, to which he added the credit which long sustained and trying duty under distressful conditions deserves, and to him, as well as to the soldier and his brethren will the people of the New San Francisco some day dedicate a monument.

A salesman traveling out of San Francisco returned immediately upon hearing of the catastrophe, to succor his aged parents. He found their home destroyed, the family vanished. Frantically he searched the crowds packed in the parks and vacant lots. Suddenly a soldier in one of the streets barred his way. "Fight fire!" "I can't. I am searching for my aged parents. They have disappeared." "Fight fire!" was the still sterner mandate. Again the searcher pleaded. The sentry lowered his gun and

Modest Gray In High Fashion

In the spring a young girl's fancy earnestly turns to thoughts of gown to wear on the momentous occasion she receives her diploma, and it is none too early to consider frocks of this character. The June bride, the July graduate, the summer girl, all take deepest interest just now in gray frocks.

And filmy it is to be sure, summer stuffs so fine and thin and cobwebby. Colored slips will be worn under the transparencies, the wearer of course, choosing the most becoming color; bravely eschewing fashionable rose shades if they make her look blowsy, keeping to that old standby—pale blue—if it is most kindly to her complexion.

In the gowns here illustrated we have two distinct styles, the princess



THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE.

effect and the lingerie blouse that has reigned so long. The princess is a modified one, and is well adapted to the slender, girlish figure. The unattractive short waist line is hidden by trimming. There is a lovely fancy yoke of bands of valenciennes insertion, and fine tucks shade the bodice to the figure. A broad inset band of lace and medallion constitutes the skirt. The skirt is very full at the bottom, and is trimmed with insertion and lace ruffles. The material used is the sheerest lawn.

Materials employed for such dresses are batiste, lawn, organdies, handkerchief linen, organdies, China and India silks. A soft white silk frock is very suitable for the sweet girl graduate, and no doubt not a few of this season's graduates will appear in the accordion-plaited silk dresses that are called after the charming actress who played the original "Mlle. Modiste." It is a simple little frock, but very fetching, the skirt a frilly accordion plaited affair depending from a short yoke. The bodice is also accordion plaited and has a chemisette

and lapsels of lace. The sleeves come just to the elbow, and are edged with a modest lace frill. The original (and many that are copied for street wear) has a neat little belt of kid, but for more elaborate occasions a girle of flowered silk ribbon should be chosen, the single narrow and with a dip at the front.

Many skirts are trimmed elaborately, some scarcely at all. A nice white voile had as the only adornment some nun's folds on the skirt and a little good lace on gumples and short sleeves. One may pay a shilling a yard for one's frock, or ten times that sum—and after there does not appear such a great difference in the finished product. A dotted Swiss makes up very prettily and is so fresh and dainty looking.

A recent sojourn deepens the impression; I am tempted to an eternal good-bye to town life, and in the seclusion and beauty of the north woods lose myself—rather, find myself. And not alone the woods and beauty draw me, but the aspect of the people. Such bright eyes, such glowing health, such northern vitality. One sees no old people, or at least no feeble looking old people, none that are content merely to sit by the fire and let the world go by. At Solon Springs—that interesting settlement fast losing its Lumber Jack characteristics and developing the aesthetic, attractive cottage town by the lake, groves as carefully tended as an English deer park; here it is now woodland, spare thine ax where once it was cut down every merchantable tree within sight, for beauty has become meretricious, and must be preserved. I call on the oldest inhabitant, and find him this spring spryer than ever, his age still problematic. It must be four-score and more, and from his sunken chest and

Make the skirt with a Spanish flounce, having a small heading and perhaps a couple of tucks at the bottom. New skirt patterns for wash dresses are not the regular circular skirt, but the dress when finished looks very much as though made after the circular pattern, and is better because it will not sag.

Most elaborate embroidered dress lengths may be bought at the stores and the fashioning of a dress therefrom be a simple matter; but for our part we care more for the sheer materials and fluffy trimming than for heavy elaboration. This, of course, is a matter of individual taste. The girl graduate of 1906 may wear poses in her tresses, for there is a return to adornment of the coiffure. Such dear little garlands of rosebuds form a half-wreath about the cool coil of hair worn low on the neck, or a single large rose may be tucked in one side high piled tresses worn pompously. Flowers are again worn in the corsage, too—this year we shall have the good old conventional fluffy summer girl, poses in her belt, poses in her hair.

"Graduating" and Summer Frocks.

In the show windows of the big stores we see beautiful gray stockings on display, there are show cases full of gray hand-bags, gray gowns fill the streets, and in millinery gray is noticeable to an unusual degree. Gray and white would once have appeared a rather colorless combination, but to-day it is exceedingly chic. Gray table bows adorn neckwear on gray gowns, gray veils float from gray hats. To be sure, the gray hats as a rule are brightened by some intense color, cerise or coral, or it may be yellow or green. Gray and green make an effective contrast, and when the colors are becoming the result is charming, just the tones to give refreshing on a warm day.



GRAY STRAW WITH YELLOW ROSES.

The gray shoes are likewise charming; there are gun-metal tones, pearl shades, dull finished kids in several shades of gray, and gray canvases. Of course, gray spats are procurable. Then, to jump from shoes to parasols, over my lady's head floats and tips a gray parasol—this surely a novelty. There are gray silk umbrellas, too, gray belts, gray petticoats—gray everything. And, as they always do, the men have followed in the women's lead; gray rules at present in men's apparel.

If one does not care to array oneself all in Quaker tones, one may use but a touch of gray and attain desired style. A gray veil or chon or gloves or belt, is suggestive. And the hand-bags the variety of beautiful things in gray appears infinite; as gray is a color that may be used with any costume, a gray bag is an economical investment. Another good investment will be one of the pretty new silk frocks in gray, simple and dainty and

neat. These promise to enjoy great favor, and the new gray mohairs are equally good. The latter are indelibly plaided, but the effect is gray. A new black and white silk has a gray line running through it, giving it the stamp of fashion. There are nice gray mohair petticoats, some gray and black striped ones, lovely gray silk skirts, and pongees in neutral tones. So many gray things being worn, a petticoat to match is essential, and shades are offered, from dull gun-metal to softest pearl gray. A changeable gray is very pretty, nothing to be found of softer coloring than gray and white.

We recently observed a gray and white transparent frock—could not make out just what the material was, looked like a silk muslin, but seemed to have more body; the skirt trimmed only with wide tucks, the blouse simply with a little filmy lace. This frock would be very pretty worn with a white chip hat having a gray feather across the back and a wreath of white roses about the crown. One of the new long veils might be draped about it, the draping long veil restored to full favor. No doubt as the season advances we shall have numbers of gray wash dresses, and these will be selected not only by the gray haired dame, but also by the apple checked maid.

The tailors are making up some good gray waists in severe tailored style, these to be worn with gray suits; and they also have the black and white striped silks which give a gray effect. While lingerie waists will be with us all summer, there is a tendency to return to simpler styles, silk and net waists not trimmed with much elaboration. A new waist is a sheer black net, handsomely embroidered. The black chiffon waist is in style and also the black lace waist.

Heaviest of Railway Rails. What are believed to be the heaviest rails in use on any steam railroad in the world are on the belt line around Philadelphia. They weigh 142 pounds to the yard. Concrete with nine-inch girders are used with heavy ballast to make a firm roadbed. One railroad official states this section of roadbed will last for 25 years without repairs. This would mean a material reduction in maintenance expense to the road using these rails.

FRENCH TOYS FOR BEACH.

The toys with which French children play on the beach include a varied assortment of implements and playthings to use in the sand at the seashore. First, there is a sand screen, such as builders use, but in miniature, and which, with a brace at the back, can be set up in like manner on the beach, for screening the sand; and then there is a little hand sieve or sifter which can be used for the same purpose.

With these sets there is a pan to carry sand in, and there are a shovel and a sand scoop to dig with, and there is also a little rake, and besides all these there are little tin molds or forms in the shape of fishes and shells and capital letters of the alphabet; and finally there goes with each set, as part of it, a skipping rope. Certainly pretty elaborate outfits are the little French sand sets for children.

IN A LAND OF INDIAN ATMOSPHERE

Of Quiet Lake and Still Forest—The Old Days and the Present—Fishermen Lured Hither.

Spring and fall, summer and winter, I have stolen away to the north woods, and never once found them wanting. The long inhabitants of the woods complain of untimely cold or heat, of unreasonable depth of snow, the ice too slow in breaking up; but some kindly fate has ever attended me. I have had little to complain of as to weather, or view or pleasures.

A recent sojourn deepens the impression; I am tempted to an eternal good-bye to town life, and in the seclusion and beauty of the north woods lose myself—rather, find myself. And not alone the woods and beauty draw me, but the aspect of the people. Such bright eyes, such glowing health, such northern vitality. One sees no old people, or at least no feeble looking old people, none that are content merely to sit by the fire and let the world go by. At Solon Springs—that interesting settlement fast losing its Lumber Jack characteristics and developing the aesthetic, attractive cottage town by the lake, groves as carefully tended as an English deer park; here it is now woodland, spare thine ax where once it was cut down every merchantable tree within sight, for beauty has become meretricious, and must be preserved. I call on the oldest inhabitant, and find him this spring spryer than ever, his age still problematic. It must be four-score and more, and from his sunken chest and



WHERE LIE THE SPECKLED BEAUTIES.

hacking cough one judges he long has been deficient of lung; but in this fine air that seems to make small difference, he promises to hold out for many years to come. I find L'Ore upon the steep roof of his cottage patching the shingles; politely, and with considerable agility, he descends to greet his visitor and chat of late news, old days. In fancy I travel back with him through the changes of years; where Solon Springs now stands, see the L'Ore homestead, the "four forties," all forest covered. And I hear of rough roads and of Indian troubles, and, listening, look about in appreciation of the Indian atmosphere over the land.

Beautiful Lake St. Croix is so quiet, so breathless, the surrounding woods stand in a silence full of portents, like the hill before a tempest. The only sound in harmony with the place would be the paddle of a canoe, the only figure in harmony an Indian paddler of that canoe. I walk down under the overspreading white pines and plumed Norways to the lake and step softly not to break the spell. When I reach the shore I meditate how like, how like the still forests and unpeopled waters of those Indian tales of my impressionable youth.

Selecting a boat tied conveniently near—this is a hospitable land, and one may help oneself—I cross over to the other side where the summer people have not yet encamped. Back a ways from the shore I come upon a trio of black-eyed, nut-brown children gathering arbutus, and find among them shy hospitality. That straight and very black hair, those keen and very black eyes bespeak the original American, the race that ruled before the white men took possession. The children are named May and Andy and Dewey, have a very considerable admixture of white man's blood, but their great-grandfather was Osagee, a Chippewa chief. Another ancestor, their grandfather, was L'Ore.

I watch Osagee's grandchildren at their task and mark how different is arbutus fresh plucked from arbutus sold on Chicago streets. The children are particular, select only the most waxy blossoms or those deepest pink, and lacking greed for gain, as well as lacking Japanese idea of flower arrangement, strip off leaves and make of each posy a compact nosegay of blossoms. And later I find wherever I go, whether down in the Indian settlement west of the town, or here on the east side of St. Croix, the compact bouquet ideal, no green of leaf, as many flowers as possible crowded in a cup; and wonder if this is significant of the Indian's decorative sense, is to be classed with his drawings and color forms in basketry.

Miles east of the Big lake lies well secluded Deerprint lake and Deerprint

cabin, and hither one glorious May day Leo drives May and me. May has kindly responded to my request for a companion, and alone with Osagee's great-granddaughter I pass some very happy hours deep in the woods. Perhaps we feel a bit lonely when stalwart Leo drives away and leaves us, but mayhap the bit of fear gives zest to the experience. In the long twilight of the Lake Superior region we remain out of doors, the better to realize the loneliness and think how brave we are. But when two looms rise from the water, and high overhead give voice to the loneliness, I think a little longingly of the much-peopled city. Down by the lake some peewees hold a day's-end chatter, and likewise give voice to the loneliness. However, the frogs answer back with hoarse defiance, and with them I say: "Who's afraid?"

But at last the long twilight fades, it gets dark, then suddenly all is black. On all sides the woods present impenetrable, oppressive darkness; time to go indoors and light the candles. Fortunately, May is unimpressed by Night and distance from neighbors, and in her silent sturdiness nerves are quieted; one takes it, all's well. In the woods a restful, sufficient companion the great-granddaughter of Osagee.

The night is safely lived through, but the coward paleface can neither fall

Our Pattern Department



Patterns Nos. 5482 and 5349.—The full modes are always becoming to young girls, and an especially attractive design is here pictured in white dotted mousseline. A fitted lining gives support to the full waist, which may be either high or low neck. A pleasing amount of fullness is given in front and back, regulated by gathers at the waistline. The high neck is completed by a standing collar. The five-gored skirt is a charming model and will develop well in most of the seasonable fabrics. It is laid in stitched pleats to any desired depth, the lower edge having the fashionable flare. Albatross, French chalis, taffeta, louisine, point d'esprit and net are all suitable for the making. Sixteen-year size will require one and three-quarter yards of 44-inch material for the waist and five and one-quarter yards for the skirt. Misses' Fancy Waist in either high or low neck No. 5482: Sizes for 15, 16 and 17 years. Misses' Five-Gored Tucked Skirt No. 5349: Sizes for 13, 14, 15, 16 and 17 years. The above illustration calls for two separate patterns. The price is ten cents for the waist and ten cents for the skirt.

This pattern will be sent to you on receipt of 10 cents. Address all orders to the Pattern Department of this paper. Be sure to give size and number of pattern wanted. For convenience, write your order on the following coupon:

E: 5482 AND 5349.
SIZE.....
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

A STYLISH SKIRT.



Pattern No. 5628.—For the smart mode here portrayed dark blue broadcloth was selected. Groups of tuck pleats are stitched to yoke depth, the extra fullness thus produced giving a wide sweep to the lower edge. The pattern provides for medium sweep, round or short round length. Broadcloth, chevrot, tweed, voile and hosiery are all suggested for the making. The medium size will require five and five-eighths yards of 44-inch material for the plain skirt or eight and one-half yards if the band folds are used. Sizes for 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure.

This pattern will be sent to you on receipt of 10 cents. Address all orders to the Pattern Department of this paper. Be sure to give size and number of pattern wanted. For convenience, write your order on the following coupon:

No. 5628.
SIZE.....
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

WOOD PIGEONS IN LOVE.

The amorous wood pigeon, whose usually dignified demeanor is so familiar to the most ordinary observer in the London parks, takes but little notice of the bitter northeasterly breezes and squalls of sleet and snow with which March has so frequently favored us of late. For the time being, says the Pall Mall Gazette, he is so busily occupied in making advances to the lady of his choice that outside influences have no bearing at all on his general behavior.

Rain or shine, you may see him just at present sitting side by side with his innamorata on the swaying bough of elm or plane, whispering soft nothings in her ear in those gentle tones that makes one's fancy fly back to the great woods of the countryside where primrose and anemone are pushing forth their fragile buds from beneath their wintry covering of fallen leaves. It is too early yet for the wood pigeon to build his nest, but he and his mate in the intervals of love making are already on the lookout, as you may see if you watch, for a suitable site.

A little later, when the leaf is out, the more serious business of the season will begin, and then it will take you all your time to discover the place where the loving couple have arranged their untidy platform of sticks, whereon, so they say, cock and hen take it in turns to brood over the couple of snow white eggs from which presently will emerge two of the ugliest youngsters that a pair of good-looking parents ever produced.

GEM OF MUCH VALUE.

RARE BLUE TOPAZ FOUND IN AFRICA.

Recent Announcement Causes Considerable Stir Among Experts—Numerous Varieties of the Stone.

London.—The public interest manifested in the discovery in Rhodesia of what is believed to be a blue topaz has revealed some confusion in regard to this class of gem.

In addition to the true topaz, sometimes called "Brazilian" topaz, there are the yellow variety of sapphirine, sometimes called "Oriental" topaz, a most lustrous gem of considerable value, and the yellow and brown quartz, known as "Scottish" or "Carraig" topaz, which is obtained in large quantities, and is of little value. The true topaz, however, resembles these stones only in color, and can be easily distinguished by difference of hardness and specific gravity, says

Leopold Claremont, the well-known lapidary. It is a transparent gem crystallizing in the rhombic system, generally occurring in right rhombic prisms, and is to be found in many different shades of yellow and brown, green, white, blue, and, rarely, pink and red.

Some of the dark yellow and brown specimens can be altered to a delicate pink by careful application of heat. Nearly all the pink topazes upon the market have been altered, or, to use the technical term, "pinked" in this way. Next to the pink variety in value comes the blue and greenish topaz. Although somewhat resembling the aquamarine in color and general effect, these varieties are much more brilliant owing to their greater hardness.

The localities in which the topaz occurs are, among others, Brazil, Sicily, Asia Minor, Pegu, Ceylon, Victoria, Bohemia, Saxony, Connecticut (U. S. A.) and Japan. The finest specimens, however, are derived from Brazil and Siberia. The chief sources of the topaz in Brazil are Minas Geras, Villa Rica and Neves mines, the last named being generally used in connec-

tion with the white variety. In Siberia the topaz occurs in many districts, notably the Altai and Ural mountains, near Nerchinsk, and also in Kamchatka.

If the recent announcement of the discovery of the blue topaz upon the property of the African Optics syndicate in Rhodesia be duly confirmed, yet another source of supply of this variety of the gem is available.

Loss of Insurance Men.

At a meeting of New York insurance men the question of facing the losses by the California earthquake and fire was considered. It was estimated that the property loss would reach \$600,000,000 and that the insurance liabilities would exceed \$300,000,000. It was generally agreed that rates must be raised. Some of the smaller companies were in favor of taking advantage of the "earthquake clause" in their policies.

England's Revenue.

Great Britain's public revenue in the fiscal year ended March 31 last amounted to £153,878,984, against £153,132,782 in 1906.