DRAGGED FROM FIERY FURNACE

Frank McDonald Owes His Life to Bravery of Edward Quinn.

Surrounded by a dense, rolling cloud of smoke and burning embers, within which circled a deadly whirlpool of flame, Edwin Quinn, an employe of Tilton brothers, 105-107 Fifth street, North, risked his life yesterday in an heroic attempt to rescue Frank McDonald.

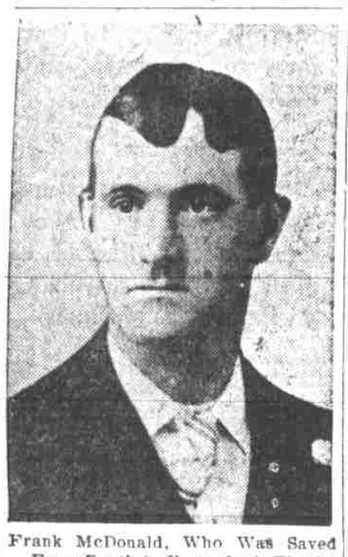
Inch by inch he fought against the flames which leaped over and around him as he crawled on his stomach along the roof, until half conscious from the suffocating heat and smoke and the fearful odds he had combated he reached the east wall of the Barr hotel.

There he lay on his stomach a moment, the building beside him a caldron of flames, then groping blindly through the blanket of smoke and fire finally located McDonald, who had fallen unconscious to the roof a few minutes before while fighting the stubborn advance of fire.

Quinn grasped the man by the foot. A wall of flame enveloped him and he dropped again to the roof.

Coat Set on Fire.

Lying prone on his stomach, Quinn again went through the ordeal of crawling along the roof, which was so intensely hot that his clothes smoked and the fearful heat on his back set fire to his coat. As he worked his way toward the open he dragged his unconscious friend with him and when he reached the farther side of the roof employes who had watched breathlessly the impossible



Frank McDonald, Who Was Saved From Death in Yesterday's Fire by Edwin Quinn.

struggle against death quickly extinguished the fire which was burning the clothes of both men. McDonald was revived and taken to his boarding house at 168 Johnson street north.

The incident, which nearly cost the lives of two men, and terminated in a heroic rescue, occurred when the fire which devastated four blocks in the north end was at its height and before it had been gotten under control.

Soon after the fire had spread from the Overland stables to adjoining buildings and began eating its way southward toward Glisan street, employes of Tilton Bros. assembled on the roof in an effort to save the structure which was in the direct path of the flames.

Driven Back by Flames.

By the use of the furnace company's own fire apparatus the building for a time was kept free of flames. The men on the roof had deluged the building with water. Then the fire cut quickly to the westward to the frame structures opposite the Barr hotel and soon the hotel itself, smoking from the terrible heat, suddenly burst into flames at a dozen points.

Quinn, together with Dick Ray, George Black, Frank McDonald and other employes of Tilton Bros. turned their efforts then to the west side of the roof and building which adjoined the hotel.

McDonald was in the lead with the hose, and the group of men had worked well to the front of the building when the huge clouds of smoke and incessant shower of burning embers and ashes began driving them from their station.

Within a few minutes the two lower floors of the Barr hotel gave way and the flames shot higher and circled around the east side of the building directly in the faces of the men on the roof, who were bravely resisting the fire's advance.

Braves Death to Save Friend.

Finally the group of men drew back, their faces and clothes scorched from the heat. The smoke rolled over them so thickly that only at intervals were they able to distinguish each other. Then without warning a portion of the brick wall of the hotel gave way, and through the aperture, driven by the terrific draft, a huge wave of flame shot forth.

McDonald was enveloped in it. It circled around him and licked his clothes as he dropped unconscious to the roof. The other men rushed to a point of safety. A moment afterwards Quinn, noting the absence of McDonald, plunged back into the smoke and fire, dropped on his stomach, and began his crucifying crawl towards his friend through the flames that seared his hands and face and momentarily threatened to incinerate him.

McDonald's coat was nearly burned from his back when Quinn finally dragged him back to the edge of the roof. His own clothes were also burning but the flames were quickly extinguished from the blaze. Both men, though suffering from painful burns, were not seriously injured.

SEATTLE DIGS DEEP FOR EAGLES' MEET

(United Press Leased Wire.)

Seattle, July 29.—For the entertainment of the grand lodge of Eagles, which meets here next month, $12,000 has been raised. Reports received indicate that there will be at least 50,000 members and visitors in attendance.

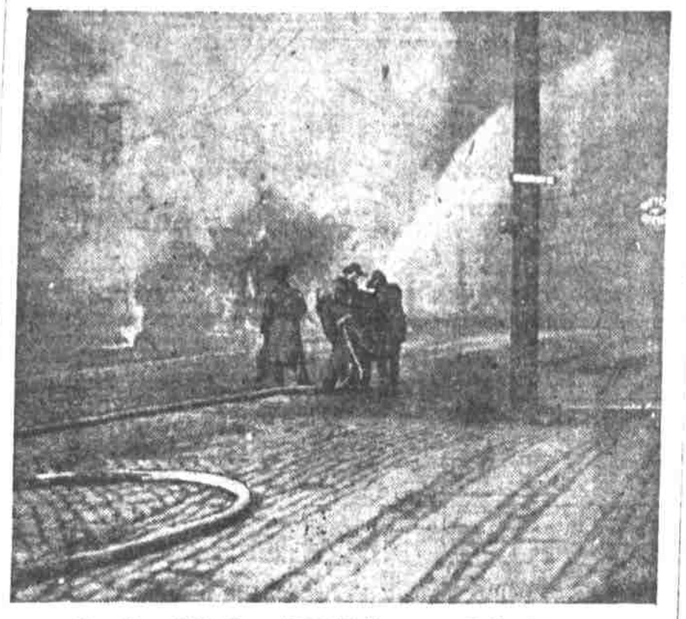
Coffee-drinking often causes insomnia.

A short use of

POSTUM

in place of coffee generally removes the trouble.

"There's a Reason"



Wrestling With Hose Amongst Dangerous Fallen Wires.

FIREMEN BADLY HANDICAPPED

(Continued from Page One.)

many to think that a pyromaniac may be at work attempting to destroy all of the frame buildings in that part of the city. The police have been unable to trace any of these fires to an incendiary, although the circumstances attending all of them have been suspicious.

Wires Must Go Underground.

In spite of the large number of small business houses affected by yesterday afternoon's fire the property loss entailed is comparatively small and probably will not go much over $200,000, if it is that high. By far the greater part of this will fall upon the shoulders of the shopkeepers, small manufacturers and stablemen, few of whom were heavily insured. The largest individual loss is the Barr hotel. The insurance companies will feel the fire comparatively little.

Belief is general among the business men and downtown property owners that the effect of the fire will be to compel immediately the placing of all power wires and possibly all wires in underground conduits at least in the business section of the city.

Portland is probably unique among cities of its size in not having forced its public utilities companies to place their wires underground, notwithstanding the fact that ordinances exist compelling such action.

Had it not been that the wind died down sufficiently last evening to allow the firemen to make a stand at the Union Meat company building and the Oregon Casket company structure, both of slow-burning construction, the entire north end and wholesale district would undoubtedly have been swept by the conflagration.

Hostler Turns in First Alarm.

M. S. Dennis, a hostler in the stable of the Overland Transfer company, first saw the fire, shortly before 5 o'clock. The Overland Transfer company occupied a big wooden building on the west side of Fifth street, between Glisan and Hoyt. He saw smoke and flames coming from the second story over the hayloft, and ran to turn in an alarm. Two engine companies, two trucks, a hose and a chemical answered the first call from box 62 at Fourth and Hoyt streets.

The engines coupled up to the hydrants and started pumping away at the fire, but the Overland stable was the center of a nest of frame buildings and the wind carried the flames to adjoining structures almost instantly. Second and third alarms were turned in as fast as battalion chiefs reached the fire, and when Chief Campbell came he ordered a general alarm sent in, bringing the fire-boat and 14 engine companies to assist in confining the fire to the district north of Glisan street.

Before they could get at the seat of the trouble, however, the flames had spread over the entire block between Fifth and Sixth and Glisan and Hoyt streets. As the engine and hose companies from the outlying stations came clanging up to the fire they found all the near-by hydrants occupied by engines that had come before them. This meant that they had to turn around and go up one street and down another, searching for a hydrant to couple to. Many hose companies were forced to lay lines four and five blocks long in order to secure water.

All this took time, and the only companies that had any lines out were fighting the fire from behind, or from the windward side. Before they knew it the flames had got around to the south side of the square in which the fire had started, had crossed Fifth street and caught the frame buildings on the west side of Fifth street and had leaped across Glisan street to the north side of the block bounded by Glisan and Flanders, Fifth and Sixth.

The three-story brick building of the Pacific Construction company at Fourth and Hoyt streets kept the fire from going east of Fourth, but it broke out in the frame buildings just south of the corner and got so hot that it scorched the front of buildings across Fourth street, burnt awnings and cracked plate glass windows.

Death Lurks in Wires.

A big pole at Fifth and Glisan streets caused the first serious trouble with the wires. It burnt off at the top and let the whole system of wires along Glisan street sputtering and flaming down into the pavement. In the fall of these wires half a dozen other poles were burned and soon everything within three or four blocks of the fire was on the ground.

In addition to hindering the work of the department and making it impossible for the drivers to get between the fire which was now burning all along the both sides of Glisan street, the downhanging wires formed a source of great danger to the thousands of spectators who had gathered from every part of the city to watch the fire. The people roped off the streets as best they could, but it was impossible to keep every one out and many were shocked more or less seriously.

When the fire got across Glisan it found its most spectacular foe in the Barr hotel, a four-story brick building at Sixth and Glisan streets. The fire shutters recently placed on the east wall of the hotel weren't closed in time to prevent the flames from igniting the woodwork and window sills, and it didn't take long for the upper stories to be ablaze. Half an hour after the fire had started the roof had fallen in, taking all the floors with it, and the handsome building is a complete loss.

Rumors of Fatalities.

Soon after the fire started it was rumored that two women and a baby were caught in the upper story and had not been able to make an escape. Firemen went up the west wall with extension ladders and searched the rooms before the roof fell in. No one was found and it was afterward learned that all the guests had left the building before the fire reached it.

So rapidly did the flames spread, however, that there were scores of thrilling rescues and narrow escapes from death. The little wood buildings burned like matches and once afire it was impossible to extinguish them.

The north end, particularly that portion of it near the fire is inhabited largely by foreigners and soon after the conflagration began to spread these moved their belongings and personal effects out of the scores of little cottages in the districts and sat on their goods in the middle of the street, awaiting the arrival of express wagons to move them away.

These express wagons were at a premium. You couldn't get one for love or money an hour after the fire had started. Excited foreigners of every nationality ran wildly up and down the streets begging drays and delivery wagons to carry themselves and their furniture to places of safety.

Chinamen Begin Moving.

It was reminiscent of the San Francisco fire, in a way. The flavor of San Francisco was increased by the presence of hundreds of Chinese who had just moved into the row of buildings in the new Chinatown along Fourth street. These buildings have just been completed and are not yet entirely filled up.

But what Chinamen there were there began moving their trunks out, throwing clothing from the upper balconies and getting their wives and children out of harm's way. Most of them made for the old Chinatown down on Second street.

At one time the heat was so great that the gaily-painted roofs of the balconies, the paper lanterns and the joss-house signs caught fire. There was a great scurrying of Chinese to put out the flames and they stood guard until the main fire was out pouring water on the front of the big building.

Effective work was done by all the property owners in the neighborhood of the fire in throwing water on their buildings. The Union Meat company had a force of more than 100 men on the roof of its building pouring water down the blank wall which formed the western barrier to the spread of the flames. This crew was kept steadily at work with hose and buckets until late in the evening. Every building in the vicinity was protected in the same way.

Dozens of Small Fires Start.

Soon after the beginning of the fire burning pieces of wood and brands were carried by the wind over the entire north end and 30 or 40 little fires were started. Every frame building in the district had its roof afire at some time during the afternoon and evening and men were stationed on top of all with buckets and garden hose in order to keep the incipient fires from getting a good start. None of them proved serious, but they were a constant source of worry to the fire department and necessitated the stationing of several engines as an outer guard to protect the business section from the flying brands.

At 6:30, after the fire had burned the greater part of four squares, it was got under control, although it burned until late in the evening and was not struck out until after 9 o'clock.

Trains and Cars Blocked.

The tracks of the Southern Pacific along Fourth street are completely blocked by debris and fallen wires and no trains have been able to enter or leave the union depot on the Fourth street line. Three trolley cars on the Jefferson and Fifth street lines are still blockaded near the depot and will be until the wires can be cut away and the trolley lines placed in working order again.

The Portland Railway, Light & Power company has a large force of men at work now clearing up its wires and stringing new ones to replace those burned. The company suffered a loss of several thousand dollars.

Losses by Fire.

Following were the heaviest losses caused by the fire:

Barr hotel, Glisan and Sixth streets, entirely destroyed, loss $85,000. J. Toomey, manager of the hotel, loss $3,000 of this and Barr, the owner of the building, lost $65,000. Together they had only $15,000 insurance.

Oregon Transfer company's block, between Fifth and Sixth and Glisan and Hoyt streets, almost entirely razed by flames; loss $25,000, insurance $25,000.

Overland Transfer company, stock and supplies, loss $1,000, covered by insurance.

North Pacific Wagon Works, Fifth and Glisan streets, Charles Walkrow, proprietor, loss $15,000, insurance $1,500.

J. Kirby, horseshoeing shop, next door to the wagon works, loss $500, partly insured.

Rooming house, Sixth and Flanders, W. R. Jacobs, proprietor, loss $3,000, insurance $1,000.

J. E. Welland's saloon, 104½ Sixth street; loss $1,500, insurance $1,000.

Union Transfer company, J. Richards and Lee Wilkins, proprietors; loss $3,000, partly insured.

Portland Carriage company, Hoyt and Sixth, loss $2,500, fully insured.

Vancouver Express company, Hoyt and Fifth streets, loss $4,000, fully insured.

F. Flanders, owner of building at Hoyt and Fifth street, loss $7,000, covered by insurance.

Standard stables, Fifth and Glisan, Brown and Foster, owners, loss $750, insurance $500.

Glisan estate owners of buildings at Fifth and Glisan, loss $6,000, insurance $4,000.

Dr. S. J. Carney, veterinary barn on Glisan street near to corner of Fourth and Glisan, loss $500, insured.

Centennial Iron and Brass Works, 288 Glisan street, W. G. Harrison, proprietor, loss $6,000, insured.

Blacksmith and machine shop, 111 Fourth street, Hodges Keble, proprietor, loss $2,000, insurance $1,000.

SEEK ANIMALS SAFELY REMOVED FROM FIRE'S PATH

In Dr. S. J. Carney's veterinary hospital, at 289 Glisan, adjoining the North Pacific Wagon works, were a number of valuable dogs sent there for treatment, eight horses and a number of imported Angora cats which had just arrived. Every animal was saved.

Though Dr. Carney was absent from the city, every animal in the place was saved by the assistant and Mrs. Carney, who hurried from her home on North Seventeenth street as soon as she learned the hospital was endangered, and several volunteer helpers. One horse tried three times to dash back into the building, but was finally tied in a place of safety.

George W. Bates is the owner of the valuable dogs rescued. Ben Trenkman of B. Trenkman & Co. ran out of the building with the last dog, and as the light frame structure was then burning, nothing more could be done but take the dogs, horses and cats to a safer place. One horse is yet unaccounted for, as it got loose after being led some distance away.

SOLD BEER WHILE FIRE SURROUNDED DRINKING PLACE

Charles Wade, proprietor of a saloon at 128 Sixth street, was undismayed by the flames surrounding his place and, despite the fact that the fire swept everything in the block in which he is situated, continued to sell beer to the thirsty volunteers who aided the department in quenching the fire.

In fact, the flames seemed partial to saloons yesterday, because the saloon in the Barr hotel suffered but little, while another saloon owned by J. Welland at 104 Sixth street, was damaged but slightly. Welland became excited, however, while the fire was in progress and locked his valuables in a small safe. Then he dumped the safe into the street, where it was found after the fire was checked and moved across the street.

An awning on a saloon caught fire on Fifth street and the proprietor rushed out with a siphon bottle and tried to extinguish the incipient blaze with charged water. A man with more experience grabbed the awning and stripped it from its frame.

RUSH TO SCENE TO FIND HOME BURNED DOWN

Two persons—a man and a woman—rushed frantically down Sixth street yesterday afternoon toward the fire and where every one else had gone or was going. The two were late—the fire had been burning for more than an hour.

"Get out of my way, man, my home is down there," yelled the man to others as he fairly flew along the street closely followed by the woman—his wife.

On the two hurried with all their might. They reached Flanders street.

"It's our house," said the woman, excitedly.

"Yep," said the man, "everything—everything's gone."

"Wonder what became of the canary!" said the woman.

"Wonder what became of the money!" answered the man. "No use to stay here."

They had seen enough.

And then both turned and slowly retraced their steps, the man still leading the way.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF PEOPLE AT FIRE

Shop girls and society members rubbed elbows with those of the half world and were glad to do so yesterday afternoon in their efforts to get a glimpse of the big fire to which all Portland's attention was turned for the time being.

Society had just finished shopping and was beginning its afternoon tea at the down-town fashionable shops when the first alarm was sounded. Then there was another alarm and still others in rapid succession.

Then society sat up and took notice.

"Who knows, but that we might have some property down there," said one society woman as she gathered up her finery, (she had just left a whist party) and headed for a streetcar bound for north Portland.

There were hundreds of others of the wealthier class who felt the same way. And so they forgot the little stories of gossip gathered during the day and started for the fire with the droves—right in the midst of the common people, the slaves of labor and everybody else in general.

And the shop girls. Thousands of them were leaving their work just about the time the fire was at its height. And they, too, forgot the juicy bits of gossip picked up during the day and headed for the scene which was causing the great columns of black and white smoke to reach hundreds of feet into the air.

And the denizens of the half world! They were already there and it was among them that the most consternation was caused. It was their rooms—their homes—which were going up in smoke.

Here and there and almost everywhere among the great audience of thousands of persons these women—the women of the under-world—wandered about the streets like so many lost sheep. Their afternoon naps had been disturbed more than that, interrupted altogether and their quarters and apartments threatened with destruction.

Little carelessly applied daubs of paint showed plainly on the sallow cheeks of these women—these women of the north end. But no one, not even society, or the shop girls, paid any attention to them.

They too, were human and sympathy was extended to them as to others in their moments of distress.

"Oh, look at that woman," said one little unsophisticated shop girl, pointing at a painted woman, "she got too near the fire. Or is it sunburn?"

And the woman of the half world went on her way carrying a bundle of clothes under her arm—all she had in the world.

THREE SAD KITTENS AND TWENTY-SEVEN LIVES ARE SAVED

When the doors of the Barr hotel were opened this morning out from under the blackened and scorched safe in the bar scampered three cats which had been locked in the building and found their way down through the seething flames into the only place of refuge there was in all the building, and how they escaped death in this sultry corner is a mystery.

The ceilings, bar, woodwork and fixtures in this corner were shriveled by the intense heat. The whiskers were burned off the cats and two of them were singed in several places but they were otherwise unharmed. The heavy iron safe was protection enough from the flames, but how an animal could breathe the fiery air and live is an enigma. A fourth cat which did not reach the bar in time was burned to death in the doorway.

Mining but 200,000 tons of coal in 1897, Japan produced 11,500,000 tons last year.

James Monroe
Fifth President of the United States.

IT was in the Hall of Oratory, William and Mary College, 1776. Patrick Henry stood on the platform; eloquently, passionately, convincingly he spoke of human rights, constitutional guarantees, Personal Liberty.

A young student, tall and blonde, with eyes of blue and heart of fire, listened intently. Tossing aside cap and gown, he buckled on his sword, saying, "Words are good; deeds are better."

At Harlem, White Plains and Brandywine, he fought bravely; and on a bitter cold Christmas morning his blood splashed the frozen paving stones of old Trenton Town.

Step by step he rose to power; and today his name is inseparably associated with the most significant international Doctrine of modern times.

At three score and fourteen he died—a true Virginia gentleman—the descendant of an old family of Scottish Cavaliers—and at his hospitable home at Oak Hill, good ale was brewed and ever on his board.

References: Biography by Dan'l C. Gilmore, Appleton & Harper's Enc.

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WHEN the fertile valleys and verdant mountain slopes of Old Bohemia grow better hops—

WHEN nature produces better and purer waters—

WHEN brew-science has been developed to a higher art—

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