

THE OLD RELIABLE



**Absolutely Pure
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE**

**HORROR
GROWS**

(Continued from page one.)

ments not their own. They were evidently torn from the clothing of others whom they had endeavored to pull down and trample under foot, as they fought for their own lives.

As the police removed layer after layer of dead in those doorways, the sight became too much for police and firemen, hardened as they are to such sights, to endure. The bodies were in such an extricable mass, and so tightly were they jammed between the sides of the door and the walls that it was impossible to lift them one by one and carry them out. The only possible thing to do was to seize a limb or some other portion of the body, and pull with main strength.

Faces Trampled Entirely Off.

In the first and second balconies bodies were piled up in the aisles three and four deep, where one had fallen and others tripped over the prostrate forms. All had died where they lay, evidently suffocated by gas. Others were bent over backs of seats where they had been thrown by the rush of people for the doors, and killed with hardly a chance to rise from their seats.

One man was found with his back bent nearly double; his spinal column had been fractured as he was thrown backward. A woman was found nearly cut in half by the back of the seat, she having been forced over it face downward.

In the aisles nearest to the doors the scenes were harrowing in the extreme. Bodies lay in every conceivable attitude, some half naked, the look on their faces revealing some portion of the agony which must have preceded their death. There were scores and scores of people whose entire faces had been trampled completely off by the heels of those who rushed over them, and in one aisle the body of a man was found with not a vestige of clothing, flesh or bone remaining above his waist line. The entire upper portion of his body had been cut into mince-meat, and carried away by the feet of those who had trampled upon him. A search was made carefully with a hope of finding his head, but at a late hour to night it had not been discovered, and all that will ever tell his friends who he was is the color and appearance of the clothing on the lower limbs, and this is in such a condition as to be hardly recognizable.

Piled in Heaps.

Many proved themselves heroes in rescuing the injured and carrying out the dead. Among these was Alderman William H. Thompson, who, unaided, carried to the street the bodies of eight women. The first newspaper man upon the ground also carried out many of the dead and injured. The building was so full of smoke, when the firemen first arrived, that the full extent of the catastrophe was not immediately grasped, until a fireman and a newspaper man crawled up the stairway leading to the balcony, holding handkerchiefs over their mouths to avoid suffocation.

As they reached the door, the fireman, whose vision was better trained in such emergencies, seized his companion by the arm, exclaiming:

"Good God, man, don't walk on their faces." The two men tried vainly to get through the door, which was jammed with dead women, piled higher than either of their heads.

All the lights in the theatre were necessarily out, and the only illu-

mination came through the cloud of smoke that hung between the interior of the theatre and the street. The two men immediately hurried to the floor below, and informed Chief Mueham, of the fire department, that bodies were piled high in the balcony, and prompt assistance must be rendered if any of them were to be saved. The chief immediately called all his men in the vicinity to abandon work on the fire, and come at once to the rescue. The building was so dark and the smoke so thick that it was found impossible to accomplish anything until lights had been secured. Word was at once sent to the Orr & Lockett Hardware Company, nearby, and that firm at once placed its entire stock of lanterns at the service of the department.

Strong Men Unnerved.

Men worked at the task with tears running down their cheeks, and the sobs of the rescuers could be heard even in the hall below where the awful scene was being enacted. A number of men were compelled to abandon their tasks and give it over to men whose nerves had not as yet been shaken by the awful experience. As one by one the bodies were dragged out of the water-soaked, blackened mass of corpses, the spectacle became more and more heart-rending.

There were women whose clothing was torn completely from their bodies above the waist, whose bosoms had been trampled into a pulp, and whose faces were marred beyond all hope of identification.

Will J. Davis, manager of the theatre, said after the catastrophe that if the people had remained in their seats and had not been excited by the cry of fire, not a single life would have been lost. This, however, is contradicted by the firemen, who found numbers of people sitting in their seats, their faces directed toward the stage, as if the performance was still going on. It is the opinion of the firemen that these persons had been suffocated at once by the flow of gas which came from behind the asbestos curtain.

Pushed from the Fire Escape.

The theatre had been constructed but a short time, and its equipment was not yet all in place. This included, unfortunately, a fire escape in the rear of the building. The small iron balconies to which the iron ladders were to be attached were up, but the ladders had not yet been constructed. When the panic was at its height, a great number of women ran for these fire escapes, only to find as they emerged from the doorway upon the little iron platform that they were 30 to 50 feet from the ground, a fire behind, and no method of escape in front. Those who reached the platform first endeavored to hold their footing, and to keep back the crowd that pressed upon them from the rear.

The effort was utterly useless, and in a few moments the iron ledges were jammed with crowds of women, who screamed, fought and tore at each other like maniacs. This lasted but a brief interval, and the rush from the interior of the building became so violent that many of them were crowded off and fell to the granite pavement below. Others leaped from the platform, fracturing legs and arms, and two were picked up at this point with fractured skulls, having been killed instantly.

George H. Elliott, secretary of the Ogden Gas Company, was in a building directly across the alley from the theatre, and, noticing smoke, went down to ascertain the cause. When he reached the street the women were already dopping into the alley, and M. Elliott immediately rushed for a ladder in the effort to save as many as possible. No ladder was available,

and the only method of assistance they were able to devise was to throw hurriedly some planks together and pass them across to the frightened women on the platforms, with instructions to place the end firmly on the woodwork. Before this could be done a fearful loss of time ensued. The women were being pushed every instant into the alley, and by the time a bridge was constructed few persons remained to take advantage of it. However, about two dozen, it is believed by Mr. Elliott, made their way across this narrow way.

Baby Meets a Sad Fate.

About a score of people in the second balcony were saved by firemen, who took them through the roof and carried them down ladders in the rear of the building. Two bodies tightly locked in each other's arms, young women, apparently about 25 years of age, were found in one end of the orchestra pit. They must have fallen there from the balcony above.

The body of a dark-haired girl, apparently 12 years of age, was found impaled on the iron railing of the first balcony, she evidently having been thrown from the second balcony above. With all of its clothing torn from it but a pair of baby shoes, the body of a child about one year old, was found in a far corner of the second balcony. It had evidently been knocked from its mother's arms, and trampled beyond recognition.

At the Morgue.

At 2 o'clock this morning the men in the various undertaking establishments had managed to arrange the bodies in something like order, and the work of identification was greatly facilitated, and it was expected to move with greater rapidity after daylight, when more people would be able to visit the morgues. At Rolston's place, at 22 Adams street, 183 bodies were laid upon tables and floors, and when the police, about 2 o'clock, opened their lines to allow the throng to enter it required all of their strength to stem the pressure that was brought to bear upon them as the hundreds of people, frantic with anxiety in the search for missing ones, strove to enter the growlome undertaking rooms.

Scores of women fainted before they had gone a dozen steps, while men wholly unstrung staggered as they walked down the aisles, and soon had to be assisted from the place by the police. The blankets were all removed, and the bodies were huddled in long lines on the floors. Thirty deep they lie in furrows, their ghastliness brought out by the glare of the electric lights.

There were dozens of bodies of young women and girls, from 18 to 25 years of age. Many of them were elegantly dressed, and their clothing or some trinket will be the only guide to those who know them, for their faces have been literally trampled into an unrecognizable mass.

Some of the bodies were stripped entirely of clothing and with distorted limbs and mangled and charred features were seen in all their horror. In one respect they were alike. The left arm of nearly every victim was held stiff and close to the side, while the right hand was outstretched as if warding off peril.

Same Old Wreck.

Geneva, Ohio, Dec. 31.—The Lake Shore limited, a double-header, ran into an open switch, while going 60 miles an hour, west of the city this morning. Engineers Spring and Macintosh and Fireman Kepling were killed outright, and a number of passengers injured; three serious. The wreck caught fire.

AN OREGON GIRL.

Miss Essie Elmore, of Astoria, Went Through the Horrors of the Chicago Fire.

Miss Elsie Elmore, of Astoria, was among those in attendance at the Iroquois theatre when the fire broke out, and had a very narrow escape. She was one of a party seated in the first two lower boxes on the left of the stage. The young women were being entertained by Mrs. Rollin A. Keyes, of Evanston, in honor of her young daughter, Miss Catherine Keyes, who is home from school in Washington for the holidays. The ten young women in the party were terribly frightened and slightly hurt in their flight from the burning boxes, but all escaped without injury.

Pamphlets Returned.

Secretary Graham was advised today of the return of 10,000 of the pamphlets furnished by the Greater Salem Commercial Club to advertise Salem and Marion county through the agency of the Harriman immigration bureau. The club requested them returned on account of the great demand for them here, and as none had been retained.

State House Quiet.

The last day of the year witnessed little public business transacted. Several boards meet next Monday, and the supreme court may have some opinions.

Thos. Nelson Page



The strongest, most appealing, most engaging short story that has come from the hand of this undisputed master of fiction is his contribution,

"The Christmas Peace"

Mr. Page is undoubtedly one of the foremost short story writers of the day, and this delightful Christmas tale, in which he has woven the charm and pathos of which he is master, will appeal to hundreds of thousands of readers. This story, beautifully illustrated with drawings by Blendon Campbell, appears in the

**METROPOLITAN
MAGAZINE for January**

- "A Christmas Reverie" by BLISS CARMAN
- "Love Story of Mary, Queen of Scots" by MAURICE HEWLETT
- "The Real Parsifal" by JAMES HUNEKER

160 Pages

of reading. Really a 35-cent Magazine for 15 cents.

12 Short Stories

(C 41)

R. H. RUSSELL, PUBLISHER, 3 WEST 29TH ST., N. Y.



3 Trans-Continental Trains Daily-3



**2-Daily Through Trains to the Beautiful Twin Cities-2
Minneapolis and St. Paul**

1 Transcontinental Train Daily-1

VIA THE

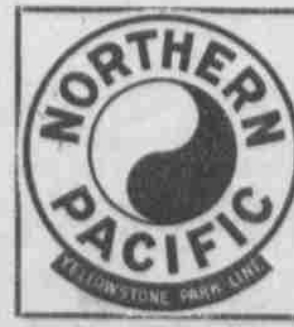
... Northern Pacific---Burlington Route ...

To

Denver; Lincoln, Neb.; Omaha, Neb.; St. Joseph, Mo.; Kansas City; St. Louis and all points East and Southeast

Only Direct Line to the Famous

**Yellowstone
National Park**



The Old Reliable
**Pioneer
Dining Car Line**

Excellent Through Car Service

Your Baggage Can Be Checked Through to Destination. Union Depot Connections.

TRY THE

'North Coast Limited'

ELECTRIC LIGHTS — ELECTRIC FANS

The Crack Train Of The Northwest

A. D. CHARLTON,

Assistant General Passenger Agent



255 Morrison St., Cor. Third, Portland, Oregon

