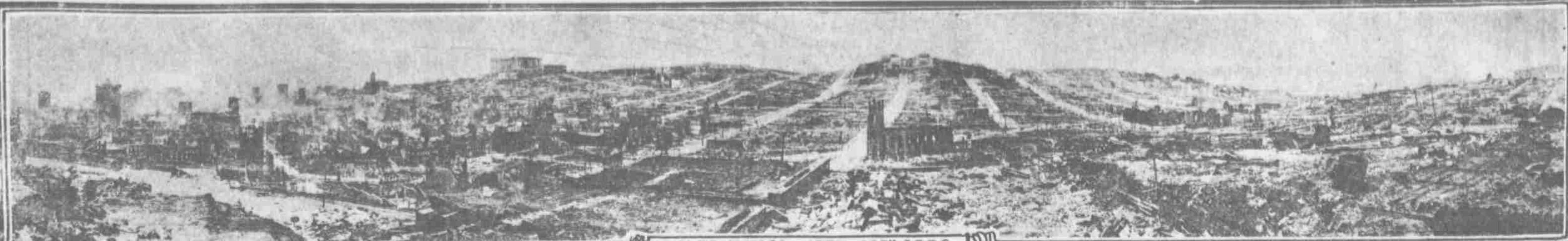


# San Francisco Raises Vast Sum of Money for Big Fair



SAN FRANCISCO - APRIL 25TH 1906



SAN FRANCISCO TODAY

**BY HAMILTON WRIGHT.**  
**SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 29.**—Although the great fire of 1906 placed San Francisco on the wrong side of the ledger to the extent of more than \$200,000,000, this city has now fully recovered from the greatest disaster of its kind in American history and has raised \$17,500,000 as a starter to celebrate the opening of the Panama canal with a \$50,000,000 world's fair to be held in 1915.

The official title of the fair will be the Panama-Pacific international exposition and if the plans of several hundred representative men who are actively engaged in furthering the movement are carried out it will be the costliest exposition ever held. The directors of the exposition corporation have established a unique precedent in announcing that San Francisco will not ask the government to appropriate a cent toward the exposition. Hitherto many great expositions have been financial failures, but the directors point out that an exposition of international character has never been held in the west and that the opening of the Panama canal will not only mark an event of world-wide importance, whose commercial and political influence will be felt in every country on the globe, but that its completion will have greater commercial significance to the Pacific coast than to perhaps any other part of the nation.

All the funds for the Exposition will be raised by California, with the exception of their individual buildings and in the preparation of the exhibits. Of the \$17,500,000 already guaranteed in a whirlwind campaign of five months, \$7,500,000 is represented in popular subscriptions to stock of the Exposition corporation, and \$10,000,000 is comprised in a bond issue authorized by the California legislature. San Francisco and the State of California each being bonded to the extent of \$5,000,000. Although the movement for raising funds has just begun, pledges totalling \$6,000,000 have been received from China, Japan, Hawaii, and the Philippines. Prince Teal Heun of China, uncle of the present boy emperor, and commander-in-chief of the Chinese navy, has promised that China will send a number of battleships to participate in an international review of navies of the world to be held in San Francisco bay at the opening of the exposition.

Prince Teal Heun recently visited the United States where he conferred with Charles M. Schwab and others relative to building six or more battleships of the Dreadnaught type in rapid order.

The greatest propaganda in the history

of the west has been undertaken in behalf of the Panama Pacific Exposition. The fair was first proposed by San Francisco in 1904. Mr. R. H. Hale, proprietor of a number of department stores in California made the suggestion and the idea, which was widely exploited by newspapers throughout the state, took like wild fire. An exposition company was formed of members of the various commercial bodies. The fire two years later, however, put a temporary stop to the plans but in no way served to abate the enthusiasm.

Within a week after the fire an enterprising merchant had placed a large sign, "Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, 1915," above his new quarters on Fillmore street. Early this year a number of widely known business men toured Europe and the east to spread the propaganda for the fair and attract notice to San Francisco. Among these men was Mr. Charles C. Moore, proprietor of a large engineering plant in San Francisco, who visited the government heads, and in some instances conferred with the rulers of European nations. As a result of Mr. Moore's voluntary ambassadorship in behalf of the exposition, France, England, Germany and Italy have given assurance that their navies will be represented by a squadron of battleships when the fair opens.

The campaign to raise funds dates from April 28 last, when stocks in the exposition was offered at auction at a public mass meeting. In one hour and fifty minutes \$1,088,000 of the stock was subscribed by San Francisco merchants, business men, professional men and working people. This was perhaps the biggest auction ever held. The stock sold at the rate of \$7.172 a minute or \$600 at each tick of the clock. A lively young business man, Larry Harris, was the auctioneer. He picked up bids from the crowd so rapidly that it was difficult to keep up with his tally. In the excitement a banker, who bid for \$5,000 worth of stock, was assessed for \$25,000, and the exposition profited by the mistake. A merchant who had built a shack over the still smoking embers on a day shortly after the fire and who had moved in the next day with a stock of goods, contributed \$20,000 to the exposition. Fraternities and other organizations subscribed as high as \$250,000 each. Thousands of shares were taken by working people, who invested from \$10 to \$50.

San Francisco feels fully able to finance the exposition on a scale of unparalleled magnificence and with the intent of the fair directors and of the people in mind the words may be literally construed and

not in the sense that they are advertising propaganda. The city has been rebuilt and is not only on a strong financial footing, but has millions of available capital for local improvements and outside investments.

The reconstruction of San Francisco is one of the marvels of American municipal history. It is the strongest testimony not only of the pluck of the people, but also that the city located in the strategic financial and commercial center of the coast is able to recuperate rapidly. In the great fire of 1906, 484 city blocks, embracing the business section and the most important residential sections, were wiped from existence. The value of the property destroyed, together with the investment of capital required to restore the damaged street car systems, streets, sewer mains, and other public utilities, exceeds \$700,000,000. As against this there was something like \$15,000,000 collected from the insurance companies. But the suspension of business resulted in huge loss. All important local industries with the exception of shipping, removing the debris, putting up new buildings and caring for the primal necessities of the people, were practically paralyzed during the last eight months of 1906. The amount spent in reconstruction is huge and besides it the capital required to finance the greatest exposition in the world's history appears inconsequential. Since the fire building permits granted total more than \$20,000,000. Furnishings and equipment will probably amount to \$5,000,000 more. The outlay in steel and concrete wharves, municipal fire protection system, schools, sewers, streets and other improvements exceeds \$100,000,000. To bring a water system from the Sierra Nevada mountains, San Francisco has bonded itself for \$4,000,000.

Private developments have kept pace with public investments. A single street railway company has expended over \$15,000,000 in tracks and equipment since the fire. The lighting and electric corporations have probably expended more than half that amount. Private capital is now constructing a mammoth convention hall, the grounds and buildings costing \$12,000,000. The structure will be five feet wider than the famous Olympia in London and four feet wider than Madison Square garden in New York City. Altogether \$60,000,000 will not cover the money expended in the restoration and improvement of San Francisco.

Backing the movement to render the Panama-Pacific exposition an event worthy in its popular importance to the west to the opening of the Panama canal are the great



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transcontinental railroad companies and the steamship lines that cross to the Orient. Do a coastwise trade or run between the Pacific and Atlantic and South American ports. Every chamber of commerce in the west, and some in the middle west, have pledged their aid toward rendering the exposition the most magnificent world's fair ever held, while hundreds of newspapers, many editorial associations are banded in the movement. United States senators and congressmen from the west have pledged their aid and the cities of San Diego, Los Angeles, Salt Lake City, Portland, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, Omaha and smaller communities have joined in the movement.

In order that the whole west might act in unison state conventions of editors, labor organizations, bankers and commercial bodies have met in San Francisco, while a congress of western governors will meet in San Francisco in a few weeks. The national government has stipulated that at least \$7,500,000 in order that an exposition to celebrate the opening of the Panama canal might receive the official commendation of congress, in asking foreign nations to participate. When the managers of the fair corporation, western governors, representatives of commercial bodies met in Washington in December, they will have the satisfaction of assuring congress that a sum far larger than that stipulated has

been guaranteed and that the actual money raising has only begun.

The business men of the Pacific coast see in the opening of the Panama canal the beginning of a trade era which must eventually magnify their chief ports many fold. When completed the Panama canal will be a five factor whose commercial and political influence will be felt in every country on the globe. It will double the efficiency of the American navy and will carry far toward the permanent peace of nations. Saving \$300 to \$500 miles in travel and two months in time in the passage from east to west, its impetus to commerce is beyond estimation. But it will benefit no communities more than those which are grouped around San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Los Angeles, Spokane, Seattle, San Diego and Boston and other ports.

Take a map of the Pacific ocean and trace the most direct route to the ports of the Orient, following the great circle, and you will face the surprising fact that ships from the Atlantic through the canal to China, Japan, the Philippines, Siberia or Siam will pass within 60 miles of the Golden Gate.

When the canal opens vessels will be able to go from New York to San Francisco in ten to fourteen days, according to their speed. San Francisco, Portland, Los Angeles, Spokane, Seattle, San Diego and



MARKET STREET NEAR GRANT AVENUE

Vancouver will at once come into a more intimate commercial relationship with the rest of the United States. Steamers touching at all these ports will visit the ports of the Gulf of Mexico, especially New Orleans at the mouth of the Mississippi, the great trade artery of the middle west. From thence they will pass from the gulf stopping first at Havana, thence to Charleston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston and other ports.

The Panama-Pacific exposition will open with a review of the battleships of the world assembled in San Francisco bay. Rear Admiral Hobbes T. Evans, retired, has consented to head the pageant. This naval review will constitute the greatest assemblage of battleships ever gotten together at any one time. In San Francisco's superb harbor, with its 450 square miles, such manœuvres will be carried on as the world has never seen before.

**A New Airship Serial by**  
**Herbert Quick**  
 Author of "DOUBLE TROUBLE"  
**VIRGINIA**  
 of the  
**AIR LANES**

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**CHAPTER XV—Continued.**  
 Passing over the bay with a wide westerly detour, the Virginia came in over Spring Hill, and alighted softly at the aerone landing at Mobile. From a hundred easily ported streets, alters and wharves poured a throng of people, attracted by the strange craft that had made port, the negroes, first forming about the car a black ring starred with white eyes. Caucasians then assumed advantageous positions, rather abashed at the steady gaze of Carson and the evident amazement of Craighed.

"Howdy, folks!" said the latter. "Take a good look. For even when it's wint' out, we wash. Out of the great deep we come, into the great deep we go. The Elements that send us are the pow'fulest spirits what there is. But a brief space have we, to warn Mobile. Repeat! Repeat! Yet a few mo' days, an' Mobile shall be done destroyed!"

"Shop, Craighed," cried Carson. "Don't pay any attention to what he says—"

"They won't," replied Craighed. "They'll sit just the same the minute we're gone. Even an angel from Heaven, which far be it from me to claim—"

"Dan Thomas," said Carson to a comrade, with a whip in his hand, "come here!"

"Yes, Mistah Carson," responded the negro.

"Fetch me at once one No. 2 can of A-

qualify methanose—and get me a list of the aerone clearings for the last two days."

"Yes, sah,"

Thomas darted away, and Carson began testing his machinery for another flight.

"Fardon me," said a man, who had a withered arm drawn up to his side in such a way as to give one the impression that he was holding his breath, "but are you going far, so short-handed?"

"Not far—in time," replied Theodore.

"Only to Alaska," added Craighed. "We meet a Russian admiral at St. Michaels at 3. If that nigger doesn't hurry we shall be late." General—and what was Admiral Phlatkovich's name?"

The man lifted his sailor hat, bowed politely, and stepped back, unveiling a face behind him which Carson knew—the fox, suspicious face of Wimer, the inventor of the lost helicopter. Carson stooped as if for some casual purpose, laid hold on a spanner and shook it to Craighed, low, distinctly, intensely.

"I'm going to get a man in the crowd," said Carson. "Guard the aerone!"

"All right," said Craighed, who had no idea of his full meaning, "but hurry back. Remember the admiral!"

With the spanner in his hand, Carson rose, and with a light leap he stood in the midst of the crowd, his face so fierce that the throng flowed away like water, leaving him in an open space, like a lion in a ring of foxes. Wimer had fled; but through the thinned crowd Theodore saw his wiry fig-

ure, with the arm that Wimer's bullet had reached hanging in a sling, darting behind a building as if running from death itself. With his hand on his hip, Carson gave chase. Some one cried, "Stop him!" and an officer, seeing in Carson the only fugitive in sight, stopped him.

"Let me go," cried Carson, struggling.

"Come with me and arrest a man for attempt to murder."

"That cock won't fight," answered the policeman. "Good dodgy, but won't go with me. What's he done?" he inquired, bringing Theodore back.

Nobody seemed to have any definite complaint to make.

"He jumped out of his airship," said one. "and acted like he was going to brain some one."

"Did he brain any one?" asked the policeman.

"No," replied the Mobilian, "but he might."

"If he had met any one with brains," said Craighed, "to act as the corpse doctah. A braining requires a corpse—a term connoting brains. Advocat'us Diabolus, the case is weak!"

"Well," laughed the policeman. "He had a right to jump lookin' as cross as he pleased."

"But he ran off," persisted the Advocat'us Diabolus, "as if pursuing some one."

"Or trying to get somewhere," suggested Craighed. "Aren't people here allowed to hurry? Have you ordinances against haste, O Guardian of the Realm? What's the speed limit for pedestrians in Mobile anyhow?"

A boy in a messenger cap interrupted the colloquy by calling "Mr. Carson, Mr. Carson!" as if "hurryin'" a man in a hotel.

"I'm Carson," said Theodore. "What do you want?"

"Somebody on the wire for you at the telephone booth in the hotel," replied the messenger. "Wants you at once."

"May I go?" asked Theodore of the policeman.

"For all me," replied the officer. "I don't want you."

Wondering who in Mobile might desire speech with him, Carson said, "Who's that?" into the transmitter.

"Your old friend Wimer," said the receiver. "Nasty as ever. Never mind where I am; I'll tell that after I've talked, if you want me to—"

Carson glared into the receiver with

somebody, then hastily returned it to his car, and caught the middle of a sentence about smuggling.

"I didn't get that," said Carson.

"Well, you'll get it," said Wimer. "If you ain't careful, you can have me panned—but I can prove an alibi. And while I'm proving things, I'll fix you fellows for smuggling and put Harrod where the dogs won't bite him; and you too!"

"I don't know anything about smuggling," protested Theodore.

"Well," went on Wimer, "if you dig into the big sand hill with the steel buoy on it, you will. You'll find what'll put you in a better trade than putting me in prison for a frolic with your aerone. Oh, don't talk so innocent! How did you finance your aerone, except by free trade?"

Carson had nothing to say. He remembered Captain Harrod's expression when Wimer had called him an old smuggling look. He remembered a thousand mysterious things, now made plain by the hypothesis of Harrod's having yielded to the coasts temptation of smuggling. That the old man he loved should be guilty of a felony was bad; but it was in Wimer's power was worse. Thus, thought Carson while Wimer waited for a reply, uttering into the transmitter a sly, sinister, staccato, perching chuckle.

"Lost your tongue?" he taunted. "Well, arrest me. Any one can tell you where I am; but will the girl leave Silberberg to come and testify? The courtship's just getting good, now; too bad to disturb 'em!"

Carson hurried the receiver away and strolled back to the Virginia, looking even more forbidding than when he had leaped over her side. As he moved through the crowd, he found Thomas, the negro, with two men, holding the can of methanose aloft.

"What about those aerone clearings?" he asked.

"Here's a smash they gave me," said Thomas. "I reckon it's in that."

The sailors were not many. The Terra for Memphis, the Long Tom for St. Andrews Bay, the Phyllis Y for Montgomery, and, yes, the Roe departing the morning before "for northern points." Carson threw the paper away, and Craighed picked it up.

"We can overhaul the Tern," said he,

with a jocular air, "at Mr. Jenson's and take on our friends for Alaska. I do hope the president can join us at Ompok (Gentlemen)" addressing the crowd. "Here you see a new aerone invented by me. It's a teaching; altho before mail fall we was a million dollars. This is a sure thing, as the sun will not set there for three months—the best is way we, Mobilians, who forget about the days coming quarterly at Noms. But we shall be honorable, and pay him the million on the call if he fail to make it before sunset in the eve local. Tomorrow we shall see five hundred thousand from Rothchild, by leaving Greenwich observatory at sun's going west, and returning at sunrise next day from the east—striking the world in twenty-four hours of continued sunrise. Wash us well, gentlemen! At the bar of the Cawthon we have made arrangements for you all to be treated to champagne, if you insist on it, or to mineral waters, if you are wise. I have made a specialty of the champagne since, and I know. Slum inordinately, but drink heartily to the triumph of the Virginia. Goodby, honest peasantry, your country's pride, goodby!"

The majestic rise of the Virginia, with no preliminary run—or Mr. Craighed's parting promise of vipers cheer—drew a round of applause. Craighed waved his hand; but Carson, having no attention, had the Virginia dead for New York.

Carson's thought, of the parting in a nervous detour, Mr. Craighed's incertainties and they were by up the Alabama delta before he spoke—and was rebuffed by Carson's refusal to explain a effort to "get" the man in the crowd. They flew high; and the constant pecking up and dropping of railway trains and steamers, and the swift succession of villages and towns spoke of the fierceness with which the Virginia was hurled against the leagues between Mobile and New York. They left Montgomery to port and Atlanta to starboard. Carson had assigned himself and Craighed their duties, and both were busy busy, Craighed at the tiller with his eye on the compass, Carson looking at every working part, oiling, reeling for hot bearings, watching for the slightest quiver or jar, arseady of every mile. He was cracking on too hard for new machinery—he knew that; but he never hesitated. And it was only after they had won through to the mountains, and were speeding along over the great

National Appalachian forest that he reviewed Craighed.

"That gentleman stood up, heaved a sigh of relief, and waved his hand to the north and west, where fleecy cumulus clouds brushed the horizon with mother-of-pearl."

"Another hour of that," said he, "would have made the points of the compass a subjective vision forever. I can see 'E.N. E.' and 'S.E. by N.' on every pinnacle of iron clouds! And now, sir, an' it please thee, I'll get the luncheon-if luncheon it can properly be called that costs less than 25 cents per lack-knife. Alons!"

In the little locker were found the elements from which Craighed prepared the luncheon of bacon, eggs and coffee, cooked on the methanose stove. Carson listened to the engine, as a physician to heart throbs, glancing from the compass to the mountain domes of clouds in the north and west.

"We shall get into upper Atlantic regions," said he, "just in time to hit the eye of local storms tonight."

"Tornadoes?" queried Craighed, pouring out the amber coffee.

"Maybe," smiled Carson. "Severe local storms always mean possible t'wisters."

"Well," replied Craighed, "what do we care? I've got me umbrella, ye know."

"That makes us safe," replied Carson. "The worst we need look for is a good hard thunder shower; but I'd rather make my first landing in Manhattan in fair weather."

"It's equally there with me as soon as I blow in," answered Craighed. "Come to grab."

Carson looked from the tiller to the compass, and hesitated. He had never tried letting the Virginia follow her nose with the tiller locked.

"Of course," said he, "she'll fall off—but if she t'wines, I can put her back on her wheel. I believe I'll try her."

"Do," urged Craighed. "With this fair-weather, she oughtn't to run into danger unless her's a stormable by heart throb and subjective yearnings. She'd go back if she was!"

"She'd go straight on," replied Carson. "I wouldn't need to lash the tiller."

"The galling slavery of the crew," said Craighed, "doesn't allow his telekinetic to buck the subliminal brawn of the captain."

"I go away this blessed day,"

To sail across the state; Matilda; My airship starts for various parts.

(To Be Continued.)