

The Weather: Tonight and Friday, fair; freezing temperatures tonight; northerly winds.



BIG RUSSIAN CRUISER BAYAN WITH SEVEN HUNDRED MEN IS REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN SUNK BY A FLOATING TORPEDO

Officials Are Skeptical and Await Further Confirmation.

LONDON MAKES INQUIRIES

Berlin Correspondent Says Skorri Was Not the Vessel That Was Lost in Port Arthur's Outer Harbor.

(Journal Special Service.)

Berlin, March 24.—One of the most startling reports of the entire war in the far east was received today by the Schlesia-Hessenzeitung, a newspaper which, as a rule, is conservative and reliable. It is to the effect that it was not the Russian torpedo boat destroyer Skorri which was blown up by a floating torpedo in the entrance to Port Arthur harbor on the evening of March 16, but the armored cruiser Bayan instead.

LONDON TRIES TO CONFIRM

Hears Bayan Report and Doubts Reliability—Foreign Office Makes Inquiries.

London, March 24.—Excitement was caused here today by a report from Berlin that the Russian cruiser Bayan had been sunk with nearly 700 men aboard. Both the Japanese and Russian representatives disclaim any knowledge of the disaster to Russian arms. The Russian officials say the story is not to be accepted, but also deny knowledge that the Skorri, the torpedo boat destroyer, was sunk.

CHEFOO HEARS BAYAN

Sends Out Report that Skorri Is Undiscovered, but Cruiser Was Sunk.

Chefoo, March 24.—It is reported here that it was not the Russian torpedo boat destroyer Skorri that was blown up, but the protected cruiser Bayan, and that nearly all her crew of 700 was lost.

SCENES IN SIBERIA

American Traveler Says Troops Must Have Suffered Intensely.

San Francisco, March 24.—Leon Mooser, a young American traveler, who is at present at Cheo Foo, writes from that place to his parents in this city as follows: "I left Moscow on January 23 and the suspicious Russians of that city took me for a spy. I had no difficulty, however, in obtaining my identity. I left for Port Arthur on the trans-Siberian railway. On the train with me was the general commanding, all the Russian troops in Manchuria, a colonel, an admiral and many petty officers, on their way to Port Arthur, where trouble was expected. During the trip on the train the commanding officer was closeted most of the time with his officers, and

DELUGE CAUSES A MINING CITY TO SINK

(Journal Special Service.)

Madrid, March 24.—Persistent rains that have been falling in a disastrous deluge over the province of Almeria, softened the earth to such an extent that today a considerable portion of the city of Cuevas de Vera sank with small warning into the ancient workings of the lead mines, whose tunnels stretched in a labyrinth beneath the city.

CUTS OFF ITS GRAFT

Congress Refuses Subsidy for the Oceanic Steamships.

(Washington Bureau of The Journal.)

Washington, D. C., March 24.—In considering the postoffice appropriation in the house today, Robinson (Dem.) of Indiana, attacked the subsidy of \$45,000 recommended in the bill for the Oceanic Steamship company for transporting the mails from San Francisco to Tahiti.

Committee Reports.

The house committee on merchant marine authorized a favorable report on the Frye bill, extending the coastwise trade laws to the Philippines, but exempting the interisland trade of the archipelago.



This picture, from a photograph recently received here, shows the Russians building a railroad across the ice on Lake Baikal. This gap in the trans-Siberian road has given the Russian authorities much worry.

PASSES TO THE LIGHT

Sir Edward Arnold, Author of the Light of Asia, Is Dead.

(Journal Special Service.)

London, March 24.—Sir Edwin Arnold, the well-known author and journalist, who has been seriously ill for some days, died this morning. His demise was not unexpected, as he has for several days been in a critical condition.

LONDON MURDERER ESCAPES BY DEATH

Pursued by Officers After Supposed Discovery of Many Crimes—Cuts His Throat and Dies in the Street.

(Journal Special Service.)

London, March 24.—All London is today talking and excited over what appears to be the discovery of another series of murders rivaling the "Jack the Ripper" crimes. The day has developed into the finding of two bodies, the attempted arrest and suicide of a suspect and officers expect to find the bodies of several other persons who are missing.

DELUGE CONTINUES OVER MIDDLE COAST

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)

San Francisco, March 24.—A deluge of rain fell here last night and early this morning. It came in showers between which the sun shone brightly. A

COLOR LINE IN CHURCH

Old Issue May Be Raised in Coming Methodist Conference.

(Journal Special Service.)

Portland members of the denomination will attend the conference in large numbers. It is stated that, owing to the large vote given Rev. J. W. E. Bowen at Chicago four years ago, there is every probability that the colored clergymen attending the conference will make renewed efforts in their long struggle to have one of their race advanced to the rank of bishop.

TO STAY IN PORTLAND

O. R. & N. Headquarters Will Not Go to Salt Lake City.

(Journal Special Service.)

The reported acquisition of the Oregon Short Line of that portion of the Central Pacific road between Reno and Ogden and the section of the Union Pacific between Green River and Ogden is denied from official sources.

GRIM TALE OF DEATH IN LABRADORIAN WILDS IS TOLD IN HUBBARD'S DIARY

(Copyright, 1904, by W. H. Hearst.)

New York, March 24.—The first authentic information of Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., magazine writer and assistant editor of Outing, who starved to death in the interior of Labrador, was received here today through Dillon Wallace, Hubbard's sole white companion, who has reached Quebec from Cartwright, Labrador. The letter says: "We found our food supply was exhausted early in August. We suffered terrible tortures from exposure and cold, and the horns and skin of a caribou were made to serve as food at a miserable camp for a week. We made our way with difficulty down a small stream in a canoe until Hubbard could go no farther."

traveled down our old trail with light packs. We left a bit of wet flour about 11 miles below here, 12 miles below that about a pound of milk powder, four miles below that about four pounds of lard. We counted on all these to help us out in an effort to reach the head of Grand lake, where we hoped to find a trappers' camp. On Thursday fasted. Friday and Saturday was the same. "I saw it was hopeless for me to go further with the boys, so we consulted last night and decided that they should take merely half a blanket each, cups, etc., and go on. They will try to reach the flour tomorrow. Then Wallace will bring a little and come back to me. George will go on to Grand lake, if he can, and send or lead help to us. I want to say right here that they are two of the best, bravest and strongest men I ever knew. If I die it will not be because they did not put forth their best efforts. Our past weeks have been trying ones. I have not written my diary because I am very weak.

Dillon Wallace, Unfortunate Writer's Sole White Companion, Sends Story of Uncomplaining Fight Against Starvation and Distress, Through Which Gleam Golden Threads of Loyalty and Love.

This morning I was very, very sleepy. "After the boys left I found they had left me tea, caribou bones and another end of a flour sack found here, and some yeast cakes. I drank a cup of strong tea and some bone broth. I ate also some really delicious rawhide boiled with bones, and it made me stronger—strong enough to write this. The boys have only tea and half a pound of pea meal. Our parting was most affecting. I did not feel so bad. George said: "Lord help us, Hubbard! With His help I'll save you if I can get out." Then he cried, so did Wallace. Wallace stooped and kissed my cheek with his poor, sunken, bearded lips several times. I kissed his. George did the same, and I kissed his cheek. Then they went away. God bless and help them!

Wallace then continues: "On the morning of October 18, when George and I left camp, a drizzling cold rain was falling. This soon changed to a steady downpour, driving in sheets into our faces, and progress was difficult. At dusk we made our fire, pulling together dead branches for that purpose. That night in camp we boiled a partridge I had killed, and ate it with the entrails, and drank the broth. At dusk we reached the flour bag. It contained only some lumps of moldy, green stuff that had once been flour. Next morning George ate the greater part of this to help him in his long journey to Grand lake, and after that I ate what clung

to the bag, and kept a few lumps of the stuff. We then parted. "The snow began falling thick and fast. I was very weak and nearly blind from the smoke of our campfire when I began my return march toward Hubbard and his camp. Before noon the snow was half way up to my knees. Spruce and fir tree branches were bending low with their weight of snow. The river was partially frozen, and the whole surface of the country was changed. I made slow progress, due to the snow and my extreme weakness, and that night I made a fire near the place where we forded the river. The snow storm never ceased night and day until the evening of October 29.

I was at length compelled to give up the search and headed toward Grand lake. My intellect was benumbed through weakness and I walked in half a dream. Sometimes I imagined myself asleep and dreaming, and felt that all I had done and was enduring was just a dream and that I would soon awake. "Becomes Flighty in Mind. "My matches were nearly gone and wood was hard to get. I made but one fire each day—at night. Then I would sit down in the snow by my little blaze, and I would hear a woman's voice quite plainly at my side, telling me to break some boughs for a bed and fix myself as comfortably as I could and lie down. Then with an effort I would break a few boughs and sit down, and she would say to me sometimes, when I had not broken enough boughs for a good bed: "Hadin' you better break a few more? You will rest better."

Grand lake. I knew Donald and recognized his voice as one of them. I spoke his name, "Donald Blake," and he took my hand in his and my senses returned with a touch of human flesh. In a moment they had a roaring fire and some hot tea, and gave me a slice of bread and butter. I ate it, and it made me sick. My rescuers were Allen Gandy, a halfbreed Indian, and Donald Blake, a halfbreed Eskimo. All are trappers. "Indian Catches Game. "George got through to them by catching game to help him exist. He was nearly drowned once by being wrecked on a raft. I sent Allen Gandy and Donald Blake right on to look for Hubbard. They found him in a sleeping posture, dead, and he had evidently gone to sleep after making the entry quoted above on the 18th, and never woke up. George and I reached the Northwest river on November 4. Mr. Mackenzie, the manager, took me home and called his man from the company house to cut my hair and shave me. I had not had a haircut since leaving New York, or a shave since July 15. He prepared a tub of water for a warm bath, a suit of night-clothes and a good, soft bed, and made a fire in my room. "He rubbed my legs and put me to bed after supper. His little housekeeper cried over our troubles, and did everything she could for me. They have been very kind to me, and I am making my home with them here. George is at another man's house, and is growing fat. It is due to George's almost superhuman efforts after leaving me for his journey to Grand lake that I owe my life."