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### THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

Thrilling Description of the Great Quake and Fire that Wiped out San Francisco.

Personal Experience of W. S. Livengood and Family During the Trying Days of the Great Calamity.

OAKLAND, CAL., May 1, 1906. [Second installment of Earthquake letter. Continued from last week.]

#### HAVOC OF THE QUAKE.

After coming to a realization of the real danger of the situation, wife and daughter hurried back to our rooms to pack up a few of our most valuable belongings while I started down Market street, to rescue some valuable papers from my desk in the Chronicle office, before the fire reached that building. The half-mile of market street that I traversed was strewn with wreckage from curb to curb, the wide avenue at places being impassable by vehicles, on account of the heaps of debris. Nearly all the heavy cornices of the tall business blocks that lined the street on either side had been shaken off; the plate glass windows were all smashed, and in some cases, the entire fronts had fallen out of buildings. I could not help but think of the appalling loss of life that would have resulted, had the disaster occurred an hour or two later, (instead of 5:13 a. m.) after the day's traffic had begun. Not only thousands but tens of thousands would have been inevitably crushed to death if the great shock had come at 5:13 p. m., or at any time between 7 a. m. and midnight. As it was, most people were a-bed, the safest place they could be, when walls and chimneys were shaken down. Just how many actually were killed, will never be known. So far less than 400 bodies have been found, but it is morally certain that many people were caught in the ruins of collapsed buildings and so completely cremated in the conflagration that followed that nothing but ashes remains of their tenements of clay. It would not surprise me if the death list would foot up several thousand, instead of the few hundred indicated by the coroner's report.

#### FLEEING FROM FIRE.

Arriving at the Chronicle building on the fateful morning of April 18, I found that great structure in a fair state of preservation. A new seventeen-story steel-frame annex was nearing completion, and this was practically uninjured. The old ten-story building, on the seventh floor of which my office was located, was pretty badly shaken, but if spared by fire could very easily have been made safe again. The six flights of stairs I climbed were strewn with glass, plaster and terra cotta to a depth of a foot at places. I found my desk covered with fallen plaster, but the contents of the drawers were intact. Securing my most valuable documents, but leaving my type-writer and many other possessions behind, I hastened back through more debris-strewn streets, to the Alcalde apartments to rejoin my family. The gas not yet having been turned off, my good wife had taken occasion to prepare a hot breakfast, the last meal we had in our happy home.

At 8:15, just as we had our suit cases packed, another sharp earthquake came and hastened our departure from the quaking house. We turned toward Golden Gate Park, keeping well in the middle of the road, to avoid falling bricks, should the earth keep on rocking. Behind us we could see great sheets of flame, the entire district south of Market street, by this time being aflame. Through the clouds of smoke and vapor the sun shone blood red. I have never seen more beautiful sky and cloud effects.

#### CITY AT MERCY OF FLAMES.

San Francisco was reputed to have the best fire department in the world, but it was powerless in the face of such a disaster. Many of the engine houses were partially collapsed by the first earthquake shock, and the apparatus damaged so as to be valueless. Then, too, the streets were so obstructed with debris and tangled wires, as to make it most difficult for the engines not disabled, to reach the scene of conflagration. Water mains had been broken by the quake, and this was another serious handicap to the brave firemen. Last, but not least in this chapter of calamities to the fire department was the tragic fate that befell its veteran chief, Sullivan, perhaps the ablest fire-fighter the world has ever known. He was asleep with his wife in the loft of one of the fire houses when the earthquake came, and a chimney of the California Hotel, adjoining the engine house, crashed through the roof, crushing the aged fire chief and spouse in their bed. He died of his injuries a few days later, without ever knowing anything

about the great catastrophe that destroyed the beloved city he had protected against fire so many years. Mrs. Sullivan still lives, but her injuries may yet prove fatal.

Thus crippled, the fire department was in a large degree helpless and the city was literally at the mercy of flames which ranged uncontrolled for three days and nights, burning over an area of nearly five square miles, and inflicting a loss of property conservatively estimated at \$300,000,000. It was only through the explosion of tons and tons of dynamite and giant powder, used by soldiers and sailors in blowing up block after block of costly buildings, that the flames were finally confined to the area above named. Approximately the entire business section, extending from the water front back to fashionable Van Ness avenue, comprising a strip 2½ miles long and averaging nearly two miles in width, was wiped out, and but for the blasting and back-firing, nearly the entire residence section would have been obliterated also.

#### THOUSANDS OF FUGITIVES.

We were not the only fugitives from the flames. Every street leading westward toward Golden Gate Park, the Presidio military reservation or Fort Mason, was thronged with people early on the fateful 18th of April, all bent on reaching the open where they would be secure from falling walls and the roaring flames. They were traveling in all manner of vehicles, except street-cars, the quake having completely put all the car lines out of commission at its very incipency. Automobiles formed the most ready means of escape for those so fortunate as to be able to afford them. Wagons of all sorts and descriptions from heavy freighting trucks to two-wheeled pony carts, carried their loads of human freight, merchandise and household goods, to the parks and open places in the western part of the city. By far the larger crowds, however, toiled along on foot with their burdens of suit cases, valises or bundles of clothing and such things as they essayed to save in their hasty flight. Fabulous prices were offered for the loan of vehicles to remove women and children, or invalids, goods and chattels to places of safety, by those who had money, but nearly every team owner was so busy saving his own family and belongings that a rig could scarcely be hired for love or money. However, many automobile owners did valuable service in performing errands of mercy, throughout the conflagration, by keeping their machines constantly employed in removing the sick and aged and women and children unable to walk to places of safety.

We were among the weary walkers, and when we reached Alamo Park, a little park about halfway between our late place of abode and Golden Gate Park, we ran into a bunch of my wife's relatives who were out looking for us. They lived in frame houses which escaped injury, except having the chimneys shaken off. My family was soon safely installed in the house of one of the relatives. Then I returned down town to endeavor to telegraph away some news of the disaster, and try to save some more of my property. I soon learned that communication with the outer world was entirely cut off. I also found it impossible to get nearer than within a block of the Chronicle building, as the fire was raging all along the opposite side of Market street, and the police and soldiers had formed a cordon preventing any one except firemen from approaching that thoroughfare.

#### NEWSPAPERS BURNED OUT.

The monumental Claus Speckels or San Francisco Call building, the tallest and handsomest structure in the city, was already ablaze from the foundation up to the peak of the flagstaff. This magnificent sky-scraper was so well built that the earthquake had not damaged it in the least, and although its walls and floors were made of fire-proof materials, the heat was so great that the entire contents of the building were consumed in the course of an hour or two. Hearst's Examiner building was the next newspaper office to go, but the Chronicle building, located on the north side of Market street, held out until nearly midnight, but it, too, was gutted. The San Francisco Bulletin, Post and News, evening papers, suffered the same fate as the three morning dailies, the city thus having all of its newspaper plants destroyed the very first day of the fire. All but the Post resumed publication the very next day, through assistance of the Oakland and Berkeley newspaper offices, and are still being published on this side of the bay.

#### (TO BE CONTINUED.)

IT IS BAD BUSINESS to allow people to look in vain through the columns of THE STAR for an advertisement of your business.

### John A. Berkey.

After the battle is over for the nomination of county officers, the victory won and the enemy scattered, it doesn't take much acumen or political pabulum to discern whose was the skillful hand that did the steering in the winning faction. He is the most bitterly fought, the most trustfully and proudly followed politician in the history of Somerset county, and there's no ignoring the fact that no man has yet come to the front to contest the county leadership with him who is anywhere near worthy of his steel. True to his friends, relentless to those who persist in being his enemies, resourceful and adroit in meeting onslaught and forcing issues, he invariably comes off the field with victory unstinted and uncontested perched upon his banner. His enemies by this time should be weary and nauseated with the annual feast of crow John A. Berkey hands out to them, and get in out of the wet, and once again form a united Republican party in Somerset county.—Quemahoning Sentinel.

#### THE WISDOM OF ANIMALS.

You cannot induce a lower animal to eat heartily when not feeling well. A sick dog starves himself, and gets well. The stomach, once overworked, must have rest the same as your feet or eyes. You don't have to starve to rest your stomach. KODOL FOR DYSPEPSIA takes up the work for your stomach, digests what you eat and gives it a rest. Puts it back in condition again. You can't feel good with a disordered stomach. Try Kodol. Sold by E. H. Miller.

#### The Right to Work.

There are some fundamental axioms of liberty to which all agree, at least in theory. When Herbert Spencer said that every man has a right to do as he pleases so long as he interferes with the rights of no one else, he simply set forth in words what was obvious from the experience of mankind. Liberty, then, includes the right to work and the open shop. It excludes interference on the part of trades unions or others.

Men have a right to organize for any legitimate purpose, but not in order to curtail human liberty. There is no inherent evil in combination. But in divers kinds and multitudinous forms of monopoly lurk the chief dangers to the common weal. Any man has a right to quit work when he pleases, but when he attempts to force others to quit with him, he violates their natural rights. If the employer could make his men work, that would be slavery; if any organization can make men quit work, it is slavery, too. We find no fault with unions as such. There are many of them that have never attempted to monopolize all the jobs in their respective lines—that have been content to live and let non-union men live also. But there are others, unfortunately, that assume to say who may or may not work, and these, as we see it, are aggressors upon the rights of their fellow men. The natural right to work is one of the rights of men, and not contingent upon membership in any union.—Ex.

#### Stamping Out Yellow Fever.

It is hard to believe that a species of small mosquito has claimed more victims than war. Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams, in the June McClure's, has an enlightening story of the manner in which New Orleans fought this pest last summer, stamping out the yellow fever two months before frost. All sections of the country are vitally interested in the yellow fever problem, for it does not confine itself to the South. If we look back we find some of the most disastrous epidemics have occurred in northern cities. The records show how, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, yellow fever ravaged Philadelphia, killing half the population. One of the worst epidemics in our history occurred in New Haven, Connecticut, and this terrible disease whose working has, until recently, been a mystery, got as far north as Toronto, Canada, where it did terrific execution until the early frost stamped it out. "Yellow Fever: A Problem Solved," Mr. Adams tells of the discovery of the mosquito theory and how New Orleans took chances and worked along its lines proving it beyond doubt. The best part of this story is that while it contains all the scientific details it is much more than a scientific treatise. Mr. Adams makes his points through the medium of little human interest stories. After reading it one knows all about the *stegomyia* and how his attacks may be met. Mr. Adams prophesies that this country will never have another great yellow fever epidemic.

### One Lesson of the Earthquake.

If argument were needed to show the advisability of an investigation of structural materials, it is more than supplied by the recent earthquake in California.

What buildings best stood the shock is a question of very great practical interest. Why they endured when others fell is food for thought to builders all over the country.

In this connection it is interesting to note that the Appraisers Building in San Francisco, where the United States Geological Survey maintains a local office, is one of the few business structures in that city which was uninjured either by shock or by flame. Mr. Chas. G. Yale, special agent of the Survey, reports that a little plaster has fallen, but that the building is probably the only one in the city that shows not a single crack in its brick walls. This may be due to the fact that the foundation consists of a six-foot bed of solid cement placed upon thousands of piles, and that the bricks are put together with cement instead of mortar. The walls are thicker below the sidewalks than above them. When the building moves, it moves as a monolith, and while the vibration is considerable, no damage has been done except to the plaster.

That the Geological Survey might with profit to the country undertake the investigation of structural materials is attested by the numerous requests which it receives for information on the subject. Twice during the past year the Survey was visited by a body of engineers who represented large industrial developments in a number of different states. The Survey was unable to supply the information which they desired concerning the strength and endurance of a materials to be used in a variety of building and construction work. This one fact shows how desirable it is that the investigations now under way by the Survey be enlarged.

These investigations have thus far had to do mainly with the testing of cements and concretes. It is felt that the work should be continued and amplified.

#### THE OLD FISHING HOLE.

I'd like to be a boy again at just this time of year, Without a thing to worry me, without a thing to fear; I wouldn't give my children up for all the joys of life, Nor would I want to travel long or far without my wife. But still, when skies above are blue and all the world is gay, There comes a secret longing for the boyhood days of May; There daily comes a yearning that seems to grip my soul— A yearning to be back again to that old fishing hole.

I'd like to be a boy again when spring bursts into bloom; When blossoms spread their petals and give forth their sweet perfume; When winter snows have vanished and the sun smiles overhead, And all the earth is garlanded with tu-lips blushing red. I would not part with little Will nor trade my darling Sue, But somehow when the air is warm and skies above are blue I sit and idly ponder, and my thoughts in fancy roll To days when but a little tad I sought that fishing hole.

By weeping willows shaded, with arbutus vines about, From the cool and dark recesses I have snared the speckled trout; And the edges of the roadway deep with wintergreen were lined, The food that for a hungry boy by nature was designed; It is there I long to wander in my bare feet as of yore, With my mother's stern injunction to remain upon the shore. But I always disobeyed her, though she knew it not, dear soul, For I'd turn my ragged trousers up to wade that fishing hole.

I have fished since then where beauty seemed to reign a smiling queen, In places where the Master's hand had finished every scene, With my bamboo rod, my silken line, my waders and my creel, A guide to tell me where to cast a fly, book and a reel; But something then was missing, for it never seemed the same As when I rolled my trousers up and waded after game; And could I be a boy again, with string and crooked pole, I'd need no guide to take me to that dear old fishing hole.

—Detroit Free Press.