

**SAN FRANCISCO
THROUGH
EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE**

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San Francisco Through Earthquake and Fire by Charles Keeler

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CHARLES KEELER

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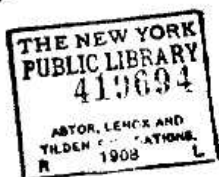
BY

CHARLES KEELER,

Give unto them beauty for ashes,
The oil of joy for mourning,
The garment of praise for the spirit
of heaviness. ISAIAH.

ILLUSTRATED

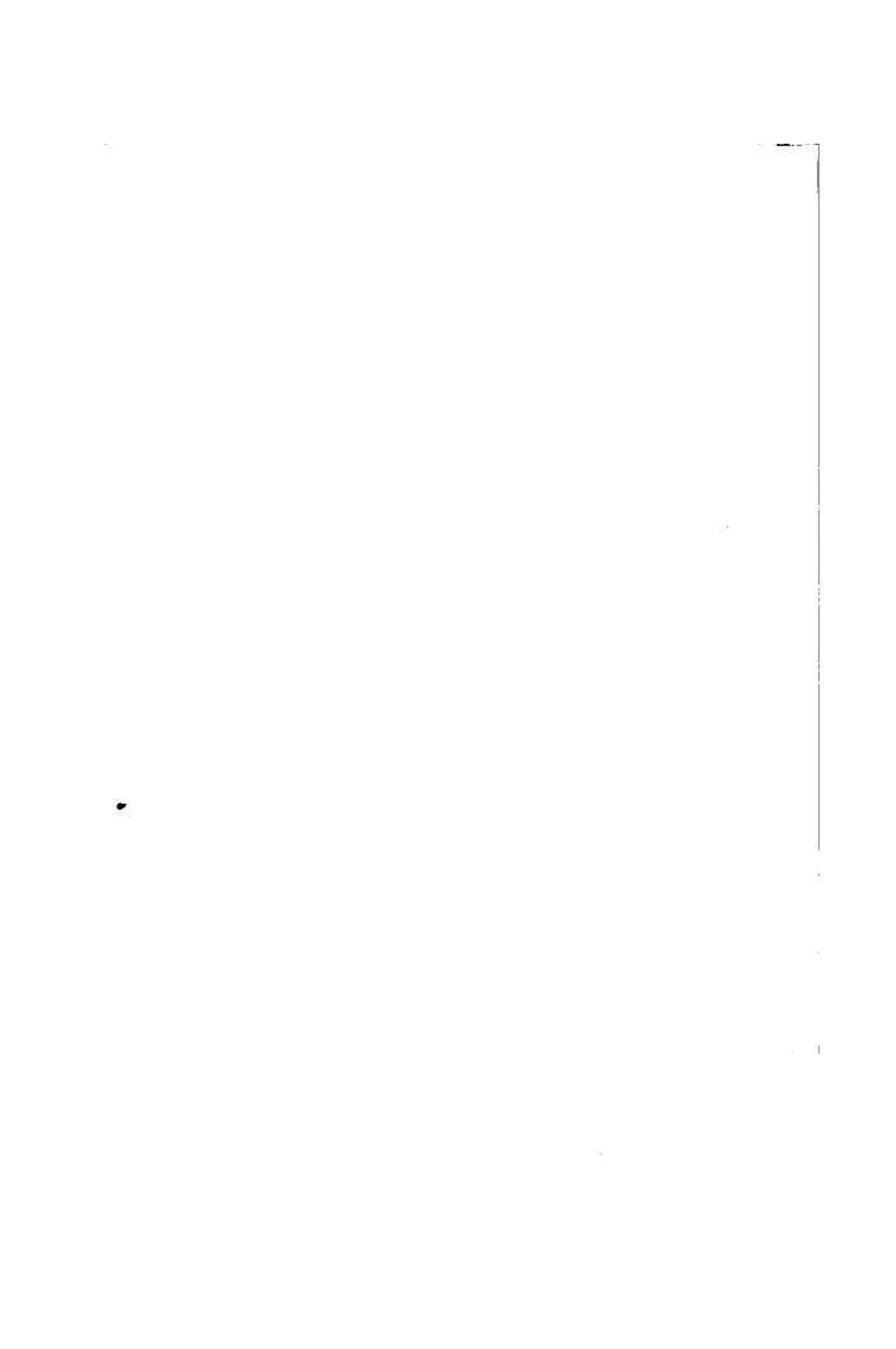
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DEDICATED TO THE CITY OF
SAN FRANCISCO

CITY OF MANY HILLS OVERLOOKING BAY AND OCEAN,
GUARDIAN OF THE SIERRA GOLD AND HOLDER OF THE
KEYS TO UNLOCK CATHAY, TO THEE IN THE HOUR OF
NEED I PLEDGE MY TROTH AND OFFER THE HUMBLE
TRIBUTE. AT HIGH-TIDE OF THY PROSPERITY, THY
WHARVES THROGGED WITH SHIPPING, THY MARTS BUST
WITH TRADE, THY COFFERS REPLETE WITH GOLD, CAME
THE DESTROYING ANGEL. ♪ I KNEW THEE AND LOVED
THEE THROUGH MANY A YEAR--LOVED THE largeness
OF THY HEART, THE ABUNDANCE OF THY HOSPITALITY,
THE BEAUTY OF THY CONTOUR AND SURROUNDINGS--
LOVED THEE, KNOWING WELL THY FAULTS, THY STAINS
AND SCARS. NOW THOU HAST SUFFERED AS NO CITY
E'ER SUFFERED BEFORE. EARTHQUAKE-ROCKED AND
FIRE-DEVASTATED, THY MARTS AND DWELLING-PLACES
SWEEPED TO NOTHINGNESS IN THREE BRIEF DAYS, THOU
STANDEST SHELTERLESS BUT UNAFRAID. THY FAIR
HILLSLOPES ARE STREWN WITH MILES OF DESTRUCTION,
THY CHILDREN HAVE FACED HUNGER AND DEATH, THY
HOMES OF YESTERDAY ARE NO MORE. ♪ BUT BETTER
THAN HALLS OF JUSTICE AND PAVILIONS OF PLEASURE,
BETTER THAN CHURCHES AND HOMES, ARE LOVING
HEARTS, TRIED BY A COMMON SORROW, TRUMPING OVER
A COMMON DISASTER. TODAY, FACING A LOSS WHICH
HAS APPALLED THE WORLD, THOU ART THE RICHEST
IN THE FEDERATION OF CITIES, FOR THOU HAST TESTED
THE COURAGE OF THY PEOPLE, PROVED THE LOVE AND
LOYALTY OF THY CHILDREN, MADE CERTAIN BOTH THE
HEROISM AND THE KINDLINESS OF THY DAUGHTERS AND
SONS. ♪ HAIL, DEAR SAN FRANCISCO, PUEBLO OF GRAY
FRIARS AND SPANISH DONE, CAMP OF THE ARGONAUTS,
METROPOLIS OF THE NEW PACIFIC--HAIL, CITY OF YES-
TERDAY AND TOMORROW! I SALUTE THEE REBORN,
REJUVENATED, CASTING THE SLOGAN THAT UNWORTH-
ILY ENVISAGED THEE, KING OUT OF THY BURNED
SELF TO A MORE FAIR, MORE GLOIOUS REALIZATION
OF THY PROMISE AND THY DESTINY! ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

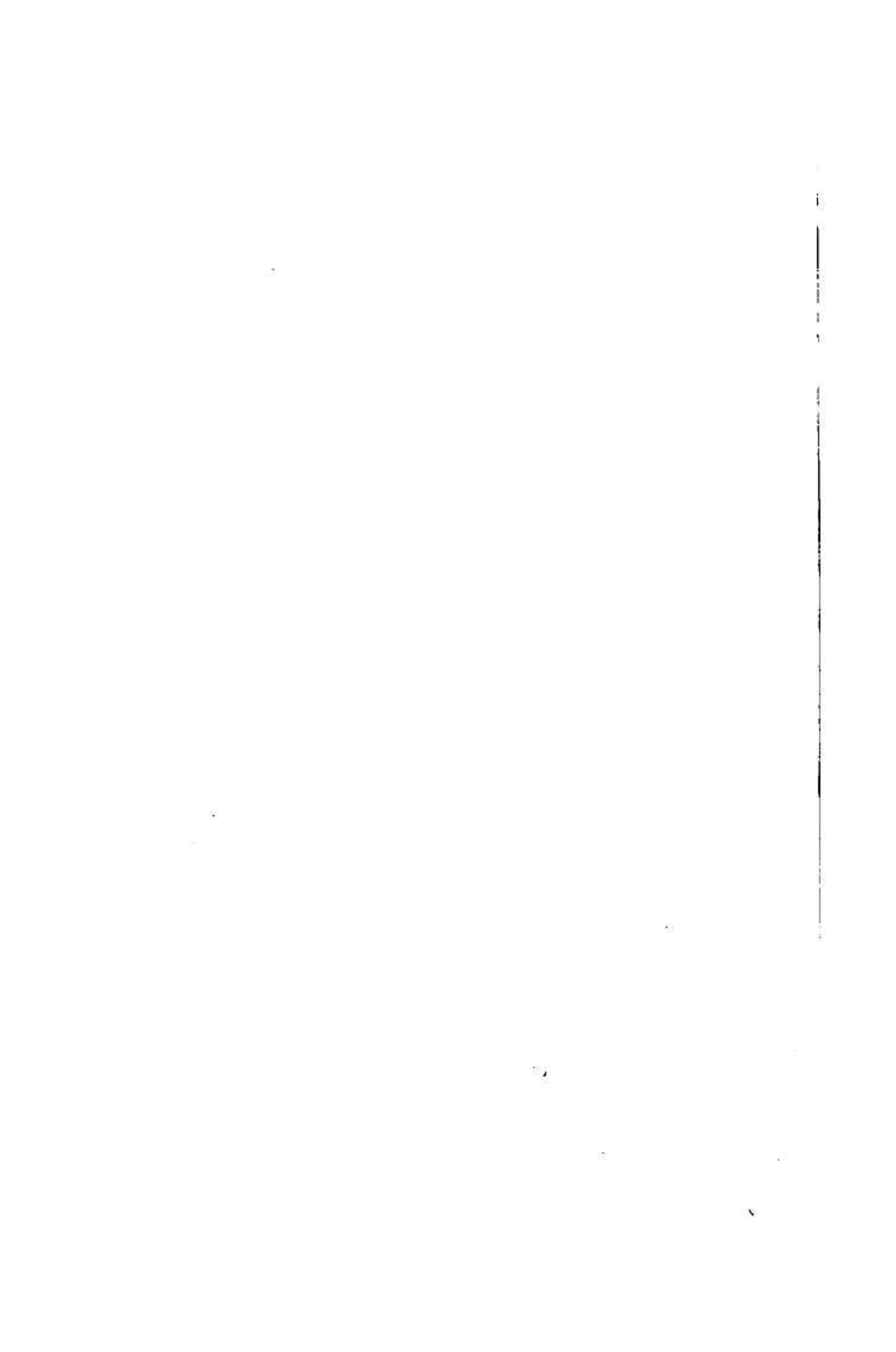


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THE EARTHQUAKE

THE GRAY dawn stole in peace over San Francisco on the morning of April 18th. Serene and cloudless was the sky; the air was balmy, and no hint of impending disaster troubled the hearts of the few early risers. Milk wagons rattled over the cobblestones; hucksters' teams and market carts were making their way, ere the peep of sun, into the narrow byways of the wholesale district. In the fish-markets the Greek venders were sleepily opening stalls, and a herd of cattle was trampling restively on to Butchertown. The solitary policeman strolled idly along the way, passing a belated bartender returning from all-night service in a tenderloin saloon. A newsboy whistled down the street on his way for papers. Save for these, the high-ways were deserted.

Five o'clock, and all was well with the half-million sleepers beside the Golden Gate. Families of artisans and mechanics living in homes and lodging-houses south of Market Street were bestirring themselves. Oil-stoves were lighted, and smoke was lazily curling out of kitchen chimneys. Still the vast majority of people were peaceful in the sweet sleep of early morning, when, at thirteen minutes past the hour, the deeps of the earth, far down under the foundations of the city, began to rumble and vibrate. The whole community was awake in a flash. The earth tremors increased in violence, and rose and took possession of all walls, shaking them so that masonry and timbers crunched and creaked and