

FIRE STORIES

(Continued from Page One.)

confined to the two upper floors and that they were as quickly subdued. The fireproof box at the foot of Stark street and played a stream of water full upon the burning building by means of a long line of hose.

The stream was directed partly upon the Sherlock building, protecting it from the ravensous flames, and partly upon the east end of the Chamber of Commerce building.

On the fourth street side, where the spectacular features took place, the heat was intense. Firemen, at work in mid-air, were forced to resort to various means to reach the top stories. After reaching the seventh floor by climbing the fire escapes, a group of firemen found the iron railings and ladders leading to the eighth floor so hot that progress was barred. Hitching a nozzle to a window on the seventh floor, they directed a stream of water upon the es-



F. A. Clark, Steward of the Commercial Club.

cape above them and kept it there until the iron ladders were cooled sufficiently to permit their climbing them.

It was scarcely two weeks ago that Robert L. Stevens, chairman of the house committee of the Commercial club, requested Fire Marshal Roberts and Fire Chief Campbell to inspect the club's apartments for the purpose of recommending additional means for fire protection.

In spectacular and sensational features, the fire yesterday has never been equaled in Portland, according to Chief Campbell. There have been many fires, he says, in which property losses were greater and which were much more difficult to fight, but there has been none in which human lives have been so greatly imperiled and at the same time such heavy property losses threatened.

"The Dekum fire was a much harder one to fight," said the chief, "but for the lives that were in danger yesterday, we would have had the fire under control much sooner than we did. There were numbers of people to be rescued, and they were in dangerous positions, causing us to lose time at the fire.

"The one lesson that Portland ought to learn from this fire is the absolute necessity of a fire tower. If we had had a tower yesterday the work of fighting the flames would have been much easier, and we would have had them under control much sooner. We were also somewhat handicapped by rotten hose, which burst in several places. The council has appropriated the money for new hose, but the tower has not been provided for. In my estimation that is the greatest need of the city at this time."

CAT IS RESCUED.

Tabby Crawls Out Onto Ledge and Seeks Shelter in Small Box.

Tabby, the gray cat that lived at the Commercial club, had a thrilling experience at the fire yesterday. When the rooms were enveloped in flames and smoke Tabby scurried wildly about the place, meowing loudly.

But her friends, too, were trying to escape and had no time to devote to her. Like others who narrowly escaped destruction, the cat was finally driven to the west end of the building and climbed into a window on the fourth street side.

She glanced apprehensively about her, wondering what the dense crowds of people down on the street meant by their tumultuous roar and frenzied gesticulation.

Finally the flames drove her out upon the ledge. Peering cautiously over the edge, she worked her way slowly along the abutting stone until she was finally observed by the crowd. A murmur of pity went up from a thousand throats. Then the cat disappeared and the crowd thought she had been lost.

After the flames had been subdued Pipeman Fisher of hose company No. 2 was climbing along the coping on the eighth floor when his attention was attracted to a small box in the window.

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From the box came a long series of pitiful "me-ows" and when he stooped down to look inside a large gray tabby sprang upon his breast and clung to him frantically.

Tabby had taken refuge in the box and escaped unharmed. The fireman was unable to loosen her claws from his coat until he had carried her to the ground. The rescue of the cat was greeted with loud cheers by the people.

HOW HALLOCK DIED.

Lost His Head and Jumped When He Might Have Escaped.

Homer H. Hallock lost his life in the fire yesterday because he became excited and jumped, when if he had followed three friends he could easily have escaped without a scratch. Mr. Hallock, Whitney L. Boise, Ed Lyons and W. C. McBride were in the card-room of the club when the fire started. The others got out by the fire escape into the court, but Mr. Hallock lingered and when he thought the flames were upon him leaped out of the window.

"We were all sitting about a table playing and watching an interesting game of solitaire," said Mr. McBride, "when we heard some one outside call out: 'Turn in the fire alarm.' We supposed there was a fire somewhere in the neighborhood, but never dreamed that it was in the Chamber of Commerce building. Immediately afterward some



Homer H. Hallock.

one else cried out: 'Call the fire department.' There was a commotion outside and Hallock remarked: 'Go out and see what is the matter.'

"I walked out of the room to the office and discovered the hall full of smoke. As I reached the office flames burst through the portieres across the hall to the dining-room and in an instant the whole place seemed to be filled with fire. The elevator was just descending and I ran for the shaft expecting the other one to come up. I pushed the button two or three times but got no response. The heat was so intense that I could not stand it and, glancing to my right, saw the fire escape just out of an open window. I jumped through the window to the escape and started down. Looking back I saw Boise, Lyons and some gray-haired man following me. I supposed Hallock was with them. Climbing down to the seventh floor I looked through the window and, seeing no fire there, climbed into the hall, ran to the stairway and went down. There were no flames below the eighth floor at all at that time and as I ran along the halls



J. T. Perkins.

from stairway to stairway I saw stenographers sitting in offices writing, totally oblivious to the fact that a fire was in progress.

"After he got out of the building Mr. McBride met Boise and Lyons. The former was complaining about having had to run out and leave his hat. He missed Hallock, but supposed the latter had disappeared in the crowd.

Instead of following his friends out of the room when they went out, Mr. Hallock sat at the table. When he got out and found himself surrounded by flames he appeared to lose control of himself entirely. Carl Liebe found him rushing about in search of a fire escape. They were looking into the court figuring how to reach the escape, when a burst of flames shot past them. Mr. Hallock seemed to lose control of himself completely and although Mr. Liebe tried to restrain him, he leaped through the window. Mr. Liebe worked his way through the smoke to the fire escape, descended to the seventh floor and escaped without a scratch.

E. J. Howard, a director in the United Railways company, is probably one of the few persons of the hundreds in the building when the fire started who saw the manner in which Hallock met his death. Mr. Howard was in the office of the United Railways company on the fourth floor at the time.

"I was in my office," said Mr. Howard, "and when I heard the noise and commotion I looked out the window. Our office has a window overlooking the light court in the center of the building. I looked up to see where the fire was, and as I glanced upward I saw a man climb hurriedly out of a window. I thought it was on the sixth floor, but may have been mistaken about that."

"I saw the man, whom I afterward learned was Mr. Hallock, rush to the window and seize a small electric wire, with the evident determination of climbing down it. He called to him: 'Hey, there; you'll kill yourself. Take your time, for there's no need to be in such a rush.' He paid no attention to me, but seized the wire and swung out. The wire broke almost instantly and he fell upon the copper-bound glass roof of the court. He fell upon his feet and staggered backward, his body bending almost double, indicating that his back was broken. I with others rushed down immediately to the place where he fell."

MISS LE VERN'S ESCAPE.

Two Men Helped Her Down and Another Carried Out Ostrapped Uncle.

Maud M. LeVern of 1489 Ash street, Mount Tabor, was the last woman to go up to the Commercial club in one of the elevator. She was the last woman to leave the club rooms, owing her escape to two men, Mr. Riggs and a stranger. While they were assisting her down a fire escape on the Third street side of the building another man was carrying her uncle, James E. Campbell, of Tecumseh, Nebraska, down the same fire escape on his back. Mr. Campbell is a cripple, and had not this unknown man picked him up and carried him down the escape he would have perished. Miss LeVern gave the following thrilling account of her escape from the building:

"My uncle, Mr. Campbell, and myself went up to the Commercial club rooms to see a man who was in the cafe. While we were in the hall near the secretary's desk talking with W. R. Wilds of the club, a man whom I do not know opened one of the doors leading into one of the parlors or reception room. When he opened the door he was followed by a sheet of flame. I sprang back in horror and grabbed at my uncle. Before I had time to make a second move the man yelled to us: 'Run for your lives!'

and forth trying to save things in the room, or to ascertain just how serious the fire was.

"A man named Riggs caught me by one hand and another man took me by the other hand, saying: 'Come on with us.'"

"With one of the men putting me by my arm and the other urging me forward as he followed, we ran north down the short hall to the cafe. We turned east, passed through the cafe, went through the pool room and bowling alleys to the fire escape on the Third street side. The men hustled me out onto the escape and assisted me to climb down to about the fourth floor. There we entered the building and made the descent to the street by the winding stairways.

"In the meantime Thomas H. Thorn was saving the life of my uncle. When he was told to flee Mr. Thorn took Mr. Campbell up in his arms and ran for a fire escape. So quickly did he act that my uncle lost his crutches. I guess they were burned with everything else in the club rooms.

"In order that he might use his arms while making the descent of the fire escape, Mr. Thorn placed my uncle upon his back and he placed his arms around Mr. Thorn's neck. In that position the two men rushed through the burning rooms to the fire escape, and slowly climbed down to safety.

"I never saw a fire travel so rapidly in my life. When the man opened the door and told us to run for our lives



Miss Maud Le Vern.

the flames were right behind him. They seemed to envelop him as he passed through the door, sticking far out in front of him into the hallway where we were standing talking.

"We ran just as fast as we could from the secretary's desk to the Third street fire escape, but the flames traveled just as fast as we did. At no time were they less than 10 feet behind us. Once or twice I thought they would catch up with us, but my two rescuers kept urging me on, and I ran for my life. I never ran so fast before.

"I do not know who the man was that saved my uncle, or who the other man was that assisted Mr. Riggs in saving me, but I want the Journal to thank them through its columns for me; I would like to meet them, if they will make themselves known, that I may thank them in person."

RICHARDSON'S ESCAPE.

Might Have Jumped to Sherlock Building, but Ran Wrong Way.

In the excitement, Tom Richardson, who was rescued from a perilous position on the top of the burning building by Fireman Perkins, was forced by the flames to run away from a point of safety into a place of danger. When he first reached the roof he ran towards the northeast corner, where there was little fire and where he had a drop of less than 20 feet to reach the top of the Sherbrook building. Steward Clark and a number of men who escaped by dropping to this building from the buffet window saw him and called to him to come to the corner and jump. "Mr. Richardson saw me," said Mr. Clark, "and started for the corner. Just as he did so a burst of flame and smoke swept across between him and the edge of the building. When the smoke lifted I saw Mr. Richardson running towards the Sherbrook building was about to collapse, and that is why I ran to the west side. The heat there was intense, and as I passed by the ventilator I could see flames and smoke boiling up under it.

Ordinarily I could no more walk to the edge of that building and look over without falling than I could fly. I was afraid the ventilator would burst and let the smoke through. I knew if this happened I would be overcome. That is why I climbed over the wall. My one thought was to be in a position where I could be protected from the flame and smoke if they burst through.

"As I hung there I thought about an insurance policy and some papers I had in the safe in my office. I wondered what effect it would have on the payment of the policy should I jump. Then I wondered if my papers would be saved, and if they were not if my wife knew enough about them to be able to protect her interests in what they represented. I finally concluded that she did. I was about half dazed. When the fireman reached me he repeatedly assured me I was safe and admonished me to hold tight."

STONE EXPLODES.

Showers of Splintered Rock Rain Down Upon Pavement.

The heat was so intense near the southwest corner of the building that the stone of the wall exploded as



J. W. Stevens.

though it were loaded with powder. Showers of splintered fragments were hurled out across the street and rained down upon the pavement. Several persons who attempted to walk along the Fourth street side of the building narrowly escaped being struck.

A serious collision between two of the fire department trucks was narrowly averted when the department first arrived on the scene. One was running down Washington street to Fourth street and another was coming down Fourth. Neither driver could see the other and the two heavy wagons carrying the first hose that was laid were rushing together at terrific speed when a passer-by, seeing the impending disaster, jumped in front of the apparatus on Fourth street and stopped the two horses just as the heads of the two teams came almost together.

CAKE OF ICE STOOD FIRE.

Found in Western Part of Building, Covered With Cinders, Still Intact.

Perhaps the most remarkable incident of the fire is one vouchered for by Judge Alex Sweek and three other persons. A cake of ice weighing two or three pounds was discovered in the midst of heaps of cinders an hour after the fire was extinguished.

As soon as occupants were permitted to enter the structure, Judge Sweek, his stenographer, the stenographer of Judge Martin L. Pipes and a Journal reporter climbed the stairway to the eighth floor. About 40 feet from the western end of the building Judge Sweek's foot struck a small pile of cinders, the remnant of a piece of brass furniture and a small bottle, half melted by the heat. The shock threw what appeared to be a large block of glass partly into view. Judge Sweek stooped and picked it up, brushing away the cinders at the same

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time. Then he cried out in astonishment: "Why, it's a chunk of ice!"

How the ice got there or how it passed through the fire has not been determined. One theory is that it was a large piece and melted down. It is hard to account for a large piece of ice being in that part of the structure, as all the ice was kept at the other end of the building. The ice could not have been dropped after the fire, as it was covered with cinders and debris.

DINNER CALLED OFF.

Commercial Club's Annual Feast Will Not Be Held Tonight.

Because of the fire yesterday the board of governors of the Commercial club last night met and decided to cancel the annual dinner which was to have been held tonight.

Elaborate preparations for the feast had been made and some of the most distinguished men of the state and country had been sent invitations to be present. President Roosevelt was one of those who were especially invited to attend the banquet.

Last night the board of governors got together and decided immediately not to hold any banquet. Secretary Tom Richardson was instructed to send notices to all invited that the dinner had been called off.

MONEY TESTIMONIALS.

F. D. Tull Sends Fifty Dollars for Fire and Police Fund.

Chief Campbell has been showered with testimonials for the effective work

of the fire department in saving lives and property in the conflagration in the Chamber of Commerce building yesterday. Many of these testimonials are in the form of money contributions to the fire and police relief fund.

This morning he received a letter accompanied by a check for \$50 from F. D. Tull of the Tull & Gibbs Furniture company, which was as follows:

"We hand you herewith our check for \$50 in behalf of the firemen's relief fund. We do this as an expression of our appreciation for the manner in which the fire department so valiantly rescued the lives of men who were cut off from escape in the Chamber of Commerce fire. Men who aided this rescue are in our opinion, entitled to the highest praise."

A well-dressed man approached the chief this morning.

"Are you the fire chief?" he asked.

"I am, sir," was the reply.

"Here's \$5 for the relief fund," said the stranger. "I've seen many bad fires and some thrilling rescues, but you fellows are it."

"Just say it's from Bill; that's all," and the man turned and hastened away. The chief and the members of the fire department desire to extend their thanks to the people who have so generously contributed to the relief fund.

Coburg Wants to Incorporate.

(Special Dispatch to the Journal.)

Eugene, Or., April 7.—Coburg, a village of 600 or 700 population, six miles north of Eugene, has petitioned the county court to be allowed to incorporate as a city. One of the Booth-Kelly sawmills is located there. The place has doubled in population within the last three or four years.

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