

flames in the meantime having converted into smoking piles of ashes the thickly built portion of Ashley Street, between Cedar and Hogan. The vast majority of these houses, as indeed are most of the residences in Jacksonville, were frame structures. They burned like cigar boxes, like chaff, as the thundering, mighty, lurid storm-wave of fire rolled to the east, ever to the east, and swept the area bare.

At twenty minutes past 3 the Windsor Hotel was in a blaze. This great box-like building, covering the entire block bounded by Hogan, Duval, Julia, and Monroe Streets, burned with awful fury. Fortunately all the guests had warning and the building's upper floors were empty when the fire came. The burning of a hotel like the Windsor would ordinarily be regarded as a disaster in itself, but yesterday it lapsed into relative insignificance, even though alone its destruction involved a loss of \$175,000.

A few minutes later the St. James, which has been closed since April 19, was a mass of flames. Although partly a brick structure, it, too, burned like tinder. By this time, in the general cataclysm of destruction the loss of individual buildings was lost sight of. Isolated houses, one and two hundred yards to the eastward, were burning, and fresh nuclei of flame were being added. Still progress was steadily to the east. Twenty minutes prior to the ignition of the St. James, houses here and there east on Duval from Laura were burning. All in a moment a blinding typhoon of smoke and dust came with overwhelming power, blowing eastward, and it was necessary for those in the street to run to escape it.

For a time it seemed that the fierce advance was straight to the east. House after house succumbed. No effort was made to save buildings now. Every one knew that to save any building in the track of the fury was impossible, and on and on it sped. Churches, public buildings, and shops were destroyed.

At 4:30 o'clock St. John's Episcopal Church neighborhood was the center of the conflagration. It lived but a few minutes. The Catholic Church of the Immaculate Conception, St. Joseph's Orphanage and the Convent soon fell prey to the devourer. Now the blazeraged along Duval and Adams, but the wind changed and the conquering blaze veered to the south. The armory was burned. In the space of a few minutes the fire crossed blocks southward, and beautiful home after home became a torch, its light lost in the monstrous mass of red illumination. The Duval Street viaduct was on fire at 5 o'clock. The vacant meadow over which it passes was covered with furniture and household goods.

The fires were raging all this time in the section north of Adams and east of Laura. The Massey Business College building became ignited on Main Street, and irresistibly the flames swept toward Bay Street.

Until now it was thought that Bay Street would escape, but the thought was in vain. The terror was bending in a fatal embrace to the South. The roar and the crackle resounded as the great pinions of flame moved skyward, sending showers of cinders far into the St. Johns. The Emery Auditorium was a victim. Then the Board of Trade building,