

## OFFICERS' STORY OF COLUMBIA

### Captain Doran Stayed At Post and Went Down With Ship.

### CARED FOR OTHERS' LIVES

### Ordered Boats and Rafts Out Immediately After Collision.

### WOMEN ARE BRAVEST OF ALL

### Hawse Expresses Contempt for Selfishness of Men.

### BOILERS DID NOT EXPLODE

### Chief Engineer, Says Steamer Went Down With Whistle Blowing. San Pedro's Officers Give Their Version of Disaster.

### ELDER IN PORTLAND AT NOON.

ASTORIA, July 24.—(Special).—At 3 o'clock this morning a telegraphic report from North Head was received stating that the steamer Elder, bearing survivors from the wreck of the Columbia, had not been sighted off the bar. With a clear moonlight sea a range of 20 miles could be secured from the North Head, and no vessels were in sight. The steamer is hardly expected in before daybreak.

Several Portlanders, having relatives or friends aboard who escaped drowning in the wreck, arrived here on the late train and have spent the night on the waterfront watching for the Elder, which was expected shortly after midnight on the night tide.

The steamer left Eureka Monday at 7:15 and evidently is proceeding leisurely. She should be in Astoria by 6 A. M. at the latest, and ought to reach her dock at Portland by noon today.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 23.—Three of the officers of the Columbia, who arrived here today on the steamer Pomona, made a statement under oath to Inspectors of Boilers and Hulls Buller and Bulger, regarding the collision with the San Pedro. Second Officer Richard Agerupp said:

"At 12 o'clock midnight, Saturday, July 20, I relieved First Officer W. H. Whitney on the bridge of the Columbia, being 88 miles to the north of Point Arena by the ship's log and steering N. W. 3/4 N. by pilot-house compass. Captain Doran was also on the bridge, as the weather was foggy, but he went down to his room for about two minutes; then he returned to the bridge again.

"About 12:15 A. M. Sunday I heard a whistle on the starboard bow and I reported to the captain, who said he had heard it, too. We kept our whistle going regularly, and so did the other steamer. The sound apparently still came from the starboard bow, which proved later to be the case. For about 12:30 we saw the other steamer's headlight and her red sidelight, about two points on the starboard bow. We were going full speed ahead, as shown by the indicator on the bridge. The captain ordered me to blow two blasts. While blowing the second blast, the other steamer answered with one blast. The captain then ordered the engineer: 'Full speed astern.' His order was answered from the engineer and the captain himself blew three whistles. Soon after the steamer collided with the Columbia and struck her about 30 feet from the stem, on the starboard side. This was about 12:22, as I looked at the clock.

"Captain Doran shouted: 'What are you doing, man?' and told the other steamer to stand by us, as she was loaded with lumber.

"Captain Doran ordered boats out. The engineer, but got no answer; so he sent down to the engineer on watch to learn if the ship was making any water. I went down to the engine room and asked the first assistant engineer, M. Burpee, if there was any water there. He said there was not. Returning to the bridge, I reported to the captain. Just then the watchman came on the bridge and reported water streaming in forward.

"The first officer came on the bridge and the captain ordered him to take the bridge and me to take off the head covers and get the boats ready for hoisting. By this time the ship listed to starboard and started to go down by the head. Several men were by this time getting the boats over. The Captain ordered me to cut the

after lifeboats drift. While doing this, I heard the whistle blow and, looking round, saw the bridge nearly under water. I saw there was no time to spare, so I threw a lifebuoy overboard and jumped over the stern into the sea. As I struck the water, the Columbia disappeared and the suction took me down with it. I got to the surface and about 30 minutes later was picked up in No. 1 boat of the quartermaster's."

### Praises Women, Despises Men.

The report of Third Officer Robert Hawse tells of the rescue of a number of passengers and takes occasion to praise some women who were in his boat, while he condemns the action of the men survivors who were with him. He says:

"When I was aroused by the shock of the collision, I rushed on deck and heard Captain Doran give orders to lower the boats on the lee side, at the same time shouting: 'Women and children first.' I hurried to the lee side and lowered boat six. I directed the loading of the boat and, when we pulled away, there were 15 persons

### MOTHER OF TELEGRAM CITY EDITOR LOST IN WRECK



The late Mrs. R. B. Cannon.

R. D. Cannon, city editor of the Evening Telegram, received a message last night from his brother, L. O. Cannon, at Eureka, announcing that their mother, Mrs. R. B. Cannon, was lost in the wreck. She was past 70 years of age. The message stated that Miss Stella Cannon, their sister, who was also a passenger, was suffering severely from the shock and that they will return to San Francisco—their home—as soon as she is able to travel. The party was coming to visit R. D. Cannon and family in Portland.

In it. We rowed to the San Pedro and placed the passengers aboard. Upon returning to the scene of the collision, we passed many rafts and could have filled the boat at once, but were afraid they would swamp us and decided to get up the isolated men and women who were struggling as best they could on pieces of wreckage and with life preservers. We took four women and six men in the boat. One of the women was but slightly clad and delirious.

### Turned Back by San Pedro.

"We again went to the San Pedro, but they refused to take any more people aboard, saying the vessel was crowded. Even though I urged them, owing to the condition of the women, my request was not granted. I made the women as comfortable as I could by covering them with a sail. My only trouble was with the delirious woman. The other three behaved fine.

"I have nothing but the highest praise for the women who were with me and nothing but the lowest contempt for the men who would do nothing to make more bearable the condition of the women.

"We rowed around until daylight and I had made arrangements with the captain of the San Pedro to take two of the women aboard. I planned to sail ashore and summon assistance, but by that time the George W. Elder came in sight and we were taken aboard.

"Chief Engineer John F. Jackson was asleep when the vessel struck. In his report he says he was aroused by the shock and that he hurried to the engine room to learn conditions down there. He states that up to the time the San Pedro was sighted the Columbia was going full speed, but that the order was promptly given to 'full astern.' Mr. Jackson says that the boilers did not explode, as the whistle was blowing when the Columbia went down and that the electric lights were burning until the vessel passed out of sight.

### SAN PEDRO BLEW WHISTLE

### First Officer of Steam Schooner Gives His Version.

EUREKA, Cal., July 23.—From Ben Hendrickson, first mate on the San Pedro, who was on the bridge at the time of the accident, the following version of how the collision and wreck occurred has been obtained:

"It was about 10 or 15 minutes past 12 o'clock Sunday morning when the lookout, E. Soderberg, told me that there was a whistle ahead on the port bow, and I ported the helm a couple of points. As the sound came nearer, I told the man at the wheel to port the helm again. I continued to sound the fog signal. The approaching vessel answered the fog signal. This came two blasts of the Columbia's whistle.

"When I saw the lights on the Columbia, I gave four rapid blasts of the whistle, that is the danger signal. The engine was stopped before I sounded the danger signal, because I give the engineer two bells to stop before giving the four whistles. The Columbia was crossing the San Pedro's bow. The San Pedro struck the Columbia on the starboard side about 25 or 30 feet from the bow.

"The Columbia was not very far away when I first saw her lights, and when I

## FATE OF MANY IS STILL IN DOUBT

### Elder Due Today With Wreck Survivors.

### SORROW IN PORTLAND HOMES

### Relatives Still Waiting for News of Loved Ones.

### HOPE NOW FADING FAST

### Little Prospect Remains That Passengers Not Hitherto Reported Will Be Heard From—Boats Not Accounted For.

Soul-grinding uncertainty still hangs over Portland concerning the steamer Columbia that lies at the bottom of the Pacific. The veil will be lifted some time today, when one of the rescue ships, the George W. Elder, bearing a number of the shipwrecked passengers and crew lands at Martin's dock at the foot of Seventeenth street. Just who are on board is not definitely known.

The first obscure reports that the Columbia had gone down with all on board threw a gloom over the city and wrung hearts in many a Portland home. But later dispatches brought with them a wave of joy that out of 255 passengers and crew known to be on board, 161 were safe with the possibility that among the 95 still missing some may yet be rescued. Several boats and life rafts have not yet been heard from and may still be adrift or may have landed on some remote point of the California coast or have been picked up by passing vessels.

The total dead list will perhaps never be definitely known, but all hope for some loved one need not be given up for several days yet. Some are almost asleep of the sea. No hope is held that Captain Doran is alive. The fact that even one man, woman or child died with the Columbia is taken by those who know the man to be proof indubitable that Captain Doran and First Officer W. H. Whitney went down with their ship. Survivors who reached San Francisco yesterday all tell of the calm facing of duty and sure death by Captain Doran.

### Awaits Tidings of Husband.

The grief-stricken wife of First Officer Whitney was a pathetic figure at the office of the Associated Press, where she hovered nearly the entire day anxiously awaiting tidings of her brave husband.

Mrs. Whitney received a letter from her husband on Monday morning which was written at San Francisco before the vessel sailed on the northern voyage, which proved to be her last, in which Whitney mentioned that on the down trip the steamer had lost a propeller blade, and that he hoped nothing would happen on the up voyage, seeming to

indicate that he had a premonition of disaster.

First Officer Whitney bore a splendid reputation as a seaman. He was a devoted admirer of Captain Doran, and died with him. In the capacity of a subordinate officer, Mrs. Whitney had been through two wrecks before the catastrophe overtook the Columbia. He was a man noted for his courage and for the excellent manner in which he discharged his duties as second in command of the steamer. Survivors say he was on the bridge with Captain Doran when the Columbia sank.

As it is almost certain that many of the passengers did not escape from the vessel before she went to the bottom, Mrs. Whitney has almost given up hope of ever seeing her brave husband again. To add to her sorrow she does not know whether her little 5-year-old girl was on board with her husband or not. Mr. Whitney said on leaving that he might bring her home with him from San Francisco. As no child, so far as known, was

### PORTLAND MAN IS SAVED FROM WRECK.



R. W. Graham.

Briceland, Humboldt County, Cal., July 23.—(Shenk and Graham, 125 Front street, Portland, Or.)—All right. Will be home soon as possible. R. W. Graham is the text of a telegram that brought joy unutterable to a woman—Mrs. E. W. Graham—at her home, 463 1/2 East Burnside street. When the press dispatches came telling of the wreck, Mrs. Graham's neighbors formed a plan to keep the news from her till something definite was known of the fate of Mr. Graham. By various pretexts all papers were kept out of her sight, and the first she knew of her husband's escape from disaster was the telegram from Mr. Graham saying that he was safe. Mr. Graham is a member of the firm of Shenk & Graham. Briceland is a small lumber camp some miles inland from Shelter Cove.

saved. Mrs. Whitney's little one, it is feared, is probably with her father.

### No Tidings of Mrs. Soule.

No tidings were received yesterday of Mrs. William H. Soule, wife of the waterfront reporter of the Oregonian. She was not at Eureka among survivors there, and the only hope that seems left is that she may have been on one of the boats still unaccounted for. Hope for her has practically been abandoned. Mrs. Soule was a daughter of Mrs. Sarah C. Vanhorn, of Portland, and a native of Washington County. She was a niece of Dr. C. W. Cornelius, who is now in the East, having gone as a delegate of the Portland lodge to the national convention

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## ORCHARD'S MANIA FOR GREAT CRIME

### Richardson Does Not Spare Assassin.

### CALLS HIM PINKERTON TOOL

### Used to Implicate Federation Officials in Deeds.

### PARTY TO THE CONSPIRACY

### Haywood's Lawyer Says That, After Killing Steunenberg Through Love of Spectacular, Assassin Schemes to Hang Haywood.

BOISE, Idaho, July 23.—Foregoing the theory of vengeance as Orchard's motive for the murder of ex-Governor Steunenberg, E. F. Richardson argued that Orchard was in the employ of the Pinkerton detective agency when he killed Steunenberg and that the murder was a part of a conspiracy to hang Haywood.

This sudden departure was followed by a tremendous denunciation of Captain James McFarland and the Pinkertons and passionate vituperation of Orchard, Governor Gooding, of Idaho, Senator Borah and Governor Peabody, of Colorado; in fact, all who have acted on the side of the prosecution of Haywood came in for a share of Richardson's peroration.

Mr. Richardson, having spoken for nearly nine hours, wound up by pleading with the jury not to convict Haywood on the testimony of the self-confessed criminal, Orchard, whose testimony, he said, had not been corroborated by any testimony standing by itself and unsupported by Orchard, to connect Haywood with any conspiracy to commit crime. Mr. Richardson charged the Pinkerton detective agency with a systematic plot to secure the conviction of Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone as a means to the desired extermination of the Western Federation of Miners.

Clarence Darrow will commence his argument in Haywood's behalf when court meets tomorrow morning. It is expected that he will require two days to close for the defense.

### Glory in Spectacular Crime.

Orchard was painted as a man who fancied there was glory in spectacular crime. Day after day, opportunity was had by him to kill Governor Steunenberg in comparative safety to himself, but rather than shoot a man whose giant stature, the attorney said, offered a target as "big as the side of a barn door," Orchard planned a bomb and planned the deed so that it might attract the greatest amount of attention.

Mr. Richardson maintained the theory that private malice on account of the loss of the Hercules mines actuated Orchard. He expounded as absurd Orchard's story that the Federation instigated his crime

and asked the jury not to put a halter around Haywood's neck at the behest of the Mineowners' Association. He denied there was an iota of evidence against Jack Simpkins and attributed the latter's flight to fear born of his experience in the bullpen.

### Orchard's Mania to Kill.

In resuming his argument at the opening of the morning session, Mr. Richardson said Orchard's story of placing a bomb in Denver for Governor Peabody had not been corroborated, nor had there been any explanation of the abandonment of the attempts on Mr. Peabody, Judges Goddard and Gabbert, General Sherman Bell and L. J. Hearne. If the inner circle had marked these men for death would it so easily have been deterred, asked Mr. Richardson, who continued: "When you consider all the testimony in this case, I think you will reach with me the conclusion that this man Orchard was possessed of a mania to go out and kill. Sometimes his lust was greater than that of others, and so it was that some-

### VANCOUVER BOY IS AMONG THE RESCUED.



Wilson L. Smith.

Among the survivors of the Columbia wreck whose safe arrival is reported from Eureka is Wilson L. Smith, of Vancouver, Wash., the son of W. D. Smith, a prominent contractor of that city. Wilson Smith had been on a visit to friends in San Francisco, and was returning in the Columbia from his vacation trip. The young man has many acquaintances in Portland, as well as Vancouver, and the news of his safety was a great relief to his friends and relatives.

times he was strong in his purpose and sometimes wavered. His testimony shows a desultory, maniacal method of pursuing the victims selected for death for some fancied grievance against himself and perhaps the organization to which he belonged. Why, gentlemen, even Vaughn, the innkeeper, who conspired with Orchard, slept with him, and knew him as well as anybody could, tells you that Orchard's talk at times made him think the man was 'bughouse.'

### No Fixed Price for Crime.

He characterized as absurd Orchard's statement that no fixed amount was to be paid him for his crime. He then declared this testimony disproved Mr. Hawley's opening statement that there was a fixed scale of prices for crime. He called Mr. Peabody's evidence meager and ridiculed Orchard's story of being ordered to "get" David H. Moffatt, president of the First National Bank of Denver, saying the federation banked with him and Haywood was a frequent visitor to that bank. Then Mr. Richardson exclaimed: "Think of that, men, and yet this creature, covered with the stigmata of his past crime, comes here and would have you believe that Haywood was planning to commit murder of a man to whom he was intrusting the funds of the organization of which he was secretary-treasurer—upon David H. Moffatt, with whom he was on terms of almost intimate friendship. Everything connected with this matter gives the lie to Orchard's monstrous story."

He pointed out how easy it would have been to kill Sherman Bell, against whom the federation had most cause for resentment. Not even Orchard could testify to an attempt on Bulkley Wells. Orchard had begged in all the attempts at crime he had been hired to make for the purpose of inflaming the minds of the jurors.

Mr. Richardson enlarged on Steunenberg's immense stature as making him a shining mark, and his long drives over the plains to sheep camps as affording ample opportunity to shoot him safely, but Orchard had a mania for spectacular crime. Mr. Richardson said Orchard seemed to order his movements so as to direct suspicion to himself, then apparently abandoned his mission—not that he had cold feet, for Orchard had no feeling of any sort. The attorney exclaimed: "He sat there and told his story remorselessly, without a word of compassion for any of his victims. I tell you there was working in that maniacal mind the proposition of glutting his desire with the killing of Steunenberg. But he wavered and went away to Portland, only to return later and accomplish his purpose when the fires were fanned into a brighter flame."

### Simpkins Inveigled to Caldwell.

He explained Simpkins' visit to Caldwell by saying the latter was inveigled off the train at Caldwell for a day or two by Orchard, and after the crime was committed fled to cover to preserve his liberty, having showed memories of the days spent in the bullpen.

Referring to Orchard's poverty just prior to the killing of Steunenberg, Mr. Richardson said this gave the lie to the theory that the federation hired him to commit crime and that he could get money whenever he desired. Had Simpkins desired to kill Steunenberg he had plenty of opportunity before Orchard arrived.

Mr. Richardson continued his argu-

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## DESTRUCTIVE FIRE RAGES IN VICTORIA

### Fierce Flames Destroy Five Blocks.

### PROPERTY LOSS IS \$250,000

### Estimated That Seventy-five Buildings Are Burned.

### WATER PRESSURE IS POOR

### Many Narrow Escapes From Death by Those Who Wanted to Go Back for Belongings, but No Deaths Result.

VICTORIA, B. C., July 23.—The greatest fire in Victoria's history occurred this afternoon, destroying five blocks and many detached buildings, and involving a loss of \$250,000. Starting in the unisex boiler shop of the defunct Albion works, the fire wiped out the shacks of the tenement. From Store street to Quadra, four blocks eastward, and between Herald and Chatham and Pioneer streets, scarcely anything escaped.

The poor pressure of water greatly handicapped the firemen, who, aided by the soldiers of the garrison and a host of volunteers, fought desperately, pulling down many buildings in the path of the fire, which was brought under control at 7 P. M. Dynamite was brought in automobiles to blow up buildings, but Fire Chief Watson would not use it. Men, women and children were hurriedly carrying out their belongings from the houses in the threatened district.

### Many Narrow Escapes.

In many instances the furniture brought to the street was burned before conveyances could be secured to carry it away. Several narrow escapes took place. The women, who wanted to get back into burning buildings to save their valuables were dragged out by firemen as the roof fell in. One woman on Green street became crazed and tried to rush back into a burning building, being prevented by a policeman, who grabbed her and hurried her struggling from the scene.

### No One Asked for Shelter.

The number of houses burned in the destructive fire here this afternoon is placed at 75 and the insurance at about \$150,000. The total loss is estimated at \$250,000. No casualties are reported. The police secured blankets and tents for those rendered homeless, but not one application for shelter was received tonight, all those burned out being sheltered by friends and at the hotels. The tenement was almost completely wiped out and three churches were destroyed, the other buildings lost being residences.

### Mrs. Sage Gives to Syracuse.

NEW YORK, July 23.—Mrs. Russell Sage has sent her check for \$100,000 to Chancellor J. R. Day, as a gift to the Teachers' College of Syracuse University. This college occupies 14 acres of land and a large campus of Norman style of architecture adjoining the campus, which was the home of Mrs. Sage in her childhood.

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