

My Story of the Earthquake

BY REVEREND PROFESSOR EDWARD A. WICHER
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EDWARD A. WICHER, M.A., B.D.

When the earthquake struck us I was lying asleep at the house of a friend in Berkeley, not far from the University of California. It was at 5.13 on Wednesday morning, April 18th. Suddenly I was awakened by the violent tossing of the bed, which was thrown some feet out into the middle of the room and as suddenly thrown back again. At the same moment I saw the tall wardrobe that stood in the corner thrown half-way to the floor, then checked in mid-air and violently thrown back to the place where it belonged. The room was filled with pieces of flying chandelier, porcelain ornaments, books and toilet utensils. But Berkeley suffered least of all the cities in the Bay region and I afterwards learned that what had saved Berkeley was the counter-shock which came almost instantaneously upon the primary shock and neutralized its effect. In most other places the two shocks were separated from one another by some seconds, so that each increased the power of devastation of the other.

After the lateral motion there followed a perpendicular motion. The house seemed to be lifted high in the air and then let fall, and this action was repeated several times. I stood upright on the bed and was able to reach the ceiling of the room with my hands. Remembering old experiences of earthquakes in Japan, and the danger of falling plaster, I thought that I would balance myself thus and at the same time hold up the plaster. But another violent movement threw me headlong to the floor. I thought that the house was falling, and decided, whether wisely or unwisely, to make a dash for the street. I was thrown from side to side and down the stairs. A heavy glass globe struck me in falling and dazed me, but nothing worse happened, and I was in the open. The noise was terrific and indescribable. It was like the

But there was no panic, nor anything approaching a panic.

Then I took a ticket for the mole of the Southern Pacific Railway. If I could not reach the city, I would get as near to it as possible. But upon the mole I found the case equally hopeless. I begged from the officials to be allowed to go, "I want to reach my family," I said. But they answered me, "They all say that, we cannot make any exception; stand back," and a guard levelled a revolver at my forehead. But I had one comfort now. For upon calling out in the crowd to learn whether there was anyone who had any information about conditions in San Anselmo, I was told that the disturbance in this district was slight. But nothing definite was known.

For a long time after this I tramped the streets of Oakland from the newspaper offices to the telegraph offices and back again, forgetting even that I was hungry, until my senses began to grow dim and I realized that I had not taken food for nine hours. The work of the destroyer was everywhere in evidence. Fine mercantile buildings and fine churches had thrown their facades across the pavements; cornices were broken, steeples were twisted around, dwellings were telescoped together, so that houses of two stories looked as though they had but one. The streets were scattered with broken stones and fallen wires. No one thought of doing any business. But helpless crowds congregated upon the corners, telling of miraculous escapes from death and wishing for news of dear ones in other localities. Men who had not prayed for years felt no shame in falling upon their knees in the sight of the people and crying for mercy. A renewal of the tremor at noon sent many of them out of the streets to the refuge of Idora Park.

I learned here that San Jose was burning, that Santa Cruz was flooded and burning, that Stanford University was lying a pile of stones, that Santa Rosa was prostrate. Everywhere great loss of life was reported. But of San Anselmo I could get no word.

The dark column grew thicker and reached higher over the doomed city across the Bay, while fierce tongues of red flame shot forth at intervals out of the blackness of the smoke. The sky was covered with murky clouds, hiding the view of Mount Tamalpais. The sun was turned to blood. There was not a breath of wind; but a terrible oppressive heat which closed us in to earth.

Then we met a student, who had just escaped from Stanford, who told us that the great entrance gate, the splendid memorial chapel, and other beautiful stone buildings were lying in ruins upon the ground. Three hundred students in a dormitory had had a narrow escape from the same death which had fallen upon two of their comrades.

It had long since become hopeless to think of reaching home through San Francisco. In a direct line I was only ten miles from my loved ones, but to reach them I must travel a hundred and twenty miles around the headwaters of the Bay and spend the night in the devastated city of Santa Rosa.

It was four o'clock when I left Oakland with a train-load of sad, grey people, fleeing to friends in the country. Ordinarily there was only a small number of people who desired to travel by this route, but on this day there was a throng that filled the aisles and platforms.

One cannot but praise the splendid service of the Southern Pacific, California North-Western and North Shore Railroads, in this time of trial. When wires were down and travel was dangerous, they still moved the crowds without delay or accident. And where there were no tickets, they were not exacting. Their officials, like all other men, had their own sorrows; but they sank them in the common need, and bravely did their duty.

It was eight o'clock in the evening, when, in total darkness, we reached the stricken Santa Rosa. The desolation was appalling. The fine business street of the city was wiped out. The earthquake had shaken down the buildings, the live wires had set them on fire, and one of the most beautiful of California's beautiful cities was left a mound of embers. The Saint Rose hotel, in which I had lodged upon my last visit, had fallen and killed its visitors. The hotels were all gone. But the good Presbyterian minister, though bankrupt in everything except goodness, shared with me his last loaf of bread; for famine threatened to add its tortures to those of the fire. The splendid self-denial of the Christian ministers of California is one of the conspicuous features which helps to relieve the awfulness of the disaster. The light-hearted gaiety of California is everywhere showing that it is not simply wickedness, as some men would have us believe. It may be thoughtless, but in the hour of trial it can be tender also.

At the depot of the California North-Western Railway we talked with the night watchman, an old forty-niner. "First it went this way," he said, waving his lantern to the right in a circle, "and then it went this way," waving to the left. "And then, if you'll believe me, the ground flew up and hit me. I thought at first as though I might be drunk; but rec'lected I hadn't had a drink for a month. And then I jest tumbled down and



EFFECTS OF THE EARTHQUAKE. Another interior view at the Seminary.

couldn't go a step except on my knees. And I prayed A'mighty God to forgive me for my iniquities. An' I saw it, mark you, I saw it, I SAW it. That oil tank jest riz up and fell over. An' the col' storage outfit jest laid down. An' see them electric poles, I see the sparks jest fly and burn holes in the wooden awnings. An' my God, the whole town come down. There was two women killed in a house across the road, thet one on the corner. An' I kin hear the groans uv the dying yet. It was awful. It was—" the old man trembled as he spoke and his utterance became choked at the end.

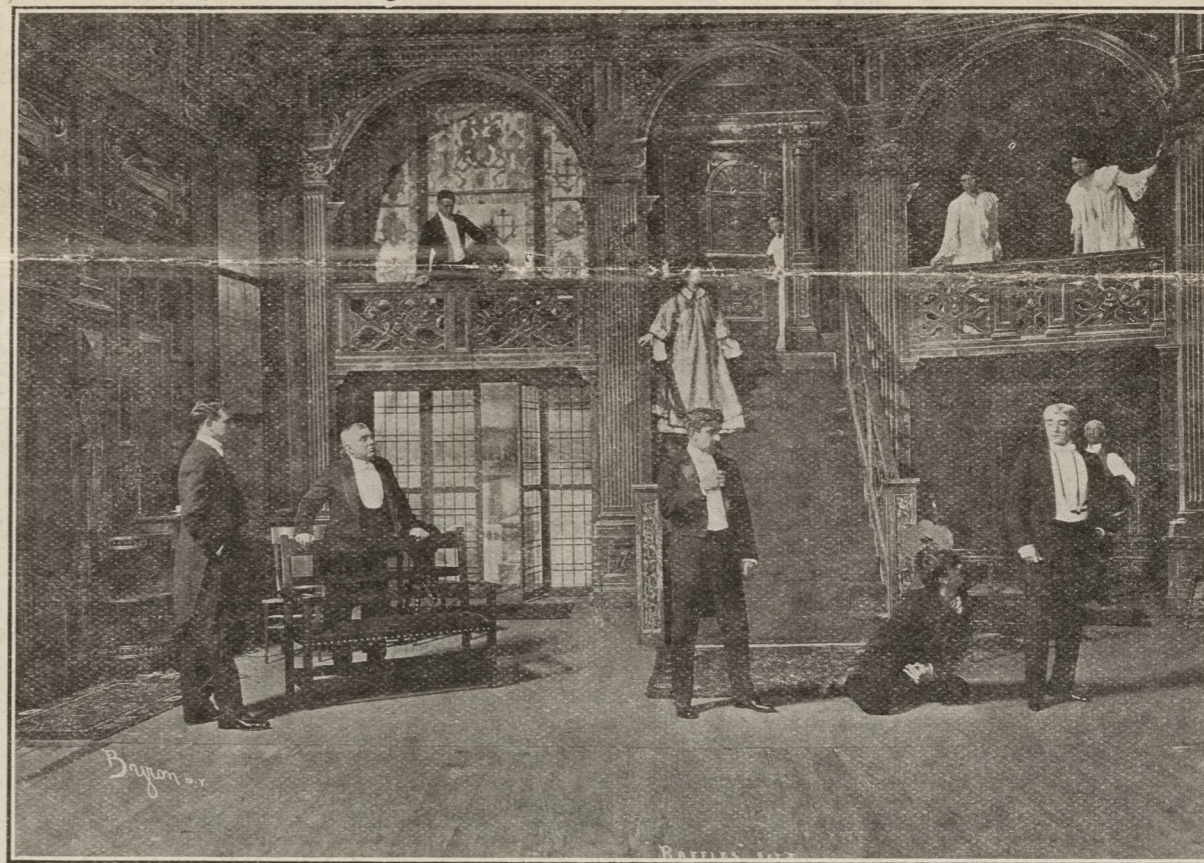
On the way through the street I passed a church where men and women were leaving and entering. Seeing a placard posted upon the door "Relief Committee," I went in to learn what was being done there. Inside I found a new horror. There were thirty corpses stretched upon the floor. The church had been changed into a morgue.

Needless to say we did not sleep much that night. At intervals we experienced slight shocks and around was the darkness. When morning came I was at length able to leave Santa Rosa by the California North-Western Railway. My agitation grew as I came nearer home. All this time I had had no word from San Anselmo, nor could I send any. When we passed the upbound train I shouted from the platform, "How is San Anselmo?" and received back the answer, "All right." I felt better now the farther forward I journeyed; for even the chimneys were standing at San Rafael.

And my family were safe at home—shaken but uninjured. I thanked God for His great goodness, and learned, as I had never learned before, the knowledge of human compassion. But our beautiful seminary, our grey-stone pride, was cleft asunder and forever ruined.

DRAMA

At the Princess Theater next week there will be two engagements of unusual interest. During the first half of the week, Mr. Kyrle Bellew will appear as *Raffles*, that most amusing and agile "amateur cracksmen," whose adventures have been related by E. W. Hornung in narratives that have been equalled by few modern story-writers. *Raffles*, to be sure, is a gentleman of Robin Hood's profession who finds London more lucrative than Sherwood Forest could have been, and who "burgles" with a grace which places him far ahead of the common or garden variety of grafter. Mr. Frank Connor will take the part of *Bunny*, the blundering but faithful friend of the brilliant *Raffles*, and Mr. E. M. Holland as detective is said to be a most satisfactory exponent of the gentle art of finding out. During the last half of the week, Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe will present four Shakespearean plays, *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Twelfth Night*, and *The Merchant of Venice*. Mr. Sothern's sumptuous taste is so well known that we shall expect



SCENE FROM RAFFLES AT THE PRINCESS THEATER NEXT WEEK.

vaster stage productions than have been. Such a dramatic alliance as Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe seems to give the lie to the Shakespearean sentiment: "Two stars hold not their motion in one sphere." The production of *The Taming of the Shrew* is not common, and the vivacity of *Kate the Curst* will be a welcome sauce after the love-making of *Juliet* and her *Romeo*. Mr. Sothern as the ardent young lover of Verona is easily imagined, but it is difficult to fit him into the part of *Shylock*. We have had several productions of *The Merchant of Venice* this year, we have been so "many a time and oft on the Rialto" that we might wish for some other comedy—*The Tempest*, for instance, in which the wizard robes of *Prospero* would well become the erstwhile *Proud Prince*. But the richness of the promised fare gives us assurance of a feast, and it would be running no risk to prophesy a crowded house for each production.

It is not often that plays at our leading theater meet with such severe censure as was excited by those in which Miss O'Neil appeared last week. If, instead of our general post-office, the said theater had been in ashes last Sunday morning there would not have been lacking authorities to declare that it was all owing to *The Fires of St. John*. That there were more objectionable performances in Toronto theaters during the last fortnight may be true; but they were not under the form of high dramatic art, and the people who went to see them were in search of the sordid. While it may not have been necessary to direct the attention of our morality department to the Sudermann play in question, most of the spectators considered it a nauseous exploiting of sensuality. The general opinion seemed to coincide with that of the evening paper calling it "a vicious drama." It was regarded as both nasty and inartistic, charges which could hardly be brought against *Magda*. Whatever may be the attitude of students towards Ibsen, the theatergoers of Anglo-Saxon communities find his sombre realism altogether too depressing to fulfil their dramatic requirements, and I frankly admit that I should rather have *A Pair of Spectacles* than a wilderness of *Hedda Gablers*, while *Rosmersholm* is enough to drive one to patent medicines. In the greatest dramas there is a sense of purification, of ennobling that is absent from several of the Ibsen tragedies. It may be old-fashioned to revert to Aristotle's treatise on the subject, but not many wiser reflections have been written since his day. *Rosmersholm* has been called symbolic, but it seems to be nothing but

the outward and visible sign of a decadence too dreary to contemplate. Mr. G. K. Chesterton's remark on the Ibsen realism was recalled last week by those who have read the English essayist's *Heretics*. It is to the effect that Ibsen is a realist for the evil aspect only and that the realism of goodness frequently escapes him. More than any other man the dramatist needs "to see life steadily and see it whole."

There is a very excellent vaudeville bill at Shea's Theater this week. The opening number is especially pleasing, a dainty bit of dancing by the Columbians in the style of the old-fashioned minuet. *The Village Cut-Ups*, given by May Boley and a sextette of girls from *The Maid and the Mummy*, aided by George Young and Will Brady, is a delightful sketch, while Miss Linden Beckwith is very successful with her singing portraits. Walter C. Kelly has an amusing monologue of a Southern police court, and Paul Nicholson and Miss Morton have a clever sketch called *The Ladies' Tailor*. Waterbury Brothers and Tenny have some amazing musical novelties, and Mosher, Houghton and Mosher, trick bicyclists, with Estelle D'Arville, a bewildering danseuse, complete the bill.

On Friday night of last week the picturesque studio of Mr. McGillivray Knowles was filled with an appreciative audience on the occasion of a Shakespearean recital by students of the School of Expression. To Mrs. Scott Raff was due the credit of training and management and the evening's performance was indicative of sincere and earnest study. There is, perhaps, no hall in the city that could provide such environment for dramatic presentation as was afforded by this studio, in which every object is of artistic interest. Scenes from *The Winter's Tale*, *Twelfth Night*, *Julius Caesar* and *Henry V.* formed the varied programme, which was carried out in a most pleasing manner. The "reading" was excellent, especially when the youthfulness of most of the amateur players was taken into consideration. There was no flagging of interest, the closing scene in *King Henry's* wooing of *Katharine* being the most popular feature in the recital. Mrs. Burden made a bewitching French princess, whose broken English and coquettish French were thoroughly enjoyed. The first object of the School of Expression training is not to inculcate a fondness for stage productions, but to encourage a study of the Shakespearean dramas, and the increasing seriousness of the work is proof of the benefits already derived from the course.

The musical comedy, *The Tenderfoot*, has created much amusement at the Princess Theater this week. Mr. Oscar L. Figman being one of the most riotously funny comedians that Toronto has seen. His wit is of Texan unconventionality, but it never degenerates into vulgarity. Altogether, as *The Tenderfoot*, *Professor Zachary Pettibone*, he earns the enthusiastic gratitude of the audience for arousing such mirth as is seldom occasioned by the humor of the modern musical comedy. The setting and costumes are all of the free prairie life of the Lone Star State and give a breezy picturesqueness to the doings of

cowboys and Texas Rangers. The music is bright and inspiring, although we seem to have heard some of it before. Miss Ruth White as the heiress, *Marion Worthington*, is extremely dainty and is even better suited with this role than with her part in *The Burgomaster*. Her clear soprano voice and her piquant prettiness win her instant popularity. Mr. Jethro Warner, a Canadian actor, who comes from Montreal, creates a favorable impression in the part of *Colonel Paul Winthrop*. For an attack of the blues or that forsaken feeling *The Tenderfoot* will prove a successful specific.

Buster Brown has been the attraction at the Grand this week. The piece, of course, is founded on that immensely popular series of sketches of the same name drawn by R. F. Outcault in the New York papers. This dramatization of cartoons is quite in keeping with the present methods of the American stage, but as Charles Dana Gibson has suffered the same fate R. F. Outcault should not repine. Every work of a novelist, poet, or artist which has found favor with the great American public is doomed henceforth to languish out its days before the footlights. The stage is the great bed of Procrustes on which American stage managers torture every work of American genius. If it is a novel they lop it off, and if a popular song, stretch it to the breaking point to meet requirements. The practice is so general that one is surprised that they have not already made a problem play out of *Emerson's Essays* or a musical comedy out of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. *Buster Brown* has not, however, suffered by dramatization. All who enjoyed him in print will enjoy him still more in the play. In the part of *Buster*, Master Rice proved a very capable juvenile performer and was ably assisted by his faithful dog *Tige*, an exacting part taken by Arthur Hill. Of course *Buster* is the whole show, but there are many satellites who revolve around him with becoming celerity and grace. Adele Hinton and Alice Ainscoe, as the mother and sister respectively of *Buster Brown*, had the air of dignity befitting relationship with an infant prodigy, and George Hall and Harry West were entertaining in the comic roles. Then there were many spectacular effects, chorus after chorus of *Buster* girls, basket-ball girls, Red Riding Hoods, etc., all equally charming and weirdly costumed. In short the play is a bewildering but not unpalatable melange. If taken to London it might outrival the Christmas pantomime as an entertainment for children.

EFFECTS OF THE EARTHQUAKE. Library of the San Francisco Theological Seminary.

booming of a million of cannon, muffled by distance and yet close at hand, while at irregular intervals there came an awful crash. These were not the sounds of falling buildings, they were the sounds of the earth itself, and yet in Berkeley the effects of the earthquake were accounted slight; some porches were knocked away, some windows broken, and all the chimneys toppled over—this was all. In a few minutes quiet ensued—a deep, tremendous quiet—and I returned to the house. It was not until breakfast time that we learned something of the awful horror into which the whole region had been plunged.

I cannot go into all the details of the morning. Suffice to say that we learned that the water-front of San Francisco had been destroyed, that fire had broken out in several parts of the city, that owing to the destruction of the water-mains, there was no water to be had, and, worse than all else, that the hundreds of desperate villains who lived in the dens and shacks upon the south side of Market street had broken into the saloons, filled themselves with liquor, and begun an awful work of outrage, theft and murder. The soldiers from the Presidio had been ordered out, the whole city was under martial law, and no one was allowed to enter it from any side. No one was allowed to enter it! But I had to enter in order to reach my family upon the San Anselmo side. Then I would be shot and that would be the end of it.

I cannot describe my agony during that day. At first we heard the most conflicting rumors. San Jose had been destroyed. No, San Jose was safe. No, San Jose had been destroyed. There were 17,000 people killed in San Francisco; no, there were only 500 killed. But no one could tell me anything of the north shore or San Anselmo, where our seminary stood, where my family lived. I know that my sorrows are not great in the multitude of sorrows; but they are typical, and I tell my story of the day because it is the story of a man.

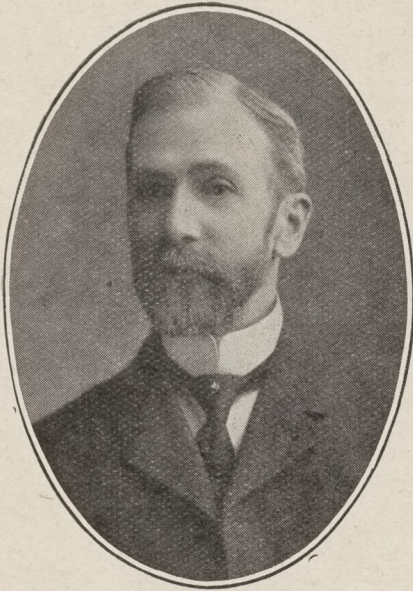
There was the greatest difficulty in obtaining information of any kind. Every telegraph and telephone line was down, and is still down. No street cars were running. Only the Southern Pacific Railway with its steam trains, maintained its suburban service; but when I applied for a ticket to the city I was told, "We are allowed to carry passengers out of the city, but not to take any into it." I purchased an extra of an Oakland newspaper and the headlines shocked me.

"Dead and missing—Two members of the Wicher family." Oh! Father in Heaven, they were mine. There were no other Wichers in the State. "No," said my companion, "not yours; they were killed in Oakland." Not mine, but the family of someone else. Yes, I thanked God they were not mine, and then I prayed for the other son and husband. The tension was terrible.

Then the refugees began to arrive from the city. They were the saddest and most haggard crew I have ever seen. There were women in their night clothes, as they had run out of the falling buildings, with a borrowed coat drawn about them; there were mothers with babies sucking at their breasts and other babies hanging to their skirts; there were wild-eyed men, whose fright had made them raving maniacs; some were praying, some were laughing, some were silent—all were horror-stricken.

A BUSY MAN'S BENEFICENCE

ON the mimic stage it is a common occurrence for a youth to leave his old home, plunge into the world of affairs, prosper, and then, returning, make his name, by generous deeds, a household word in the place of his birth; and the incident never loses flavor nor lacks applause. On the stage of life men fortgoing from their native township or village, as a rule, gradually but surely fall out of touch with the life there. Too many of them forget the little schoolhouse where they laid the foundation of knowledge; and too often worldly success, instead of fostering large and generous impulses, crowds them out of the heart. Not so with Moses Franklin Rittenhouse, a native of Lincoln County, Ontario, who, having won fortune and honor in distant fields, still holds it one of the greatest pleasures of his life to revisit his birthplace and to help in a practical way in making life there pleasant and profitable.



MR. M. F. RITTENHOUSE
Whose name stands for generosity and benevolence in his native county of Lincoln.

Mr. Rittenhouse was born sixty years ago in the township of Clinton, Lincoln County. During his boyhood he worked hard on the farm, which was twelve miles from the city of St. Catharines. Like so many other highly successful men born and reared on Ontario farms a generation or two ago, he found time only during the winter to attend school. At the age of eighteen he went to Chicago and commenced work in a planing mill at \$3.50 a week. Steadily his industry, integrity, and natural capacity for business carried him up, until to-day he is one of the most eminent lumbermen in Chicago, controlling one great company and be-

latest and best pattern obtainable. The Rittenhouse Library, which now contains over two thousand volumes, including the Encyclopaedia Britannica, and where the leading magazines of the day are received, is accommodated in the southern wing of the building, and is accessible to the people of the locality at all times. The northern wing is used as a museum, in which the plants, insects, minerals, etc., of the district are to be found. No expense has been spared in making the premises beautiful. Native

school and erected thereon a building thirty-four by eighty feet in size, which he named Victoria Hall. At the front is a two-story residence for the caretaker of the hall, school, and grounds, and at the rear is an auditorium with a seating capacity of six hundred. It is equipped with opera chairs, a piano, a projection lantern, and is lighted by an acetylene gas plant. It is used as a lecture and music hall, school and other public entertainments being held there; and in order to make its usefulness assured the benefactor provides an annual grant to aid in the expense of engaging lecturers and good entertainers. Attached to the hall is a conservatory, and here the pupils of the school can carry on nature study of plants and flowers. He has also erected a gasoline pumping station at the lake, by which the hall and the school are provided with a constant supply of water. The cost of the hall and equipment has been over sixteen thousand dollars.

The property is about a mile and a half from Jordan Station, on the G. T. R. This summer Mr. Rittenhouse proposes to widen the road, boulevard it, and lay a walk as far as the crossing of the Grimsby line, where he hopes to have a station erected. He also intends to provide ground for the introduction of school gardening. Not content with this, Mr. Rittenhouse has lately conceived the idea of having an experimental fruit farm established at the same point. He has offered to the Ontario Department of Agriculture, at a price much below what it cost him, twenty-five acres of land adjoining the other property, and will assist in the matter of establishing the farm. Should more land be required he offers to secure it. The Provincial Minister of Agriculture, the Deputy Minister and others have recently visited the place. They look very favorably on the proposal to locate an experimental fruit station in the heart of the Niagara district, and it is understood that the matter will at once be taken up.

Not only does Mr. Rittenhouse give a broad interpretation of citizenship, but his generosity flows in all directions. For example, for some years past he has made a practice of treating large parties of his relatives—most of whom live in the neighborhood of his birthplace—to delightful outing trips. In 1901 he took them to Washington, Philadelphia and Atlantic City; in 1902 to Brantford; in 1903 to New York and Albany; in 1904 he brought about one hundred to the King Edward Hotel, Toronto, and entertained them. It goes without saying that on these trips nothing is too good for the "International Ramblers," as Mr. Rittenhouse has christened his parties.

One who knows him says of Mr. Rittenhouse that he likes nothing as well as making life pleasant for others; and those who have come within reach of his beneficence say that it is not his gifts, but the spirit in which he makes them, which has brought him the endearment of the old folks at home, of many new friends abroad, and the highest respect of his associates in the business world. HAL.



RITTENHOUSE OUTING PARTY AT ALBANY, N. Y.

ing interested in a dozen others through the Western States.

The story of Mr. Rittenhouse's attachment to his old school and his old township—or rather the adjacent townships of Clinton and Louth, both of which proudly claim him as their own—reads like a romance. The schoolhouse was an old stone building, and even after he had, as a lad, left the farm and gone to Chicago, he returned one winter and put in another term with his old schoolmaster. Through all the busy years that followed he never lost interest in the place. In 1886 he founded the Rittenhouse Public Library there, and the occasions of his visits to Clinton and Louth Townships were observed almost as a general holiday by the residents of the district.

Finally, when on one of these visits in 1890, Mr. Rittenhouse was struck with the idea that he would like to see a model Public school replace the old stone building, which was falling into disrepair. He made the proposal to the school trustees of Union school section No. 1, township of Clinton, and No. 2, township of Louth, that if a new schoolhouse should be built he would share the cost. The offer was accepted, and the building was erected in the same year. It is a handsome brick structure, beautifully located, about half a mile from the site of the old school, and but a short distance from the shore of Lake Ontario. It is considered by the Provincial educational authorities as probably the best equipped rural school in Canada.

The school is complete in every respect. It has a concrete basement and play-room for the smaller children in winter, and has a modern hot-water heating system. The floors are covered with linoleum and the walls are artistically hung with pictures, while the desks are of the

and imported trees and hedges, and well-kept flower-beds and sod, make it such a place as would utterly astonish the average school trustee, rural or urban. There are two large playgrounds for summer, and an open-air skating rink and a toboggan slide for winter sport. The landscape gardening, which is shown in the photograph of the school reproduced with this article, was designed by Mr. Norman Vair, the head gardener of the Ontario Education Department at the Normal School, Toronto.

About two years ago Mr. Rittenhouse purchased two acres of land directly across the road from the



THE RITTENHOUSE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

A NECDOTAL

The wife of a wealthy Irish contractor of Kansas City, who was traveling abroad, was ever watchful lest her speech betray her Celtic origin. On one occasion she was heard to say that while she had visited Vesuvius, it was her regret that she had not seen the "creature."

A bright ten-year-old girl, whose father is addicted to amateur photography, attended a trial at court the other day for the first time. This was her account of the judge's charge: "The judge made a long speech to the jury of twelve men and then sent them off into a little dark room to develop."

Jacob Riis, at a convention of school teachers at Atlantic City, declared contentment. "Every man is too apt to be contented—that is, to be conceited," he said, "to think himself about as fine and strong and good and wise as anyone in the world. Even beggars. Why, I know a man who, on being accosted by a beggar, said: 'Why don't you go to work? Why do you waste your time begging?' The beggar drew himself up. 'Did you ever beg?' he said. 'No, of course not,' said the man. 'Then,' said the beggar, 'you don't know what work is.'"

Nat Goodwin, in describing an unsuccessful play, said: "Why, one night, during this company's Western tour, the box office man was

aroused from a nap in the middle of the first act by an odd sound. He yawned and looked out of the box, and there before him stood a little boy, weeping bitterly. "What is the matter, my little man?" he asked. The boy, holding up a check, said: "I want my money back." "Why do you want your money back?" asked the box office man in surprise. "Because," sobbed the boy, "I'm afraid to sit up in the gallery all alone."

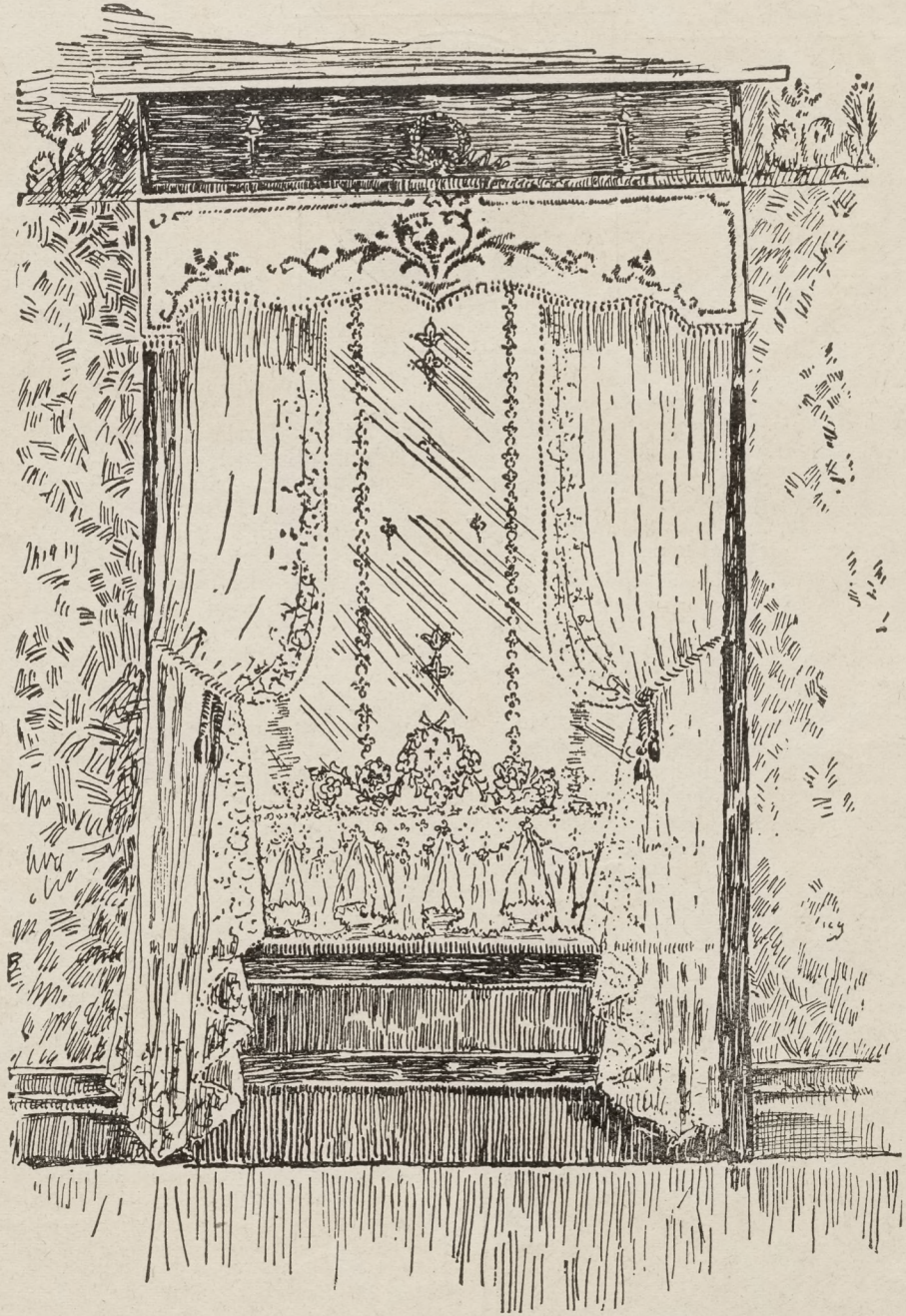
Not long ago Governor Folk of Missouri, upon reaching his office at the Capitol in company with a friend, found a number of men waiting in the ante-room. He paused as he passed through, and made a joke that was a decided chestnut. When the Governor and his friend were in the private office, the friend remarked: "Say, that was a fearfully old one you got off just now." "I know it," was the complacent reply. "Then why did you do it?" the puzzled friend asked. "Did you notice which of those fellows laughed? Well, they are the ones who have favors to ask," was the explanation.

Justice Harlan of the United States Supreme Court, despite his length of service on the bench, still preserves that elasticity of spirit and love of a joke that have distinguished him all through his career. On circuit last year the Justice created considerable merriment in a Western court. A

learned counsel was arguing the question as to what circumstances constituted an "accident," and was offering instances of what he considered would properly come within that term and what would not, on the other hand. "Suppose, your Honor," said he, "some one were to hit me in the eye, making it black in consequence. The fact of its becoming black could not be called an accident." "Perhaps not," suggested Harlan, with a chuckle, "but you would doubtless explain it on that ground."

In Montserrat the population, although colored, speak with a brogue. This has been an Hibernian island ever since Cromwell used it as a place of exile for rebels. The exiles followed the fashion of the time in forcing the populace into slavery, and the descendants of these slaves, who are, of course, free, are now engaged in making lime-juice and talking Irish. A sailor from Cork landed one day at the principal port, and fell into conversation with a particularly black longshoreman. The newcomer was filled with astonishment at the familiar speech. "An' how long have yez been in this place?" he asked the negro. "Sure an' it's two months since I came over," said the other, meaning that he had crossed from the other side of the island. "Well, replied the Irishman, "if it makes a dacent man look like yous in two months, here's what's goin' back to Ireland be the next ship."

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We have made the formation of lawns a study for years, and many of the finest lawns and grass plots in Canada were obtained by using the "Queen City" Lawn Grass Seed, with which a perfect and permanent lawn may be established in a few weeks' time. This celebrated Lawn Grass is composed of a thoroughly balanced combination of various native and foreign, fine-leaved deep-rooting grasses of intervening habit, that flourish in various conditions of soils and climates, growing during different seasons of the year, so that a deep green and velvety sward is maintained all the year round, its constant luxuriance rivaling the famous lawns of England. Price per lb., 25c.; 100 lbs., \$25.00.

Fancy White Dutch Clover for lawns, per lb., 30c. Sweet Peas Steel Briggs' Best Mixture from all the best named sorts is unsurpassed both for quantity, size of flowers, and brilliancy of bloom. Per lb., 85c.; 1/2 lb., 30c.; oz., 15c.

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