

# SURVIVORS LAND IN NEW YORK

Total of 1,601 Went Down On Atlantic Liner.

Guns Sounded First Alarm—Safety Compartments Were Locked Captain Stood by Ship.

**Titanic's Death List 1601.**

Persons on Titanic	1600
Passengers	940-2340
Officers and crew	535
Rescued by Carpathia	710-745
Passengers	515
Officers and crew	210-745
Died in lifeboat	1586
Died on Carpathia	15
Total death list	1601

By Carlos M. L. Hurd, Post-Dispatch and New York World staff reporter, who arrived on the Carpathia.

New York—Facts which I have established by inquiries on Carpathia as positively as they could be established in view of the silence of the surviving officers are:

That the Titanic's officers knew, several hours before the crash, of the possible nearness of the iceberg.

That the Titanic's speed, nearly 23 knots an hour, was not slackened.

That the number of lifeboats on the Titanic was insufficient to accommodate more than one-third of the passengers, to say nothing of the crew. Most members of the crew say that there were 16 lifeboats and two collapsibles; none say there were more than 20 boats in all. The 700 who escaped filled most of the 16 lifeboats.

Had the ship struck the iceberg head-on with whatever resulting shock, the bulkhead system of watertight compartments probably would have saved the vessel. As one man explained it, it was the impossible that happened when, with a shock unbelievably mild, the ship's side was torn for a length which made the bulkhead system ineffective.

At 11:45 came the sudden sound of two guns, a warning of immediate danger.

The crash against the iceberg which had been sighted at only a quarter of a mile, came almost simultaneously with the click of the levers operated by those on the bridge, which stopped the engines and closed the watertight doors.

Captain Smith was on the bridge a moment later, giving orders for the summoning on deck of all aboard and for the putting on of life preservers and the lowering of the lifeboats.

The first boats lowered contained more men passengers than the later ones, as the men were on deck first and not enough women were there to fill them.

When a moment later the rush of frightened women and crying children to the deck began, enforcement of the women first rule became rigid. Officers leading some of the boats drew revolvers, but in most cases the men, both passengers and crew, behaved in a way that called for no restraint. Members of the crew discredit all reports of suicide and say Captain Smith remained on the bridge until just before the ship sank, leaping only after those on the deck had been washed away. It is also related that when a cook later sought to pull him aboard a lifeboat, he exclaimed, "Let me go," and jerking away, went down.

The following named men of worldwide note are known to have gone down on the Titanic: Colonel John Jacob Astor, financier; Benjamin Guggenheim, mining magnate; C. M. Hays, railway magnate; W. T. Stead, English editor; Isidor Straus, merchant prince; Colonel Washington Roebling, engineer; Clarence Moore, sportsman; Major Archibald Butt, soldier and personal aid of President Taft; F. D. Millet, American artist; G. D. Widener, "reaction king"; Walter D. Douglas, millionaire manufacturer; George Floyd Eittemiller, automobile magnate; Henry B. Harris, theatrical manager.

**China Names Yale Man.**  
New York—Chung Mun Yu, the old Yale coxswain, has been appointed minister of the Chinese republic to the United States, according to a Shanghai dispatch to the Herald. Chung entered Yale in 1883, after preliminary studies in the Hartford, Conn., public schools, and made the crew in his Freshman year, steering Yale's shell to victory against Harvard. He was elected to the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity, the only one of his race to be so honored. Later he acted as an interpreter at the legation in Washington.

**Tongs End Bitter War.**  
San Francisco—The tongs have promised to be good. An executive committee of the Six Companies acquainted representatives of the Bing Kong Tong and the Sing Suey, with the terms of an ultimatum delivered by the chief of police, and signatures to a peace pact were soon had. "No more gun play or a closed Chinatown," said the captain in effect. "A closed Chinatown means a cordon of police around the quarter, warning away all Europeans, and withdrawal of all licensed guides."

**Great Tunnel to Start.**  
Seattle—May 1 the Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound railway will start construction of a three-mile tunnel through the Cascade mountains, it is announced here. Workmen are building bunkhouses at Rockdale, and as fast as these are completed three gangs of 250 men each will be put to work on the project, which will cost nearly \$5,000,000. The tunnel will shorten the line seven miles, and will eliminate the grade at the summit.

**Men Stand in Icy Water.**  
New York—W. J. Hawkford, of London, a first class passenger, said one of the collapsible rafts was placed in the water with 30 men on it, but instead of rising to the surface, as it should have done, it began slowly to sink, until the men on it were immersed in the ice-cold water up to their waists.



"It's No Use Talking About Her Any More."

## The A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE THIRD DEGREE By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLow ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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**SYNOPSIS.**  
Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, fellow student at Yale, leads a life of dissipation, marries the daughter of a gambler who died in prison, and is disowned by his father. He is out of work and in desperate straits. Underwood, who had once been engaged to Howard's step-mother, Alicia, is apparently in prosperous circumstances. Taking advantage of his intimacy with Alicia, he becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering his true character, Alicia denounces him to the police. He sends her a note threatening suicide. Art dealers for whom he acted as commissioner, demand an accounting. He cannot make good. Howard calls at his apartment in an intoxicated condition to request a loan of \$2,000 to enable him to take up a business proposition. Underwood tells him he is in debt up to his eyes. Howard drinks himself into a maudlin condition, and goes to sleep on a divan. A caller is announced and Underwood draws a screen around the drunken sleeper. Alicia enters. She demands a promise from Underwood that he will not take his life. He refuses unless she will renew her betrothal. This she refuses. Realizing his predicament he attempts to see and beg of Underwood's valet. Howard is turned over to the police. Captain Hinton, notorious for his brutal treatment of prisoners, puts Howard through the third degree, and finally gets an alleged confession from the harassed man. Annie, Howard's wife, declares her belief in her husband's innocence, and says she will wait for him. She calls on Jeffries, Sr. He refuses to help unless she signs a divorce. To save Howard she consents, but when she finds that the elder Jeffries does not intend to stand by his son, except financially, she scorns his help. Annie appeals to Judge Brewster, attorney for Jeffries, Sr., to take Howard's case. He declines. Annie haunts Brewster's office.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"You mean about the Underwood case?"  
Alicia nodded.  
"Yes, Mr. Jeffries is terribly upset. As if the coming trial and all the rest of the scandal were not enough. But now we have to face something even worse, something that affects me even more than my husband. Really, I'm frantic about it."  
"What's happened now?" asked the lawyer, calmly.  
"That woman is going on the stage, that's all!" she snapped.  
"H'm," said the lawyer, calmly.  
"Just think!" she cried, "the name, 'Mrs. Howard Jeffries'—my name—paraded before the public! At a time when everything should be done to keep it out of the papers this woman is going to flaunt herself on the stage!"  
She fanned herself indignantly, while the lawyer rapped his desk absent-mindedly with a paper cutter. Alicia went on:  
"You know I have never met the woman. What is she like? I understand she's been bothering you to take the case of that worthless husband of hers. Do you know she had the impertinence to come to our house and ask Mr. Jeffries to help them? I asked my husband to describe her, but all I could get from him was that she was impertinent and impossible." She hesitated a moment, then she added: "Is she as pretty as her pictures in the paper? You've seen her, of course?"  
Judge Brewster frowned.  
"Yes," he replied. "She comes here every day regularly. She literally compels me to see her and refuses to go till I've told her I haven't changed my decision about taking her case."  
"What insolence!" exclaimed Alicia. "I should think that you would have her put out of the office."  
The lawyer was silent and toyed somewhat nervously with the paper cutter, as if not quite decided as to what response to make. He coughed and fussed with the papers on the desk.  
"Why don't you have her put out of the office?" she repeated.  
The judge looked up. There was an expression in his face that might have been interpreted as one of annoyance, as if he rather resented this intrusion into his business affairs, but Mrs. Jeffries, Sr., was too important a client to quarrel with, so he merely said:  
"Frankly, Mrs. Jeffries, if it were

for the fact that Mr. Jeffries has exacted from me a promise not to take up this case, I should be tempted to consider the matter. In the first place, you know I always liked Howard. I saw a good deal of him before your marriage to Mr. Jeffries. He was always a wild, unmanageable boy, weak in character, but he had many lovable traits. I am very sorry, indeed, to see him in such a terrible position. It was hard for me to realize it and I should never have believed him guilty had he not confessed to the crime."  
"Yes," she assented. "It is an awful thing and a terrible blow to his father. Of course, he has had nothing to do with Howard for months. As you know, he turned him out of doors long ago, but the disgrace is none the less overwhelming."  
The lawyer looked out of the window and drummed his fingers on the arm of his chair. Suddenly wheeling round, and facing his client, he said:  
"You know this girl he married is no ordinary woman."  
"Oh!" she exclaimed, sarcastically. "She has succeeded in arousing your sympathy."  
The judge bowed coldly.  
"No," he replied. "I would hardly say that. But she has aroused my curiosity. She is a very peculiar girl, evidently a creature of impulse and determination. I certainly feel sorry for her. Her position is a very painful one. She has been married only a few months, and now her husband has to face the most awful accusation that can be brought against a man. She is plucky in spite of it all, and is moving heaven and earth in Howard's defense. She believes herself to be in some measure responsible for his misfortune. Apart from that, the case interests me from a purely professional point of view. There are several strange features connected with the case. Sometimes, in spite of Howard's confession, I don't believe he committed that crime."

"Don't forget his wife," remarked the judge, dryly.  
"No," she replied. "I really feel sorry for the girl myself. Will you give her some money if I—"  
The lawyer shook his head.  
"She won't take it. I tried it. She wants me to defend her husband—I tried to bribe her to go to some other lawyer, but it wouldn't work."  
"Well, something ought to be done to stop that annoying us," exclaimed Alicia, indignantly. "Mr. Jeffries suffers terribly. I can hear him pacing up and down the library till three or four in the morning. Poor man, he suffers so keenly and he won't let any one sympathize with him. He won't let me mention his son's name. I feel we ought to do something. Try and persuade him to let me see this girl and—you are his friend as well as his legal adviser."  
Judge Brewster bowed.  
"Your husband is a very old friend, Mrs. Jeffries. I can't disregard his wishes entirely."  
There was a knock at the door of the private office.  
"Come in," called the judge.  
The door opened and the head clerk entered, ushering in Howard Jeffries, Sr. The banker, still aristocratic and dignified, but looking tired and careworn, advanced into the room and shook hands with the judge, who greeted him with a cordial smile. There was no response on the banker's face. Querulously he demanded:  
"Brewster, what's that woman doing out there again? It's not the first time I've met her in this office."  
Alicia looked up eagerly. "Is she out there now?" she cried.  
"What right has she to come here? What's her object?" went on the banker irritably.  
The lawyer shrugged his shoulders.  
"The same old thing," he replied. "She wants me to take her case."  
The banker frowned.  
"Didn't you tell her it was impossible?"  
"That makes no difference," laughed the judge. "She comes just the same. I've sent her away a dozen times. What am I to do if she insists on coming? We can't have her arrested. She doesn't break the furniture or beat the office boy. She simply sits and waits."  
"Have you told her that I object to her coming here?" demanded the banker, haughtily.  
"I have," replied the judge, calmly, "but she has overruled your objection." With a covert smile he added, "You know we can't sue force."  
Mr. Jeffries shrugged his shoulders impatiently.  
"You can certainly use moral force," he said.  
"What do you mean by moral force?" demanded the lawyer.  
Mr. Jeffries threw up his hands as if utterly disgusted with the whole business. Almost angrily he answered:  
"Moral force is moral force. I mean persuasion, of course. Good God, why can't people understand these things as I do?"  
The judge said nothing, but turned to examine some papers on his desk. He hardly liked the inference that he could not see things as plainly as other people, but what was the use of getting irritated? He couldn't afford to quarrel with one of his best clients.

Alicia looked at her husband anxiously. Laying her hand on his arm, she said soothingly:  
"Perhaps if I were to see her—"  
Mr. Jeffries turned angrily.  
"How can you think of such a thing? I can't permit my wife to come in contact with a woman of that character."  
Judge Brewster, who was listening in spite of the fact that he was seemingly engrossed in his papers, pursed his lips.  
"Oh, come," he said with a forced laugh, "she's not as bad as all that!"  
"I'm sure she isn't," said Alicia, emphatically. "She must be amenable to reason."  
The banker's wife was not altogether bad. Excessive vanity and ambition had steeled her heart and stifled impulses that were naturally good,

but otherwise she was not wholly devoid of feeling. She was really sorry for this poor little woman who was fighting so bravely to save her husband. No doubt she had inveigled Howard into marrying her, but she—Alicia—had no right to sit in judgment on her for that. If the girl had been ambitious to marry above her, in what way was she more guilty than she herself had been in marrying a man she did not love, simply for his wealth and social position? Besides, Alicia was herself sorely troubled. Her conscience told her that a word from her might set the whole matter right. She might be able to prove that Underwood committed suicide. She knew she was a coward and worse than a coward because she dare not speak that word. The more she saw her husband's anger the less courage she had to do it. In any case, she argued to herself, Howard had confessed. If she shot Underwood there was no suicide, so why should she incriminate herself needlessly? But there was no reason why she should not show some sympathy for the poor girl who, after all, was only doing what any good wife should do. Aloud she repeated: "I'll see the girl and talk to her. She must listen to reason."  
"Reason!" exploded the banker, angrily. "How can you expect reason from a woman who hounds us, dogs our footsteps, tries to compel us to take her up?"  
Judge Brewster, who had apparently paid no attention to the banker's remarks, now turned around. He hesitatingly said:  
"I think you do her an injustice, Mr. Jeffries. She comes every day in the hope that your feelings toward your son have changed. She wishes to give color to the belief that his father's lawyers are clamponing his cause. She was honest enough to tell me so. You know her movements are closely watched by the newspapers and she takes good care to let the reporters think that she comes here to discuss with me the details of her husband's defense."  
The banker shifted impatiently on his chair. Contemptuously he said:  
"The newspapers which I read don't give her the slightest attention. If they did I should refuse to read them." With growing irritation he went on:  
"It's no use talking about her any more. What are we going to do about this latest scandal? This woman is going on the stage to be exhibited all over the country and she proposes to use the family name."  
"There is nothing to prevent her," said the lawyer, dryly.

The banker jumped to his feet and exclaimed angrily:  
"There must be! Good God, Brewster, surely you can obtain an injunction restraining her from using the family name! You must do something. What do you advise?"  
"I advise patience," replied the judge, calmly.  
But Mr. Jeffries had no patience. He was a man who was not accustomed to have his wishes thwarted. He did not understand why there should be the slightest difficulty in carrying out his instructions.  
"Any one can advise patience!" he exclaimed, hotly, "but that's not doing anything." Banging the desk angrily with his fist, he exclaimed: "I want something done!"  
Judge Brewster looked up at his client with surprise. The judge never lost his temper. Even in the most acrimonious wrangles in the courtroom he was always the suave, polished gentleman. There was a shade of reproach in his tone as he replied:  
"Come, come, don't lose your temper! I'll do what I can, but there is nothing to be done in the way you suggest. The most I can do is to remain loyal to you, although—to be quite candid—I confess it goes against the grain to keep my hands off this case. As I told your wife, there are certain features about it which interest me keenly. I feel that you are wrong to—"  
"No, Brewster!" interrupted Mr. Jeffries, explosively. "I'm right! I'm right! You know it, but you won't admit it!"  
The lawyer shrugged his shoulders and turned to his desk again. Laconically, he said:  
"Well, I won't argue the matter with you. You refuse to be advised by me and—"  
The banker looked up impatiently.  
"What is your advice?"  
The lawyer, without looking up from his papers, said quietly:  
"You know what my feelings in the matter are."  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Peculiar Vision of Fish**  
Hypothesis That Seems to Explain the Constant Revolution of the Eyeball.  
The medium in which fresh-water fishes live gives them a chance to see a great distance only in the horizontal direction. It seems impossible to explain the constant revolution of the eyeball on any other hypothesis except that the optical axis extends forward instead of sidewise.  
When a fish wishes to eat anything, either at the bottom of the pond or at the surface of the water, it swims directly toward the object; and in this case the eyes are instantly adjusted in line with the body, so as to bring the image of the particle desired upon the posterior portion of the retina. In this case they lose their horizontal position.  
If a fish wishes to turn to the right or left in the water, the first movement is that of the eyes in unison in the direction of the turning. This would be entirely unnecessary if the apparent axis was the axis of the most distinct vision, as one of the eyes would see all that was to be seen on the side of the turning. After this movement of the eyes, the body turns enough to bring the eyes into their normal position, then there is again a



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