



VALKYRIE III ARRIVES.

Trip of the Challenger Across the Ocean Ended.

RECEIVED BY A FLEET

Dunraven's Racer Welcomed by a Din of Deafening Whistles.

ITS PASSAGE UNEVENTFUL

Made Slower Time Than The Vigilant, but Had Less Favorable Weather.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Aug. 18.—The Valkyrie III has arrived. The boat which Lord Dunraven has built to wrest the America cup and the yachting supremacy from Yankeeedom is at anchor in New York Harbor.

After encountering heavy seas and considerable headwinds since her departure from Gourock Bay, Scotland, on July 27, the cup-challenger arrived at Sandy Hook lightship at 7:30 o'clock this evening, on her twenty-second day out. Her passage from Malden Head, where she dropped her flag on the other side, to Sandy Hook, 2770 nautical miles, took her 21 days, 9 hours and 30 minutes, an average of 129 miles a day. The Vigilant last April made 2934 miles from the Lizard to Sandy Hook in 18 days 1 hour and 45 minutes, a daily average of 168 miles, but the Vigilant had more favorable weather than the Valkyrie III has experienced.

The Dunraven cutter made the ocean voyage without serious mishap, and although her time breaks no record she has made a remarkable trip. Clever British skippers and plucky British tars brought through stiff winds and heavy seas the low racing craft with flush decks and scarcely any protection for those on board. With a peculiar ketch rig of stout spars and tough canvas the modern racing machine crossed the Atlantic where many a big ship has failed to grief. The craft made her way under canvas until twenty miles to the eastward of Sandy Hook lightship, when at 6 o'clock this evening she took a line from a towboat and came into the harbor with a fleet of tugs and the propeller City of Bridgeport, which is to act as her tender, hovering about.

At 9:45 o'clock the fleet arrived at quarantine. Dr. Doty, by special request, went on board the Valkyrie III and, after a brief examination, passed her. She was towed to an anchorage off Liberty Island.

The City of Bridgeport, the Valkyrie's tender, started out at daybreak in search of the expected yacht. Arthur Glennie, Lord Dunraven's personal friend, was in charge, Maitland Kersey having remained at Newport over Sunday. Captain Joseph Parker, late of the towboat Assistance, was at the wheel. The City of Bridgeport reached Sandy Hook lightship at 6 A. M. Mr. Glennie, who had passed the night aboard, came out of his stateroom in negligee costume and hailed The United Press tug G. B. Dalzell, which had been cruising outside the lightship all night. Mr. Glennie asked if anything had been seen of the Valkyrie. When told that she had not been sighted, Mr. Glennie said he hardly expected her before Tuesday, but would run out as far as Fire Island.

The City of Bridgeport then proceeded in the direction of Fire Island and The United Press tug headed off for the French liner La Gasconne, bound in. When within hailing distance Pilot Thomas Leonard was asked if the yacht had been sighted by the steamer. He replied: "We saw the Valkyrie; she ought to be here this evening."

This was the last news of the British yacht from the vicinity of this port.

About noon the City of Bridgeport returned to the lightship. Mr. Glennie was informed by megaphone that the Valkyrie had been seen, and might be expected late in the afternoon or evening. At 3 P. M. the marine observer at Fire Island made out the yacht and notified the press observer at Sandy Hook, who displayed code signals from the Sandy Hook tower, which conveyed the news to the reporter on the tug Dalzell. He first notified Mr. Glennie, on the City of Bridgeport, and then started out to find the Valkyrie. Mr. Glennie waved his thanks and ordered the City of Bridgeport to start at once. Lord Dunraven's blue-and-yellow yacht flag was sent aloft and a big American ensign was floated from the main gaff.

The Dalzell is a fast ocean-going tug, and easily beat the City of Bridgeport on the run outside to meet the Valkyrie. The wind was north-northwest, and the Valkyrie was able to lay her course from Fire Island toward the Sandy Hook lightship without tacking. The wind was light, but there was quite a swell on, and the housed-in City of Bridgeport did considerable rolling and pitching.

At 4:45 P. M. the Valkyrie was sighted off Point Lookout, about half-way between Fire Island and the lightship which marks the entrance to the port of New York. The British ensign, bright and red in the rays of the setting sun, waved from the top of the jigger mast, and Lord Dunraven's private pennant of blue and yellow fluttered at her topmast head. Britain's flag was a new one, while the owner's flag was an old one, and nearly half blown away.

The yacht was making good headway under her mainsail, jigger-sail, like a small mainsail aft, and fore-staysail. Her white hull suggested that of the Defender, with its sharp prow and immense overhang aft, but amidships the great beam suggested the Vigilant's lines. The Valkyrie appeared to have less freeboard than either the Vigilant or Defender. A narrow gold band relieved the plain whiteness of her sides. Her deck was like that of the Defender, flush and without a break. There is no cockpit forward of the tiller, and the house amidships is very small. A clear run along the deck on either side for the sailors to brace their feet against when the boat is doing windward work. The Defender was the first cup-racer to show this innovation.

The Valkyrie has a temporary wheel rigged to her tiller, but this will be replaced by the regular English stick for racing. Her jury-mast and the jigger-

mast, just abaft the tiller, will be removed, as will also be the short stick which occupied the place of the bowsprit. Two folding canvas boats were on the counter, and the cutter and dingy were lashed to the deck amidships. The jury spars which she has carried across the sea are stout sticks and looked very clumsy on a yacht with such fine lines as the Valkyrie's hull shows.

No time was lost in unbending sails and stripping decks of all truck the moment a line was got out to the tug. The crew of forty men jumped about with great celerity and soon had things shipshape. The tars were some in canvas breeches and some in blue, while others wore blue jerseys with "Valkyrie, R. Y. S." in yellow embroidery on them, while yet others were in white shirts. Captain Cranfield came on deck for a few minutes, but remained below in the cabin most of the time coming up the bay. Captain Sycamore, the assistant skipper, busied himself overseeing the stowing of sails and housing of spars.

Just as the Valkyrie took a line from her tug the Dalzell arrived alongside. To a hail from her decks Captain Sycamore said that all were well on board and the trip had been made without mishap. Ten minutes later the City of Bridgeport arrived. She blew three whistles and sent aloft Lord Dunraven's colors, following a moment later by a private signal. Then Mr. Glennie waved a welcome with his arms and shouted through the megaphone, "How are you? Are you all well?" Captain Cranfield came on deck and shouted back, "Yes sir, we are all well."

DUNRAVEN VERY SANGUINE

His Lordship Coming to America in Quest of the Cup.

LONDON, Eng., Aug. 18.—Lord Dunraven, the head of the syndicate which built the Valkyrie III, his daughters, Ladies Rachel and Aileen, and Mr. Watson, the designer of the Valkyrie, will sail from New York on the White Star line steamer Teutonic, which leaves Liverpool on Wednesday next. Lord Alfred Paget will be a passenger on the same steamer, and perhaps the Duchess of Marlborough will go to New York on her. Mr. J. B. Robinson, a third owner of the Valkyrie III, will sail either on the Teutonic or on board his own steam yacht, La Belle Sauvage.

During the past fortnight Lord Dunraven

Continued on Second Page.

SANK WITH THE BOAT.

Fatal Result of Overcrowding a Frail Craft.

SEVEN LOST THEIR LIVES

Shocking Disaster Caused by the Unreasoning Fright of Women.

CAPSIZED IN SHALLOW WATER.

Only Three of a Party of Ten Reached the Shore a Short Distance Away.

OCEAN CITY, Md., Aug. 18.—Seven lives paid the penalty yesterday of the overcrowding of a small sailboat and the unreasoning fright of the women aboard, who, by springing to one side when the little craft shipped some water, overturned and threw its occupants into the water. The boat contained ten persons, and of these only three were rescued.

The dead are: William Storrs, aged 45 years, a sign painter; his wife, Mrs. Laura Storrs, aged 33; their two daughters, Ida May and Eva, 14 and 16 years, respectively; Lulu and Mamie Hall, sisters, aged 16 and 18, respectively, of Bishopville, Del., and Miss Myrtle Stevens, aged 14 years, of Shelbyville, Del.

The Storrs family were residents of Philadelphia and lived at 4849 Lancaster avenue. The bodies of Storrs and his wife and two daughters and Miss Stevens were found, but those of the Hall girls are still in the water. Mrs. Storrs was a native of this place and since her marriage she and her husband and children have spent their vacation here every summer.

Mr. Storrs made up a sailing party yesterday, and as the day was fine a pleasant time was anticipated. The boat of William Hudson was engaged for the party. Hudson's boat was a small one, and when nine persons came trooping gayly down the wharf to embark he protested against so many people going in her. Mr. Storrs laughingly jested his objections aside and

further said that as the water was shallow near shore where they intended to sail there would be no possible danger.

The party crowded into the boat and the start was made for Hammocks Point. The point was safely reached and Hudson tacked toward the inlet. In coming about and in the shifting from one side to the other of the passengers the boat keeled and shipped a few bucketfuls of water.

The keeling of the boat frightened the women of the party and some of them sprang to their feet. The sudden movement of the terrified women threw the boat over and it capsized, the entire party being thrown into the water. The boat for some reason sank, carrying down with it its skipper, Hudson, who, with the strength of despair, succeeded in drawing the mast from the boat and it immediately rose to the surface again.

In the meantime Mr. Storrs had been supporting as well as he was able the struggling women. The water at the place where the accident occurred was only six feet deep and the shore was but a short distance off, and it seemed possible that the entire party might reach it in safety.

When the boat rose to the top of the water Storrs and Hudson succeeded in drawing the women of the party to it and getting them to grasp the rail. The terrible exertions he had undergone, however, had exhausted Mr. Storrs' strength and as he reached out his hand to take hold of the boat he sank beneath the water.

The disappearance of her husband unnerved Mrs. Storrs and she released her hold on the boat and threw herself toward the spot where he had gone down, as if to try and save him. She, too, sank, and her children, horrified by the drowning of both parents, became hysterical and losing their strength, let go the boat and sank. The two Hall girls became exhausted and drowned together.

In the meanwhile the terrified shrieks of the party had brought assistance from shore, and just as the rescuers were within a few rods of the capsized boat Myrtle Stevens slipped from it and went under. Hudson, William Hall, brother of the Hall girls, and Miss Ida Hudson, who still clung to the boat, were rescued in an exhausted condition.

The bodies of the drowned were immediately grappled for and all were recovered save those of the Hall girls. The bodies were in a horrible state when drawn to the surface. Crabs had eaten the flesh from the faces. Unavailing efforts were made to find the bodies of the Hall girls and the search will be renewed to-morrow.

Killed by Lightning. GUTHRIE, O. T., Aug. 18.—Near Orlando Eli Bourse and wife, who had been married but a short time, were instantly killed by lightning.

DEATH IN A HOTEL.

A Hostelry in Denver Demolished by an Explosion.

BURIED IN THE RUINS.

Fifty of the Guests Thought to Have Lost Their Lives.

ONLY FIFTEEN ARE SAVED.

Fire Adds to the Horror and Prevents the Rescue of the Imprisoned Inmates.

DENVER, COLO., Aug. 19.—The Gumry Hotel on Lawrence street, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth, was completely demolished by the explosion of a boiler shortly after 12 o'clock this morning and fifty people are thought to have perished.

The rear portion of the building, a five-story brick, fell shortly after the explosion. The front wall is expected to go down at any instant, and this keeps the firemen from prosecuting the search for the missing from that part of the structure. The hotel, while not a large one, was well filled with guests. The help of the hotel, which sleeps in the top story of the rear portion of the building, are thought to be among those missing.

Window-glass in all buildings near the hotel was smashed to atoms and in many cases the buildings were badly shaken up. At 12:15 A. M. five persons had been taken out. They were guests and were on the floor next to the top. They were not seriously injured, as the floors sank and were apparently not wrecked by the force of the explosion. Two women were taken out about 1 o'clock. They were seriously injured, and it is feared that several bones have been broken.

The Chief of Police is on the scene and directing the work of rescue and mean-

while watching the front wall, which is expected to crumble.

All manner of wild rumors as to the loss of life are afloat, but this cannot be ascertained to-night. It will probably be sometime to-morrow before the ruins, which caught fire immediately after the explosion, will be cool enough to allow of a search.

The explosion was heard throughout the city awakening people in bed a mile from the scene. A cloud of dust was thrown a thousand feet in the air, and as there was not a breath of air stirring it hung in the air like a huge column.

The ruins caught fire, burning fiercely and compelling the firemen to retreat from the work of rescue. Every engine in the city poured streams into the mass, but the flames could not possibly be got under control before many of the injured had been cremated.

As their chances of escape lessened, the cries of the imprisoned people increased, heartrending shrieks rising from every portion of the great mass of wreckage.

Fears were entertained that the front portion of the building, which seemed to be tottering, would fall and bury the firemen at their work.

During the height of the excitement a horse and team ran away on Eighteenth street, stampeding the crowd of spectators. A number of people were more or less injured by being trampled upon and falling on the broken glass, which covers the streets and sidewalks in every direction.

Electric-light wires dangling from broken poles in the alley added fresh peril to the firemen.

Two injured women had been almost extricated from the ruins when the flames approached so close that the rescuers had to abandon them for their own safety.

Both voices were soon silenced, fire completing the work commenced by the explosion.

The bodies of three women could be seen in the back part of the building, but could not be reached.

The Gumry is a five-story building located in Lawrence street, between Sixteenth and Seventeenth.

Twenty-two persons registered last night at the hotel. Their names are as follows: Mrs. O. H. Knight, Lake City; the two sons of Mrs. Knight; J. L. Kirk, Omaha; Budd Baron, Colorado Springs; Mrs. C. Williams, Boulder; Miss Jennie Howard, Boston; J. C. Brown, Omaha; W. C. McClain, Huron, Kans.; Mrs. McLain and child, Huron, Kans.; Henry Sloan and wife, Huron, Kans.; George Burle, Colorado Springs; F. French, Central City, Colo.; B. Loral, Central City, Colo.; W. J. Carson, Pueblo; M. E. Letson, Denver; E. T. McCloskey, Cripple Creek, Colo.

Only fifteen people who are known to have been in the building at the time of the accident are accounted for at this hour. This will leave fifty who are supposed to be dead.

Mr. McClain and family arrived at the hotel at a late hour to-night from Huron, Kans. They occupied front rooms. Mr. McClain thinks there were sixty guests in the hotel.

This with the help employed, will make seventy-five persons in the building at the time of the explosion. The dead body of Mrs. Trainer has been taken from the ruins. Mrs. Greiner, wife of the assistant superintendent of the State Capital, with her husband are in the ruins, but, according to the firemen, they saw the woman appealing to them from the back of a truss that pinioned her to the floor of the office, from where she had tried to escape.

Peter Gumry, proprietor of the hotel, is given up for lost and his wife is also missing.

At 1 o'clock the fire got away from the department and made rapid headway, with chances of consuming the entire block.

Every engine in the city was summoned, and Chief Pearce gave a reluctant order for his men to cease attempts at the rescue of lives where the rescue appeared impossible, and ordered all his men to fight the fire. The entire building was ablaze, and there is no way of ascertaining the loss of human life until the flames are extinguished.

Among the dead, besides Peter Gumry and R. C. Greiner, the proprietors of the hotel, are the day clerk and the night clerk, none of whom have been found.

Immediately after the explosion occurred a boy was heard wailing in the corner of a room which had nearly all fallen away. His parents had gone down with the first crash. Afterwards the little one's cries became weaker and weaker and when the flames shot up into the skeleton of the building his voice was silenced.

The firemen made a brave effort to save a woman caught in the debris of the north corner of the hotel, but were forced to abandon the attempt.

None of the six persons thus far taken out are conscious and identification is impossible. The force of the explosion carried away a large portion of the rear of the building adjoining the hotel.

The wall of the Gumry on the side toward Eighteenth street crushed a small frame house, but no one was injured.

Among those known to have perished are the following: Mr. Greiner, assistant superintendent of the State Capital. Mrs. Greiner, wife of the above. Peter Grary, proprietor of the hotel. Gurry, Mrs. Peter, wife of the above. Among the injured are: McClain, W. C., of Huron, Kan. Sloan, Henry, of Houston, Kas. Sloan, Mrs. Henry.

Two Burned to Death. ELGIN, ILL., Aug. 18.—A disastrous fire occurred at the little town of Algonquin, near this city, at an early hour this morning, during which two people were burned to death. Their names are A. Kuzar, aged 40, and Nellie Kuzar, aged 4, his daughter.

For Pacific Coast Telegrams see Pages 3 and 4.

WAS HONORED BY ALL.

Foundation of a Monument to William I Laid.

CLOSED IN BY AN ARENA.

Citizens and Troops Thronged to the Scene of the Festival.

DEDICATED BY THE EMPEROR.

Thousands From Other Countries Witnessed the Imposing Ceremony.

BERLIN, GERMANY, Aug. 18.—The foundation-stone of the monument to Emperor William I was laid to-day by his grandson, Emperor William II, with the most impressive ceremonies. The former Schloss Freiheit, where the monument is to be erected, was converted into a closed arena for the occupancy of the many guests who had been invited to attend the ceremony. Huge galleries for privileged spectators flanked the north and south sides of the arena, while on the west side, which borders the River Spree, a high wooden board fence had been erected, draped with the German and Prussian colors. Four pillars surmounted by mighty golden eagles divided this draped walk into three spaces. Before the center space there was erected a spacious tent for the use of the Emperor. This tent was decorated with crimson velvet, lion heads, iron crosses and oak and laurel wreaths. From the imperial tent a broad stairway descended to the spot where the stand was placed within a semi-circle of Venetian masts, trimmed with bunting and banners and connected with festoons of live oak.

The whole festal was surrounded by soldiers, who kept the great crowds back from that part of the grounds set apart for the use of the Emperor and his guests.

The weather was splendid. At an early hour the streets were alive with throngs of citizens and with troops marching to the place of the festival. All the infantry and cavalry regiments had their standards decorated with oak wreaths and the guns of the artillery were also appropriately decorated. A vast crowd surged along Unter den Linden, all anxious to secure points of vantage from which they could view the ceremonies. Thousands of people from other cities were in Berlin and veterans from all parts of the empire and from other countries, notably America, could be observed everywhere. Strings of carriages passed along the streets, officers in them wearing glittering uniforms, while the lady occupants were attired in brilliant toilets. Count Herbert Bismarck was much observed and was heartily greeted by those who recognized him.

At half-past 7 o'clock the royal personages assembled in the pavilion of the Emperor. There were also present the members of the Bundesrath and Reichstag, who had been invited to tap the stone. All had to wait for a considerable time the coming of the Emperor.

As his Majesty emerged from the third gate of the palace he was greeted with a flourish of trumpets. As he came out and stood by the stone Chancellor von Hohenlohe tendered him an address, which his Majesty read. After he had read a little time the bells in the churches in the vicinity struck the hour of 9 and this drowned part of the text.

The address read: "In the name of the sovereigns and free cities of the empire we lay the foundation-stone of the memorial to Emperor William the Great, which was voted unanimously by the Reichstag. He, to whom it was reserved to fight for the liberation of Germany from foreign oppression, gave to the German tribes their long-yearned-for unity and a powerful position in the states of the world. He gave to Germany not only her army and navy, but her trade, commerce, arts and sciences also. To his enlightened initiative Germany owes the first step toward the practical furtherance of the interests of the

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THE FATHER WHO DELIBERATES IS LOST.

Voice From an Adjoining Room—"Grover, can't you walk a little and keep that youngster quiet?" Grover—"Well, blast it, where in thunder can I walk?"

[From an original drawing for "The Call" by Nankivell.]