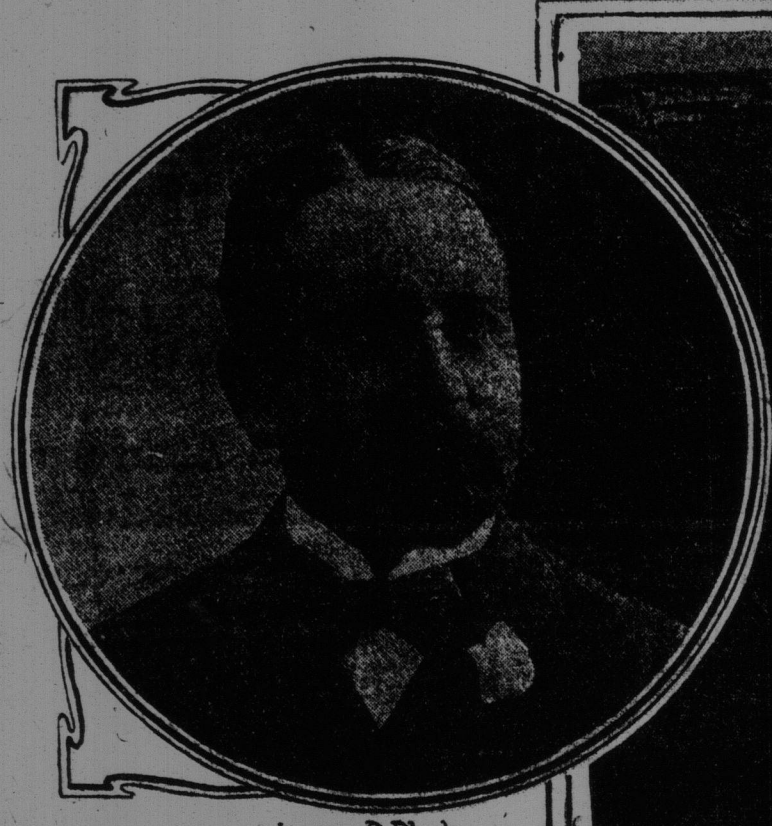


THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1906.

City of Oakland, Where Refugees Are Flocking, and Prominent Officials



James D. Phelan



Oakland, to Which Refugees are flocking



From Leslie Weekly



Scenes in the Presidio, the U.S. Military Reservation at San Francisco, now turned into a great tented camp of refugees.



D. J. Sullivan, Chief of San Francisco Fire Department.

D. J. Sullivan, chief of San Francisco's fire department, who died from injuries received in the earthquake, was a first cousin of Mrs. Abbie Carron, widow of William Carron, who lives at 313 Charlotte street, this city. Mrs. Carron said last night that the relationship was on her mother's side of the family.

Chief Sullivan was born in Boston but moved to San Francisco with his parents while still a child. His father is dead and his mother owned a large amount of property in Chinatown. Mrs. Carron continued that she always understood that the deceased was a very brave man and had saved many lives in the course of the execution of his duties.

The following despatch tells of the manner of his death: San Francisco, April 22.—D. J. Sullivan, Chief of San Francisco's fire department, died this morning from the effect of injuries received on the morning of the earthquake. Chief Sullivan and his wife were sleeping in the fire house, adjoining the California Hotel, in Bush street. The earthquake shook down the chimney of the hotel and sent it crashing through the fire

house. Both were carried with the debris two stories to the ground floor, where they were extricated after great difficulty. Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan were at once taken to the Southern Pacific Hospital, but when the flames reached the Mission they were again moved, this time to the general hospital at the Presidio. It was found that Mr. Sullivan was suffering from a fractured skull, four broken ribs and other injuries.

"Eddie" Graney, the well known sporting referee, was with Chief Sullivan from the time the wounded man was removed from the fire house until Mr. Sullivan's death. Mr. Graney today stated that Chief Sullivan never knew there was a fire. After recovering consciousness the chief took great interest in the affairs of the city, being always apprehensive that a fire would break out. He knew from the fact that he was dying from his injuries, and he repeatedly spoke to his friends of the increasing necessity for such an adjunct to the fire department of the city.

Mrs. Sullivan, who suffered serious injuries, has progressed satisfactorily and it is believed she will recover.

STORY OF PRESENT CONDITIONS IN THE RUINED CITY

Oakland, Calif., April 25.—When San Francisco is rebuilt it will be the most superb illustration of civic pride and unquestioning courage in the history of the world. The magnificent resources of the Pacific slope and the commanding position of the site of San Francisco will have nothing to do with the rise of the city from its ashes, compared with the marvellous spirit of her people. The calculating temperaments cannot understand the hot-blooded indomitable enthusiasm that is so strikingly apparent, and such might creep at the absolutely unbounded confidence of San Francisco.

Homeless and Cheerful.

The note of cheerfulness of the people in the face of an almost incredible week of horrors was to your correspondent the only mitigating element to the awfulness of the disaster, the only ray that lightened the horrible gloom of the situation. A few details may serve to give some slight impression. Crossing the bay, thin clouds of smoke still veil the hills. Getting nearer one sees the sky right through the other buildings which have crumbled. The flag on the top of the ferry tower, the lance to the city from the east, hangs desolately. Big, bare patches on the tower show where the bricks have slipped off. The buildings on the Southern Pacific pier to the left of the ferry slip are crumpled flat. The clock on the ferry tower, as every one notices, marks 5:16. The moment you step ashore all is desolation as far as the eye can reach. Earthquake evidence are in sight at once. All day, from dawn to dark, the strange procession that any city ever saw moves down Market street to the outlet. Every conveyance is pressed into service and thousands are trudging on foot, carrying all they own. Here is a man carrying

a small girl on his shoulders astride of his neck and a baby in his arms, while his wife pushes a baby carriage loaded down with all their earthly possessions. Here is a Chinese woman with an invisible baby in a silk sack on her back and two little ones trotting stolidly behind her. Market street, the Broadway of San Francisco, is simply a stream of human beings.

The night etude like a beacon in a stormy sea, massive and strong, absolutely undamaged, with "Old Glory" waving above it. With nothing but death and desolation about, it seems symbolic of the government that "shall not perish."

Housekeeping in the Open Air. At the open squares and the great Golden Gate park are the abiding places of tens of thousands. Jefferson square, typical of all, is a little town of shacks and tents. Women are hanging out their washing on lines strung from trees, cooking in fireplace built with loose bricks—there are plenty of bricks. Outside one tent stands a piano. A man is giving out onions and nuts are taking them away in their hats and women in their aprons.

The streets of the residential district of the western addition, untouched by the flames, present the most singular sight. All the way, for miles and miles, the women of the houses are cooking in the streets. In most cases they have taken their kitchen ranges out and prepare the meals for the family contentedly.

Order is good, the streets are closed at nightfall, stories of promiscuous shooting are untrue. Liquor is absolutely barred in San Francisco, Oakland and surrounding places, and the order is rigidly enforced. The loss of life may reach 1,000.

Home Concert on the Street. Last night out on Frederick street, near the Panhandle, in San Francisco, a piano sounded. It was high 10 o'clock and the stars were shining after the rain. Eyes glanced up and down through the shrubbery and the refugees sat huddled together about their beds—Apache-like—in an effort to dry out after the wetting of the afternoon. The piano, dripping with moisture stood on the curb, near the front of a cottage which had been wrecked by the earthquake.

A youth with a shock of red hair sat on a cracker box and pecked at the ivories. Home Ain't Nothing Like This! was thrummed from the rustic wires with true vanderbilt dash and intonation. "Bill Bailey," "Good Old Summer Time," "Dixie" and "In Foyland" followed. Three young men with hankkerchiefs wrapped about their throats in lieu of collars stood near the piano and with him lifted up their voices in melody.

felt. It lasted nearly a minute and caused considerable alarm, though no one was injured. A number of walls of burned buildings which were standing yesterday were thrown down and frail buildings were considerably shaken up, but the damage done was slight.

The shock was also felt in Oakland and Berkeley, but in those places it was very slight and of brief duration.

The earthquake caused the death of Mrs. Annie Whitaker, aged 23 years, Mrs. Whitaker was at work in the kitchen of her home on Shotwell street, in the Mission district, when the shock came. The chimney, which had been left in a tottering condition by the heavy quake last Wednesday, crashed through the roof and fractured her skull. Her body was taken to the morgue at Portsmouth square and buried an hour later at Laurel Hill cemetery.

Heavy Task Feeding the Homeless. San Francisco, April 25.—An idea of the task which confronts the food committee may be gained from the fact that throughout the city ration for 394,440 persons were distributed yesterday. At one point yesterday provisions were given out to 672 persons an hour for ten hours.

All flour that was received in sacks is exchanged at the bakeries paid for pound for pound. Almost all the bakeries in the unburned districts have opened, and selling bread at five cents a loaf. There is no danger of a meat famine. Representatives of the Western Meat Company in San Francisco reported to the relief committee this morning that there are now in the yards 1,250 cattle, three thousand sheep and 500 hogs.

Wholesale grabbing of supplies by some, while others are in want, has caused the military authorities to order a new system in the distribution of food. Beginning tomorrow, kitchens and mess rooms will be established and meals will be given out to all who apply, but no food will be supplied to be carried away.

Pitiful stories of suffering from exposure, ignorance and helplessness are flooding the relief committee from all sides. Since the beginning of the calamity twenty deaths have occurred in the general hospital.

Without Cars or Telephones. To appreciate this situation, it is to be borne in mind that San Francisco covers 25 square miles and that all street cars lines and several methods of local transportation are still unavailable and inoperative. There is no telegraph system within the city except that constructed by the signal corps nor does any telephone

One Woman's Wants. "I want a can of condensed cream, so I can feed my baby and my dog," says a large florid faced woman in a gaudy kimono, "and I don't care for crackers, but you can throw in some potato chicken if you have it."

A story passed the rounds of a saloon parrot, a most noisy bird, whose early education had been gained on the high seas and whose later habits had been an East street grog shop. This feathered braggart from the burning was left on the steps of Calvary Presbyterian church early in the afternoon of the first day's fire by its neglectful owner, and for the rest of the day it displayed its convictions by hanging head downward from its perch and screaming "Go to hell" at every passer-by.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckles, wife of the well known financier, presented her husband with an heir on the lawn in front of their mansion on Friday, when the family were awaiting the coming of the dynamite equal to blow up their magnificent residence.

Another Shock Alarms 'Frisco. San Francisco, April 25.—At 3:15 o'clock this afternoon a shock of earthquake was



Prices Paid for Some of the Seats at the Hippodrome at Motive Benefit for San Francisco Sufferers

New York, April 24.—Under the patronage of the most prominent women members of society in this city, yesterday's matinee and evening performances at the Hippodrome were turned, held for the benefit of the San Francisco Relief Fund, and \$31,507 was realized from the sale of seats which brought prices from \$200

down. Mrs. Herman Alrich presided at the performance and announced the gross receipts from a box. The highest price paid was by James H. Hoadley, who gave \$1,000 for two seats on the main floor. John W. Gates paid \$5,000 admission fee. Few seats in the vast amphitheatre cost less than \$10.

service exist beyond the military system connecting the headquarters with the mint, post office, various district headquarters and other points of great public importance. Even the present military systems are being continually broken by parties engaged in repair and rescue operations. Under these conditions no part of the city can be reached save by a messenger on foot, which entails hours of delay, and the situation is so dire that the names of dead have already been furnished the department and if desired the names of every injured person in hospital will be similarly transmitted.

To relieve public apprehension, it should be clearly understood that beyond isolated cases already reported, there are no deaths or serious injuries of guests of any well known hotel in San Francisco. It should also be understood that there is no demand for nurses or doctors. The medical, civil and military will be able to handle the entire situation unless unexpected adverse conditions arise. The hospital corps force sent here will be utilized more for sanitary purposes and preventive measures than for the cure of any great body of sick of which none exist.

James C. Jordan Safe. Boston, April 23.—(Special)—James C. Jordan, son of the late Eben Jordan, sr., of the big Boston firm of Jordan & Marsh, and well known in New Brunswick, where he has a summer home, Pales River, has notified anxious friends in Boston that he and Mrs. Jordan survived the terrible San Francisco earthquake although their home on Vanessa avenue was greatly damaged and they had a narrow escape.

In the despatch, which was received by Rev. Dr. Rowley, of the First Baptist church here today, Mr. Jordan says: "We are alive and well, but we had a perfectly terrible experience."

Mr. Jordan and his wife had been living in a rented furnished house in San Francisco for the winter, just across the street from the home of Otis Scribble, which was ruined by the quake, and friends of the Jordans here were much perturbed.

R. B. Kesson, manager of the Bank of New Brunswick, returned from Sussex yesterday.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggets refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. BROWNE'S signature is on each box.

Piles Cured

Suffering for Years, and Bed-ridden from Piles, a Contractor of Marion, Indiana, is Cured by Pyramid Pile Cure.

"I was troubled with piles for several years before I would let it be known. But at last they became so severe that I could not walk and I had to take my bed. I tried everything and anything the doctors prescribed, and took their treatments for a long time. But nothing ever did me any good. I had seen your ad. in different newspapers, so I got a 50-cent box and began using them. From the very first I got quick relief and by the time I was starting on my third box I saw I was cured. I have not been troubled with them since. Now you can use this as you please, because it is genuine. Yours, T. A. Sutton, Stone and Cement Contractor, Marion, Ind."

Instant relief can be gotten by using the marvelous Pyramid Pile Cure. It immediately reduces all congestion and swelling, heals all sores, ulcers and irritated parts.

The moment you start to use it your suffering ends and the cure of your dread disease is in sight.

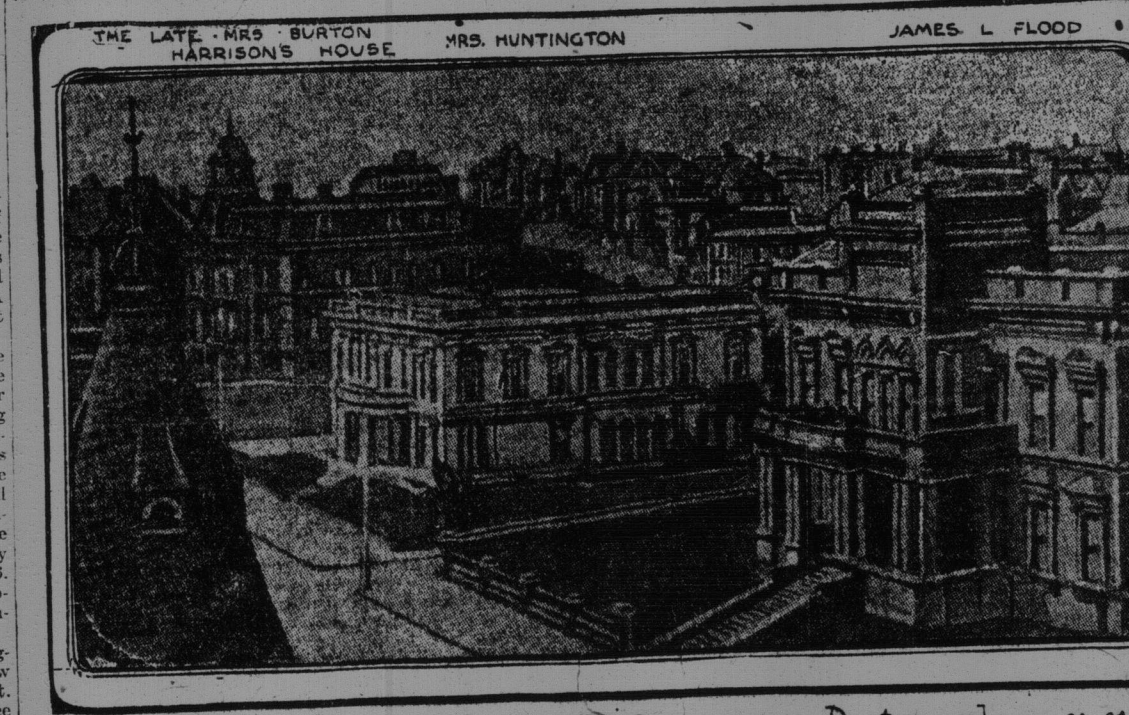
The Pyramid Pile Cure remedies a surgical operation unnecessary. Don't back to pieces those tender muscles which must be intact if a satisfactory cure is to be obtained.

The Pyramid Pile Cure is put up in the form of "easy-to-use," specially made suppositories. They are soothing, painless, instant and certain.

A trial treatment will be sent you at once by mail, in plain, sealed wrapper, without a cent of expense to you, if you send your name and address to Pyramid Pile Cure Co., 3877 Pyramid Building, Marshall, Mich.

After you receive the sample, you can get a regular-size package of Pyramid Pile Cure at your drugstore for 50 cents, or if he hasn't it, send us the money and we will send it to you.

Barton Bower passed through the city last evening on his way to Winnipeg. Mr. Bower, whose home is in Western Michigan, was formerly in the C. P. R. graphic office here, and has been ferried to the east.



Nob Hill Residences of Millionaires Destroyed