

BOWERY MISSION FIRE

LEAVES FORTY DEAD BODIES IN THE RUINS

THE PANIC-STRICKEN CROWD

Mad With Fear Fights With the Police Who Attempted Rescue. Some Strange Escapes

Associated Press Special Wire

NEW YORK, March 12.—Just before 2 o'clock this morning fire was discovered in the Bowery mission at 105 Bowery. The building, which is a five-story structure, contained between 175 and 200 lodgers, and while the majority of them escaped, it is positively known that at least forty of the men who had gone to sleep there for the night lost their lives in the conflagration. There were many hairbreadth escapes, some of the occupants jumping from upper floors. Several of those who jumped were badly injured, while others escaped without a scratch. It is supposed that one of the lodgers accidentally set fire to some paper in the closet on the third floor, and the flames were soon beyond control. Some one shouted fire from a window and several policemen rushed up the stairs to the rescue of the occupants. By this time most of the lodgers had been awakened and were rushing about in their night clothes, panic-stricken. An alarm was turned in by a pedestrian, who saw the smoke coming from the third floor, where a lodger had thrown open a window to escape, being nearly suffocated, and was hanging half way out to avoid inhaling the smoke. By the time the men who had rushed to the mission and been so suddenly awakened to battle for their lives in the flames, were in such a condition that neither the police nor the firemen could cope with them. They were mad in their efforts to escape, and in many instances the firemen had to struggle desperately with the lodgers to bring them to the streets in safety.

While the firemen and policemen were fighting with those in the hallways a man made his appearance at the window on the third floor. He threw his foot out on the ledge and hung on to the edge for a few moments. A crowd had gathered on the street and cried to him to hold on, but the flames came out of the window and so burned his hands that he was forced to let go.

A cry of horror went up from the crowd below. The man before letting go threw himself outward, and as he fell the crowd separated. He landed just beyond the sidewalk. For a moment he seemed stunned. Then he arose to his feet, felt himself all over and hobbled away, disappearing in the midst of the crowd.

The firemen worked inside the building until the heat and smoke forced them out, one by one. The scaling ladders and the life-nets were then resorted to. Water was poured into the building in torrents, but the flames seemed to increase in fury, and it looked as if the entire building would be a wreck.

Many of the lodgers were carried down the ladders. These were almost in every instance rescued just as they were about to jump to the street from the windows on the upper floors. At 2 o'clock, when the flames were under control, one of the firemen, who had made a tour of the entire building, emerged and reported to Chief Bonner, that he had seen at least forty dead bodies. His report was that he had discovered two bodies on the first floor, five on the second, eight on the third, twelve on the fourth and thirteen on the fifth floor.

TRIED TO REFORM

The Sad Story of a Man in the Great West

Tompkins went away out west last fall to win fame and fortune in journalism and incidentally to elevate society generally. His success may be judged from the fact that he was back on his native soil, out of pocket and out of spirits, while he unbentured himself thus to the first friend he met.

"Don't you say anything about the big, great-hearted West to me?" "Didn't you get along all right out there?" "Get along! Aw, yes! I got along home as soon as I could, and here I'm going to stay. I'll just tell you all about it. I started my paper up all right and got out one number, and I made a good thing of it, and told the people some solemn truths about the morals and manners of the town, and how I'd come out there in a missionary spirit, as it were, to help them to do better, etc. Well, if you'd believe me, the paper hadn't been out three hours before a big, ungentlemanly brute called into my office and kicked me out of my chair and kicked me over my desk and dragged me around by the heels and held me out of the second story window, head downward, until I'd promise to take back my paper and to leave his saloon. Then a woman came in and would have horsewhipped me if I had not locked myself up in a closet. She hadn't been gone ten minutes before she came in and knocked three of me from my feet, down my throat and poured a lot of paste all over me. Before I could get it washed off, a whole lot of creatures came tearing up the stairs, using foul language, and they threw my whole outfit out of the windows and dragged me down stairs and chucked me into a pond, and when they threatened to ride me on a rail if I didn't leave the place in three hours, I got up and left, as any man of spirit would have done. The east is good enough for me. The wild west isn't susceptible to culture, anyhow."

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Mrs. Sarah Russell is known in London as the queen of the coquettes. She controls 300 coster barrows and carts and is a rich woman, as wealth in her class goes. The Duke of Marlborough is one of the most enthusiastic followers and takes a keen interest in the Fire Brigade union. He frequently wears a fireman's uniform himself.

Count and Countess von Goetzen have returned from their wedding trip to Washington. They will only remain long enough to pack up for Berlin, where they go early in the month.

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CONCERNING OVERWORK

Natural Laws Not Suspended in Any Man's Favor, Says Mr. Biffeton

"Work," said Mr. Biffeton, "just good, plain, solid, hard work never killed anybody, but overwork may. It may be set up as a general proposition that work done in overtime is overwork. And it is certain that this kind of work doesn't pay. There may be some little temporary profit in it, but it may result in a great loss. "I suppose that most men think that there will be an exception in their case, that they can stand it, anyhow; but the truth is that when they come when they will discover that the earth keeps right on turning, just the same; that natural laws are not suspended on their account; that, in fact, there is no exception in their case, and that they crowd themselves too hard they must pay the penalty. "There are, of course, situations in which I do not expect to turn loose and work without regard to time, and every man knows when such occasions arise. A man doesn't want to stint his time, either. It won't do any hurt to begin a minute before the whistle blows, and when he works he ought to plug into it for all he knows how, as he will if he is anybody. But when he has put in a good, stout day's work he ought to stop. It won't pay him to work overtime. A fresh and vigorous man can do more work in eight hours than a tired man can in twelve. And he has this further tremendous advantage, that he keeps his fine edge, while the tired man is all the time becoming more tired, and is drawn out thinner and thinner until he peters out. "In this condition the tired-out man may be useful as an object lesson; he may even be of some service as a missionary, but he will not be of very much use to himself."

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The Rewards of Evil-Doing

The budget of the gambling establishment of Monte Carlo instructive reading, as showing how ruinous a course of punting must be to the ordinary gambler, who, if he may once in a blue moon "break the bank," is destined to be ruined. The budget of mathematics eventually to be "broke" himself. Last season's expenditures of the principality, apart from maintenance of the Casino, which was six hundred and thirty-four thousand pounds, amounted to one hundred and thirty thousand pounds, of which sum the Prince of Monaco had the honor of paying the prizes for sports, including the racing, the postoffice and losses, two thousand pounds. The dividends on shares absorbed five hundred and seventy-six thousand pounds, making a total revenue of one million five hundred and forty thousand pounds, which "fools of the world" left at the Monte Carlo gambling tables.—Household Words.

No one really doubts the truth of what Jesus said; as well doubt a photograph.

A DAY AMONG THE POPPIES

When I came to Southern California, driven to its fairland by the icy blasts of the Atlantic states, hurried on my way by the blizzards of Kansas and chased almost to its confines by the gales of the higher mountains, I was prepared to be a little critical. I had read so much about its wonderful climate and heard so many enthusiastic praises of the natural beauties that were said to await the pilgrim towards the settings sun, that, like King Solomon's visitor of old, I wanted to see for myself the glories of that favored land; and, like her, after a stay of over two months, I have to confess that "the half had not been told me." It is not my purpose in this sketch to expatiate on the beauties of its grand old missions or the glories of the sunsets as seen from Coronado or Echo mountain, nor to touch upon the pleasures of hunting and fishing at seagirt Catalina. Time would fail me to tell, even briefly, of the host of charming places I have visited, or to describe a tenth part of the drives through orange and lemon groves, canyons and mountains that I have been privileged to enjoy. I want to call attention to one of the pleasantest trips I have had in the vicinity of Los Angeles—a picnic amongst the poppies. Last Sunday (let me not be understood as meaning the morning of the day, for amongst the poppies we were two whose only opportunity for such an outing is on Sunday) my hostess invited me to join a merry party that was starting for Altadena, where she said were poppies galore, now in full bloom. Boarding an electric car bearing the legend "Pasadena," we started about 9 o'clock. The car was full of passengers, many of them, like ourselves, having baskets with them which suggested all manner of comforts for the inner man to be duly attended to among the poppies. In passing through some of the orange groves, in the neighborhood of the city of flowers and residences, one of our co-voyagers somewhat vexed the soul of our chaperone by insisting that orange trees, like their sister, the lemon, yield all their golden fruit at one harvest, not that they are a single tree, but that a California orange tree may have blossoms on it and ripe fruit at the same time, and that the beautiful fruit is still ripening on many trees as late as September. I was glad she exposed her ignorance, and thereby prevented a similar exhibition on my part. After a pleasant ride of some fourteen miles, we reached the terminus of the road, and, shouldering our baskets, we made our way to our destination. I had heard much of the beauty of the California poppy, but I had been somewhat skeptical. Indeed, I have always had a somewhat hazy doubt as to the good character of the flower, it being chiefly associated previously in my mind with the illicit manufacture of that deleterious drug called opium—something of the "heavenly Chinese" about it, in fact. But perish the thought from

FREE BOOK FOR WEAK MEN "THREE CLASSES OF MEN"

It is the title of a neat little pocket volume I send free, sealed, to men. It gives to you in plain language what I have learned from thirty years' experience as a specialist in weakness of young, middle-aged and old men, such as Nervous Debility, Drains, Losses, Weak Back, Impotency, Swollen Veins and Undevelopment, all symptoms of early abuse or later excesses.

It Also Shows Why Medicines Can Never Cure



I know the action of every drug that was ever prescribed, but let me say as physician to patient, as man to man, medicines at best will but stimulate. They do not tone. What we must employ is Nature's Own Gift. We need go no further. Why not use that potent force which she so bountifully bestows upon us—the one element most important to life in man or beast—Electricity? And now, with my latest improved

Galvanic Electric Belt And Electric Supporting Suspensory Fully Covered by Patents

I combine the efforts of my life-long study and present in it the true principles, the only perfect and scientific Self Treatment for Weak Men. It generates a soothing current of electricity, instantly felt by wearer, or

I Forfeit \$5000

Applied as I apply it, with the positive pole over kidneys at small of back, the negative in front by means of the Electro-Suspensory, the current courses for eight hours a day through the weakened parts, giving strength and courage, and Stops the Drains in One Month. With electricity alone and properly applied I have in my time restored to manly vigor Over 50,000 Men.

I Have the Electric Belt Trade of the World I Am the Weak Man's Doctor

Can you trust your case to me? Do you wish my opinion and advice? It will cost you nothing.

If you have swollen veins I apply the current directly to the congested parts with the Suspensory attachment of my Belt. It causes a free circulation of blood through the organs, dissolves the clots, gives development and permanently cures. Belt worn at night. It cures you while you sleep. In my book—sent free, sealed—I publish more than 400 sworn testimonials every month. Write today for book and particulars. All correspondence answered by me personally and in plain, sealed envelope.

SANDEN ELECTRIC CO. 202 1/2 South Broadway, cor. Second St., Los Angeles, Cal.

OFFICE HOURS—8 to 6; Evenings, 7 to 8; Sunday, 10 to 1. SPECIAL NOTICE—Dr. Sanden's office is up stairs. His Belts cannot be bought in drug stores.

A YOUNG MAN MILLINER

slipped a halter over his head and led him to the outskirts of the Indian village, where she was met by her lover in a lonesome canyon near the historic battleground of Wounded Knee. Mounting their ponies, they started on their journey to Chadron. The echoes of the hoofbeats awakened the village and a thirty mile chase was begun over the roughest country this side of the Rockies. The journey was dangerous and hazardous. The road at times winds around precipices and rugged cliffs and through rough canyons where a misadventure might plunge the riders into eternity. For four hours they rode on their ponies, expecting at every moment to hear the cry of their pursuers. When the lights of Chadron appeared in view the pursuing party increased the pace, hoping to overtake the fleeing couple before they entered the city. They failed in this attempt, and the lovers managed to elude them.—Salt Lake Herald.

A Terrible Duke

Dukes seem to be still regarded in Scotland as little less than sacred. The presbytery of Dunkeld wishes to have access to a charter said to be in possession of the Duke of Atholl, in virtue of which he holds the Cathedral church of Dunkeld in trust for the inhabitants of the parish. The local presbytery has been discussing at vast length the question of how they should "approach his grace." The solicitude expressed for the feelings of his grace, the anxiety to eliminate from the deputation approach "in a quiet, sure, gentlemanly way, which would be appreciated by his grace, the duke." What a pity, our contemporary exclaims, that sackcloth has gone out of fashion as the garb of humility!—Westminster Gazette.

Cows Wearing Blue Glasses

It is not an uncommon thing, according to a traveler in Russia, to meet a herd of cows or oxen in certain parts of that country wearing blue glasses to counteract the effects caused by the reflection of the snow in winter time.

POCAHONTAS OF PINE RIDGE

Quarter-Bred Sioux Braves Death to Wed a Paleface An Indian romance which almost rivals that of Pocahontas and Captain John Smith comes from Pine Ridge agency, William Jacobson, a young fellow in charge of one of the classes at Carlisle, eloped with Julia Beallard, an intelligent quarter-bred Sioux. The couple rode from Pine Ridge to Chadron, Neb., on their ponies during the night, pursued by the girl's relatives all the way. They arrived in Chadron in the gray dawn of the morning, thoroughly exhausted, and at once proceeded to secure a license. Then, in the presence of friends of the bride, they were made man and wife. The couple met about two years ago at Carlisle, where the young woman was attending a private seminary, and became enamored of each other. They became engaged, when the girl received a letter ordering her home to Pine Ridge. The young couple kept up a correspondence, fearing that their attachment would become known. The friends of the girl, who were very much opposed to her forming an alliance with other than a thoroughbred Sioux. A letter to the girl was finally intercepted by a young Sioux admirer and laid before the mother. Thereafter not a letter was permitted. Becoming alarmed at not receiving an answer, Jacobson decided to go to Nebraska and investigate. Upon arriving the agency he contrived a secret interview with the girl and arranged an elopement. One dark night the girl stole forth, and procuring a saddle horse from the corral,

One Male Student in a Brooklyn Class in Hat Designing

While it is true that men have been making women's fine gowns and bonnets for some years, yet an instance of a genuine American man milliner has been thus far almost unknown. Native born young men have been free to let their foreign brothers have a monopoly in the business, but now the country is to have at least one male artist in feminine headgear. Anyone who does not believe it has only to see, first of all, a number of girls, each of whom is bringing into shape a skeleton of a hat which gradually takes to itself a covering of some kind of stuff which the experts know to be canton flannel. That is the material which the millinery expert uses in lieu of velvet. But by this time the visitor has discovered that making a young man milliner is not a matter of a hat with all the engrossing interest that

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While it is true that men have been making women's fine gowns and bonnets for some years, yet an instance of a genuine American man milliner has been thus far almost unknown. Native born young men have been free to let their foreign brothers have a monopoly in the business, but now the country is to have at least one male artist in feminine headgear. Anyone who does not believe it has only to see, first of all, a number of girls, each of whom is bringing into shape a skeleton of a hat which gradually takes to itself a covering of some kind of stuff which the experts know to be canton flannel. That is the material which the millinery expert uses in lieu of velvet. But by this time the visitor has discovered that making a young man milliner is not a matter of a hat with all the engrossing interest that

Cows Wearing Blue Glasses

It is not an uncommon thing, according to a traveler in Russia, to meet a herd of cows or oxen in certain parts of that country wearing blue glasses to counteract the effects caused by the reflection of the snow in winter time.

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Use only one heaping-teaspoonful of Schilling's Best Baking Powder to a quart of flour. You must use two teaspoonfuls of other baking powder.