and great ring marks, evidently made by a rope, encircled his waist.

According to survivors, during the twelve minutes the Monroe was rolling and quivering from the flood of sea that was pouring into her the screams of frightened, half-dressed passengers could be heard above the roar of waters and the smashing of furnishings in saloons and cabins. They groped their way to the deck through the darkness and were ordered to stand by the lifeboats which the crew were making ready to lower. The air was chill and wet and some of the women were unable to move.

While waiting to get into the boats the vessel suddenly rolled over to the side upon which the groups were standing and all, with shrieks of terror, clambed over deck fittings and gear to the high side to escape falling into the sea.

Before many of them had time to get to a place of safety the Monroe went down, leaving its human freight to flounder about in the sea. There was no suction as she sank, so the survivors said, as she went down slowly.

According to Captain Barry of the Nantucket his searchlight was of great service. It enabled him to work his vessel safely into the mass of floating humanity and gave those who could swim an opportunity of getting up close to the rescuing vessel's side. The Nantucket's crew put over a dozen lines, and by the aid of these hauled up a dozen men who were able to make the lines fast around their bodies. Rope ladders were put over the Nantucket's sides, and, clinging to these, the crew managed to clutch persons who drifted by them.

A dozen of those saved were so exhausted that they were unable to climb, and were carried up to the Nantucket's deck by the men on the rope ladders.

DESCRIBE THEIR RESCUE FROM DOOMED VESSEL

Norfolk, Va., Jan. 30.—Thomas Harrington's description of his effort to save his wife from death in the water and of how he clung to her body was among the first to be given the waiting army of interviewers. When picked up by a Nantucket lifeboat he was struggling to keep his wife's body above the water, holding her by her hair. Not until they were pulled into the boat did he realize that she was dead.

E. P. Lyon, a theatrical man of New York, for two years a manager of Richmond theatres, who was hurled from his berth by the collision, gave the following description of the scene following the accident:

"When I reached the deck, in my pajamas, I did not see another passenger. The boat was then rapidly listing. I returned to my stateroom for clothes and although it took less than two minutes I could hardly stand on the tilted deck. A moment later I slipped and was hurled the full width of the ship, saving myself only by grabbing one of the iron posts of the rail.

"Being allowed to enter a lifeboat, I saw the Monroe go down a few moments later. I saw scores jump from the vessel as she keeled over. The Nantucket's searchlight was playing on the scene. I shall never forget the struggling people in the water and their cries for help."

Wished to Die with Others.

Delirious from shock and crying aloud, "I wish I had perished with the others," Mrs. T. J. Wood, of Norfolk and New York, was rushed in an ambulance to a local hospital. Mrs. Wood was on her way to New York in response to a telegram notifying her that her husband was dying, a victim of tuberculosis. He died during the night.

Captain Berry, of the Nantucket, on the direct orders of officials of the Merchants and Miners' Line, refused throughout the afternoon to make any statement as to the cause of the accident or to add details which could indicate any explanation he may have.

C. W. Pool, of Ray, Va., convulsed with grief, told of the efforts he made to save his wife and two-year-old child, only to see them swept away when rescue was almost within arm's reach. A wave swept them from the upper deck, where they had taken refuge, as the steamer settled in the water. A lifeboat only a few feet away was unable to reach them. He was picked up just in time, exhausted by the struggle.

E. J. J. Newby, U. S. N., a chief petty officer, corroborating the details of the accident, joined with other survivors in words of praise for Captain Johnson, his subordinate officers and the crew for the discipline displayed. He declared that everything possible was done to launch lifeboats and to rescue those hurled into the sea.

A. G. Brown, of Brooklyn, said that he, with a score of others, was swept from the deck of the Monroe when she keeled over. There was little suction to impede those who could swim. He was in the water a half hour before being picked up.

R. L. Etheridge, wireless operator of the Nantucket, hardly able to stand because of long hours at his wireless apparatus, staggered into the arms of his pretty young wife, who was among those on the wharf, and a touching scene followed.

"I am so glad," she almost screamed. "So am I, but poor Kuehn is gone," he sadly replied, referring to the wireless operator of the Monroe.

Actress Tells of Rescue.

Of the many thrilling stories told by the survivors none equals that of Miss Sally McCombs, ingenue of the Macaria Theatrical Company, which filled an engagement at the New Wells Theatre last week. Miss McCombs, lying in bed, bruised from head to foot and on the verge of nervous prostration from more than an hour's exposure in the icy cold water of the North Atlantic, last night told her story.

She was one of the nine members of the company who were saved. Her story was different from that of her fellow players, because she became separated from her companions soon after the Monroe received the fatal blow from the bow of the Nantucket. That she was one of the survivors was due to the bravery of Charlie Sutton, a native of Hertford, N. C., and a member of the crew of the Monroe, who leaped overboard from the foundering ship and kept her afloat in the ice-cold water until they reached one of the lifeboats.

"I turned to Mr. Montgomery, our manager, when I saw the fog," she said, "and told him I felt nervous. 'Something seems to tell me we are in danger,' I said. I have been afraid of fogs ever since I was a little girl. He reassured me, saying the Old Dominion had never had a serious accident in its history. We sat around in the main saloon, reading, writing letters and talking until, about midnight, Miss Hilda Haviland, our leading lady, and I went to our stateroom. I dropped asleep almost immediately, but did not fall into a sound slumber.

"The first thing I knew of the accident was when the ships struck.

"Thrown from Our Berths."

"We were thrown from our berths into the cabins. I realized something awful had happened. I said to Miss Haviland: 'Hilda, we are gone.' I darted out of the stateroom, and when I felt the list taken by the steamship ran back for some of my clothes. Miss Haviland also went back and slipped a raincoat over her nightgown and kimono.

"When we got back in the aisle between the cabins men and women, with nothing but their nightclothes on, were running up and down, the women screaming and crying. They seemed to know the worst had happened. The ship then had taken on a decided list and it was almost impossible to walk. Our party got together and hurried to the deck. Mrs. Soule was the only one that had on a life preserver.

"Mr. Lewis, our stage manager, who was one of the two lost, was highly excited and kept calling on God to help him. The other members of my party went to the front part of the vessel. Something seemed to tell me to stay with a group of the members of the crew who were gathered about midship. I don't know what it was.

"I asked one of them if he would help me and he said he was afraid he could not for he did not know how to swim. I think he was a negro, judging by the sound of his voice.

"A young white man, who I afterward learned was Charlie Sutton, of Hartford, spoke up, 'I'll save you, lady. I can swim; you just stick close to me; put this life preserver on now.' I slipped it over my nightgown and kimona. In spite of all the excitement around me I was more calm and collected than I have been on the stage many times. His words gave me renewed courage and confidence. Another member of the crew, also a young white man, then spoke up. 'That's right, Charlie, I'll stick by you and help you to save the lady.'

Praise for Her Hero.

"The steamship had then settled over on its side, and as the water began to swirl up around my feet I wanted to jump into the water. It looked so much better than the panic ridden ship. My hero, Charlie Sutton, would not let me go, telling me to wait until the suction from the ship subsided. Just as the water slipped around my bare knees, we three—Charlie, his companion and myself—plunged overboard. For two hours he kept me above water, and we were finally saved."

James O'Connell, president of the Metal Trade Department of the American Federation of Labor, declared the crash came at the stillest hour of the night. "There was a terrific roar and the vibration of the collision sent a shivering motion throughout the ship. There followed confusion and screams of terror, with a general rush for the decks. When I reached the open air the steamship had assumed an angle of 45 degrees and seemed to be plunging heavily. Every one realized that the ship was doomed, and the officers and crew were giving and executing orders with wonderful precision. Everybody seemed to be intent on looking out for the women aboard, with a presence of mind that I must say was remarkable in such a situation.

"I was making my way to one side of the ship to reach a lifeboat when the ship lurched and I was shot right in the air; a moment later I landed in a lifeboat on top of Captain Johnson. There were only about six in the boat, but we rescued those in the water until it seemed as if our boat would sink. Later we were picked up by the Nantucket."

"No one can imagine the horrible feeling of the moment when we realized that the ship was sinking," said Miss Leona Soule, of the Hotel Normandie, New York, when seen. "Immediately after striking the water I sank and sank, and could feel myself losing consciousness.

Tried to Push Her from Boat.

"The next thing I remember I was clinging to the side of a lifeboat filled with men and women. Some one was trying to push my hand away, when a big man, with white hair, in the water, said: 'Here, none of that, she's a woman, drag her in, we'll go down together if necessary.' Thank God I was pulled in." Miss Soule saved only a kimono, in which she was clad.

J. N. Montgomery, manager of the Macaria Theatrical Company, the majority of whose members perished, and who was in the water two hours before being rescued, confirms the statement that the Monroe turned turtle and declared that she sank stern first. He declared his watch stopped at 2:10.

Mrs. James Ray, of New York, whose husband perished, is tonight being cared for by the steamship company. She is penniless. Ray kept a saloon in Seventh avenue, between 51st and 52d streets, and came to Norfolk several days ago seeking work. He failed to find it and was returning to New York. Mrs. Ray and her husband were separated after being washed from the Monroe's deck. A lifeboat picked her up.

A. H. Tillett, of New York, was among those washed into the sea as a wave covered the sinking vessel.

RUSH TO DECKS SAVED MANY AFTER BOATS HIT

The first authentic account of the collision between the Monroe and the Nantucket received in New York came over the telephone from Washington at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon from H. B. Walker, president and general manager of the Old Dominion Steamship Company.

Captain James Leyland, the local superintendent of the line, gave out the following statement a few minutes later:

"There was no confusion whatsoever on the Monroe when the ship was struck. The passengers hurried from their staterooms and crowded on the promenade deck. The second officer evidently realized the danger, for he sought to persuade the passengers to go to the boat deck above, but he could not get them to do so. The ship sank in about ten minutes after she was struck, and the presence of so many persons on the boat deck probably accounts for the number rescued from the water.

"Lifeboat No. 1 was let down over the side, but was smashed against the side of the vessel. Lifeboat No. 2 struck the water safely, but was capsized. No. 3 boat got away successfully in charge of the first officer with ten persons. Lifeboat No. 7 was launched by the captain with eight persons.

"The captain's boat picked up twenty-seven additional persons out of the water, making a total of thirty-seven saved by the master of the ship. Mr. Hoarsley, the first officer, picked up an additional twenty-four persons.

"The Nantucket saved fourteen persons with two boats. The life rafts, which were on the forward deck, had six persons on one and four on the other when they were picked up.

"Mr. Gately, the second officer, went below shortly after the collision to ascertain the amount of damage. The ship began to sink before he could learn anything and he rushed to a deck. Seizing a ladder, he floated off on that and was clinging to it when he was picked up.

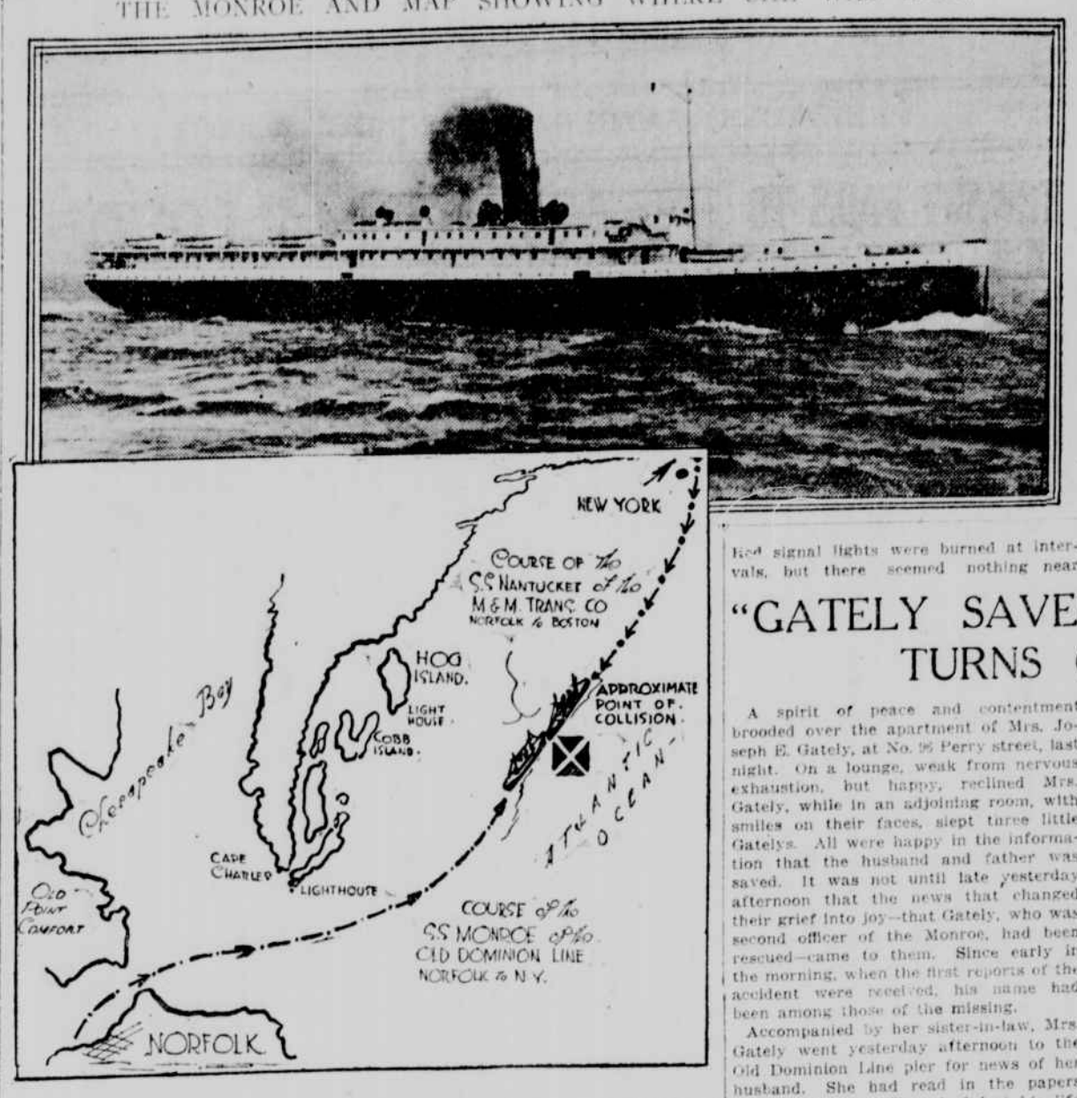
"The wireless operator was standing next to Boat No. 3, about to be launched, when he gave his lifebelt to a frantic woman. She was saved. A passenger, a mining engineer, also removed his belt and gave it to a woman passenger."

The manner in which the accident happened, according to President Walker's message to Captain Leyland, was as follows:

"The Monroe, surrounded by a dense fog, was stopped, blowing one whistle. The whistle of another steamer was distinguished, and the Monroe blew one whistle again. The other steamer, the Nantucket, answered with two whistles. The Monroe answered with one blast. The Nantucket again answered with two whistles. The Monroe still kept up her one whistle. There was no answer from the other steamer, and the next thing those aboard the Old Dominion liner knew the Nantucket struck the Monroe abaft No. 1 port on the starboard side."

According to the navigation laws, when two steamers come toward each other head to head one shall sound one short blast on the whistle and the other shall reply with one blast, meaning that the steamers are going to pass each other on the port sides. If that is deemed impossible the one steamer shall sound two short blasts on the whistle and the other shall reply with two short blasts, meaning the vessels will pass to their starboard sides. In the fog, evidently, the captains of the Monroe and the Nantucket mistook their positions, and the confusion of signals led to the collision.

THE MONROE AND MAP SHOWING WHERE SHE WAS LOST.



WOMEN TRAPPED BY DOOR IN CABIN AS SHIP SANK

Vain efforts to open the door of a cabin on the Monroe in which half a dozen men and women were entrapped were told of by Edward Gorman, of New York. Several men were attracted by the screams of those imprisoned, but could do nothing to free them. A young woman, whose name was "Ethel," was caught in her stateroom, but before she could be freed the ship listed and threw the men into the sea.

Raymond Van Winkle, of Nutley, N. J., was one of the rescued. Late yesterday his brother Clarence, of Belleville, received a telephone message telling of his brother's start for New York.

Mrs. Thomas R. Harrington, who died after she had been rescued, lived in Bridgeport, Conn. She was taking a sea trip with her husband, who was in ill health.

Charles M. Jelliff, who was drowned, was the manager of the theatrical company, and lived at No. 320 West 51st street. Mr. Jelliff formerly was a newspaper man in New York and Baltimore, and later was a manager for Charles E. Blaney. His first play was "Broken Hearts." He dramatized "The Yoke" and the novel "Macaria," which he was producing with the company of that name.

It was due only to chance that William H. Woods, the original producer of "Macaria," was not with the company. He left it a week ago to become manager of the Boston Theatre.

Miss Hilda Haviland, leading lady of the company, had played many parts in New York productions. Another New York girl in the company was Miss Rénée Seville, who appeared in "The Merry Widow."

A. F. McNair, of Buffalo, among those rescued, is the son of Eben O. McNair, president of the Commonwealth Trust Company of that city.

"Dolly Gibson," which name appears among the list of lost, was the stage name of Mrs. Dollie Bremer, who lived with her eight-year-old daughter at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Healy, at No. 111 Ocean avenue, Jersey City. She was a member of the Macaria company, and was returning to New York with Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Ray, also members.

James A. Haskell, of Cortland, N. Y., who was drowned, was thirty-four years old. He was a travelling man for the Cortland Cart and Carriage Company, of Sydney, N. Y. Haskell started on his trip December 29, and was last heard from at Columbia, S. C. A sister, Mrs. George Richardson, lives in Ridgewood, N. J.

Mrs. T. J. Woods, of Norfolk, was hurrying to New York in response to a telegram stating that her husband was seriously ill in this city. She returned to Norfolk to learn that his death occurred almost simultaneously with the collision.

CROWD SEEKING WRECK NEWS BESIEGES OFFICE

Less than an hour after the Monroe sank yesterday the information was telephoned to the local offices of the Old Dominion Line Company, at Pier 25, North River, at the foot of Beach street. Captain James Leyland, who lives at Rutherford, N. J., was communicated with, and he took the first train to New York. Until a late hour last night Captain Leyland remained at his desk, answering the inquiries of anxious friends and relatives who called in person or by telephone.

The first message Captain Leyland received from Norfolk was to the effect that forty-six persons had perished. Later in the day names of survivors straggled in. Late last night a complete list, in which every soul aboard the Monroe was accounted for, was received at the local office by long distance telephone from Norfolk. The number of dead was finally estimated at forty-four.

Several inquiries were made for P. Davis, the head waiter on the ill fated vessel. Later came word that Davis was lost. Survivors remembered seeing him on the upper deck seeking to quiet some distraught women. When told to put on a lifebelt he replied he had plenty of time.

There were also inquiries for other members of the crew.

GRIM BATTLE WITH SEA DEATH UNDER FOG PALL

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

Norfolk, Va., Jan. 30.—Edward F. Lyons, one time a newspaper man of Philadelphia and for several years manager of the Bijou Theatre, of that city, was not among the Monroe passengers who were drowned, as first was reported.

Lyons arrived at Norfolk on board the Nantucket when that vessel arrived at port this afternoon. He was clad only in pajamas and a bath robe.

Lyons gave a graphic description of his escape from the Monroe.

"It was about 1:30 o'clock," he said, "and very foggy. I had undressed, but had not gone to bed. The fog horn was blowing every minute. Suddenly it blew twice, and repeated the double blast twice.

"Then, almost like putting on the brakes, the Monroe stopped. Running on deck, I saw some one getting ready to put a lifeboat over. I asked him if there was any danger. He replied that he didn't know.

"Almost before the words left his mouth the Nantucket struck us near the bow on the port side. I ran downstairs and tried to dress, but the ship was listing so that I could not stand up, and I hurried back up. There were few passengers on deck and one boat was overboard.

"The deck was at an angle of about sixty degrees, and one could do nothing but slide and grasp any obstruction on the way to the water. I slid, catching a heavy iron wire rope as I reached the water. Here I hung, while one boat was put off and another lowered. It was manned by two of the crew and three others.

"The women had been cared for, and Captain Johnson told me to jump. I yelled to one of the crew, 'Hold out your arms!' and as he did, I leaped, catching his right arm with my left hand and the boat with the other.

"Time and again I expected the boat would be smashed against the Monroe. Red signal lights were burned at intervals, but there seemed nothing near enough to aid us. The Monroe sank almost immediately afterward.

"We rowed about, hoping and praying to be saved. Then we heard cries. A sudden light showed us a woman floating with an oar as her life buoy. She begged for help, and as our boat neared her Captain Johnson lifted her into the boat. We rescued others, among them a man and woman. He had been holding her up by swimming with her hair between his teeth. He was exhausted when we pulled him in. The woman died.

"After a while the spotlight from the Nantucket found our boat. We rowed to her side, and those who were able climbed the swinging ladder. Others were hoisted by a rope fastened under their arms.

"It is probable that every survivor was injured more or less. Pneumonia and other illness are sure to result from the exposure.

"The Monroe went down easily, and was below the water within twelve minutes after the collision.

"The crew behaved splendidly, so far as I could see," continued Lyons. "There were not many women on the ship, but they were allowed to get into the boats first. There was no effort on the part of the men to crowd them."

"GATELY SAVED," MESSAGE TURNS GRIEF INTO JOY

A spirit of peace and contentment brooded over the apartment of Mrs. Joseph E. Gately, at No. 96 Perry street, last night. On a lounge, weak from nervous exhaustion, but happy, reclined Mrs. Gately, while in an adjoining room, with smiles on their faces, slept three little Gatelys. All were happy in the information that the husband and father was saved. It was not until late yesterday afternoon that the news that changed their grief into joy—that Gately, who was second officer of the Monroe, had been rescued—came to them. Since early in the morning, when the first reports of the accident were received, his name had been among those of the missing.

Accompanied by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Gately went yesterday afternoon to the Old Dominion Line pier for news of her husband. She had read in the papers that the second officer had lost his life when the ship foundered, but, hoping that later advices from the South had been received, she got her relative to accompany her to the waterfront. For an hour she hovered about West street, lacking courage to make the inquiry that she feared would be answered with sadness.

Finally she crossed the street and, dodging through a maze of trucks, made her way to the office of Captain James Leyland, local superintendent of the line. In front of his desk she faltered, made an effort to speak, then turned appealingly to her companion. She made known her name and mission.

Captain Leyland looked at her kindly, and although he knew Second Officer Gately was reported drowned, he searched busily through a pile of papers on his desk. When he could gain no more time he shook his head slowly.

"Don't say he is gone!" Mrs. Gately wailed. "Don't tell me that." Then she broke down completely. Captain Leyland arose and assisted her to a car.

Hardly had Mrs. Gately left when the telephone bell rang. It was Mr. Walker, president of the line, speaking from Washington. His first words were:

"Gately was saved."

Captain Leyland immediately dispatched a clerk to the home of the second officer, in Perry street. He arrived there before Mrs. Gately returned. On the stairs, from the ground floor up to the fifth, on which the Gatelys live, was a line of neighbors. When the clerk dashed past there was a wave of excitement. The door of the Gately apartment was opened by one of the second officer's sisters. At that minute a messenger boy entered the room with a telegram. Opening it, Miss Gately read:

"General manager of the steamship company reports Joe safe in Norfolk."

The message was from Gately's brother in Washington.

A footstep in the hall was heard, and Mrs. Gately, leaning heavily on her sister-in-law's arm, entered. The import of the message had passed down the line of neighbors, and she had seen the happy expressions on their faces and wondered. Unable to speak because of the emotion in her voice, Miss Gately handed over the telegram. In an instant the sorrow that had been the wife's since she left the steamship pier gave way to joy. The strain, however, proved too much for the moment, and Mrs. Gately fainted.

While restoratives were being administered little Dorothy, four years old, and Joseph, jr., two, danced about the apartment, exclaiming that "Papa was saved." And from his crib John, the youngest Gately, six months old, cooed his joy.

CAPTAIN E. E. JOHNSON.

MONROE INQUIRY ORDERED; DOMINION LINE WILL HELP

MISS DOLLIE BREMER.

[From The Tribune Bureau.]

Washington, Jan. 30.—A thorough investigation into the collision of the Monroe and the Nantucket was ordered promptly to-day by the Department of Commerce, the inquiry to be conducted by officials of the Bureau of Navigation and the Steamboat Inspection service. Robert Tapley, inspector of hulls, and Edward W. Brey, inspector of boilers, both of whom are at Norfolk, have been ordered to begin the investigation immediately.

H. B. Walker, president and general manager of the Old Dominion Steamship Company, owner of the Monroe, was in Washington when he was informed of the tragedy. He remained here during the day directing, over the long distance telephone, measures for the relief of the stricken passengers, and left to-night for Norfolk to be present at the investigation to be conducted by the government. During the day he conferred with General George Uhler, inspector general of the Steamboat Inspection Service, and assured him that his company would lend every possible aid to the investigators.

General Uhler declined to give any opinion as to the responsibility for the collision, but asserted that he felt confident that both the Monroe and Nantucket were adequately equipped with lifesaving facilities, as the federal inspectors have been alert to enforce the regulations in this regard.

"Never before in the history of the Old Dominion Line, dating back to 1867, has a passenger been lost at sea," said Mr. Walker to-night. "I am at a loss to account for the accident, as the Monroe was probably our best boat. She was well built and in excellent condition, so that the impact must have been terrific.

"The Monroe has been in service since 1903, and was regarded as the stanchest of our seven boats. She was equipped with a boatage for 500 passengers, while there were only 133 persons aboard when the collision occurred. The boatage was more than twice as much as required by the navigation rules for this season of the year."

Mr. Walker said that the Monroe had a gross tonnage of 4,704 and a net tonnage of 2,896. She was 345.9 feet long, 46.2 feet wide and 18 feet deep. She was built at Newport News. The regular crew numbered 84.

NANTUCKET LONG PURSUED BY A MARINE "HOODOO"

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

Baltimore, Jan. 30.—W. P. Coria, general manager of the Merchants and Miners' Transportation Company, in speaking of the Monroe disaster said:

"Captain Berry of the Nantucket is one of our most trustworthy captains and a thoroughly experienced navigator. He has been with us for about seven years. He has been in command of the Nantucket about nine months, and before that was in command of the Essex. We feel sure that the dense fog was the only explanation of the accident."

J. M. Blankenship, superintendent of the line, explained how it happened that while both ships were equipped with submarine telephone apparatus for use in a fog they still happened to ram.

"The Nantucket had the submarine telephone apparatus for use in a fog," said Mr. Blankenship, "but it had only the receiving instruments, not the sending. And I am sure that the Monroe was equipped in like manner. Boats very seldom have the sending instruments."

Although the officials of the Merchants and Miners' Transportation Company say that they have never in their history lost a passenger, many passengers have been taken from the Merchants and Miners' ships frequently at points on the coast between Hatteras and Boston.

The Nantucket has been conspicuous in these accidents, and is said to be known along the Boston waterfront as the "hoodoo boat." She is known in this manner on the Baltimore waterfront. On September 2, 1912, fire started in her hold while she lay at her dock at Locust Point. She sank there and was for several days an object of interest to persons travelling up and down the river as she lay bottom side up. The body of Joseph S. Wroten, a member of the crew, was taken out of her engine room when she was raised.

After the Nantucket had been raised she collided with the barge Gibson in Vineyard Sound, on the New England coast, ripping a ten-foot hole in her bow. Later the Nantucket was again disabled in Vineyard Sound through the breaking of a throttle valve. The engines were put out of commission and the Nantucket was forced to anchor in a heavy sea to await assistance.

PASSENGERS RESCUED FROM THE MONROE

BUDWIG, H., New York.
CLAUSSEN, William, Milwaukee.
DAVIDS, C. H., New York.
DAVIS, F. C., Brooklyn.
FLANNAGAN, R. F., Brooklyn.
GERMAN, Edward, Philadelphia.
HAMBURGER, A., New York.
HARRINGTON, T. R., Bridgeport, Conn.
HAVILAND, Miss Hilda, Macaria Opera Company.
LYONS, E. P., Richmond, Va.
M'NAIR, A. S., Buffalo.
MONTGOMERY, J. M., Macaria Opera Company.
MARLOW, George M., Macaria Opera Company.
MANN, J., Macaria Opera Company.
M'COMBS, Miss S., Macaria Opera Company.
MOORE, J., Macaria Opera Company.
NYLEN, C., ——.
NEWBY, E. J., U. S. N.
O'CONNELL, James, Washington.
POOLE, C. W., Gray, Va.
ROLLINS, Charles, Lawrenceville, Va.
ROLLINS, Mrs. Charles.
RAY, Mrs. J. F., New York.
SOULE, Miss Leona, Macaria Opera Company.
SNYDER, W. A., East Orange, N. J.
TILLIOTT, A. H., Macaria Opera Company.
VERNON, R. E., Macaria Opera Company.
VAN WINKLE, R. S., Nutley, N. J.
WOODS, Mrs. T. J., Norfolk, Va.
WILKINSON, Howard, ——.
WILLIAMSON, George E., New York.
WILLIAMSON, George, New York.
WILLIAMSON, John, New York.

STEERAGE.

FALKON, John.
M'COY, Ada.
SCOTT, Louise C.
SMITH, C.

WOULDN'T ADMIT HER DEAD

Mother Insisted Mrs. Bolton, Lost on Liner, Was Safe.

Mrs. Winifred L. Bolton, who was a passenger on the Monroe, and, according to the wireless reports, was drowned, lived with her mother, Mrs. Katherine Finnegan, in the Oriental apartment house, at Broad and Oriental streets, Newark. Her father, the late Hugh Finnegan, was a Civil War veteran and an old resident of Newark.

A month ago Mrs. Bolton's health became such that she decided to visit her sister, Mrs. Smith B. Stansfield, of Norfolk. On Thursday Mrs. Finnegan received a letter from her daughter saying she would surely be home last night.

Mrs. Bolton's mother, who is seventy years old, when she learned of the accident to-day, asked, "No harm has come to her?" Then, before the question was answered, she said, "Maybe she was on another boat," adding: "But no harm has come to her. We've never had any sudden death in the family, and I feel, somehow, that she's all right." Mrs. Finnegan persisted in this belief for hours.

Mrs. Bolton was formerly the wife of Harry Bolton, a grocery clerk, who eloped with a young woman employed with him. Mrs. Bolton, who was employed in the Firemen's Pharmacy, Newark, procured a divorce from her husband about two years ago.

Mrs. Finnegan feared that Mrs. Stansfield might have been aboard the Monroe, but a telegram from Norfolk brought positive news that Mrs. Stansfield did not accompany her sister.

HEARS HUSBAND IS SAVED

Wife of Lost Liner's Chief Engineer Gets News Late.

Arlington, N. J., Jan. 30.—The wife of John H. B. Perkins, chief engineer of the Monroe, received a telegram from her husband this afternoon in which he notified her that he was safe. All day long the woman, with her family, waited for this news.

Perkins and his family have lived here for about twenty years. For twelve years he has been chief engineer on the Monroe, and is the youngest chief in the employ of the Dominion Line.

23 IN CREW LOST

Majority, Trapped Below, Had No Chance for Life.

The following members of the crew are reported to have been lost: P. Davis, A. Delk, Mrs. Domins, H. Faltz, W. Fenress, William Gale, W. A. Gardner, L. Gorman, —— Hangland, Braxton Hawkins, A. Henderson, T. J. Kuhen, P. Kovich, G. Maine, K. Martin, C. Miller, J. Molomos, Frank Nichols, Van Louis Pickukde, P. Riley, C. Sondergard, A. Tryohne, and Gussie Wallace.

MONROE WAS STURDY SHIP

Wrecked Liner, Built in 1903, Was Valued at $225,000.

The Monroe was built at Newport News, Va., in 1903. She was of 4,704 gross and 2,896 net tonnage. Her length was 345 feet 9 inches, 46 feet 2 inches beam and 25 feet 6 inches deep. She was commanded by Captain E. E. Johnson. Guy Hendrick was first officer, J. E. Gately second officer and John Perkins chief engineer.

The Monroe had a capacity of 265 first and second cabin passengers. She usually carried a crew of eighty-one men. At this time of the year, Captain Layland explained, there was always a slump in the passenger traffic, accounting for the small number aboard at the time of the accident.

The property loss, Captain Layland thought, would be about $225,000, exclusive of the freight carried and baggage of the passengers and crew.