

GRAPHIC STORY OF QUAKE

A LETTER TO MRS. HUMPHREY TELLS THRILLING EXPERIENCES KILLS BOTH DR. AND MRS. KELLY

Former Norfolk Insane Hospital Superintendent and His Wife Were Crushed to Death at St. Agnew—Intensely Interesting Description.

Mrs. J. W. Humphrey of Norfolk has received a most interesting letter from her aunt, Mrs. Carrie Stone, concerning Mrs. Stone's experience in the California earthquake. Mrs. Stone tells graphically of the intense suffering of even those who survived with their lives, and of the uncertainty that hung over the coast for days afterward, when shocks continued every twenty minutes. She tells, also, of the death and burial of both Dr. and Mrs. Kelly in the St. Agnew insane hospital, where Dr. Kelly, formerly superintendent of the Norfolk insane hospital, was assistant. In speaking of her husband and son, Mrs. Stone says:

They had dressed and gone down two flights of stairs, and stopped at the office door to leave their keys, when the building began to shake. Glenn said, "What's the matter? Is the house collapsing?" George replied that he thought that they had just started the elevator and that it was caught. But the shaking became worse and strange noises rent the air.

Glenn said, "Pa, let's get out of this. I believe the building is collapsing." So down the remaining flight of stairs they stumbled, the building rocking so they could hardly keep on their feet. At one step the stairs would heave up level with their feet, the next recede till they had to jump to reach the step. Glenn was ahead and being younger than his father and spryer, he reached the double doors at the foot of the stairs first. He tried the door but it was twisted and fast. He put all his strength on it and jerked it open with such force it sprang back into the spring socket and remained there. He gave a leap and landed in the middle of the street with such force that he could not stop and went to the side walk on the opposite side. He had not landed when the whole brick front of the building he had just left fell out with a crash to the walk and street. On turning to look for his father, the dust and lime from the falling wall was so thick that he could not see a thing, and a fearful thought crossed his mind that his father was buried in the debris. He started back to look for him and the ground heaved under his feet. The street sank several feet in places and rose in others. As he started back the building at his back began to fall. Heavy plate glass flew in particles all around him, brick and mortar fell like hail. He reached the pile of debris from the Winchester and saw a dark object moving at his feet. He stooped down and found his father struggling in a mass of electric wires—the electrician had thoughtfully shut off the power at the first warning of the earthquake. Otherwise he would have been killed there.

Glenn got him up and they got into the middle of the street. By that time the streets were alive with men, women and children. Horses, dogs, and even cattle, that had broken out of the stock yards half a mile away. All were running, trying to find safety. The most of the people were in their night clothes. Strange to say no one made a bit of noise or outcry. Everyone seemed dazed and could not realize what was happening to them. George ran as fast as they could over the piles of debris and amid falling bricks to the wharf. They worked their way around to the Third and Townsend street depot and found to their horror that they could not go home.

The tracks of the railroad were upheaved and broken, bridges wrecked and no way out. They then turned their steps to the mole, hoping to get over into Oakland.

After tramping miles around to keep out of the fire they reached the mole and found a ferry boat just leaving. They managed to get on and when in Oakland found the trains running as far as Niles. So they took the first train and by noon got to San Jose—a hour and a half ride ordinarily. Then they learned that they could go no further for all the bridges were wrecked for a hundred miles south and the track upheaved. Here they learned that San Jose and Santa Cruz were fearfully torn up. But as all wires were down they could send no word and were wild about me. They tried to hire a team or auto or even a wheel to get home, but everything was in demand to go to the doomed city to look after relatives and friends.

Finally a lady saw how nearly crazy Glenn was and let him take her pet pony and he started on horseback over the Santa Cruz mountains, a distance of forty miles. He left his father at a safe boarding house that had partly escaped the wreck, but had lost all the plastering and chimneys.

Now I must take you back to myself. After George and Glenn left home I took a walk to the beach to pass the time, then went home at about 5, got my tea and made ready for the night.

Shaken Till Seesick.

I slept well till about a quarter to 5. I was awakened by a queer shaking. I began to wonder if the wind was blowing to shake the house so, but it grew worse so fast that I got alarmed and sat up in bed. At that

instant the shock came and threw me out of bed onto the floor. It flashed through my mind, "earthquake," and I tried to get up, but could not for the house rocked so badly. I fell and got up the third time, thinking that I must get out of doors. I crawled to the bedroom door and got hold of the casing and drew myself upon my feet. Then came the second hard shock. The house rocked like the sea. The dishes on the pantry shelf fell crashing to the floor, the stove pipes came down, the books flew from the table, lamps overturned, stove slid to the middle of the room, chairs slipped one way and back again, plastering fell, window glass shattered, and I just hung to the door casing and was shaken back and forth till I was seasick.

When the last hard shock was over I managed to get out on the porch but could not stand up, the porch pitched so. I could not see a living soul, but houses fell and chimneys crashed all about me.

When the worst was over I crept into the house and out of chaos pulled some of my clothing. I then put on my clothes. During all this time I saw no one and I felt as if the last day had come and I alone of all humanity left. What seemed hours to me was in reality only a single moment. Just then people began to pour out in the middle of the street. I went too, was only half dressed and barefooted, others were still in their night clothes. After a few moments they began to go in and dress and then run to other friends and neighbors. I having no one to go to sat on the side walk and put on my shoes and stockings. I then went in and got my coat and hat and, like the rest started out to see the devastation. May you be spared the awful sights! Such a beautiful place, lovely homes and grand buildings razed to the ground, lovely yards and beautiful flowers and fountains crushed and buried in the debris of falling walls and chimneys.

All Wires Down.

I went straight to the central telegraph office thinking I would telegraph your uncle that I was safe. I knew they would hear about it and be worried about me. I never dreamed that they were feeling the shock, too. I thought we were the only sufferers I never once entered my head that they were even then being shaken up worse than we. When I got to the office and to send a message, I was told that all the wires were down and that no message could be sent on any of the three telegraph lines. They said that while the worst of it was on they got part of a message from San Francisco saying that they were then having the worst earthquake ever known there, but before anything further could be learned the wires went down and they could hear no more.

Everybody Walked, Walked.

Imagine my feelings. Not knowing whether George and Glenn were killed. No one there I knew; nowhere to go. I was wild and I shook and trembled so I could hardly stand. So did everybody else. The mayor issued an order that no fires were to be built and no lamps lighted, fearing fire as shocks kept coming every twenty minutes all day. I ate nothing, just kept walking in the street. When one is walking they do not feel the shocks so much as when sitting still. All that dreadful day everybody was just walking, walking.

No one was killed in our town, but many were hurt and many had miraculous escapes. Five miles away at a saw mill a land slide buried the mill, a million feet of lumber, and thirteen men under a thousand tons of dirt and rocks. They can never dig them out.

At a lovely resort six miles away the chimney crashed through the roof and struck the bed of a newly married couple from Nebraska. The man had just sprung out of bed, but the bride was crushed to death. I wandered about all day feeling no hunger and no fatigue. When night came everyone pulled beds out of doors. I was afraid to, though there were extra police on guard. I opened the front door and drew a rocking chair into it and sat down with even my coat and hat on. Every few minutes, when the trembles came, fright would make me spring to the middle of the street. I felt as though I could not live through another day in such fear and suspense. At about midnight I heard, besides the slow tramp of the guards, a quick all most running step that sent the blood coursing through my veins. I knew my dear boy was coming and I flew to meet him.

How we sobbed and cried in each others' arms. My first words were, "Where is your father?"

"Safe and well in San Jose." Then we sat down and told each other what we had been through. He wanted something to eat and I felt about in the pantry among broken dishes and crushed food until I found some doughnuts. He ate some but I could not as I had been sea sick all day. Many others were like me. We spent the remainder of that awful night in the arm chair, springing up at every tremble.

He said he had to go to San Jose early the next morning to take the pony back and to get his father, but he made up his mind that he should not leave me alone.

Mountains Shaken up.

He had an awful trip over the mountains, had to walk part of the way. He found great boulders shaken down into the road. Most of the way it was a grade, with deep gulches below and high mountains above. Sometimes he found the road would be heaved up and in others great crevices opened up over which he had to jump his horse. He found hundreds of men already fixing the road. They worked all day

and night, as they knew that it was the only way out of San Francisco. Glenn was the first to bring news of San Francisco. The next morning we closed the doors and went up town, got a cup of coffee and a bun at the restaurant, then went to the livery stable, got a team and started for San Jose. It was forty miles. We left at 7 in the morning and got to San Jose at 5 in the afternoon. We found the roads far more passible, but the men still working on them.

We left the team and pony at a livery barn when we arrived in San Jose and walked up to where he had left his father. He was not there and had not been seen after Glenn left. We were greatly worried about him and Glenn went to hunting for him. He went to the depot and livery barns and everywhere he thought he would be likely to go but no trace of him could we find. We were so worried we knew not what to do.

Agency of Refugees.

The city was full of refugees from San Francisco, brought in by teams and autos and the one train that could get through. Oh, what awful sights, thousands of men and women and little children lying on the grass in the parks and under the pepper trees along the streets. Most of them had only their night clothes on, bareheaded, barefooted, cold, hungry, and many sick from fright. The people of San Jose were doing their best for them, dividing their food, clothes and bed clothes with them.

Every moment new arrivals came who had to be cared for. Soldiers, hundreds of them, were put on guard to watch the people, and after 6 no one but physicians and nurses were allowed in the streets. No one was allowed a light for fear of fire.

It was something too terrible to describe while Glenn was hunting for his father. I asked the landlady if she knew any one by the name of Cruson or Thamp. I had not heard of the awful wreck at Agnew, but thought I would find where Claud and Ada were if I could. She said she knew of no one by that name, but would get me that evening's paper, that had a list of the thirteen killed at San Jose. I read the list but found no names I knew.

Uncle's Name in Dead.

On the same page my eyes caught the news of the awful disaster at Agnew asylum, and found poor Uncle Ed's name in the list of killed. I called the landlady and told him that I must go out there and find my brother. They were all so sorry for me and did all they could to help me, but they told me that I could not go till morning, if I could go at all. No one was allowed out after 6 o'clock and he said he would make inquiries for me. Then Glenn came and we could do nothing but wait. We did not undress, just lay down on couches in the back parlor.

The house was full of overflowing. Some men even lay on the bare floor in the halls. Morning came and the landlady told me that Agnew was under military rule. No one was allowed there only the men who would help remove the debris and care for the bodies, and those who were nurses. They said they could not let any one in because they would only be in the way.

Dr. and Mrs. Kelly Killed.

He said my brother was very likely to be already buried as the paper said he was with Dr. Kelly and wife and several others in the sanitarium, a one-story cottage and that all were killed in there. Dr. and Mrs. Kelly's bodies were brought to San Jose that morning after the shock and buried. He thought it probable that my brother had been buried too, as they were obliged to bury them as fast as they were taken out, they were so terribly mangled. They had already taken out 110 bodies.

When I heard all this and knew that I could not go there I gave it up and tried to find Claude and Ada. I went to the police station and talked with several officers. They said they did not know them but would try to find them for me. They had been there such a short time that no one knew them and I did not know their street and number and I might have met Ada and not known her as I had never seen her. I also went to the postmen and tried to find one who had delivered mail to them, but no one knew anything about them and their name was not in the directory.

Killed Instantly.

I then went to the relief committee and asked, but their name was not on the books, but they took their names, as did the police and postmen and said they would try to find them and let me know if they did. Afterwards I found out that Claude was at Agnew digging for his father's body. He was not in the sanitarium but still in his own room on the fourth floor. The heavy bell and clock hung directly above him and fell at the first shock. The bell struck the side of his room and smashed the floor through and fell into the basement. The floor tipped up so uncle Ed, who was sitting in his chair, slid off into the basement and the second shock sent the walls in on top of him, which was only a few seconds later. He must have been killed instantly as he had not struggled a bit. Poor Eddie. I feel thankful that he was killed instantly and did not have to suffer as some poor people did, who were caught in the falling ruins and lived for hours, begging to be shot to end their misery.

Claude gave him a good christian burial, while so many were gathered and piled into trenches and covered with not even a winding sheet to place between them and the earth.

Got Body Five Days After.

Eddie was badly mangled, both legs crushed and broken, arms broken and shoulder crushed. Claud would not tell how his face looked, but it must have looked bad, as no one but those who removed him and the undertaker were allowed to see him. There were two lady stenographers in a room adjoining his, who went down with him. Their bodies were secured the same day as his was. He was the last one to be taken out, just five days after the accident, and the day Glenn and I left Santa Cruz for Oregon.

Well, after trying our best to find George, Claude and Ada and we came to the conclusion that they had started for home. We learned that an engine had left Santa Cruz for Gilroy and we hoped that he had gone on that, and he had.

Lost Man is Found.

We reached home at night, and as we drove into the livery the proprietor said, "Well, your husband and father is safe and has just been here." How glad and relieved we were. We hastened home and found him there all right. It was a joyful and tearful meeting. He had hired a man to bring him across country with a team. We had to stay there four days, no mail, no telegraph, no train, and during all that time those fearful tremblers came every twenty minutes, some hard enough to shake the broken plaster from the walls and topple down the leaning, broken chimneys. Those were fearful days and terrible nights. We never thought of taking off our clothes, but lay on the bed ready to spring out of doors at a moment's notice. Finally an engine and car came in at night and brought the first mail. It was given out that a small train would leave at 7 the next morning.

We were ready to go, and boarded the train, that is, Glenn and I did. George went to Lake county to settle up his affairs. He had to stay in Santa Cruz two days after we left. It was terrible to have to leave him there, but every one said there would not be any more damaging shocks, although they would feel those tremors for a week yet. So we tried to calm our fears and think it was all right. We were nearly all day going to San Jose, a two hours' ride, were obliged to transfer around unken tracks, walk over wrecked bridges, and by the time we got to San Jose we were on the verge of a collapse.

We only stopped to change cars in San Jose and were soon on our way again, going around by Stockton and thence to Sacramento, changing cars five times to get there. Then we took the through train for home. We got to Mary's at Roseburg at midnight two days after.

Eight Sleepless Days.

We were so nervous and tired out that we could hardly stand, not having had our clothes off or had any sleep of any account for eight days. George came the next Monday and we were glad, indeed.

To try to tell of the horrible sights we saw would be useless. No tongue or pen can ever describe it. One can not conceive the awfulness of that terrible calamity, that destroyed so many beautiful cities and lovely homes.

It was the most beautiful country in the world and is now almost desolate with wreck and ruin. Fifty years' hard work and millions of money can not make things as they were before. Such beautiful homes and lovely places, that only vast wealth could make, utterly destroyed. Want and suffering stalked forth where a short time before all was bounteous munificence.

I hope I have not wearied you with this long account.

Yours,
Carry Stone.

O'NEILL HAS A FIRE

BAD BLAZE IN HOLT COUNTY SEAT THIS MORNING.

BOWEN LIVERY BARN BURNED

AND BAZALMAN LUMBER YARD IS TOTALLY DESTROYED.

TWENTY HORSES CREMATED

The loss on the Bazalman Lumber Yard Was \$30,000, With No Insurance—Lightning Started the Blaze. Whole Town Was Threatened.

O'Neill, Neb., June 29—Special to The News: Fire this morning destroyed the Bowen livery stable, cremating twenty horses, and completely destroyed the Bazalman lumber yard. Loss on the lumber yard is \$30,000, with no insurance. The livery barn loss is about \$2,500 on the building, with \$800 insurance. The livery barn building was owned by Mr. Webb of Elgin, Neb.

The fire started at 3:30 o'clock this morning, presumably as the result of lightning bolt.

Whole Town Threatened.

For a time the entire city was threatened by the flames, and there was grave alarm until the firemen succeeded in extinguishing the fire. The lumber yard is about a block north of the Great Northern depot.

Only one horse was rescued from the barn, a full score dying in the blaze.

SATURDAY SIFTINGS.

Dr. Pilger went to Winside on business today.

Dr. Laagrall of Hoskins was in Norfolk today.

J. W. Ferguson of Long Pine is a city visitor.

E. O. Mount came in from a western trip today.

F. W. Ingersoll of Gregory, S. D., is here on business.

Ed Dixon, who has been running out of Fremont, is here to spend Sunday.

Mrs. W. R. Day of Battle Creek is in town shopping today.

J. R. Foster came down from Creighton to spend the day.

Miss Ollie Drebert has gone to Pierce on a short visit.

Gertrude Alton and Mable Young of Creighton are visiting here.

Miss Jessie Howe returned Friday night from a visit in Madison.

Geo. C. Stevenson came over from Madison on business yesterday.

W. E. Garrison and John Upplatt came up from Stanton to spend the day.

Mrs. Irvin Gerecke has returned from Omaha, where she was visiting relatives.

Miss Book of Council Bluffs, who has been visiting Miss Herrmann, left for Osmond today.

Mrs. F. S. Battee, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. E. E. Coleman, returned to Carroll today.

The Buster Brown girls enjoyed an outing at Boche's slough yesterday, spending the day at fishing.

Miss Birde Kuhl returned at noon today from a three weeks' visit with friends at Pilger and Emerick.

A party comprising Mrs. Hardy, the Misses Brome, Mason, Etta Durland and Mrs. Bell are picnicking near Pierce today.

Mrs. Walter Weber of Wayne and Mrs. Nelson Jimson of Seattle, Wash., who have been visiting Mrs. Robt. Utter, returned to Wayne today.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Ewe, who have been visiting for the past two weeks at the home of A. A. Adams, returned today to their home in Lincoln.

Robert Dick of Creighton, director of the musical department of Doane college, and Mr. Evans of Crete, are guests at the home of E. P. Olmsted on South Ninth street.

Mrs. Dorch will leave tomorrow for a trip through the west, including Yellowstone park, Salt Lake and all the coast cities. Miss Fleming will meet her at Aurora and accompany her.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Maryott, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Coleman and Mrs. Battee, a sister of Mrs. Coleman from Carroll, Neb., have been enjoying a camping outing at Taft's grove for the past week.

Norton Howe has gone to Stanton.

Jas. Roseborough is in town from Tilden.

Burt Mapes returned from Lincoln last night.

C. A. Shoeder of Humphrey is visiting here.

A. J. Backhaus of Pierce is a city visitor today.

H. Wilk of Platte Center came up to visit friends.

C. H. Reynolds went to Fremont this morning.

M. C. Hastings of Meadow Grove is here on business.

Dr. Chas. A. McKim left on the noon train for Lincoln.

Judge J. A. Williams of Pierce was a city visitor today.

C. C. Morr and J. J. Clements are in town from Madison.

Thos. Reynolds and Stanley Grim of Creighton are in town.

Miss Mabel Coleman left this morning for a visit in Lincoln.

J. W. Ferguson of Long Pine is spending the day in Norfolk.

Arthur Ward has accepted a position in the C. & N. W. roundhouse.

Mrs. Hershiser of O'Neill is here

visiting Mrs. Shively and J. Hershiser. Mrs. William From of Omaha is visiting her sister, Mrs. Mary Elliott.

Douglas Cones and J. A. VanWagon of Pierce are here on business.

Miss Dennie Pugh has gone to her home in Tilden to spend the Fourth.

C. C. Smiska of Wood Lake arrived in Norfolk last night for a short visit.

Mrs. L. B. White and children of Fremont are here visiting her brother-in-law, A. White.

Mr. and Mrs. N. L. Taylor left for a trip through the southeastern part of the state yesterday.

Mrs. and Mrs. H. C. Evans passed through Norfolk on their way home to Omaha from Neligh.

Clarence Hartford, August Roth and Albert Uecker have gone to Clearwater to spend the Fourth.

Miss Nina Ryan, who has been visiting Miss Kathryn Shaw, leaves for her home in Neligh today.

Andrew Rosewater, who was here in connection with the sewer contract, left for Omaha this morning.

Gustaf Machmuller, who was taken to Omaha and operated on for appendicitis Monday, is reported to be recovering fast.

Miss Custer, who has been visiting Miss Hattie Linerode, left for her home in Omaha this morning. Miss Linerode accompanied her.

Mrs. H. B. Brown, who has been visiting Mrs. Joseph Schwartz, left for Pilger today, where she will visit her brother, H. J. Shoemaker.

Ernest Bridge has returned to Mount Vernon, S. D., after a visit of two weeks at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bridge.

Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Salter returned this morning from the Rosebud where they have been visiting their sons.

Commissioner J. H. Harding of Meadow Grove remained in Norfolk over night on his way home from Madison.

John Wilson, the cook, who has been at Alnsworth for the last year, surprised all his friends here yesterday. He will make a short visit in Norfolk.

The front of the new Macy building is being put in today.

Word was received here that a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Johnson of Omaha on June 28.

Missionary services will be held by the St. Paul's Lutheran church at Freyhalter's park east of the city tomorrow.

Miss Vile Adams, who was one of the graduates from the High school this year, has been employed to teach the Raasch school west of the city for the next term.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Sessions leave today for Rollins, Ore., where they will make an extended visit. They intend to go by way of Minneapolis and then west on the Northern Pacific.

A fine baby boy was born at the home of Engineer and Mrs. A. R. Beaton, on South Fourth street, last night. Mr. Beaton is a locomotive engineer on the Northwestern.

Ed Brueggeman, Chas. and Will Ahlmann returned last night from a week's camp at the mouth of the Northfork. They had a fine outing and reported good fishing in that vicinity.

Governor Mickey began his campaign of speechmaking against his fellow state officials out at the Milford soldiers' home this week. He is scheduled for one of the same sort at Oakdale week after next.

Madison Star-Mail: Dame rumor has it that the Postal Telegraph company are seriously thinking of extending their wires from Columbus to Norfolk in which event Madison will have an up town office which will be a great convenience to the business interests.

The new Methodist church at Warrnerville will be dedicated tomorrow at 2:30 p. m. Dr. Tyndall, presiding elder, Rev. J. F. Poucher, Rev. J. M. Bothwell and Rev. W. R. Peters will preach. Trustees are: Ezekiel Rowlett, H. A. Varner, N. L. Taylor, W. P. Rowlett, T. W. Scribner.

Many of the Norfolk merchants have expressed a desire to close their stores during the Fourth of July so that the clerks may have a chance to enjoy the day and it is said that the firemen, who will hold a picnic, will make an effort to get an agreement from all stores that the doors will be closed.

Paul A. Walter and L. L. Gorry of Genoa, together with forty-five Indian pupils of the Genoa Indian school, remained all night in Norfolk on their way home to the Omaha and Rosebud reservations. Mr. Walter and twenty-eight left this morning for Emerson, and Mr. Gorry with the rest left at noon for the Rosebud.

The lecture which was to have been delivered at the Auditorium last night under auspices of the Eagles of Norfolk, in behalf of the library fund, was so poorly attended that the lecture was given up and not delivered. The night was so oppressive that the public did not take kindly to an indoor evening. The Eagles lost money on the affair.

A large piece of plastering shook loose and fell from the ceiling through a show case filled with silverware in the Burton jewelry store yesterday, breaking the glass of the case but not in any way damaging the silver. Mr. Burton thinks he is having about his share of hard luck, having his safe locked so that it could not be opened for several days, and now this.

The Masonic lodge of Norfolk last night held installation of officers and had work in the e. a. degree. The following officers were installed: A. H. Viele, master; D. Rees, senior warden; W. R. Hoffman, junior warden; L. C. Mittelstadt, treasurer; S. G. Dean, senior deacon; L. M. Gaylord, junior deacon; J. B. Maylard, senior steward; H. E. Gerecke, junior steward; M. C. Hazen, secretary; C. F. Eiseley, tyler.

The best heavy castor machine oil at 40c per gallon at Paul Nordwig's.