

EXTRA**The San Francisco Examiner****EXTRA**

SAN FRANCISCO, FRIDAY, APRIL 20, 1906.

300,000 ARE HOMELESS, HUNGRY AND HELPLESS

THE SPIRIT OF SAN FRANCISCO

SAN FRANCISCO IS PROSTRATE, BUT IS NOT CRUSHED.

THE APPALLING CALAMITY WHICH HAS LEVELED ITS PROUD BUSINESS BLOCKS AND LEFT NOTHING BUT CHARRED ASHES OF ITS THOUSANDS OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES MAY CHECK, BUT IT CAN NOT STAY THE PROGRESS OF THE BRAVEST CITY IN THE UNITED STATES. BEFORE THE EMBERS OF THE GREAT CONFLAGRATION HAVE COOLED, THE NEW SAN FRANCISCO WILL BEGIN TO RISE, PROUDER, RICHER, MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN BEFORE. IT HAS BEEN STRUCK A SORE BLOW, AND A PERIOD OF SUFFERING CONFRONTS IT. BUT THOSE WHO LOOK TO SEE THE CITY BOWED DOWN BENEATH ITS BURDEN OF HARDSHIP, LITTLE KNOW THE SPIRIT OF THE MEN WHO MADE THE OLD SAN FRANCISCO, AS THEY WILL MAKE THE NEW.

THEY WERE NOT WEAKLINGS, WHO DARED THE TRANSIT OF THE DESERTS, IN THE GOLDEN DAWN OF THE PACIFIC COAST'S GREATNESS. THE SAME SPIRIT THAT ANIMATED THE ARGONAUTS OF '49 IS PRESENT TODAY AMONG THEIR SURVIVORS OR DESCENDANTS.

THE COMMANDING POSITION OF THE QUEEN OF WESTERN CITIES IS STILL HERS, THOUGH SHE WEARS THE MANTLE OF TERRIBLE MISFORTUNE. THE GOLDEN GATE IS STILL THE GOLDEN GATE—GOLDEN IN OPPORTUNITIES; GOLDEN IN ITS COMMAND OF THE GREAT AND DEVELOPING COMMERCE OF THE ORIENT.

HER SISTER CITIES NOW RESPONDING SO GENEROUSLY TO THE CALL FOR AID OF SMITTEN SAN FRANCISCO NEED NOT FEAR THAT WHAT THEY GIVE COMES AS A FUNERAL GIFT. THE AID GIVES SAN FRANCISCO A RESPITE—A CHANCE TO CATCH HER BREATH AFTER THE STUNNING BLOW. THEN SHE WILL ASTONISH THESE OTHER CITIES BY THE SPLENDOR OF HER RISE.

THE STRONG MEN OF SAN FRANCISCO HAVE FAITH IN THEIR CITY. WHILE THE CONFLAGRATION WAS RAGING THOSE WHO KNEW THEIR BUILDINGS WERE DOOMED WERE ALREADY SEEKING ARCHITECTS FOR THEIR REPLACEMENT.

THERE WERE NO FEARS, AND NO REPININGS DURING THE PERIOD OF THE CITY'S DESTRUCTION; INDEED, MEN WENT ABOUT WITH A LITTLE FIRMER STEP, AND THEIR HEADS RAISED A LITTLE HIGHER, AS THEY CONFRONTED THEIR GREAT EMERGENCY.

THE MEN WHO HAVE TAKEN CHARGE OF THE CITY'S AFFAIRS UNDER THE ABLE DIRECTION OF MAYOR SCHMITZ ARE THE WEALTHIEST, STRONGEST MEMBERS OF THE COMMUNITY. THEY HAVE TACKLED THEIR STUPENDOUS TASK WITH ENERGY AND WITH THOROUGHNESS, AND THE REWARD FOR THEIR SPLENDID LABORS WILL BE THE NEW CITY THAT EVEN NOW IS IN PROCESS OF GENERATION.

"THE EXAMINER" IS PROUD OF SAN FRANCISCO, AND PROUD TO BE NUMBERED AMONG THE INSTITUTIONS OF SAN FRANCISCO. IT CONGRATULATES THE CITY THAT IT HAS MET ADVERSITY WITH SUCH SPLENDID FAITH, AND THAT ITS MEN OF ACTION RESPONDED SO NOBLY TO THE CALL OF DUTY IN THE MIDST OF THEIR OWN TRIALS.

SAN FRANCISCO IS ALL RIGHT, AND THE EVENTS OF THE NEXT FEW MONTHS WILL PROVE THAT THERE IS NO ALLOY IN THE GOLDEN GRAIN OF ITS PLUCK. SUFFERING WE MUST ENDURE, BUT WE ASK THE PEOPLE TO MEET IT WITH THE SAME COURAGE, THE SAME CALIFORNIA SPIRIT OF MANHOOD WHICH IS MANIFESTED BY THOSE WHO ARE LEADING US THROUGH OUR DAYS OF TRIAL.

Famine Faces Fire Victims

The destruction of San Francisco is complete.

At the time of going to press the flames had leaped over Van Ness avenue and were whirling out Broadway, devouring everything in their path. When the people heard that the efforts to stop the fire at Van Ness avenue failed they lost heart. It now looks as though practically every building in the city save a few on the water front and some south of the park will not be standing within twenty-four hours.

Already two-thirds of its great buildings have been converted into heaps of charred timbers and streamers of bent and twisted steel. Miles of its dwellings throughout the districts south of Market street, the Western Addition, and Nob, Russian, and Telegraph Hills have been swept away. The waste of ruin stretches over the Mission district and reaches from Townsend street to the Presidio. Practically everything east of Van Ness avenue has been wiped out.

But far worse than the destruction of the buildings is the condition of the 300,000 homeless gathered in the city's public squares and parks.

The problem of feeding these unfortunates must be solved immediately. They must have bread and meat and drink. Already Congress has appropriated \$1,000,000 towards a relief fund. All of the towns of consequence throughout the country are contributing within their means to alleviate the sufferings of the helpless victims of the fire. Sacramento is sending a steamer load of bread and meat. The Los Angeles Examiner has sent a relief committee to care for the injured,

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Relief Fund Contributions

WASHINGTON, April 19.—The President at six o'clock tonight signed the joint resolution appropriating \$100,000,000 for the San Francisco sufferers.

Rockefeller Sends His Aid.

NEW YORK, April 19.—John D. Rockefeller today authorized his agents in San Francisco to expend \$100,000 for the relief of the homeless and destitute of that city.

Oakland is Generous.

OAKLAND, April 19.—The citizens of Oakland today subscribed \$5,600 for the relief of the earthquake and fire victims.

Portland Does Nobly.

PORTLAND, Ore., April 19.—In addition to The Telegram's fund of \$15,000 raised yesterday, Portland business men up to 2 o'clock this afternoon had contributed \$85,000, making a total of \$100,000 all told for the relief of the San Francisco earthquake sufferers.

Seattle People Work Hard.

SEATTLE, Wash., April 19.—Through The Times and the Chamber of Commerce of this city nearly \$40,000 had been raised at 2:30 o'clock this afternoon for the benefit of the San Francisco sufferers.

Tents From Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, April 19.—Pursuant to the order of Secretary of War Taft, the

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RELIEF COMMITTEE RECEIVING FUNDS

RESTAURANT MEN LOOK FOR NO FAMINE

OAKLAND, April 19.—According to the proprietors of Oakland's numerous restaurants and boarding houses it will be a comparatively easy task to feed the thousands of homeless and hungry refugees from San Francisco, providing the latter will be content to feast on meat and vegetables and smother their cravings for hot coffee and white bread.

"There will be no difficulty in meeting this unusual demand for food," said a prominent restaurant man to-night, "and in my opinion there is not the slightest chance of either a meat or vegetable famine, but I regret to say that Oakland is not at this time well supplied with flour, coffee and sugar. The earthquake destroyed among other things warehouses containing thousands of pounds of flour and most of the visible supply of coffee and sugar. I understand that there is a big consignment of coffee due to arrive here next Monday, but the supply will, I am afraid, hardly meet the demand. Sugar is also scarce in this city.

"As a matter of course, the thing most needed just now is flour, for this means a scarcity in the bread supply. Aside from the bread and coffee problem, we will have little to worry us."

None of the Oakland restaurants have raised their prices, and a man can get a square meal for 25 cents.

CORRAL CHILDREN MISSING.

A dispatch from Los Angeles requests that two sons of Vice-President Corral of Mexico, who have been living at 1214 Mason street, Martha Scott of 2053 Sutter street, and the Auftrichtig family of 1151 Divisadero street, notify relatives at once as to their whereabouts, or notify Arthur L. Fisk in care of "The Oakland Tribune."



MR. MARNEY

EDITH WICKERS

MRS. MARNEY

Victims of Theatre Disaster in Oakland

THIEVES WORK AMONG THE HOMELESS

OAKLAND, April 19.—Inspired by their greed for easy loot, and also their fear of martial law, a majority of San Francisco's crooks crossed the bay to-day and are now in Oakland, and have already begun the work of relieving the thousands of refugees now in the city of their money and valuables.

Thus far only the pickpockets and sneak thieves have been operating, mingling with the crowds of strangers that are always gathered in the neighborhood of the City Hall and about the picket lines thrown out by the local national guardsmen. Up to midnight no important cases of pocket picking had been reported at police headquarters, but Chief of Police Wilson, acting in conjunction with the militia intends to give the thieves no opportunity to make any big hauls. Every policeman and every trooper went on duty to-night with strict instructions to arrest all suspicious characters and bring them at once to police headquarters.

ELECTRICAL WORKERS

CONDEMN EXTORTION

At a meeting held in Oakland last night of the Inside Electrical Workers the following resolution was passed:

Resolved, That we ask all affiliated and other unions and the public to join with us in refusing to patronize those firms that are taking this advantage of a public calamity to raise the price of the necessities of life; that we take this matter up through our central bodies and through the public press, and for once and for all time stamp out this class of monsters who seek excessive profit through the suffering and death of women and children.

(Signed)

C. A. MURPHY,
J. L. COOT,
W. B. BENNETT,
Committee.

Relief Fund Contributions

(Continued from Page 1.)

quartermaster department in this city to-day shipped to San Francisco 3500 conical tents all that were available in the depot.

\$50,000 in Fifteen Minutes.

SACRAMENTO, April 19.—At a mass meeting here this morning at 10 o'clock \$50,000 was collected in fifteen minutes for the relief of the fire sufferers of San Francisco. During the day \$75,000 has been collected and devoted to the purchase of provisions. Another mass meeting was held this evening and another large collection made for the relief fund.

The Chinese of this city have collected about \$3000 for the fire sufferers of their race who lost their belongings when Chinatown burned.

Two relief trains secured by the Chicago "Examiner" left here to-day with provisions for Oakland and San Francisco. The first left here at 10:10 this morning and the second at 2:15 this afternoon. The supplies for these trains were purchased by Mr. Hearst's Chicago paper at an expense of \$5000.

The local company of the National Guard left here to-day for San Francisco.

Southern California Busy.

LOS ANGELES, April 19.—All cities at this end of California are organizing relief committees to send aid to San Francisco and adjoining points. Two hundred thousand dollars will be pledged for relief by the Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles, according to a statement made by the Associated Press to-day.

Stockton Sends Provisions.

STOCKTON, April 19.—The Stockton Chamber of Commerce has organized a relief expedition, and this evening a large steamer furnished by one of the lines running to this city will leave for San Francisco laden with provisions, blankets, clothing and other supplies. On board will be 100 tons of potatoes and other vegetables, as well as canned goods, bread and food ready to eat. Donations of food and money are pouring into headquarters of the relief committee, and the committee is sanguine of securing \$20,000 in cash in Stockton.

Postal Will Give \$100,000.

NEW YORK, April 19.—Clarence H. Mackay, president of the Postal Telegraph Company, to-night telegraphed President Wheeler of the University of California that he will contribute \$100,000 toward the erection of a new building for the university.

Famine Faces Fire Victims

(Continued from Page 1.)

and also a boat filled with provisions. Oakland was among the first to offer substantial aid. Unfortunately San Jose, Santa Rosa and other neighboring towns have been rendered powerless to furnish outside relief. In a smaller way they are as badly off as San Francisco.

All day yesterday and through the night the flames made terrifying progress. They carried everything before them in their sweep from Jefferson Square to the Presidio. The historic mansions of Nob Hill and the glorious Fairmount Hotel offered little or no resistance. The Hopkins Institute of Art passed out of existence like a tinder box. The old Stanford Home gave little more resistance. The mad rush of the flames over Russian Hill and throughout North Beach was appalling.

The only hope the fire fighters held out was that if the flames could be stopped at Van Ness avenue, a portion of the residence district might be saved. But it was only a half-hearted hope and only a few regarded it seriously.

The estimated property loss is without limit. It easily exceeds \$200,000,000.

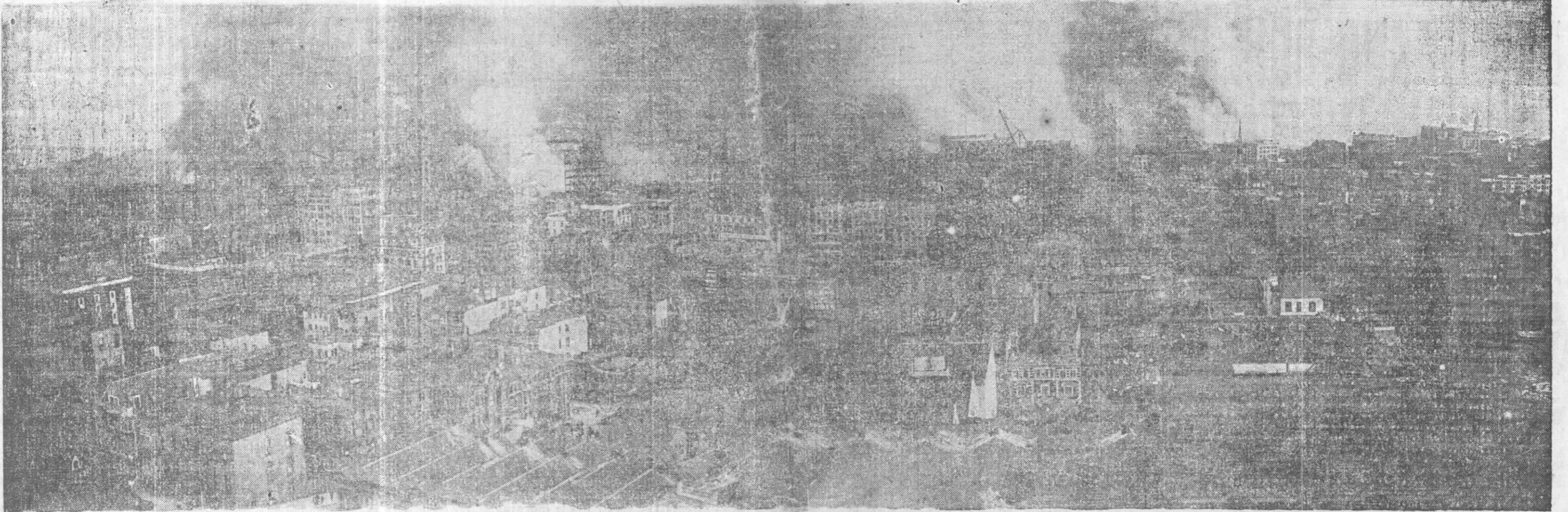
At an early hour yesterday morning the throng of homeless gathered in Union Square were forced to abandon their improvised tents and couches when the flames got hold of the surrounding buildings. The campers in Jefferson Square met a like fate.

From dawn to nightfall famine prices prevailed. Bread brought 75 cents and a dollar a loaf. Soda crackers sold for five and ten cents each. Canned goods that under ordinary conditions bring ten cents were disposed of at 51 apiece.

The soldiers did excellent guard duty and forced a number of recalcitrants who refused to assist the fire fighters to join the heroes at the point of their revolvers.

A number of thieves were shot and killed by the Federal troops.

CITY TOTALLY DESTROYED



SOUTHERN PANORAMIC VIEW OF BURNING CITY

PICTURE TAKEN FROM HOPKINS ART GALLERY SHOWING "CALL," "CHRONICLE" AND "EXAMINER" BUILDINGS, CROCKER-WOOLWORTH BANK, RAILROAD BUILDING AND OTHERS.

CITY OF ARGONAUTS IS NO LONGER IN EXISTENCE

By C. E. Van Loan.

San Francisco, city of the Argonauts, is nothing but a memory. Through the red haze of a hundred fires, the tottering ghosts of its once fine buildings look down on a burning city. Between sun and sun every great block in the business section was destroyed. A roaring, seething hell of flame swept its way from the ferry station westward and the magnificent fire department of San Francisco, pitifully handicapped by lack of water and scarcity of dynamite was forced back to the residence district, fighting every inch of the way. It was a bitter warfare, but the odds were with the fire field. All night long the losing battle continued, until firemen dropped exhausted in the street, still clinging to the nozzles which they refused to desert. So the flames crept over the hill from Kearny street.

South of Market there is nothing but desolation. Not a building stands in that greasy waste of smoking ruins, and miles to the southwest, dozens of marching smoke columns mark the destruction of the Potrero and the Mission.

NOB HILL IS THREATENED.

At nine o'clock the fire was threatening Nob Hill, and its dozens of historic residences. Here the firemen made one last desperate stand. Down the hill as far as the eye could reach the city was afire. The rumbling crash of dynamite told that the department was fighting the advance all along the line, but it was on Nob Hill that the real battle took place.

From six o'clock in the morning an engine and crew of men watched the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art. The fire was all around it at eight o'clock, but still the firemen refused to give up. For three hours longer the fire fighters held the fort.

At eleven o'clock the big building was a seething mass of flames and the firemen were suddenly retreating on California street, dragging their engine after them. The fire had won.

At ten o'clock the official heart of the city had been moved out to the North End Police Station. Here the Mayor met the committees and conferred with the citizens, and from this point went the kegs of powder with which the fire department hoped to make an end of the burned district at Polk Street.

ALL SLEPT OUT OF DOORS.

The people of San Francisco slept out of doors that awful first night. For the almost unbelievable thing about it all is that they did sleep. Women, worn out with hysteria; men overworked to the breaking point, dropped down in the streets of that burning city and slept. Some of them lay on the porches, wrapped in blankets, but for the most part, they slept in the open air, and not even the sight of a greater than the Chicago fire could rouse them. They had seen the Palace Hotel writhe and drop back into its bed of ashes; they had watched the skyscraper section crash into chaos, carrying millions of dollars with it. They had seen the worst, so they went to sleep. When the fire came too near, the soldiers aroused the sleepers and they arose, rubbed red eyes, took a careless glance at the terrible panorama, yawned once or twice and went away to find another untenanted doorstep.

At two o'clock in the morning, the streets were filled with men and women making their way to the ferry. The only route was down Broadway and thousands tramped it that night, dragging their trunks behind them. A very few favored ones had horses and wagons, but some of the horses dropped dead in the streets because since Wednesday morning there had been no water for them. But the ninety and nine trudged down old Broadway, carrying all their earthly possessions on their backs, for there was no other way. They left their houses to burn—and left them without a backward glance. Women hushed their babes in the shadow of the ferry building, and the mere rumor that a boat was about to go out brought cries of thanksgiving. They wanted to get away—anywhere.

WATCH FIGHT OF FIREMEN.

Up in the hills the people waited and hoped against hope. They saw the brave fight that the firemen were making, but while they hoped, they prepared for the worst, and every man and every woman had a little bundle within reach—the things which they dared not leave behind.

One old woman sat on her front porch, her rusty black bonnet tied primly under her chin and her hands busy with a large valise. She was just waiting until the fire patrol should warn her off the block.

"No," said she, "I am not afraid. It is God's will. If the fire comes here—well," and she made the slightest gesture with her black gloved hands, "it comes. That is all. I am ready, but I am not afraid."

And that was the spirit in which those brave people of San Fran-

cisco met ruin last night. They knew that everything which could be done to save them had been done. They accepted the inevitable without murmuring.

A tall, brown-eyed man, not over 35 years of age, stood on the same corner. He seemed very much annoyed because the little tailor and the little tailor's wife cried. The crowd laughed at the pair.

"Oh, brace up!" said the tall man wearily. "You haven't got anything on me. I'm cleaned out, too. Two days ago I was worth \$100,000. My store burned to the ground and they dynamited my house. I've just 40 cents in my pocket. You've plenty of company; so cheer up!"

And the tall man told the simple truth. He is only one of thousands who have lost everything, and like most of the others, he is making no moan about what cannot be helped.

SALOON IS WRECKED.

On Ellis street the crowd broke into a saloon and soon the street was full of men with bottles of beer or whiskey in their pockets. Little First Lieutenant of artillery happened along, and that man who stopped the nearest man. "Throw that booze into the street," said the little Lieutenant, slowly raising his revolver. A quart bottle of whiskey crashed into the gutter and the looter ran stumbling down the street. That officer went through that entire crowd, smashing bottles wherever he could find them. If he happened to smash one of them in a man's pocket, so much the better. The men whom he dealt with were sensible enough to recognize his right in the matter, but it was his prompt action which put a stop to all saloon raids on Ellis street.

It would be worse than useless to attempt to single out any one man for praise. At such a time every man expects to do his duty and do it till he drops, but to one young man—really little more than a boy—California owes a debt which she can never repay. Lieutenant C. C. McMillan of the revenue cutter Bear is that young man. He saved the art treasures of the Hopkins Art Institute. McMillan's post was on the corner of California and Mason, between the great marble Fairmount Hotel and the Hopkins Institute.

SAVE SOME GRAND PICTURES.

At 8:20 it was suggested to the Lieutenant that hundreds of priceless paintings were hanging in the big house across the street. The Lieutenant is a busy young man. He thinks and acts all in one motion. A crowd of loiterers were hanging about the Fairmount watching the firemen in their struggle with the Mason-street end of the great fire.

"Here, you fellows!" barked the Lieutenant, "hurry over there and get those paintings out."

Several of the loiterers looked in the direction of the noise. A young man clad in a naval uniform did not seem to inspire them with any great amount of awe; so they looked at the fire again.

"Hey, YOU!" yelled the Lieutenant. And when the loiterers looked again the Lieutenant had a long pistol in one hand and a drawn sword in the other.

"Now you get over there, all of you, and hustle those pictures out. I mean business."

"Are—are you swearing in deputies?" stammered one solid citizen, very much embarrassed by the nearness to the revolver.

"No sir," snapped the officer. "I don't have to swear 'em in when I need 'em. I swear AT 'em. Git!"

And the loiterers "got"—all but one man. He stood there cursing—an evil type—the typical tough who resents taking orders from any man. He told the Lieutenant he did not dare to shoot and turned away with a sneer on his face.

The Lieutenant hitched his right wrist and spoke again, very softly. "Look here," said he. "You see this gun? Well, it's aimed for your right eye—your RIGHT eye, remember. Now you come here. I want to have a little talk with you."

The tough stared, and as he stared the bravado faded out of his wicked face. He became afraid—very much afraid. At last he threw up his hands and making four hurried steps came to a halt in front of the officer. McMillan lowered the gun.

"It's martial law, boy," said he. You don't like it, and I don't like it, but it GOES. Now I want to see how fast you can work. Get over there and hurry."

HEEDED THE WARNING AND WORKED.

And an hour later the very tough young man was still working like a beaver, and the Lieutenant had seen fit to put him in charge of a gang, which was removing the books to a safe place further up Mason street. And as the men passed, they grinned at each other. All they needed was a thorough understanding and they had it. McMillan pressed every man into service—he stopped reputable citizens and made them climb high fences and carry heavy oil paintings. One fat gentleman had an alibi.

"But I'm a member of the Humane Society. Here's my badge," said he.

"Well, this is a humane job. Jump in and help save those flags and things." And the member of the Humane Society went—after he had seen the muzzle of McMillan's revolver. It was hard work and it was hot work, but in two hours the art institute was empty—thanks to one little Lieutenant and his gun. California should not forget that young man.

Toward noon the patrols began to break into grocery stores in the doomed district.

"They'll be burned anyway," said the officers. "Let the people have a chance to get something to eat."

And let me tell you what I saw on Ellis street. I saw women with dia-

monds on their fingers and pearls about their throats begging a big Sergeant of the guard to allow them to go into those stores for just one can of green corn. I saw a woman wrapped in sealskins eating baked beans from a tin can, and with her fingers, too. These were women of refinement. Money they were plentifully supplied with, but money will buy nothing in this stricken city these two weeks to come. I saw men—well dressed men—scrambling like children for handfuls of walnuts tossed out of a wrecked fruit store. All that was left was a sack of walnuts. Those men came near fighting for them. I saw one man creep away by himself to eat his walnuts out of his hat. Plenty of money—money everywhere, but no food.

This is the truth; the people of San Francisco are hungry; inside of two days there will be another gaunt spectre to deal with—starvation.

San Francisco—great generous-hearted San Francisco—is hungry. The city which has never failed to answer the cry of the needy, the city which sent the first trainload of supplies thundering to Galveston, the city which last week was raising a night fund for the Naples sufferers—this city is hungry.

Now let the response be swift, for hunger is swift, and these people have already been thirty-six hours without any sort of a food supply.

BREAD A DOLLAR A LOAF IN THE STRICKEN METROPOLIS

The price of bread has risen to \$1 a loaf in San Francisco and the supply, even at that enormous price, is extremely limited. Hundreds are starving, for the unfortunate ones who lost all in this most destructive of all fires cannot pay the price demanded, even if they would. They are filled with despair at the sight of comparative plenty which they cannot share. Hopes are expressed that the distress of the inhabi-

tants may have become known to the outside world in all its magnitude and that supplies will be rushed in to avert the threatened famine.

Not only in San Francisco have food stuffs reached unheard-of values. In Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley as well the scarcity is being felt and the grocers are limiting the amount of different commodities. It is said that they will probably advance prices today.

RELIEF FROM LOS ANGELES

BY BENJAMIN FAY MILLS

The Los Angeles "Examiner" relief corps, consisting of forty physicians, seventy nurses and several prominent citizens, left Los Angeles at 6:45 last evening and arrived at San Francisco at 1:30 p. m. On the journey the party were thoroughly organized for effective service. An executive committee consisting of Dr. John R. Haynes, Lewis G. Stevenson, M. G. Miner, Frank Strong, Benjamin Fay Mills and Arthur Letts, was chosen. Dr. Haynes is one of the two or three most eminent physicians in Los Angeles, Mr. Stevens is the representative of the Los Angeles "Examiner"; Mr. Letts is the proprietor of the mammoth Broadway department store, and Mr. Strong is one of the leading real estate dealers.

The corps was organized in five sections, under the charge of Drs. Taggart, Shorb, Horgan, Scroggs and Day.

After going to the Presidio on the Government tug Slocum and finding they were not needed, the party returned to Oakland mole to spend the night in the cars. It is now proposed, if necessary, to establish a Los Angeles tent hospital and refuge in Oakland and to have a special train bring provisions from the Southern city.

"RED HOUSE" DAMAGED.

The little red house of Russian Hill, which was one of the first adobe residences of this city, was badly damaged by the earthquake. The structure stands on the south side of Lombard street near Jones, and now belongs to the family of James McClosky. If not destroyed by fire it is likely that it will have to be torn down for safety. The house was put up in the old Spanish days when the Presidio was a gay army post.

THE LOS ANGELES RELIEF TRAIN IS HERE

ON BOARD THE U. S. NAVY TUG SLOCUM, 2:30 p. m.—The Los Angeles "Examiner" relief corps, consisting of 26 doctors, 70 nurses and 10 assistants, arrived at Oakland Mole at 12:30 o'clock. The three sections of the Owl were sidetracked and all that could be done by the Southern Pacific Company was done to facilitate the speedy arrival of the party. No other passengers have been brought to the stricken city since yesterday morning, but the ferry boat Oakland was waiting with steam up and in twenty minutes we were landed at Market-street wharf. A committee of administration has been added to the organization previously announced, consisting of Arthur Letts, Frank Strong and Benjamin Fay Mills. The city and the situation cannot be described. From the water front the city appears like the ruins of Basalbet, with clouds of dust and smoke enveloping them.

The burned district extends from Van Ness avenue to the bay and the flames are now eating up the elegant homes on Nob Hill, while others to the west are now in flames, and the residences on Jackson-street hill are beginning to burn. Troops of people of all nationalities pour into the ferry building, carrying all sorts of articles, many of them in teams.

As the Slocum was ready to leave the wharf three wounded men were carried on board and their physicians and nurses had their first cases.

All the wounded are being carried to the Presidio as fast as possible, and we are now on our way there. Passing through the Golden Gate the sight is like the burning of Rome. There is no water and no wind, and it seems as though nothing can stop the conflagration.

Almost every store, street and brick building has gone and the fire now has an easy prey in the frame buildings of the residence district. South of Market street the frame district is almost destroyed, reaching out to the Mission.

LATER. At the Presidio all accommodations are overcrowded and wounded people are being sent away. Fifty thousand people will spend tonight in the open and three hundred thousand are homeless. A special committee, consisting of Arthur Letts, Dr. John R. Haynes, Frank Strong, Lewis G. Stevenson, M. G. Miner and Benjamin Fay Mills, are now conferring with the Mayor of Oakland proposing to open a Los Angeles tent hospital and refuge in Oakland. Be ready for a hurry-up calls for tents and provisions of all kinds.

LAUNCHES CARRY MANY ACROSS THE BAY.

"Scour the bay for launches to take refugees to the other side," was the order given yesterday by General Funston to the commander of the "George B. Harris."

The boat replaced the "General Slocum" before the latter had made a single trip. Three hundred passengers who had boarded the "Slocum" at the Presidio landing were transferred to the "Harris," while the "Slocum" was sent to Port Costa for more dynamite. After securing more passengers at the foot of Mason street and Van Ness avenue, the "Harris" obeyed orders. As a result many persons were enabled to escape from the city in launches.

SAFE IN VISALIA.

A travelling salesman who arrived this city yesterday afternoon looking for his wife and three small children, reports all well in Fresno, Visalia and Stockton. He was in Visalia at the time of the earthquake and says that the shock was so slight that he doubted its reality. There is no damage between San Jose and Fresno.

OVER 100 PEOPLE KILLED AT SANTA ROSA

MISERY AND RUIN FALLS UPON THE SANTA ROSA VALLEY

Santa Rosa is devastated. The dead number at least 100, and the town has been demolished by earthquake and destroyed by fire. Up to 4 o'clock yesterday over seventy bodies had been removed from the smoldering ruins, and the agonizing cries of the wounded and entombed convince the authorities that there are at least a score seriously injured in the debris. How many more dead there are or how many are fatally injured it is impossible to say. The town itself is demolished.

T. E. Zant, organizer of the State Federation of Labor, who left Santa Rosa yesterday, described the conditions as being fearful. There is not a house of any kind in the town which is unaffected by the shock. There are only three brick or stone buildings left standing, and these three are each only one story in height. The three survivors are a restaurant, a bakery and the Southern Pacific depot. Factories, mills, stores, churches and residences have all felt the tremendous power of the temblor.

But a few minutes after the shock half a dozen fires broke out in the wreckage. The houses of the two engines had been demolished, and the apparatus could not be got out. For two hours the flames raged without opposition. When the hose was finally connected it was found that a broken water main rendered the firemen's work practically useless. Engines and other apparatus were rushed in from Petaluma, Sebastopol and other points, and after several hours' work the fire was got under control.

The principal loss of life was experienced in the hotels. Of the five principal ones, four, the Piedmont, the St. Rose, the Grand and the Western, all built of brick except the last, collapsed during the disturbance. The Occidental was damaged by the shock, but was completely gutted by the fire. Sixty guests in the Piedmont were removed without having been injured. The Occidental contained fully 100 persons, removed from the wreck. Yesterday afternoon the Grand and hurt were still being removed from the wreck. Many of the eighty guests of the St. Rose were killed or fatally injured. The Western Hotel contained twenty guests, of whom two were killed. The heaviest loss appears to have been at the Grand. Only fifteen of the 110 guests were accounted for late yesterday afternoon. It is feared that scores have been buried alive and that it will be impossible to succor them in time. It is known that many are dead.

From the Magnolia House three bodies were taken. The Postoffice, the Carnegie Library, the Hall of Records, the Courthouse and other important buildings were ruined in the crash and the fire. The wasted region covers a large section of town, and is bounded by Fifth, Mendocino, B, A and Third streets.

Under Mayor Overton's direction, a mass meeting was held and various relief and emergency committees established.

Luther Burbank was uninjured and his ranch remains intact. It is impossible to estimate the damage in money, but it is roughly judged to be in the neighborhood of one million dollars.



Scenes of conflagration at Third and Mission streets last Wednesday morning.

RESIDENTS HURRY FROM HOMES AND CAMP ON BEACHES

SAN FRANCISCO, April 19.—For miles through the Park and along the beaches from Ingleside to the seawall, the homeless are encamped in tents, makeshifts rigged up from a few sticks of wood and a blanket or sheet.

Some few of the more fortunate with better transportation facilities than were afforded the majority of the victims of the terrible catastrophe, managed to pile regulation tents on express wagons, autos, buggies, and any vehicle that had the semblance of a wheel attached to it. Golden Gate Park, the Presidio and Fort Mason are the scenes of the greatest activity. Rigs are rushing to and fro, loaded and unloaded, the stuff being dumped into any available space and the vehicle putting back to the district outside the fire zone for a new load.

A great many of these unfortunates were unaware that transportation by regular ferry to Oakland was again in operation, and it is safe to say that were it generally known the boat could not begin to carry those wishing to leave.

About 8 o'clock this afternoon an officer in an auto rode down Van Ness avenue to Fort Mason, shouting news that the Government had arranged for the use of several steamers to transport all those wishing to go to Oakland free of charge. A great rush was made from the fort and thousands upon thousands waited in line for hours for their turn.

In the meantime the hills and beaches of San Francisco look like an immense tented city. The earthquake and fire victims take things in a calm manner and good nature is the rule and not the exception.

AWE-STRIKEN CROWDS VIEW THE HORRORS FROM ROOFS

In the district north of Golden Gate avenue on Wednesday morning, when the sensation of fear produced by the terrific earthquake had somewhat subsided, men and women who a couple of hours before quaked like aspen leaves assembled on the housetops to view the flames as they shot through tall buildings in the downtown section.

The crash of crumbling walls was as music to the ears of the spectators. Strong in the belief of their own security, their thoughts were occupied solely with the magnificence of the sight. Hour after hour they watched the fire absorb the buildings on the south side of Market street, and it was not until the Claus Spreckels building had fallen a prey to the conflagration that their remarks were tinged with sympathy.

The opinion of these people was a reflection of the general opinion that terrible morning. They never for a moment imagined the desolation that was to follow.

When the first signs of the fatal outbreak on Hayes street were noticed grave fears were expressed. The direction of the wind was eagerly debated, and when the towers of St. Ignatius' Church were enveloped in flames, the possibility of personal loss caused the greatest uneasiness. Gradually the fire spread to the streets immediately north of Hayes. Terror took possession of the majority, and means of escape began to be discussed.

In a short time the roofs were deserted and every one was busy getting together whatever he had of value in order to be ready for flight.

Long before the fire was within reach of the different hotels, the majority of the occupants had taken out their trunks and valises and had ranged them on the sidewalks ready for emergency. Even though they had thus given way to their fears, many sought to disguise their feelings by offering a variety of excuses. Some even entertained hopes that all might yet be saved when the flames swallowed whole blocks in their immediate neighborhood. They thought that the force of the wind might prevail. However, when the furious approach of the fire from the Barbary Coast district became known a sad procession, hauling baggage and furniture to the higher altitudes, began to form. All through that sleepless night the streams of forlorn humanity filled the streets. Gradually the despairing ones retreated before the relentless flames. No one seemed to feel safe now. Farther and farther they retreated and when the St. Francis Hotel stood against the lurid sky a blackened ruin, the majority of those spectators who peopled the roofs around the noon hour gave way to despair as the night wore into morning. Many of them abandoned their property to the mercy of the flames.

CALLANT FIGHT BOX FACTORY AND SPICE WORKS SAVED MADE AT VAN NESS AVE.

At a late hour last night the main fire was topped on the west by Van Ness Avenue. Immediately east of Van Ness the fire was raging and eating north toward the lower bay, over the crest of Russian Hill.

The box factory of Hobbs, Wall & Co. over to the lumber stacked near the plant, escaped the fire. The factory gives employment to hundreds of mechanics. It is located at Bryant and Beale streets. Among the establishments which were saved by the fire being held to one side of the street are Folger's coffee, tea and spice house and Payne's Bolt Works on Howard street.

MILK DISPENSED TO WOMEN AND CHILDREN. At the Harbor Emergency Hospital a milk station was established. Milk was freely dispensed to women and children.

HOW THE FREIGHT SHEDS WERE SAVED OASIS FOUND IN DESERT OF ASHES FLAMES DESTROY FREIGHT CARS

Unlimited credit is due Captain Burns of Engine Company Sixteen, his men and Southern Pacific employes William J. Harty and J. J. Manning for saving the freight sheds which extend south from Townsend street toward the China Basin. That these rickety buildings were not destroyed is a marvel. For many years every time an alarm has been sounded from anywhere in the vicinity of Fourth and Townsend streets the cry has been, "It's the freight sheds!" And these blocks, for which one little spark overlooked would have spelled total annihilation, are still intact although many of the most substantial buildings the city boasted of are wiped out.

The passenger depot was a few degrees of heat removed from destruction. The paint was literally stewed off its walls. When the flames licked the solid brick warehouse buildings on the north side of Townsend street not one man in a thousand thought there was a hair of hope for the fire traps opposite. Fortunately at this time the wind veered from the south to the north and Captain Burns decided to make an attempt to save the sheds and the precious goods stacked up in them. Harty and Manning informed Burns they would join him in the fight he undertook.

All lines seized the line of hose. Their water supply was excellent, being forced out of the bay and through the nozzle by the powerful pumps of the fire tugs. Whenever flame broke out this little band rushed their gun, training it straight and true upon the enemy. First fire would rear its head near Fourth street and the hose would be applied there. Then there was a blaze quickly seen by alert eyes near Third. To the fresh point of danger the stream was hurried. And so the battle waged from four in the afternoon till four the next morning. It was a fight gallantly won. And as soon as Burns saw the sheds saved his next order was: "You, Flaherty, find the Chief, and find where we are most needed."

WITH THIS WAR IS A JOKE, SAY VETERANS. Among the troops which are preserving order are many veterans of the Spanish war and the Filipino campaign. These agreed that the scenes and surroundings made Manila and Mindanao pale into insignificance.

A break in the Spring Valley Water Company's main at Brannan and Eighth streets made an oasis in the desert of charred timber and funeral ashes. All day carriers of jugs from the camp established along Townsend street and on the hillsides bordering on Railroad avenue were huddled around the spring formed by the bursting of the iron pipe. Good order prevailed, women and men sometimes waiting an hour for their turn without complaining.

GALLANT STAND AGAINST FIRE IN MISSION

Late last night fire department men who have not had sleep since the city was so horribly awakened were stoking with their hose lines in the vicinity of Howard and Seventeenth streets and unflinchingly attacking the fire. This is a district of frame residences, and the battle was for every inch of ground. Water was being pumped from a well and with this stream human power was holding its own against the elements of flame and breeze. At midnight the fire, although successful several times in finding its way across Sixteenth into Howard and across Howard into Sixteenth, had been prevented from gaining any headway beyond this point.

GOLDFIELD MEN SEEK FRIENDS

The following residents of Goldfield, Nev., arrived on a special train yesterday to search for friends: G. G. Rice, C. H. Cutler, M. L. Holt, Henry A. Voorman, S. W. Warmbath, Lloyd W. Horton, Julius Berghauer, Dr. Grant Lyman, E. S. Gash, Henry F. Bend, James Deagan, A. W. Hobson, William R. Wallace. They are located in Oakland at the Metropole or the Hotel Crellin.

COMES FROM RENO TO LOOK FOR HIS WIFE

S. D. Emrick, a San Francisco man who had been at Reno, Nev., rushed to San Francisco to look for his wife. Their home was at 228 McAllister street. He has asked "The Examiner" to try to help find him his spouse by publishing the fact that he will stay at the Barber Asphalt Company, Hooper street, between Seventh and Eighth, till she returns to him.

Freight cars that had been "spotted" at warehouse doors along the north side of Townsend street are now just sets of wheels and tangles of twisted rods. Along this street the ruins present several interesting pictures. The McGilvary stone yard has the aspect of that which you see in Italy when your guide has instructions to direct you to what was once something of Rome. Blocks of granite and other building stones trimmed and ready to be fitted to skeletons of steel were tumbled about in disorder, with a half-resemblance to uniformity. You would think the thing was done more by the years than by the tremblor. The jagged walls of what was the Pacific Can factory, which, perhaps, was the most extensive establishment of its kind in the world (thousands were employed here), form a vat a block square filled solidly with cubes and cylinders of blackened tin. Some of the crockery that was stored in Nathan, Dohrmann & Co.'s preserved its shape in spite of the infernal heat to which it must have been subjected. All day men, women and children poked about and all carried away loads of plates, cups and saucers.

Immediately opposite the Southern Pacific freight sheds, which so miraculously escaped destruction, a heap of paint still burns intensely, giving off clouds of dense black smoke. This furnace marks the spot that had been Uhl Brothers' warehouse.

HE DIED, BUT NOT BY DEATH HE LOOKED FOR

One old man died of discouragement pure and simple when he heard the Call building begin to crumble above his head. He was old and unable to hurry. He feared that the Call building was going to crash down upon him. And frightened and discouraged, he sat down to wait.

The building did not fall. But when the passer-by spoke to the dejected, deoprid figure crouched there on an old street garbage can they got no reply. They shook the figure and it tumbled to the sidewalk. The man never did reply. And later he was laid beside the curbstone, where he kept his peace.

There are grounds for believing that he died of discouragement. For as he toddled along he looked dejected. Then when the fright came he gave up, saying, "I'm old and I haven't any money. What's the use?" Then it was that he settled down to wait. He did not have long to wait.

OPERA SINGERS' GOODS' LOSS WILL REACH \$250,000

Conreid's Grand Opera Company has lost property to the value of \$250,000 in the fire. The marvelous scenery and the dazzling costumes of the singers have been reduced to ashes, and the players who came to this city a few days ago with carloads of trappings will leave to-day in a special train with their worldly belongings in a few valises. Nor will they depart as they did on their last trip, beaming with pleasure at the resounding huzzas of an enthusiastic multitude. They will take their leave a sad, disappointed band.

LIEUTENANT HAD PERSUASIVE MANNER.

Lieutenant McMillan of the revenue cutter Bear showed sensational ability in getting things done in the neighborhood of the Hopkins Art Institute and the Hotel Fairmount at noon yesterday. With a drawn pistol in one hand and the other clenched in a manner which seemed even more threatening, he made every able-bodied man who came within range work as many of them possibly had never worked before. A number showed themselves willing to aid without any driving. One rebelled—and up went the pistol and forth came the words: "Go into that building and help carry out those pictures."

The man went. Others were doing the same thing, and soon a costly array of works of art lay on the Stanford lawn. The Lieutenant still had his eye on his unwilling assistant. "Now," he said, "go down under that Fairmount wall and take away those timbers. They'll catch the fire." And the involuntary assistant did what he was told, and, his bad humor seemingly all gone, laughed as he did it.

The singers were greatly frightened by the fire Wednesday night, and Ca russo passed the night in Golden Gate Park.

SALINAS' DAMAGE A MILLION AND A HALF

W. H. James and wife and Mrs. Edward Rainey who reached Oakland last night, were at Salinas when the shock came. They report that the city was severely rocked and that the damage will aggregate about a million and a half. The department store of Ford & Sanborn was completely demolished. The party drove from Salinas over the San Juan pass to Gilroy. They found that the tremblor had opened several cracks in the San Juan mountains and that it had wrecked some of the walls of the Mission San Juan Bautista. Gilroy was given a heavy shake, but the harm done there did not equate the damage done at Salinas. Fire was not seen at any of the places mentioned.

CABLE SYSTEM POWER HOUSE DYNAMITED

At noon the force engaged in the attempt to keep the flames inside Van Ness avenue dynamited the power house at Mason and Washington streets. The advisability of back-firing from Van Ness was seriously considered, but the belief that variable winds would make this procedure dangerous caused Assistant Chief Dougherty to say no.

ATTENTION, WESTERN UNION OPERATORS: ALL OPERATORS OF THIS COMPANY ARE REQUESTED TO REPORT FOR DUTY THIS MORNING AT EITHER WEST OAKLAND TEMPORARY OFFICE NEAR BATH HOUSE, OR AT FERRY DEPOT (SECOND FLOOR), SAN FRANCISCO.

ALL THE CITY'S PARKS AND SQUARES ARE THROGGED WITH TENT DWELLERS

PROGRESS OF THE FIRE IN DETAIL

San Francisco awakened this morning under a mantle of ashes, sand and cinders.

The business portion of San Francisco is a mass of smoking ruins, piles of bricks, twisted iron, bent pillars, corrugated cornices and piles of wreckage.

There is not a single hotel, theater, bank or business house left from Valencia on the south to the water front on the east, and from the Channel on the south to Broadway on the north.

Two-thirds of the inhabitants camped on the hills, in the parks and city squares last night, many sleeping in the open air without shelter and many more in temporary sheds and tents.

Golden Gate Park and the Panhandle looks like one vast camping-ground. It is said that fully 100,000 persons, including rich and poor, sought refuge in Golden Gate Park alone, and fully 200,000 more homeless ones sought shelter in the squares and on the hills.

Thousands of houses that escaped the fire in the residence portions of the city were deserted by their occupants. Every available automobile, wagon and vehicle of every sort was used to convey citizens rushing from the wreck of the earthquake and the danger and ruin of the fire.

The Cliff House, standing like a sentinel on the rocks that guard the Golden Gate, escaped unscathed the tremors that wrecked or partially wrecked every building in San Francisco.

In Golden Gate Park the costly marble grandstand donated to the park by Claus Spreckels, the sugar king, was shaken from its foundation, the Park Emergency Hospital was left a heap of brick and tile and mortar by the shock, and to-day Stanyan Street is filled with emergency tents used by the surgeons to dress the wounds of the injured and to furnish place for cots for those unable to be removed.

Coming down Haight Street from the hill to Market nothing can be seen of what was the business portion of San Francisco except the dome towering over the skeleton frame of the ruins of the \$6,000,000 City Hall, the iron frame work of the San Francisco Call building, the walls of the Market Street Bank, the towering fourteen stories outline of the St. Francis Hotel and numerous sidewalks of what were the great business establishments of the city.

Coming down Market Street from Valencia we find the towering chimney of the United Railway cable power house half gone and the power house in ruins. St. Mark's Episcopal Church is gone excepting the front wall which stands to mark the place with the red cross window looking out like a solitary eye.

Out Valencia Street and southward whatever buildings escaped the earthquake have been swept away by the fire, leaving the Southern Pacific Hospital and the car barns of the United Railways farther to the southward almost the only monuments that were a principal part of the Mission.

At the Southern Pacific Hospital the assistants and nurses were almost worn out by the constant vigil, attention to the wounded who have been sent since to the car barns.

East of Valencia to the Bay there is nothing but wreck and ruin, the families and household goods piled in indiscriminate heaps in the sunlight between the dismantled streetcar tracks with smouldering rows of fire and ashes sweeping over them, children in arms, mothers worn and weary with their long vigils, fathers unkempt and unshaven in the debris of their household effects.

At Franklin and Market nothing is left of the entire block, the Franklin Hotel, which fronted Market at that point, having disappeared. The solitary red wall of the Van Ness Pharmacy stands at Van Ness and Market, and out Van Ness to Golden Gate

Episcopal Church.

At Market and Polk streets the Manhattan Hotel is gone and all in that vicinity has been wiped out. The Studebaker Wagon and Carriage Factory has only part of a wall to tell where it stood. Just across Tenth street Varney's Garage and Varney & Green's advertising concern have only the name of Varney to mark where they stood. Across the street the five-story St. Nicholas Hotel has vanished with only a rear wall standing.

Next this up Larkin street the big Mechanics' Pavilion has disappeared which yesterday morning was a hospital for thousands of wounded and dead. Across the street diagonally stands all that is left of the big City Hall; the Emergency Hospital is in ruins with the red cross painted on the glass window left to mark its resting place; the prison in the same building is said to be the tomb of a number of prisoners who could not be released when the earth trembled and the building crashed in upon them. The Hall of Records seems to be the only portion of the building that withstood the shock.

The big five-story building of the Bare Brothers near the corner of Ninth and Market has vanished, and back of it are reared the ruins of the beautiful Majestic Theater. Across Ninth street the big carpet house of Plum Brothers is gone.

Further down Market street the big five-story building of Bare Brothers, which was to have been occupied on May 1, is gone. The new Central Skating Rink, only just completed and opened a week ago, was wrecked by the earthquake and then completed by the fire. A little farther down the Central Theater was burned to the ground. The new Bell Theater a few doors further down still stands but is gutted from front to rear, the big Odd Fellows building at the corner of Seventh has its walls still standing, while across the street all that is left of the Callaghan building is the name over the door.

The Market Street Bank building withstood the shock of both quake and flame and is the only structure that presents its old appearance on that portion of Market street. Directly back of the Market Street Bank from the alley to Mission street the splendid new Postoffice still stands unscathed by fire but badly wrecked inside and on the south end by the earthquake; directly across Mission street the five-story new Southern Hotel has disappeared, and at this point the street shows one of the worst evidences of the destructive power of the tremor; great big holes are in the streets large enough to drop a wagon into and the sidewalks are curved up like a suspension bridge over a river, and the car tracks are pushed upward and form a rolling surface. Near this what was one of the Mission street night cars is nothing but wheels, twisted rods and wires with a square tin sign hanging on to what was the front end of the painted mail car.

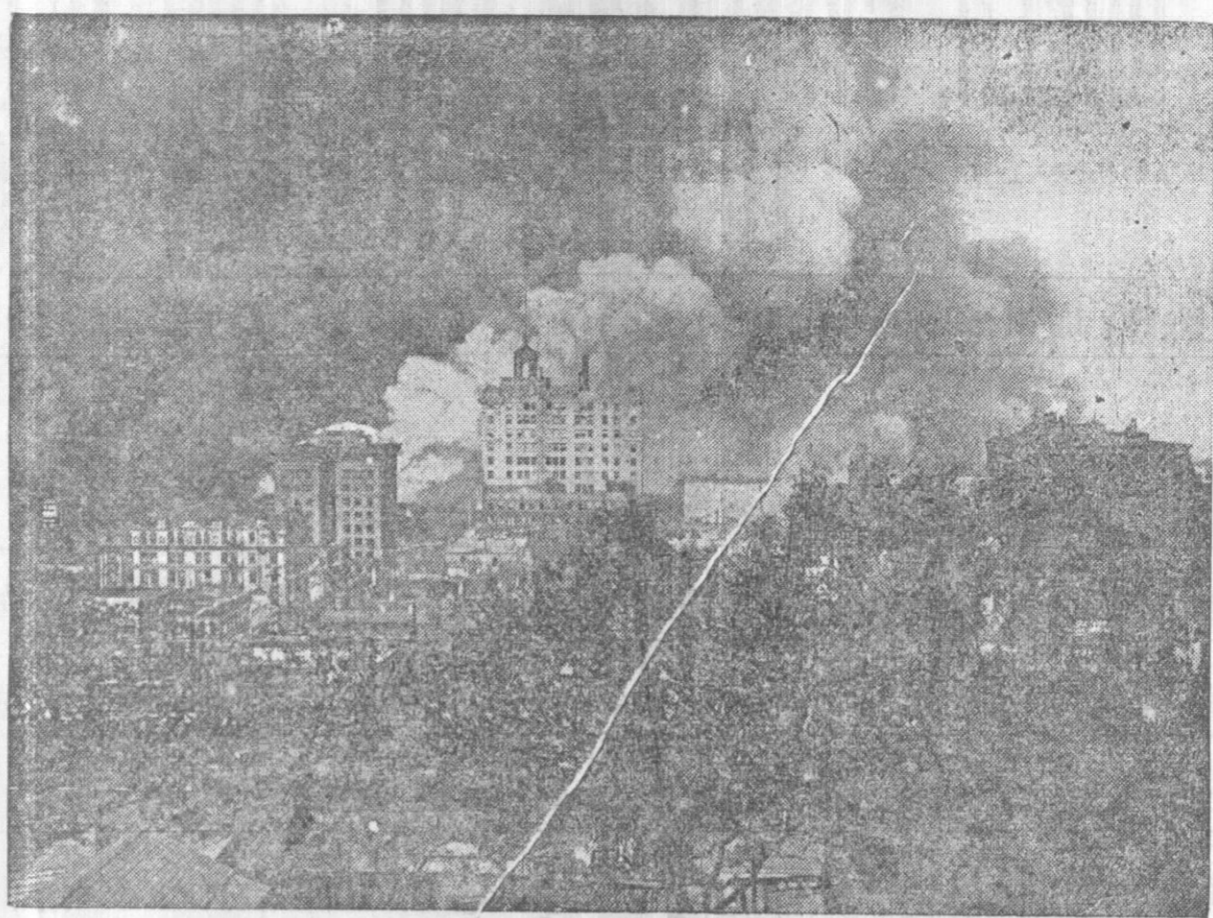
In all this mass of smoking brick and mortar the San Francisco Mint stands unscathed and unshaken, its sidewalks piled with household goods and furnishing stamping ground for the many who have lost their homes in that vicinity. The Donohoe building on Market street is missing, there are only a few scattered walls to show where Prager's Department Store once stood, the pillars of the Hibernia Savings Bank mark the piles of ruins of that institution.

The Cogswell fountain at Mason, Market and Turk is a wreck, Zink and's Cafe is no longer there, the Western National Bank in the James Flood building is gutted inside. The Columbia Theater was one of the earliest buildings to go down beneath the earthquake shock. The big Parrott building, which was occupied by the Emporium Department Store, is in ruins in its entire stock, and the Supreme Court rooms, which occupy the upper floors, are gone with the law library. The Academy of Sciences has only the curiosity of its own smoking pile to show for the numerous exhibits which once were found there.

Going along further down Market street, the old Flood building is gone, the Phelan building is missing, the Mutual Savings Bank is a wreck, the Call building is merely a shell of fourteen stories and the Examiner is a mass of wreckage, showing what the dynamite can do when the army begins to blow up buildings in the effort to stop the onward rush of the flames. Since the Examiner building was dynamited one of the features of the big fire has been the boom of the heavy charges of dynamite that have been fired off at intervals in all portions of the city in the fruitless effort to cut off the progress of the fire.

Added to the loss of the Examiner and Call is the complete annihilation of the San Francisco Chronicle and the three evening papers—the Bulletin, Post and Daily News.

From the corner of Third and Market, where once stood the fountain presented to the city by the famous artist, Lotta Crabtree, looking up



Photograph shows how structure remained erect, although gutted by the flames.

Geary street, the most conspicuous mark to be seen is the fourteen-story framework of the big St. Francis Hotel; looking eastward down Market street the Crocker building still stands gutted inside; the famous Palace Hotel has nothing left but the walls; the new Terminus Hotel near the ferry has vanished in smoke and numerous big wholesale structures in the same vicinity are gone. Down Montgomery the Occidental Hotel was dynamited, and the Lick and Russ Houses were both badly damaged by fire and shock.

Looking from Market at Third down Kearny Street the Hall of Justice still stands, but is in ruins, and more than a hundred prisoners had to be rushed to save their lives to the County Jail on Broadway. Looking in the other direction, south on Third Street, the old Grand Opera House, in which the Conrad Metropolitan Opera Company had just opened a two weeks' engagement, no longer exists, and St. Patrick's Catholic Church, only a few doors away, is also missing.

The Crossley and Rialto, the magnificent buildings which Mrs. Herman Oelrichs recently received in exchange with the Law Brothers for the white marble hotel Fairmount, are both gone, also the new office structure of the Wells Fargo Company. This is the heart of the wholesale district, in which not one of the big houses is left intact. Facing the foot of Market Street the massive Perry building is still intact. The only evidence of the shock being the tilted tower. The Jack street wharf and the Mission wharf were both wrecked by the earthquake.

Half the length of Market and nearly the whole length of Mission street, the two biggest business streets in the city, are also impassable on account of the piles of mortar, brick and rubbish.

On Mission Street one of the incidents to attract attention is the dead bodies of just a dozen Texas steers that were roasted in the fire.

Chief Sullivan of the Fire Department was among the earliest to lose his life, having been killed by a piece of the California Hotel wall, which fell upon the engine house in which he was sleeping and crushed him fatally. This was one of the reasons why the Fire Department worked at a disadvantage in the beginning to fight the flames.

Visits to the Harbor and other emergency hospitals make a conservative estimate of killed 800 and the injured between 1,500 and 2,000.

One of the peculiar freaks of the earthquake was the tearing out of one whole side of a three-story building on Turk street without disarranging any of the contents.

One anguished mother threw her baby from the second story window just after the first shock and the little one was killed.

Mechanics' Pavilion, before it was burned, had 700 patients as an emergency hospital. The fire is now burning fiercely in the vicinity of Hyde street and tarantens the Fairmount Hotel on Nob Hill, opposite the old Stanford building. The Mark Hopkins Art Institute has gone down in flames.

General Funston is furnishing Government rations from the several squares in the city, making a depot at Jackson square.

Twenty-six persons were killed in the wreck of a lodging house south of Market street near Plymouth square. Six lost their lives in another house near Washington square in the North End district.

The numerous owners of automob-

bles, numbered among the millionaires of the city, made lodging houses of their machines, being afraid to sleep indoors.

The residential portions of the city that still remain intact are those in a part of the rich district known as Nob Hill west to the Presidio, and from Laguna street west to Golden Gate Park and southward to Buena Vista Heights. All that portion of the city was covered with a thick layer of ashes, sand and cinders, which had been falling during the night and up to this hour, making walking and riding without the use of glasses or well a hardship.

This portion of the city is believed to be safe from the flames simply because it is divided from the burnt districts by parks on Alamo and Buena Vista Heights.

The city is under martial law, and the thousands who are leaving for Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda and other suburban localities are not allowed to return, by order of General Funston. This morning, after the destruction of Chinatown, there was a regular exodus of Chinese across the bay.

There has been only one slight shock of earthquake since yesterday, and that was shortly after 1 o'clock this morning and caused many persons who had remained indoors to flee to the streets. No lights or fires are allowed in any houses in the city, and in nearly every district there is a scarcity of water and in the next twenty-four hours there will be a scarcity of food.

The police have shot twenty men caught plundering the ruins, taking rings and jewelry from the dead and carrying away piles of household goods left on the sidewalk and in the parks.

STUDENTS DIE IN UNIVERSITY RUINS

PALO ALTO, April 19.—Stanford University in ruins, three dead and the town of Palo Alto badly damaged is the havoc wrought by the terrific tremor. The loss in money is conservatively estimated at between \$4,000,000 and \$5,000,000. The work of years was destroyed in a few seconds.

The famous chapel, which was erected but two or three years ago, and whose facade was covered with a mosaic which attracted the attention of the art lovers of the world, is a pile of rock. The mosaic itself was disintegrated into innumerable fragments, whose only purpose was to amuse the souvenir collector.

The magnificent arch at the entrance to the university grounds, an architectural triumph, with the arches of the old world now, is leveled to the road. Many of the dormitory buildings were badly damaged or completely demolished, and it is considered remarkable that the list of casualties was limited to so small a number.

Only two of the dead were students. All of the fraternity buildings were destroyed and for hundreds of yards the outer quadrangle has been razed. The library building is demolished.

The tall chimney of the engineering house toppled at the height of the shock and fell, crushing the engineer, whose name was Curtis. The falling debris in the dormitories killed Junius Hanna, a sophomore, and another student and injured a score of others.

The famous Japanese collection in the museum was almost totally wrecked, and the museum building itself was badly damaged, as were the new chemistry and gymnasium buildings.

In Roble Hall, a room in which Miss Ruth Blodgett, a student from Bakersfield, was sleeping and fell three floors, but the young woman escaped without injury.

The Chi Psi Lodge and the Phi Delta Theta Lodge were ruined.

In a statement President Jordan declared that the earthquake was due to the folding of the near-by mountain ranges.

The damage to the town was not so severe, but many stores and residences were wrecked.

It is declared that the damage in Redwood City and San Mateo has been very heavy, although no particulars are obtainable.

WHERE THE FIRE WAS AT TWO O'CLOCK

At two o'clock yesterday the burning and burned district as established by military and police lines extended from the ferries along the water front north to Broadway, west on Broadway to Taylor, south on Taylor to Jackson, west on Jackson to Larkin, south on Larkin to Clay, west on Clay to Polk, south on Polk to Sacramento, west on Sacramento to Franklin, south on Franklin to Eddy, west on Eddy to Octavia, south on Octavia to Market, out Market to Guerrero, along Guerrero to Eighteenth, down Eighteenth to Howard, east on Howard to Sixteenth, south on Sixteenth to Folsom, east on Folsom to Fourteenth, south on Fourteenth to Harrison, round the Harrison-street curve to Eleventh, south on Eleventh to Bryant, east on Bryant to Eighth, south on Eighth to Townsend, east on Townsend to Japan street, north on Japan to Brannan, around the St. Mary's Hospital hill to Bryant, east on Bryant to Beale, north on Beale to Harrison, east on Harrison to Fremont, north on Fremont to Folsom, north on Steuart to Howard and along Howard to East and back to the ferries.

CITIZENS OF HAYWARD CONTRIBUTE \$1,350.

HAYWARD, April 19.—Citizens of this city held a mass meeting here to-night and collected \$1,350 for a relief fund to be used in caring for the refugees who will come here to-morrow. The Native Sons have volunteered to provide shelter for all who come here. Hunt Bros., proprietors of the cannery here, have donated all of their cabins to be used in sheltering the homeless people. There are 112 such cabins near the cannery. A wagon load of provisions was secured this evening and sent to General Funston in San Francisco.

LOS ANGELES "EXAMINER" SENDS PHYSICIANS AND NURSES

The Los Angeles "Examiner's" special relief train with one hundred surgeons, physicians and nurses arrived in San Francisco at 1:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The run from the southern city was made in fast time, the special having right of way and passing two sections of the Owl which started several hours earlier.

Only three stops were made, one at Saugus, another at Lathrop and the third at Tracy, where Arthur Letts, president of the Los Angeles Young Men's Christian Association, boarded the train and volunteered his co-operation in the work being done by the "Examiner." Frank Strong of the real estate firm of Strong & Dickinson of Los Angeles, also joined the relief corps at Tracy.

Immediately upon arrival at the ferry depot the medical men and nurses were assigned to posts in various parts of the city, under the direction of Lewis G. Stevenson of the "Examiner" and Dr. John R. Haynes of Los Angeles, chief of the corps. These gentlemen and W. N. Eskey and Randolph H. Miner constitute the executive committee.

The relief corps consists of five divisions, the first in charge of Dr. J. Taggart, the second with Dr. Scroggs, the third under Dr. De Barth Shorb, the fourth under Dr. Hogan and the fifth directed by Dr. Day. On the executive committee of nurses are Mrs. F. R. Ferris and Mrs. E. T. Durbin.

Miss Sarah McMullin is the nurse in charge of the first division and has as assistants Misses Randall, Collier, Ham and Reed. In the first company of nurses are Misses Margaret Wallace, Lina Bundy, Elsie Bundy, Mary Heard, Addie Ingalls, Louise Pettit, Margaret Cassin, Marie Falconer, Margaret Stitt and Eva Brown.

The assistant physicians in the second division are Drs. Helen Anderson, G. C. Sabchil, R. S. Lantelman and Paul Brees. The chief nurse is Miss Alice Dumford. In this division the other nurses are Misses Carrie Rich, Emily Isaacson, M. Chapman, Florence Case, Minnie Rehwoldt, R. Wallwitz, Gail Hewitt, C. I. Brown, M. H. Falconer and Alice C. Haley.

In the third division are Drs. Lazard, Ballance, Lerting and Fisher as assistants, with Miss Alta Bean as chief nurse. The other nurses are Miss Rose Broomfield, J. Brune, H. Manning, Louise Kline, A. Victoria, Marian Hall, E. M. Boyington, M. B. Calder, Daise Geldner and Mrs. Stegill.

Drs. O'Leary, Hagadon and Ball assist the chief of the fourth division. The nurse in charge is Miss M. Longwell, and she has for her staff Misses Hazel Story, Amelle Stewart, Pauline Sadow, A. Mott, Maud Rousseau, Alice Todd, May Fleming, May Brown and May Walker.

The fifth division includes Drs. Bayley, Davis, Adams and McKellar, with the chief nurse, Miss L. Hudgins, are Mrs. Julia Wilton, Mrs. K. Mackay, Misses Inez Blackledge, E. Doherty, Grace Webster, Edna Carter, Eva Miller, D. King and Cora Halford. The Rev. Benjamin Fay Mills also championed the party and was elected its chaplain. The Salvation Army of Los Angeles sent Major Percy Morton, Adjutant J. F. Hamilton, Captain Bessie Smith, Lieutenant Olin, Adjutant W. A. Webster, Miss Cora Fulford, E. E. E. Bailey and Thomas Griffin.

AMID FLAMES CLERKS PUT BOOKS IN SAFE.

With the fire raging fiercely on every side of them, the clerks of the Southern Pacific's land offices yesterday went to their offices in the Merchants' Exchange Building and deliberately put all of their books and vouchers in the office safe. It is expected that when the building has cooled the records will be found intact.

The men were cool all during the daring operation and never once betrayed the least reluctance to do what they thought to be their duty.

All of the Oakland land office force has been ordered to report this morning at the Oakland mole.

ASHTON STEVENS IS SEARCHING FOR BROTHER

Ashton Stevens wants immediate communication with Lander Stevens. The address is 1174 Fell street, San Francisco.

GAS EXPLOSIONS ADD TO REIGN OF TERROR

Explosions of sewer gas ribboned and ripped many streets. Thursday afternoon a Vesuvius in miniature was created by such an upheaval at Bryant and Eighth streets. Cobblestones were hurled twenty feet upward and dirt vomited out of the ground. Disturbances of this character caused many to think the earth was still unquiet and women who saw the young volcanoes were made hysterical.

TELEGRAMS SENT OUT BY GOVERNOR PARDEE THE PRESIDENT,

Washington, D. C. Dispatch received and appreciated. City still burning and many thousands of people shelterless and without food. Weather good. Many thanks.

GEORGE C. PARDEE, Governor, THE GOVERNOR, Denver, Colorado.

Have wired Mayor of Denver that 300,000 shelterless San Francisco people need supplies. Need is great and immediate. Answer Oakland. GEORGE C. PARDEE, Governor, CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, Los Angeles.

Rush food and shelter and supplies. Many thousands of people shelterless and without supplies of any kind. City still burning. GOVERNOR, MAYOR MADIGAN, Vallejo, Cal.

To ship supplies to Oakland get boat from Navy Yard. If that is impossible get word to river steamer to stop at Vallejo. GEO. C. PARDEE, Governor, THE MAYOR, San Jose.

Have been trying to reach you for several hours. What is your city's condition? Are you in need of help? Will talk to you on telephone at Cleveland. GEO. C. PARDEE, Governor.

TELEGRAMS RECEIVED BY GOVERNOR PARDEE WHITE HOUSE, April 19. WASHINGTON, D. C. HON. G. C. PARDEE, Governor of California, Oakland, Cal. Telegram received. All available tents have already been sent to San Francisco, also rations. I have directed the Secretary of War to take up at once the matter of bedding and supplies and to do everything that you direct that it is in our power to do. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, TO GOVERNOR PARDEE, Oakland, Cal. By direction of the Secretary of War I have notified the Mayor of Oakland to have Associated Press men apply to you for passes to visit San Francisco. Please issue them under my direction, which has been sent to you this date. FUNSTON, Commanding, LOS ANGELES, Apr 19. Can you give us any information as to needs at San Francisco. We want to aid as you will indicate. Point the way. Are doctors, nurses or provisions needed? CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, LOS ANGELES. Fifteen carloads of provisions leave here to-night. P. A. STANLEY.

GOVERNOR GEORGE C. PARDEE SENDS MESSAGE OF GOOD CHEER, SYMPATHY AND PROMISED HELP TO THE STRICKEN PEOPLE OF SAN FRANCISCO

While the people of San Francisco have suffered greatly in person and in property, they ought to be buoyed up with hope for the future and a surety of a city more beautiful than the old but beloved one gone up in smoke.

Let them not forget that while the flames have been dissipating all that was San Francisco, the eyes of all the world have been turned toward them, dimmed by the tears of a great sympathy and pity. From all sides telegrams of condolence, inquiry, sympathy and offers of assistance have been pouring in. The Governors of states, the Mayors of cities, the President of the United States have each and all proffered their aid, and from all directions--north, east and south--trains loaded with supplies are speeding to San Francisco's relief.

San Francisco is beloved by all of California, as shown by the volunteered aid, the boats and trains loaded with the necessities of life and shelter for the homeless that have arrived

While the calamity that has befallen San Francisco, and, therefore, all of California, is appalling, there is no reason to despair. The immediate future will show that San Francisco's great need has shown her how many friends she has.

LATEST LIST OF PEOPLE INJURED

Following is a partial list of the injured cases received at the Presidio General Hospital up to 10 o'clock yesterday morning, where the army surgeons, stewards and nurses are doing heroic work to alleviate suffering. One hundred and forty cases had been received up to that time and about 300 more cases since that hour up to 9:30 o'clock last night, but no list has yet been arranged of them.

Only one person, Alberta de Saegheer, had died there from injuries.

Fire Chief Sullivan, who was reported dead, is confined there seriously wounded, but will recover. The condition of Mrs. Sullivan, who was injured in the demolition of a California-street apartment house, is reported to be very serious.

The most of the injured are suffering from burns and fractures, but it is impossible at this time to list their various injuries.

The Presidio General Hospital also contains about fifty patients taken there from Lane Hospital, which is threatened by fire.

PARTIAL LIST UP TO 10 A. M. APRIL 19

- Miss N King
- Miss E King
- Miss G Burke
- Alexander Anderson
- Joseph Hammell
- Miss Catherine Gibson
- Miss Sadie Mock
- Corp Irvine P Atten, U of C
- J C Bowles (Postal Dept)
- Miss C B Chambers
- Miss O'Conner
- Miss A B Lawler
- Miss May Cadoza
- Mrs C Schwabe
- Miss M Baker
- Mrs C W Elliott
- Miss Mary Holmes
- Miss Foran
- Mrs Zellenback
- Mrs Ellen Fletcher
- Mrs Minnie Jurs
- Mrs J Conlon and child
- Mrs David and child
- Mrs Brownston
- Miss Mary Boicelli
- Miss Hattie Nichols
- Louis Dabois
- Alex Anderson
- James Backus
- Mrs H L Curran
- Mrs Catherin Burns
- Mrs Elenor Parish
- Master Norman Curran
- Mrs C C Scott
- Miss Bertha Bahrenberg
- Mrs L H Coleman
- Mrs Lulu Smith
- Mrs T Maxwell
- Mrs B A Peckham
- Mrs Elenia Cole
- Mrs Chrystal
- Mrs Jennie Anderson
- James Latham
- Mrs Mary Mulligan

- Mrs E. Holland
- Mrs Selma Goulds
- Mrs Bessie Perringer
- Miss Josephine Perringer
- Miss Beatrice Conk
- Mrs Lizzie Todington
- Miss Edie Reed
- Mrs E Colton
- Mrs M A Dalton
- Mrs Nellie Smith
- Mrs Mary Collins
- Mrs Annie Korentz
- Ab Korentz
- Mrs May Jonas
- Charles L Cetterlund
- Rhinehart Belntz
- Ignatio Addego
- Clarence Rommerson
- Leon Walworth
- Phillip Payraath
- Arthur Dowth
- John Hart
- Charles Mank
- Mrs A L Clifton
- Chester Walton
- Henry Gibbon
- Rhinehart DeBlat
- General and Mrs Farley
- First Lieutenant Charles Pulls
- Colonel Sam W Swelgert
- Leo Levin
- Louis Stecker
- Julius Walmer
- August Doose
- Arthur Phyllis
- A H Sander
- George Gray
- D T Sullivan, Chief Fire Department

Mrs Belle Kendall
Alberta De Saegheer
Miss Laura Helnes
Mrs M W Wall
Mrs Borenstein
Mrs E H Tuphill
Mrs Fred Albrecht
Willis Albrecht
Mrs Joseph Cheroia
Mrs Estera McCullough
Mrs Paul Regan
Mrs Phillip Beaulieu
Lawrence Welch
Lloyd Johnson
John Hamilton
Mrs Nellie Flint
Mrs Henry F Newman
Mrs H W Ward
Mrs Lulu Nottagan
Mrs Cecil Weston
Mrs E R Hall
John Fossil
Leon Nickel
Fred Tooman
John Kid
Anthony Recht
Patrick Kelly
Albert Festerson
Peter Johnson
Geo Christ
Alfred Meith
David Kelly
W J Charles
Henry Gleason (Police Dept)
Arthur Tomson
Ed Holan
Wm E Jones
Geo Reinjohn
E L Butler
Burt Kennedy
Wm McKinstry
N M Young
T T Gillick
Joseph Downing
Wm C McLaughlin
J C Younglove
Virgil Dinwiddie
John Sharp
Herman Dane
Phil Epstein
Chas Anderson
James Bohan
Wm Anderson
Mrs Bridget Lynch
Mrs Lizzie Thomas and
Mrs Sarah Mahoney

Those who have settled in the burned districts near the railroad freight yards yesterday got food cooked and ready for the table for a bend of the back. Some explorers located in the ashes of one of the grocery warehouses what turned out to be an oven of plenty. Thousands went to this place and picked up oysters, asparagus and beans and fruits thoroughly well done. All got as much as their stomachs would hold and the supply is still unexhausted.

AN INSTANT SHOWING

On Guerrero street a note pinned over the doorbell read:
"May--Have gone to Bessie's, 134 Capp. "ETHEL, 2 p. m."

At two thirty 134 Capp was merely ashes.

CABETS PATROL BERKELEY STREETS

BERKELEY, April 19.—Train load after train load of refugees reached Berkeley to-day with hand baggage as varied in shape and kind as were the homeless different in race and color. A large number of Chinamen sought their friends at the different laundries, but a general round-up by Marshal Vollmer and his deputies took most of these to sheds and tents at University avenue and Sacramento streets, where they will be kept until otherwise accommodated.

Of the several thousand persons who reached Berkeley to-day a great majority are of the poorer class. Most of these are the honest poor. Marshal Vollmer believes, however, that Berkeley has received its full share of the vicious element, and has accordingly added fifty deputies to his force.

A call for University students and graduates to do patrol duty brought out enough men to keep seventy-five under arms on the streets. These students will materially assist the city police force.

Berkeleyans are gathering their friends from San Francisco to their homes. Most of the houses to-night are accommodating guests. Several instances are mentioned of wealthy men of two days ago who reached Berkeley practically penniless.

ONLY ONE WOMAN FOUND IN TEARS

Although all sidewalks in the sections which so far have been spared were jammed with women and men disconsolately sitting among their furniture and baggage, the sight of any person crying over the situation was a rare one. A tour around the burned district among people expecting to see their homes dwindle into smoke discovered only one woman in tears.

OLD CREEK BED WAS BADLY TWISTED

In the block taking in Valencia, Eighteenth, Guerrero and Nineteenth streets the quake displayed sad havoc. The Valencia Hotel was located in the very center of this square. In the early days of San Francisco's history a creek called "the Willows" rippled its way through this section and the foundations of the lodging house collapsed as it struck squarely upon the roof with a multilet big enough to drive California through to Australia. This was the structure which carried to destruction of the Rev. Father D. O. Crowley, has the appearance of a strong man bent and broken by paralysis. The stairs and the columns supporting the front of the structure were severely wrenched and twisted.

BOILING CRATERS OF MUD AT PAJARO

Hundreds of gushers of boiling hot mud leaped from the earth near Pajaro yesterday morning, adding their inexplicable existence to the terrors of the railroad situation.

Along the tracks running from Salinas to Pajaro and branching from Pajaro to Del Monte these phenomena were observed.

Men who were sent out as soon as the quake was felt were terrified at the sight that met their eyes.

From 200 feet of sand and loam at the track side poured these streams of mud, sending their streams twelve to fourteen feet high and gushing constantly like geysers.

The gushing continued an hour, the geysers slowly subsiding, each leaving a little crater in the midst of its pool of mud.

At the point near Pajaro a section house stands surrounded by its mud. Its occupant, running to his door when the earthquake twisted the large section building found a stream of this strange and steaming material before his door. He escaped from the rear and the mud slowly settled about the section house.

The jets in some places were only four feet apart, while in other places there were intervals of forty or fifty feet between them. They were manifested only at points where the roadbed settled heavily, in places to a depth of six feet.

Early this morning Train Master Walters, of San Luis, sent a special engine over such portions of the line as would bear its weight and frequent stops were made to examine the mud sinks by the light of fuses.

An Examiner representative accompanied Mr. Walters and numerous trainmen upon the inspection. Several miles of track were inspected beyond where the engine could be run and hundreds of the craters were seen. They could not be approached, being located in the midst of quicksand that had appeared in an hour where formerly there had been absolutely dry ground. The cause of the geysers is a mystery to all who saw them in action or saw their effects.

Three relief stations for the homeless have been established by the general committee. These stations are the temporary homes of the homeless. The stations are at Golden Gate Park, Presidio and San Bruno road.

FIGHT TO KEEP FLAMES FROM HOSPITAL

At Guerrero street and Duboce avenue a handful of men backed up by an engine drawing from a weakly running water main, made a gallant effort to keep the flames from leaping across the street and finding their way to the German Hospital and the residences in the Duboce Park district. A call for volunteers brought fifty bystanders into the fight. In that company young men wearing caps which showed them to be University of California students toiled side by side with the kind of men generally alluded to as the hoodlum element.

At midnight the blaze had not conquered and firemen, students and others were still pouring water into the ocean of flame and beating back the waves of fire with dripping jute bags.

SPRING VALLEY WELL HAVE WATER TO-DAY

Officers of the Spring Valley Water Company stated late yesterday that they expect to be able to furnish the city with 10,000,000 gallons of water to-day or tomorrow. There is water west of Van Ness avenue, and the engines there are fighting the fire with fresh water. In the Mission district there is water, but there are no engines, and the fire is burning as it will.

PIEDMONT PARLOR GIVES \$500 TO RELIEF FUND

OAKLAND, April 19.—The Piedmont Parlor of Native Sons at a meeting here to-night subscribed \$500 to the general relief fund for the fire refugees from San Francisco. The parlor also gave authority to the president to draw on the finances of the parlor for any other amount which he may desire to contribute. He was also empowered to call upon any member of the lodge to assist in the relief work.

GRIM USES MADE OF PLEASURE GROUNDS

Portsmouth Square has known many a notable and some sensational use since its history began—more more so probably than that to which it was put yesterday when it became for the time a public morgue. Between twenty and thirty corpses were laid side by side upon the trodden grass for lack of a more suitable place for their temporary resting place. So far as known they are there yet, for the dead were unknown to those who handled them, and in times of stress such as this the welfare of the living must perforce override the care of the dead.

If the sward of Portsmouth square was a morgue, the lawn of the Presidio and Golden Gate Park became hospitals. To both places great numbers of the wounded of the city were conveyed during the first and second days of the great tragedy, and the soft lawns yet afford temporary resting places for many of the patients.

POWDER SUPPLY FAILS AT CRITICAL MOMENT

When the conflagration was at its height and the only hope of the fire fighters was to blow up block after block, the stock of dynamite ran low. The situation brought discouragement to the hearts of the men who had been fighting so valiantly in the hope of saving the city. With appalling rapidity the flames rolled onward over the city, steadily narrowing the field which it was hoped would be saved. The condition appeared to be hopeless.

various powder works near Port Costa, and to take every available ounce for use in opposing the mass of flames.

The order was ostensibly issued by General Funston, but was signed by W. H. Birmingham of the Dupont Powder Works, who has had charge of the blasting.

Captain Harris loaded the "Slocum" with all it could carry and hastened back to the city.

Although the supply was large, it seemed as if nothing could stop the progress of the fire.

FALLING MARKET WALL KILLS TWENTY-FIVE

Unaware of the terrible devastation in San Francisco, hundreds of drivers of fruit and vegetable wagons backed up to the vegetable markets early yesterday morning. Without warning, the heavy brick wall suddenly collapsed, killing numberless horses and ending the lives of at least twenty-five men. The exact number will never be known, as soon after the wall fell flames were raging amid the debris.

The work of the rescuers was one of the most terrible ordeals to which any inhabitant of San Francisco has been subjected during the last few days. A corps of police was on the scene within a few minutes, and in their attempts to withdraw the wounded they had to encounter terrific flames.

Many of the killed could not be removed from the wreckage, and their bodies were left by the heroic blue-coated men to be cremated.

The injured were removed to nearby, hastily established emergency hospitals, where several of them died in agony.

As the sun lit up the ruins of the wholesale fruit district yesterday morning the police saw creeping men and women scratching among the hot bricks for possible food.

Canned goods were found. The hungry sat about opening the cans with bricks and eating the crusty contents. The police drove them away. But when they left they carried acquisitions with them. It was all that stood between them and starvation. Hunger compelled them to get all they could. In their eagerness two men were shot for refusing to obey an officer.

One of the police engaged in clearing the section grew frantic and rushed about, pointing his revolver at everyone he saw whether the offender was trespassing on the forbidden ground or not.

In the early hours of the morning the police in the business districts had trouble with safe seekers. Business men cursed police and fire alike. They said their lives were not worth as much to them as their money, and some who broke through the lines had to be halted at the point of a gun.

These were those looking for safes not their own property. Ragged tramps would descend into the smoking pits and turn up the safes. At first the police stopped by warning the men against further action in this line.

DR. J. C. STINSON CRUSHED TO DEATH.

DR. J. C. Stinson, a well-known young physician and former member of the City Board of Health, met death in his room at the California Hotel Wednesday morning. When the great quake shook that hostile side of Stinson's room in the rear of one of the upper stories caved in, burying the young doctor as he lay in bed. As soon as quiet had been restored in the big hotel, rescuers went from room to room in all the stories. Stinson's room was a wreck and with hard work he was gotten out, but death had evidently been instantaneous.

J. Copeland Stinson, although a comparatively young member of the medical circle of the city, was fast making a name for himself, especially in the practice of surgery.

Others are known to have been injured in the California—how seriously cannot be said—but it is not believed by people who had been in the hotel at the time that any others were killed.

CAMPING GROUNDS OFFERED NEAR CITY

San Francisco has a refuge of its own on this side of the bay. George A. Hensley, who owns on controls much of San Bruno Park, in San Mateo county, at the junction of the Bay Shore, Cut-Off branch of the Southern Pacific, has offered his holdings as free camping grounds to the sufferers of San Francisco.

He has bought 1,000 barrels of flour for those who accept his offer. If the relief committee will attend to the food supplies then Hensley will undertake to import enough good water for the sufferers' use. A large supply of tents has been bought. These will be given to those who need them.

Arrangements have been made with the Western Meat Company, to have meat sent to the grounds. There will be five automobiles and free busses made ready for the transportation of the afflicted.

EMPLOYEES SAVE VALLEJO STREET FREIGHT DEPO.

The Vallejo-street freight depot lying at the foot of Telegraph Hill was saved from the fire that burned all the buildings to the west of the yards through the work of the railroad employees.

M. L. Ryder, the Southern Pacific official in charge of the yards, got a hose laid to the depot from a fire tug and superintended the fire fighting.

The depot took fire several times, but was saved with little loss. Several box cars were burned or crushed by falling walls and all in the yards were on fire at some time while the neighboring buildings were burning.

The Vallejo-street depot is of great importance to San Francisco at this time. In case of a famine the yards can be used as a center of distribution for supplies.

DYNAMITE SHATTERS RAILROAD HOSPITAL

At one o'clock it was determined to put the Railroad Hospital at Fourteenth and Mission streets out of the fire's maw by blowing it up. The patients had been removed early in the morning. There was a rumble. A cloud of dust and debris shot skyward and what had been a scene of architecturally beautiful buildings became an immense rubbish heap.

PATRICK RING ONE OF THE TEMBLOR'S VICTIMS

Patrick Ring, an iron worker who was employed by the California Iron Works and who resided at 648 Mission street, was a victim of the earthquake. Bricks from a falling chimney fatally injured him.

SCENES OF HORROR ATTEND DESTRUCTION OF SAN JOSE

SAN JOSE, APRIL 19.—A CONSERVATIVE ESTIMATE PLACES THE NUMBER OF DEAD IN SAN JOSE AT THIRTY. IT IS KNOWN THAT THERE ARE BODIES BURIED IN THE RUINS WHICH THE RESCUERS HAVE NOT BEEN ABLE TO EXTRICATE.

THE CASES ALREADY REPORTED TO CORONER B. KELL FORM A LARGE LIST, AND SHOW THAT SAN JOSE, IN PROPORTION TO THE SIZE OF THE CITY, WAS ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL SUFFERERS FROM THE TREMBLOR.

A LIST OF THE DEAD, ADMITTEDLY INCOMPLETE, GIVES THE FOLLOWING NAMES:

- DR. WARREN DE CROW.
- MRS. CHARLES COSTA.
- PAUL FURRER OR FARRER.
- MRS. HARRIET BRANDON.
- MR. AND MRS. HALEY AND INFANT.
- MR. AND MRS. CORRIGAN OR KERRIGHAN, INFANT, AND TWO-YEAR-OLD CHILD, MABEL.
- AN UNIDENTIFIED GIRL.
- AN UNIDENTIFIED MAN.
- AN UNIDENTIFIED WOMAN.

WOMAN BELIEVED TO BE A MRS. EDWARDS.

THE CORRIGAN AND HALEY FAMILIES WERE CREMATED WHILE BURIED ALIVE IN THE WRECK OF THE EL MONTE HOUSE, 30 LOCUST STREET. THE BUILDING COLLAPSED DURING THE SHOCK, AND THE SEVEN PERSONS WERE CAUGHT IN A TRAP FORMED BY A CORNER OF THE BUILDING.

IN A FEW MOMENTS FLAMES HAD SPREAD OVER THE ENTIRE WRECKAGE OF THE FRAME BUILDING, MAKING IT EXTREMELY DIFFICULT TO REACH THE PRISONERS. THEIR AGONIZED CRIES COULD BE HEARD FOR BLOCKS, BUT BEFORE AID REACHED THEM THEY HAD PERISHED IN THE FLAMES. ALL THESE VICTIMS RECENTLY MOVED TO SAN JOSE FROM OAKLAND.

DR. WARREN DE CROW WAS KILLED IN THE PHELAN BUILDING, IN WHICH HE LIVED WITH HIS DAUGHTER. BOTH WERE BELIEVED TO BE ALIVE, BUT ENTOMBED, UNTIL RESCUE PARTIES REACHED THEM, WHEN IT WAS FOUND THAT DR. DE CROW HAD BEEN KILLED OUTRIGHT BY THE FALLING WRECKAGE.

MRS. CHARLES COSTA, WITH HER HUSBAND, WAS BURIED IN THE WRECKAGE OF THE ROOF OF THE HOTEL WHICH THEY CONDUCTED ON MARKET STREET. THE BED IN WHICH THE COUPLE WERE ASLEEP AT THE TIME OF THE DISASTER WAS BURIED IN PLASTER AND BRICKS, AND THE WOMAN WAS KILLED INSTANTLY. HER HUSBAND IS PROBABLY FATALLY INJURED.

BOTH THE LIVING AND THE DEAD HAD TO BE REMOVED FROM THEIR POSITION THROUGH A WINDOW AND CONVEYED ACROSS A WOODEN AWNING AND DOWN LADDERS TO THE STREET.

PAUL FURRER WAS THE FOREMAN OF AN ENGINE COMPANY, AND WHILE RESPONDING TO A CALL SOON AFTER THE SHOCK HE WAS STRUCK BY A FALLING BRICK. THE ACCIDENT OCCURRED WITHIN A FEW FEET OF THE ENGINE HOUSE.

MRS. HARRIET BRANDON IS THE MOTHER OF FRANK BRANDON, A PROMINENT POLITICIAN, WHO IS NOW IN SACRAMENTO.

THREE WERE KILLED OUTRIGHT AT THE COUNTY HOSPITAL.

SAN JOSE IN REIGN OF TERROR

SAN JOSE, April 19.—Within a few seconds the most terrible devastation ever known in Santa Clara county was wrought Wednesday morning by the terrific earthquake. There were but few buildings in San Jose left standing after the tremor had passed and many fires broke out before the startled and terrified inhabitants realized what had occurred. The dead number in this city alone at least twenty-five. The damage to property cannot be estimated, but it will surely run into the tens of millions.

At Agnews Insane Asylum, seven miles north of here, the buildings, massive and built of brick, were completely demolished, and between 150 and 200 inmates and attendants were crushed to death in the ruins. Three persons were killed at the County Hospital and Infirmary, a few miles south of the city limits, and throughout the county there have been casualties. On account of the manner in which the farm buildings are built and their isolation, the percentage of injured and dead in the less settled portions is lower than in the cities and towns. Buildings and houses of all descriptions in all parts of the country have been damaged or completely ruined, and there are thousands who have been rendered homeless by the greatest catastrophe in the history of the Pacific Coast. Every other business house is razed, and many homes also.

All wires, both telephone and telegraph, are down for miles in all directions, no communication can be had with other cities except by automobiles or other conveyances along the country roads, as the train service has been disrupted by the falling of many bridges. Late Wednesday afternoon there passed through Palo Alto a belated freight which left San Francisco at 2 o'clock that morning. From the reports of the trainmen on the country through which they passed, greatest fears are entertained for the safety of all those living between Palo Alto and San Francisco.

The wildest rumors concerning San Francisco were afloat in the town, but the arrival of a few travelers from the metropolis has confirmed what were considered to be the most absurd of the reports, and the true conditions of affairs in the city by the Golden Gate are now known to be much more terrible than was at first supposed. San Jose presents a pitiful sight. On every side are men, their faces grave and tense, endeavoring to reduce the awful conditions of chaos into order. Armed guards patrol the streets, which are roped off on every side, and hundreds of deputy sheriffs and special policemen hastily sworn in, are required to keep pedestrians and teams from entering the danger zones. There are scores of buildings which are in such a precarious condition that but a slight shock would, it is feared, send them hurtling to the streets, and the advent of another tremor would surely bring the already heavy lists of dead and wounded up to many times their present numbers.

The shock exerted the heaviest damage in the very heart of town. Whole blocks of brick buildings were torn to pieces, and are now either mere piles of brick and plaster, or tottering walls. Many of the older buildings, erected thirty or forty years ago, withstood the terrible rocking better than the more modern edifices.

The tremor occurred at exactly thirteen minutes after 5 o'clock. Had the

disaster come an hour or two later, the dead and maimed would doubtless number hundreds.

The central and business portions of the city have been practically deserted. By order of the police the stores remained closed throughout the day, although the grief and fright of the citizens almost rendered the edict unnecessary.

The hotels and lodging and boarding houses of the city were crowded with hundreds of delegates to the three conventions being held in the Garden City, and there was not an unoccupied room in any of the hostleries.

Commerce is at a standstill, owing to the lack of communication with the outside, and San Jose remains an isolated charnel house. There is little probability of the wires leading to other points being repaired for many days, and it is feared that at least a month will elapse before the systems will be in working order. Every available lineman and employe of the various companies was put to work within a few hours, but by evening they had not even succeeded in removing the broken wires from the poles. That the various power plants shut off the power as soon as the vastness of the calamity had been ascertained, prevented the electricity of scores of citizens. On every side there were dangling wires, and had they been allowed to remain alive, death would have reaped a still larger harvest.

At the latest accounts the dead reported to the coroner's office number seven, and this list is admittedly incomplete. It is believed that there are still many persons buried in the debris, and while some of them may be alive, it is improbable. The fires which have been raging through the city all day are not yet entirely extinguished. It has so far been impossible to ascertain all those who have been injured, but it is known that all the hospitals of the city are crowded with the maimed and hurt, and how many of them will survive it is impossible to say.

The newspaper plants are disabled, and with great difficulty the two evening papers, the "News" and the "Herald" have succeeded in issuing small editions of posters.

The total damage and loss of life will never be definitely ascertained, and it will be days before it can even be approximated.

THIEVES ARE ACTIVE IN SAN JOSE.

SAN JOSE, April 18.—Many of the principal buildings of the city are in ruins; all are damaged. The clock tower of the postoffice a handsome sandstone building erected 14 years ago, fell, demolishing most of the roof of the edifice. The High School is a mass of ruins, and many of the lower schools throughout the city are badly damaged. The State Normal School was severely affected, but is not ruined. The back of the St. Claire Club building fell out. This edifice is considered one of the best examples of Mission architecture in California, and is situated on St. James Square. The Elks building on West Santa Clara collapsed, and the Court House, the Hall of Records and the Hall of Justice, which was to have been opened May 15th, were badly injured. At Ninth and Church collapsed, and the steeple of the First Presbyterian Church fell. Many residences through the town were demolished or damaged. The Native Sons' building fell, crushing a mother and child. The woman will live. Only one, it is believed, was killed—Thomas O'Toole. St. Patrick's Church at Ninth and Church fell. Many residences through the town were demolished or damaged. The Native Sons' child. The woman will live.

One of those removed from the Vendome was A. C. Kuhn, a prominent fruit man. Although badly injured, he is expected to recover. Fully forty others were caught in the trap.

O. A. Hale's store on Second street is a mass of ruins and every restaurant in town is closed.

Early in the day Mayor Worwick gathered all city officials in the City

OVER 100 PEOPLE KILLED AT AGNEWS

SAN JOSE, April 18.—Over 100 inmates and many attendants were crushed to death at the State Insane Asylum at Agnews when the huge five-story buildings collapsed. Scores of the demented escaped from the boundaries of the institution and are wandering, many of them half clad, about the surrounding country. The exact number of killed will probably never be known, and it is doubted if all who have escaped will be captured.

There were 1,088 patients in the buildings. When the edifices began to rock to and fro the scene among the patients was one which has never been seen in an asylum. The shrieks and terrified outcries of the idiots were pitiable, and their frantic gony made them intractable. The cells in which the most violent were confined were the first to be affected, as they were situated upon the upper floors. As the walls cracked and rocked the metal incement gave way and the raging lunatics rushed hither and thither, fighting among themselves and their attendants during the few moments before the crash came.

Then with a roar that could be heard for miles the enormous piles fell. Scores were imprisoned in the debris, and the moans of the dying were terrible. To add to the horror of the station many lunatics broke away as soon as they reached the ground, and before the attendants could cope with the situation they had escaped.

Others, terrified by the phenomena, became wild and rushed to and fro, attacking every one who came in their path. Great

difficultly was experienced in subduing the ferocious madmen, and it was not until they had been subjugated that the work of rescuing the entombed and caring for the injured could proceed.

The administration building, the principal edifice, was completely demolished. The walls were torn apart by the force of the shock and fell, the roof crushing in those who were sleeping in the building.

The outer buildings, most of which were used as infirmaries, collapsed. They were of the Mission style of architecture and did not withstand the tremor. The invalids and nurses were caught in the debris and had to be chopped out of their precarious positions. Fortunately fire did not break out.

Word was sent to San Jose and in a short while Sheriff Ross had twenty deputies on the way to the asylum in autos. The students of Santa Clara College rushed to the devastated institution and worked for hours, gallantly risking their lives whenever it was necessary. Their aid was invaluable.

The scenes of the dead and dying were removed from the wreckage were terrible. The vast lawns were covered with sheeted bodies and long rows of bleeding and crushed men and women. In their terror the hurt lunatics gibbered horribly, and the entire scene was ghastly.

Among the dead were many officials. Dr. Kelly, chief of the female department, and his wife occupied a room on the highest floor. Both were crushed to death by the enormous weight of the roof. Their bodies were not recovered for several hours. Dr. Lillian Dell was internally injured by the falling debris and died shortly after aid reached her. Many nurses were killed, and still more numerous were the injured. The latter, however, heroically devoted themselves to the hurt among the inmates before thinking of their own hurts. A partial list of the nurses believed to be dead is: Miss A. M. Leete, Mrs. A. Thayne, Mrs. C. A. Walker, Miss M. Fuinell, John Lynch, H. A. Braden, superintendent of the male ward; Miss L. M. Holmes, Miss C. Mason, Miss Burnett.

Many fathers from Santa Clara College, as well as other priests from San Jose, hastened to the scene to minister to the dying.

The buildings will have to be torn down, as they are completely wrecked. The loss in property alone is estimated at between one and two millions of dollars.

The inmates are being cared for in tents and improvised hospitals upon the grounds, and a strong guard surrounds the institution.

are Springer and Henoclot, were killed outright by falling debris, and fully twenty of the inmates and attendants were injured, seven of them seriously. The buildings are reported to be completely demolished.

MARSHAL LAW PREVAILS.

OAKLAND, April 19.—Governor Pardee, Mayor Mott and Chief of Police Wilson held several conferences in the City Hall this afternoon to arrange for the policing of this city, and for the aid of the fire refugees who are crowding into this city by the thousands. Governor Pardee has called out the local militia, who are patrolling the streets and are assisting the police in keeping order. Governor Pardee also sent orders to the militia stationed at Chico and Stockton, ordering them to come to San Francisco to assist the troops from the Presidio there.

A company of State militia was also ordered to San Jose. The Governor has received word from Chico, Sacramento, Vallejo and other towns up the State, supplies which have been sent to this city and San Francisco by fast freight. Governor Pardee has sent word throughout the State asking for supplies to be sent here. Chief Wilson has sworn in every available man as special officer to aid in the protection of the refugees. It is estimated that ten thousand Chinese will be in the city this evening and a very careful guard will need to be kept for these. Many of the Chinese women and children are being housed in vacant buildings about the city. Chief Wilson has detailed a special officer for each house in which the Chinese are.

Governor Pardee and Mayor Mott were kept busy this afternoon issuing passes to San Franciscans who came over here and were compelled to return to their families to protect them. Some came here to buy provisions and these found that they could not return to the stricken city without a pass from the Governor. Bankers, capitalists and men who were away from the city when the dis-

aster occurred yesterday, were held up here when they attempted to go in search for their relatives, wives and children. These, too, sought the Governor, who issued passes to them.

INSURANCE MEN TO MEET.

OAKLAND, April 19.—The Pacific Coast managers of the fire insurance companies which have policies on property destroyed in the fire in San Francisco, will meet to-morrow morning in this city at Reed Hall, Thirteenth and Harrison streets. The matter of adjusting and paying the claims which will settle all losses in full and will waive the exception clauses which are in the policies, and which would relieve them from all responsibility.

Insurance Commissioner Myron Wolf was assured by the underwriters of San Francisco that their companies stood ready to waive all exemption clauses. He stated that the underwriters assured him, although the terrible disaster is the work of God, which is the first of the three exemption clauses, the insurance companies would stand by the city and waive all claims.

TEARING DOWN BUILDINGS.

OAKLAND, April 19.—Measures for tearing down the damaged buildings which are endangering the lives of pedestrians, were taken this morning by Mayor Mott. City Attorney McElroy, City Engineer Turner and Superintendent of Streets Ott. At a conference it was deemed best to tear down the fronts of the following buildings: Abrahamson block, Thirteenth and Washington streets.

First Baptist Church, Twenty-second street and Telegraph avenue. The Brothers' building, Twelfth street. It was proposed to remove the tower from the First Unitarian Church at Fourteenth and Castro streets. The walls of all these buildings are overhanging the sidewalks and are endangering the lives of people who pass. The owners will be instructed to tear them down at once.

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LIST OF DEAD AT SAN JOSE

SAN JOSE, April 19.—An incomplete list of the dead in San Jose alone numbers 23. The names are:

- MR. AND MRS. BERT HALEY;
- MABEL HALEY, a girl of two, and her infant, who were killed in this city from Oakland Tuesday.
- MR. AND MRS. CORRIGAN OR KERRIGAN, and infant.
- MRS. CHARLES COSTA, 119 North Market street.
- MRS. CLAUDE EVERETT, 241 Divisadero street.
- PAUL FARRER, 208 South First.
- DR. WARREN DE CROW, Phelan Building.
- MRS. HELEN BRANDON, 21 South First street.
- MRS. WARDEN, South Second street.
- HIGHERA, infant, 135 South Third street.
- UNIDENTIFIED MAN, 135 South Third street.
- UNIDENTIFIED GIRL.
- THOMAS O'TOOLE, Hotel Vendome.
- A WOMAN BELIEVED TO BE MRS. EDWARDS.
- MRS. WARDEN, man and wife, killed in bed by falling bricks in a house in Chinatown.
- DELIA MARGUARDE, 18 South Third street.
- MAUVAIN, capitalist, 50 Stockton avenue.
- J. FERGOUSON, a bartender, who arrived in this city from Oakland Tuesday. He was killed in the wreck of the houses extending from 70 to 78 South Market street.

Those who are engaged in the rescue work declare that they expect to recover more bodies to-night and to-morrow. The majority of the victims were either struck by falling bricks or buried and crushed in the debris.

The Halley and the Corrigan were entombed alive in the wreck of the El Monte Hotel on Locust street, and were slowly cremated in the flames which spread among the debris. Mrs. Costa, with her husband, conducted a rooming house on Market street. When the tremor rocked the building, the plaster and bricks of the roof completely buried the couple in their bed.

The woman was killed almost instantly and the man is believed to be dying. The maimed and dead were removed from their room through a window, across a wooden awning, and thence to the street by means of ladders. The entire roof of the house fell in, piling the debris four feet high upon the floor of the upper story.

Thomas O'Toole was a prominent capitalist who owned a ranch near Mountain Hill in partnership with Clement Arques. He was imprisoned in the annex of the Vendome Hotel and expired before help reached him.

Paul Farrer, or Furrer, was foreman of a fire department truck. Shortly after the quake had subsided, while running out of the house in charge of his apparatus which was answering a call, he was struck by a falling brick and knocked from his place. When picked up he was dead.

Mrs. Brandon is the mother of Frank Brandon, a prominent politician who is now in Sacramento.

CAPITAL CITY SENDS FOOD TO THE HUNGRY

SACRAMENTO, April 18.—Governor Pardee this afternoon made the announcement that he had declared to-morrow, Friday, a legal holiday. Today had been declared a legal holiday and it was observed as such by the banks, state, county and city offices.

The Governor to-day received a telegram for United States Senator Flint asking what Congress could do to help San Francisco. The Governor made the recommendation that Congress be urged to at once appropriate sufficient money to restore the Federal buildings. Some had been entirely destroyed and others badly damaged by the earthquake. The citizens of Sacramento at an impromptu meeting on the steps of the courthouse this morning raised \$50,000 in twenty minutes for the relief of San Francisco earthquake sufferers. Boats were started immediately with provisions and other supplies for the stricken city. Boats will be sent every day until all suffering has been alleviated.

WRECK OF CITY'S BUILDINGS AWFUL

FRED J. HEWITT.

TENNESSE HEADQUARTERS (Presidio), April 19.—No story will ever be written that will tell the awfulness of the thirty-six hours following the terrible earthquake. No pen of the most powerful description the world ever saw could ever place on paper the impressions of any one of the hundreds of thousands who felt the mighty tremble. No pen can ever record the sufferings of those who were crushed to death or buried in the ruins that encompassed them in an instant after 5:13 o'clock Wednesday morning.

It is just possible that the most dramatic point in San Francisco was that terrible rumble began was in the immediate vicinity of that imposing pile, San Francisco City Hall, that structure that cost millions upon millions to erect and years of labor to accomplish.

I was within a stone's throw of that City Hall when the hand of an avenging God fell upon San Francisco. The ground rose and fell like an ocean at ebb tide. Then came the crash. Tons upon tons upon tons of that mighty pile slid away from the steel framework and the destructiveness of that effort was terrific.

I had just reached Golden Gate avenue and Larkin street, and had tarried a moment to converse with a couple of policemen. With me were two local newspaper men. We had just bid good-bye to the officers, who proceeded down Larkin street to the City Hall Station. They had gotten midway in the block when that crash came.

I saw those policemen enveloped in a shower of falling stone. Their lives must have been blotted out in an instant.

"Keep the middle of the street, Mac," I shouted to one of my friends. "That is the only avenue of escape," returned he.

We staggered over the bitumen.

It is impossible to judge the length of that shock. To me it seemed an eternity. I was thrown prone on my back and the pavement pulsed like a living thing. Around me the huge buildings, looming up more terrible because of the queer dance they were performing, wobbled and veered. Crash followed crash and resounded on all sides. Screches rent the air as terrified humanity streamed out into the open in an agony of despair. Afrightened horses dashed headlong into ruin as they raced away in their abject fear.

Then there was a lull. The most terrible was yet to come. The first portion of that shock was just a mild forerunner of what was to follow. The pause in the action of the earth's surface couldn't have been more than a fraction of a second. It was sufficient, however, to allow me to collect myself. In the center of two streets I arose to my feet. Then came the second and more terrific crash.

The street beds heaved in frightful fashion. The earth rocked and then came the blow that wrecked San Francisco from bay shore to ocean beach and from the Golden Gate to the end of the peninsula.

As if in sympathy for its immediate neighbor, the old Supreme Court building danced a frivolous frolic and then tumbled into the street. Beneath that ruin of stone and brick were buried the bluecoated guardians of the police to whom I had been talking a few minutes before. That few minutes, however, seemed to me a century.

That second upheaval was heartrending. It made me think of loved ones in different portions of the country. It turned my stomach, gave me a heart-ache that I will never forget, and caused me to sink upon my knees and pray to the Almighty God that me and mine should escape the awful fate I knew was coming to so many thousands.

Down Golden Gate avenue the houses commenced again their fantastic, orgiastic dancing. One long line of frame buildings tottered a moment and then, just as a score or more of terror-stricken, white-shirted humans tried to reach the open, it laid flat. The cries of those who must have perished reached my ears, and I hope that never again this side of the grave will I hear such signals of agony.

I turned about from that point of view to shut out the terrible sight, but what went on on all sides seemed to be just a repetition of what had already witnessed. Looking up Golden Gate avenue I saw tons and tons of brick and stone coping pole for a fraction of a second on beam end and then plunge into the street below. Then it was that the idea flashed through my mind that God is merciful. What would have been the loss of life had the Almighty allowed that earthquake to occur in midday?

Suddenly, as sharply and as abruptly as it had begun, the end of the temblor came. Ruin endeavored, it seemed, to outdo ruin. A world of structural work found resting place on mother earth. Bent steel girders and huge blocks of decorative stones made their sleeping place beside all this.

A cloud of deep dust hung tenaciously about the City Hall. I realized that there something dreadful had happened. I peered into the cloud, but I could not see even a mark of that building. And as I waited the dust began to settle. First showed the steel shaft on which had for so long floated the country's flag. Imbedded in a ton of steel block, the entire mass had shifted many feet, but still maintained its position atop that pile of structural steel. As the wind carried the dust away and uncovered the ruins there stood a mountain shrouded of all its crowning glory. It could be fittingly compared with a mountain that had passed through a forest fire.

The dome appeared like a huge bird-cage against the morning dawn. The upper works of the dome bulging late peacefully—if that term can be used—in the street below. I thought of those guardians of law and order whose headquarters are in the basement of the hall on the McAllister and Larkin streets corner, and wondered if the sergeants and office men on duty had escaped. I thought of the patients in the Central Emergency Hospital and the physicians there, all of whom I knew from personal contact, and whom I had learned to respect and cleveness, but because of their usefulness to me in my capacity as a newsgetter. I wondered if they had escaped death as they stood by to help the injured that might have been brought to them.

After I had drawn myself together I found my way to my home, where, thank God, the wreck had not been as complete as many others I had witnessed. Then it was that I realized the condition of

MAP OF THE RUINED DISTRICT



The area destroyed includes practically the entire city. Every important building has been destroyed, every historic one. The Mission Dolores is gone. Starting with the Southern Pacific Depot, an irregular line drawn to San Bruno road, thence to Bryant and Twenty-fifth streets, and then almost due north to Fort Mason, roughly marks the district in which there is not a house standing. The homes of 350,000 people have been annihilated.

MAYOR MOTT ASKS OAKLAND STOREKEEPERS TO BE REASONABLE

OAKLAND, Cal., April 19, 1906.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

The City Government requests that lodgings and food supplies be offered for sale at usual rates, notwithstanding present calamity.

An especial appeal is made to hotels, lodging houses, grocers, butchers, restaurant keepers and sellers of breadstuffs and supplies.

In the event of exorbitant prices for lodgings or food supplies being demanded, the Military Authorities will be given power under proper direction to take into possession said lodgings or supplies—compensation for same to be determined later by the Courts.

THIS IS IMPORTANT.

FRANK K. MOTT,
Mayor of the City of Oakland.

an excited crazed populace. Herds of huddled creatures, attired in next to nothing, occupied the center of the streets, not knowing what would happen next or which way they should turn for safety. Each and every person I saw was temporarily insane. Laughing idiots commented on the fun they were having. Terror marked their faces, and yet their voices indicated a certain enjoyment that maniacs have when they kill and gloat over their prey. Women, hysterical to an extreme point, cried and raved for those they loved when they were standing at their elbow. Mothers searched madly for their children who had strayed, while little ones waited for their protectors. It was bedlam.

Strong men bellowed like babies in their furor. All humanity within eyesight was suffering from palsy. No one knew which way to turn, when on all sides of them destruction stared them in the very eye. A number of slight tremors followed the first seven series of shocks. As each came in turn fearful agony spread over the countenances of the afflicted ones. Terror stamped its mark on every brow.

Then an unnatural light dimmed the rising sun and the word went forth from every throat:

"The city is ablaze. We will all be

TO MEMBERS OF "THE EXAMINER" STAFF:

ALL MEMBERS OF "THE EXAMINER" STAFF ARE REQUESTED TO REPORT FOR DUTY AT ONCE AT THE OFFICE OF THE OAKLAND "TRIBUNE," EIGHTH STREET, NEAR BROADWAY, OAKLAND. PASSES TO OAKLAND MAY BE OBTAINED BY APPLYING TO BOATMAN CROWLEY, AT CROWLEY'S BOATHOUSE, MEIGG'S WHARF.

MANY PLAN REBUILDING.

OAKLAND, April 19.—The millionaires of San Francisco, that was, are already planning for the rebuilding of the city. From the smoldering ruins of the city, while large portions are still a mass of flames, is to spring a new city, a grander city, a more beautiful city than has just been destroyed. The Hellman, bankers and capitalists, called upon Governor Pardee this afternoon at the City Hall here and informed him that they had already sent a telegram to New York for

\$5,000,000. This amount of money will be here in a few days ready for the work of the rebuilding of San Francisco.

Other rich men of the ruined city who have yet confidence in the site as a place for the metropolis of the Pacific Coast, have acclaimed their intentions to begin forthwith the work of rebuilding the large business blocks which have just been laid in ashes. Where heretofore people wandered about in an insane fashion. There was no attempt at concerted action to hold the sufferers. People were stupefied. And meanwhile the fire burned and burned.

L. K. Hellman, Jr., to-day said: "We have to-day telegraphed to New York for \$5,000,000. We informed Governor Pardee of our intention to forthwith begin the rebuilding of the city."

Personal.

William Pickett, John R. Atken, Mrs. L. Heaney communicate with J. A. Connor, care OAKLAND TRIBUNE.

WAS C. A. COOPER BURNED TO DEATH?

In the heart of the ruined business section of San Francisco early yesterday morning a charred corpse was found beneath the debris of 130 Market Street, burned beyond recognition. But inside the burned coat was a card, slightly scorched, but plainly bearing the name C. A. Cooper.

The man himself was burned, his clothes were burned, the entire building was thoroughly consumed, yet there remained this one, thin card to tell the grim tale to some wife or some friend.

The corpse was dressed in clothes which, though burned to ashes, kept their shape and color well enough to show that their owner had been a business man of good circumstances. There was no place to take the body to so it was left in the street.

The throng that fled down the street between the tottering ruins looked upon it as passively as they did the bricks and stones beside it. But one woman of the many who passed was stricken with grief when she saw it. She stooped down and covered the face with a pure white handkerchief, and then hurried on.

BANKERS TO MEET IN OAKLAND TO-DAY

OAKLAND, April 19.—Headquarters have been opened by the Bank Commission of the State at room 221 of the Syndicate Building, Broadway near Fourteenth Street. C. H. Duns-moor, president, and J. Cal Ewing, secretary, will meet all bankers of the State there to adjust the money situation.

ALL CHEER OLD GLORY

For one hour and forty minutes the flag of the Palace Hotel dodged the fire that sprang up through the roof and endeavored to consume it.

But Old Glory waved on while the flames danced high, and the awful spectacle of the burning building was in progress.

The flag floated from the pole of the Market-street side of the hotel and as soon as it was spied by the crowd on Nob Hill, who were looking at the cracking building, the cry went up: "Three cheers for the red, white and blue!"

From that time interest in the scene was divided between the flagging fire in the hotel and the gentle flapping back and forth of the canvas on the big white pole.

At times the flames caught the hem of the emblem, giving it the appearance of a fiery fringe. But when on for over an hour the flames surpassed that of the breeze and an instant the flag disappeared. The blackened, tottering pole was left to tell the weird story.

150 ST. MARY'S PATIENTS SAFE

OAKLAND, April 19.—Resting on the decks and in the cabin of the steamer Motoc, now lying at the foot of Broadway, in the estuary, are the 150 patients of St. Mary's Hospital in San Francisco.

The transfer of the pain-racked and badly frightened patients from the hospital to the steamer was made under the direction of a number of physicians, trained nurses and Sisters of Mercy in a little less than two hours yesterday afternoon and the trip across the bay was made without accident. The knowledge that they were leaving the doomed city apparently acted like a tonic on the patients for they were all in fine spirits when the steamer reached the Broadway pier at 7 o'clock last night.

The officials and physicians expected to find lodging for these patients here in Oakland, but when they reached here and found the city already overcrowded they determined to retain their quarters on the boat. As a result the steamer Motoc will continue to be the floating home of St. Mary's patients for an indefinite period of time.

Food blankets and kindred supplies are needed and all contributions from the people of Oakland will be accepted and appreciated by the directors of St. Mary's Hospital.

WANT WIFE AND BABIES.

A. Enkel, a prominent Los Angeles, is in Oakland diligently searching for his wife and children. At the time of the outbreak of the fire in San Francisco, Mrs. Enkel was visiting in this city. Since the influx of refugees into Oakland, her name has been lost in the compiled lists and a search in every corner of that city and also in San Francisco has failed to locate her. Mr. Enkel is desirous that she leave her address at the Owl Drug Company's store in Oakland.