

SAN FRANCISCANS OWE MUCH TO THE KHAKI-CLAD REGULARS

SAVED LIVES OF THOUSANDS AND MUCH PROPERTY

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

(Special Correspondence.)

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



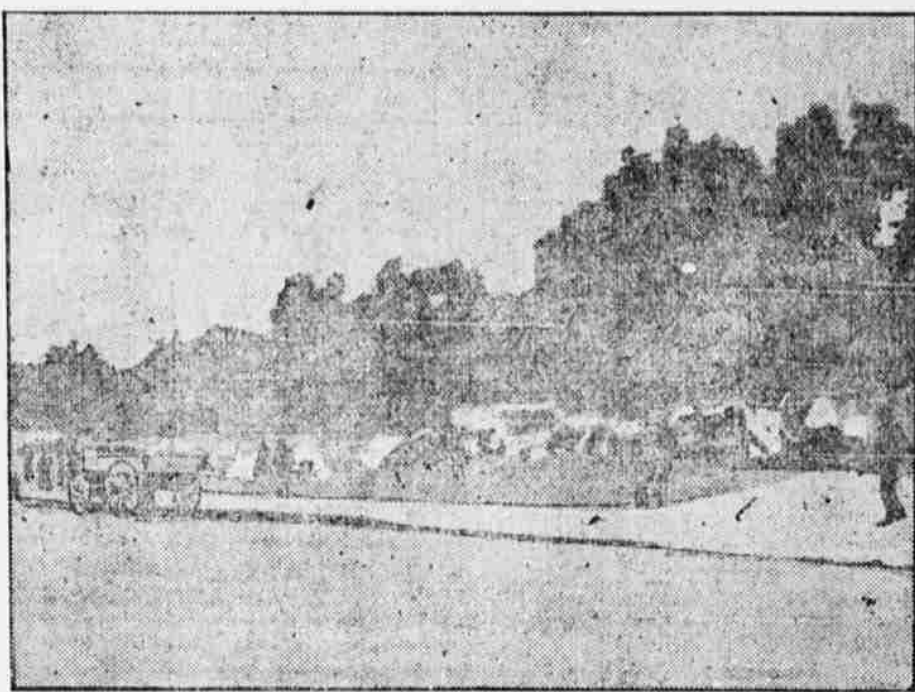
Guardian of City.

Earthquake shock and fire! What possibilities of horror and despair the thought of these two phenomena contains! Let one imagine himself standing at a vantage point amid the falling

the impossible attempt to rescue belongings. Example is contagious, and it was necessary to keep fire-mad folk out of the area of destruction. This is not proper or possible to leave it to their option whether or not to put their lives in jeopardy. The cashier of a bank attempted to enter the tottering, smouldering ruins of his institution to secure some papers. The sentinel halted him and forbade him to pass. He refused to obey, ran by the sentry, and was shot. It seems cruel, but such incidents restrained others—perhaps many—and thereby prevented loss of life. Hence it was humanity. In a short time the panic-stricken learned that martial law was inflexible, but kind; that the hand of federal authority was stretched out to soothe and relieve, not to smite; that above all one must halt when the man with the rifle on his shoulder said "Halt!"

Within a few minutes of the time that the troop of cavalry deployed in front of the Palace hotel several companies of regular infantry, armed with axes, for service as pioneers, arrived in the business district. The presence of these grim, inflexible regulars was to the affrighted populace like a cool hand upon the brow of a fever patient. It helped calm the panic of the people to see the soldiers facing the fire as if it were a human foe, directing the movements of the refugees and bringing order out of chaos. What does not San Francisco and the United States owe to the army for its work during the fire? Had there been no trained body of fighting men, disciplined to obey orders implicitly, yet discriminatingly and with common sense, to put duty before everything, even before life itself, there would have been a

There has been unlimited criticism of the national guardsmen and they have been compared unfavorably with their regular comrades. This is not altogether fair. The California national guardsmen have the making of splendid soldiers. They are not veterans now, and it would take a long campaign to make them so. They were gathered up from the farm, the workshop, mill, office and university, and pushed into the smoke and confusion under conditions more trying than battle, and told to be as steady and show as ripe judgment as the regulars. Like young recruits on outpost in a lonely land, there were times when the temptation to hear the sound of their own rifles was greater than they could withstand. Most of the stories of wanton shooting on the part of any of the troops proved, however, on being run down, to have originated in the superheated imagination of somebody unused to the severity of military regime. It is a shock to a free, self-governing American city to suddenly see all law, all government, concentrated in the person of a young man with a magazine rifle, pacing across the street, stopping vehicles, pedestrians, civil officials, and all, and directing the coming and going of all classes with irrefragable authority. It gives the average citizen a peculiar and perhaps not altogether an agreeable sensation to have this young man shout "Fall in there, you, with the working squad," and be made to contribute his services for half a day or more to the general good, unremunerated. A bank president's son does not like to be directed by a mill hand with a gun to take a broom and clean up the debris of a brick building with a coal shovel.



One of the Refugee Camps.

ashes and smothering smoke of perishing Pompeii or Herculaneum. Let him imagine the tide of refugees, stripped of all human attributes but the primal instinct of self-preservation, madly hurrying along the avenues of their doomed city, ferociously struggling with each other to make their way through the narrow streets. Then imagine the jostling mass suddenly cleft by a column of khaki-clad troopers, blue-shirted sentinels hung out on every corner, skirmish lines intercepting with bayonets the human tide to keep it from flowing down the most perilous streets and byways. Think of the United States army, through its signal corps, its quartermaster department and medical service, rushing the frantic Pompeiians, in tugs, launches, ferry-boats, automobiles, escort wagons, Doughertys and ambulances, out from the smother and foul gases, away from the tottering walls, the burying ash, into the green, undevastated fields of the countryside, across friendly arms of the sea, keeping up the Samaritan work, day and night, until, after a week of such battle as even the defenders of Badajoz might be proud of, the soldiers, who had never changed their clothes, never unlaced their leggings during the whole terrible time, hardly had snatched one hour's sleep in 48 or stopped even to wipe the sweat from their grimy faces, saw old Vesuvius stand smoking in sullen, malignant but futile wrath, chanted of all but a few hundred—perhaps a thousand—victims, instead of the tens of thousands whom the demon of the earth caverns had hoped to claim. Imagine not only this, but the American forces, by desperate feats of dynamiting imperiled palaces and blowing down menaced villas, checking the onward rush of conflagration, and finally defeating parent Nature in her work of destroying her children. Let one picture all this to himself, and then, with a slight change in the setting of the scene he will have an adequate idea of how the United States regulars fought to save the people of San Francisco and the remnant of their city.

The shocks began to heave the foundations of the city at precisely 5:13 on the morning of April 18. It was 131 years ago that night that Paul Revere started on his ride that roused the minute men of Sandy Middlesex. Longfellow was a prophet when he wrote:

"In hour of darkness and peril and need the people shall waken, and listen to hear The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed, and the midnight message of Paul Revere."

Soldiers' Presence a Blessing.

It was a Godsend to the people of San Francisco that 4,000 soldiers were quartered at the Presidio, so near at hand. No human police force, of any city, no matter how brave and efficient its personnel, how splendid its discipline and organization, could have coped alone with such a situation. The work of ghouls and looters had to be anticipated and reckoned with. Before the day of disaster had grown hardly three hours older plunderers and despoilers of the dead met sudden death at the hands of the soldiers. No questions were asked, no chance for an explanation were given. Judgment was grim and summary. It was only by resolute sternness that loss of life could be curtailed. People would rush into the very core of fire in



Requisitioned for Work.

A salesman traveling out of San Francisco returned immediately upon hearing of the catastrophe, to succor his aged parents. He found their home destroyed, the family vanished. Frantically he searched the crowds packed in the parks and vacant lots. Suddenly a soldier in one of the streets barred his way.

"Fight fire!"

"I can't! I am searching for my aged parents. They have disappeared."

"Fight fire!" was the still sterner mandate. Again the searcher pleaded. The sentry lowered his gun and the breach-bolt sniggered menacingly.

"Fight fire!"

"O, yes, I'll fight fire, willingly!" exclaimed the exhausted man, and for 48 hours he worked with the firemen, volunteers and "involunteers." If one may coin the word, snatching a moment's repose beneath the trucks when the work lagged. After two days, with a crowd of fellow workers, he was released. Somebody who knew of his mission suggested that his folks might have been taken to Oakland by the authorities. He started to the ferry. By the time the Oakland mole was neared he fought his way to the bow of the boat. The instant before the gate was raised he looked beside him. There in the press at his elbow stood his aged father and mother, hand in hand. The soldier who stopped him to fight fire had been the means of his finding his parents.

ALDICE GOULD EAMES.

The New Mystery of THE MAN IN THE MASK THAT PUZZLES PARIS

Gay and jaded Paris has a new sensation. Weary of great crimes and tangled political plots, the gossips of the French capital are busy with the mystery concerning the identity of the Man in the Mask.

Handsome and apparently wealthy, the natural inference is to set him down as a notoriety seeker, but this is not enough for Paris.

Who is he, and why does he fear the recognition of the world? No one has yet been able to satisfy the Parisians on either of these points.

His First Appearance.
The Man in the Mask appeared first about two months ago. Tall, slender and graceful, garbed in the most modish of evening clothes, he appeared in the fashionable Maison Doree, in the Boulevard des Italiens. At first glance there seemed nothing strange in his appearance, but on closer inspection it was seen that drawn tightly across the upper part of his face, and fitting the shape of his features,



The Man in the Mask.

revealing, yet concealing them, was a silken or eel skin mask.

From the near-by tables it could be seen that he was disguised, but from any greater distance the mask was not noticeable.

Some smiled, thinking he had dropped in on his way to a masked ball, and but little attention was paid to him. A detective who noticed him gave him a little thought, then dismissed any suspicions he might have had.

The man dined well, handed the waiter a liberal fee, strolled out into the boulevard, and walked away.

The next appearance of the mask was at the Comedie, where he was in one of the premiere loges. The fact that he was masked attracted considerable comment among those near enough to detect the half transparent pigment drawn across the handsome face. It attracted so much attention that one of the house detectives approached his seat and spoke to him. The man made a slight gesture of annoyance and dissent, and continued to watch the performance.

Sworn Never to Unmask.
The little scene was witnessed by scores, and the next day the mystery of the man in the mask began to take shape. He appeared that day walking on the Boulevard Poissonnerie late in the evening, and later he appeared in the Cafe de Paris, behind the opera.

Really, it was there that he became a mystery. A crowd of merry-makers, noticing the mask, called to him, and without hesitation he joined them, seating himself at the table with them and drinking wine. His speech and manner indicated high breeding and refined manners. If he knew any of the party, he concealed the fact, and when they, after some time, spoke jestingly of the mask, he appeared slightly annoyed.

"Take it off, let us see your face," remarked one.

"I have sworn never again to unmask," he replied, quietly.

That remark, the only one so far as is known that he ever has condescended to make concerning the mask, made him in a moment one of the most interesting features of Paris. The remark was repeated everywhere, and one of the journals printed something about him.

All Paris Talks of Him.
From that evening he was famous. Everyone in Paris, that is, all who frequent the boulevards, the theaters, music halls, or restaurants, talked of him and wondered who he was and why he wore the mask. He went everywhere openly and without seeking anything in particular. He evidently loves art, for frequently his afternoon strolls are through the galleries. Always he is plentifully supplied with money—yet no one ever has seen him in a bank.

Effort after effort was made by curious ones to trace him to his place of residence. The very freedom with which he entered apartment buildings, hotels, and other public places protected him from the shadows. Apparently totally unconscious of the fact that he was being followed, he always disappeared suddenly from the view of the person who was striving to trace

him—and was seen no more until the next day.

There was just one clew which for a time promised to reveal to the curious ones something tangible regarding him—that was the fact that he generally appeared to the public gaze coming from the Rue de l'Echelle into the Rue de Rivoli, a short distance from the Palais Royal and the Tuilleries. Once he was seen to turn from the Rue Saint Honore into the Rue de l'Echelle—a short half block from the place he usually appears in the Rivoli. But beyond that he never has been traced.

Some declare that he slips on the mask while walking along the street, and that, when he wants to disappear and elude pursuers, all he has to do is to take off the mask and walk past them unconcernedly.

They declare their belief that his statement that he never would remove the mask was a mere pretense.

Greater Mystery Than Ever.
A short time ago three young men, sitting with a party of actresses in a boulevard cafe, drinking wine, saw the Man in the Mask stroll out and they pledged themselves in a cup of wine to follow him and unmask him.

He walked down the Boulevard Beaumarchais, closely followed by the trio of young men. He turned to the left into the Rue St. Claude, with the men pressing close behind him. The man seemed absolutely ignorant of the fact that he was being shadowed, and walked leisurely, playing with a glove that he carried in his hand.

About that time a sergeant of police, in citizen's clothes, observed the odd procession, and, noticing the suspicious actions of the three young men, fell into the shadowing game to see what was happening.

Directly in front of the Church of St. Denis du Saint Sacrement, in the Rue de Turenne, the three men sprang forward and grappled with the Man in the Mask. Two pinioned his arms be-

hind him while the other, with a quick motion, reached for the mask to tear it from the man's face. Twice his fingers clutched at the mask, then, just as the sergeant sprang forward, the man fell back as if frightened, and stood staring in astonishment at the masked one.

The man in the mask smiled slightly. The other assailants, when the sergeant grabbed them, released the man and all three of the young roisters were placed under arrest.

Seems to Become Invisible.
As usual, the victim of the assault was requested to accompany the arresting officer and enter complaint against his assailants. He bowed his acquiescence to the officer, and an instant later had disappeared as if off the earth—leaving the officer and the three prisoners standing dumb with astonishment.

The roisters were released on payment of a nominal fine, and then the one who attempted to tear the mask from the face of the mystery told to his friends of the cafes and concert halls the strangest thing of all. He declared that the mask was no mask—but part of the face of the man. He vowed that either some thin material had been pasted to the skin, or that the mask was a strip of skin itself, colored with some pigment.

Effort after effort has been made since then to solve the mystery, but with no success. The mystery of the Man in the Mask continues to stir the jaded sensations of Paris.



From That Evening He Was Famous.

errands for an old gentleman next door who never paid him except in effusive thanks. He had just returned from the third errand one morning, and the old gentleman, patting him on the head, said:

"Robbie, I am very much obliged to you. You're a fine little fellow. Thank you, my boy, thank you."

Robbie looked up in his face wistfully, and apologetically replied: "Mr. Jones, you don't know how I wish I could thank you for something."—Harper's Magazine.

INTERESTING INSCRIPTION.
County Cork Monument Bears Tribute to First Steamship Navigator of Atlantic Ocean.

The following is a copy of an inscription made from a monument erected in the churchyard of his native parish the marriage and premature

Honeyed Rebuke. Robbie was in the habit of running



Fell Back as if Frightened.

Stella—Is she legally divorced in every state?
Belle—Certainly; she got one in each.—N. Y. Sun.

Must Be. "What do you know about Sanskrit?" "I don't know a thing; they must be a new family in the neighborhood."—Houston Post.