

# THE HARTFORD HERALD.

Subscription \$1 Per Year, in Advance.

"I Come, the Herald of a Noisy World, the News of All Nations Lumbering at My Back."

All Kinds Job Printing Neatly Executed.

39th YEAR.

HARTFORD, KY., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1913.

NO. 14

## GLIMPSE OF THE FEARFUL HAVOC

Wrought By the Flood  
At Dayton, Ohio.

## CAME ON PEOPLE UNAWARES

And Swept Many Into Watery  
Graves Without a Mo-  
ment's Notice.

### PITIFUL SCENES WITNESSED

Dayton, via Lebanon, O., March 26.—Dayton has been devastated by the flood. The number of dead no one can even estimate. Beneath the yellow sea of seething waters there sleep 1,000—maybe 10,000.

Destructive fires broke out in the city and lighted the sky and murky waters last night, making a very weird sight.

A great many rescues have been made and on every hand there are heart-rending scenes.

There are over 50,000 people jammed on the upper floors of the unsubmerged portions of the buildings of the city. They are without food, clean water, light, heat or gas.

The electric light plants were put out of business early in the day and total darkness, coupled with a torrential downpour, added to the horrors of the night.

Famine also became an immediate possibility. All of the supply and grocery houses are in the submerged district, and at midnight it was thought there was not enough bread to last the survivors another day.

Breaking of the Arleton reservoir, which supplies the drinking water, left the city without water and physicians declare there is great danger of typhoid in the use of the flood water.

There are no boats in Dayton which can breast the current and those on the outside early gave up any attempt to reach the business section.

At Wyoming street on the south-side where the National Cash Register Company centered its efforts at rescue, many saved their lives by creeping on a cable, a hundred feet above the flood.

At first linemen worked their way along the cable, carrying tow ropes to which the flat bottomed boats were attached. When the flood became so fierce that the boats were no longer able to prevail against it, men and women crept along the cable to safety. Others, less daring saw darkness fall and gave up hope of rescue.

Those willing to risk their lives in the attempt at rescue found themselves helpless in the face of the water.

Seventy thousand of Dayton's population, it is reported, are homeless. The National Cash Register plant offers the only haven on the southside. Three women became mothers in the halls of its office building last night.

In the woodworking department of the National Cash Register company, boats were being turned out at the rate of 10 an hour, and these were rushed to where the water had crossed Main street in a sort of gully. The current was far too strong for the crude punts, though they were the best that could be made in a hurry. Trip after trip was made and hundreds of refugees were taken from this stretch of houses.

Then came the flames. Starting at Vine and Main streets, they jumped Main street and the houses on the other side were soon aflame. In the middle of the street were a few frame houses that had been washed from their foundations. They were swirled about for a time and cast into the path of the flames.

Persons hurried from their roof tops, to which they had been driven by the flood, to roof tops of adjoining houses. Then the sun went down, leaving only a desolate light from the fire.

The first to seek safety by sliding his body along the telephone conduits was a man. Then came four women.

The first of the women was Mrs. Lydia Meyers. She is a widow

with one son, a boy in knee breeches.

He got out on the wire, and with the agility of a cat was soon across. But the Widow Meyers was not so young as the boy, and possibly more aware of the danger below. When just over the boiling torrent beneath, she swayed as though faint, slipped and the crowd stood with abated breath. By a lucky chance her senses came back to her in time and she grasped one of the wires.

One man carried his baby to safety in a pillow slip and the youngster celebrated his arrival to dry ground with a lusty yell.

The worst of the flooded district includes all of north and west Dayton, all of the downtown section, the south side as far as Oakwood and all of the residence suburb of Glendale. The district has a normal population of more than 50,000. Rescuers and those at the hospitals said an estimate of 5,000 dead might be as accurate as an estimate of 100.

The houses as a rule lasted but a few blocks before disintegrating. The body of one gray-haired woman floated down the stream only a few feet from the watchers at South Park street. It caught on a guard rope, but swept clear and was gone before it could be recovered.

The flood came soon after daylight, after the residents had spent the night in terror.

The main levee of the Big Miami broke at Webster street at about 8 o'clock. An hour later the water was through in a dozen places, and a wall of water 10 feet deep went through the Main street, just above the juncture of the Big Miami and the Mad rivers, and where the water of Stillwater river poured into the Miami river the flood reached its height and rolled into the business section, a wall 20 feet high.

The Dayton News was soon under 20 feet of water, the flood rose to the second floor of the Algonquin hotel and all along Main street people were driven to the third floors. Incidents without number are related by persons in the flood districts, waving handkerchiefs and otherwise signalling for aid, being swept away before the eyes of the watchers. Many of the rescue boats were upset by the current. They were crushed. How many died in this way no one knows. Canoes and row boats shared the same fate.

**Flood Horrors Revealed.**  
Hamilton, O., March 27.—Hamilton has relieved her suffering survivors who have been shivering and starving, and late to-day began recovering bodies of her dead from the receding waters of the flooded Miami. Twenty-six had been recovered when darkness stopped the work. This toll marked but the beginning of the gruesome task confronting the surviving citizens.

"If the death record here does not exceed four hundred," Mayor Karb said, after the first search for the dead had been concluded, "we will be grateful. Already we have rescued many whom we thought must surely have perished, but hundreds are missing, and the condition of the distressed city convinces me that revelations will be appalling."

Five hundred houses in the city have been obliterated. Fine homes and business blocks have been demolished and scattered bit by bit.

Among the identified dead recovered were bodies of Henry Schaefer and his wife. Their three children are known to have perished. Discovery of the parents' bodies brought the revelation that they shortened their suffering as they were being rushed to certain doom on the roof of their home. Bullet holes in their heads told the story of the end. A body of a cripple which was recovered also had a bullet hole through the head.

Refugees from above Hamilton relate that Coke Otto, a hamlet of 400 souls, which lies in a little valley between the Great Miami and the Canal, is completely submerged, not a semblance of a roof even being visible. The fate of the inhabitants is unknown.

You will look a good while before you find a better medicine for coughs and colds than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It not only gives relief—it cures. Try it when you have a cough or cold, and you are certain to be pleased with the prompt cure which it will effect. For sale by all dealers.

Success can seldom be bought on the bargain counter.

## DEATH PENALTY PAID BY ALLENS

For the Hillville Murders  
About Year Ago.

## PASSING OF THE ALLEN CLAN

Whose Members Knew No  
Law Except Law Of  
Physical Force.

### HOW CASES WERE DISPOSED OF

Richmond, Va., March 28.—Floyd Allen and his son, Claude, the only two gunmen to pay the death penalty for the Carroll courthouse murders a year ago, were electrocuted in the penitentiary shortly after 1 o'clock after a dramatic eleventh hour attempt to save them had been thwarted by Gov. Mann unexpectedly returning to the capital, thus preventing the Lieut. Governor from acting upon the request for commutation. Their execution disposes of the last of this band of Virginia freebooters.

Sidna Allen, a brother of Floyd, Wesley Edwards, a nephew, and Sidna Edwards, his father, together with Friel Allen, a son of Sidna, are all serving 15-year sentences in the Virginia penitentiary. Victor Allen, a son of Floyd, who had been admitted to the bar but a short time before the Hillville massacre and who aspired to the office of Commonwealth Attorney, the incumbent of which, William H. Foster, was shot at the time of the raid, was tried and acquitted, there having been nothing to show that he had anything to do with the shooting. Byrd Marion, a cousin of Claude Allen, secured his liberation by turning state's evidence.

Sidna Allen, who was captured in Iowa, with his nephew Wesley Edwards, was the man accused by Judge Thornton L. Massie of having fired the shot which resulted in the judge's death.

To-day, therefore, marks the passing of the Allen clan, which knew no law but violence. For years this clan had dominated the section of Southeastern Virginia, known as Fancy Gap. They acquired wealth, according to mountain standards, defied their fellow men and the courts, and lived a law unto themselves.

As among all primitive characters, the clan spirit was uppermost with the Allens. One day, a little over a year ago, when Old Floyd heard that two of his nephews had been arrested, he bore down on the officer who had the boys in custody, brutally assaulted him and set the prisoners at liberty.

It was for this contravention of the law that Floyd Allen was being tried at Hillville on March 14, 1912, when his fellow clansmen drew their guns and shot to death four officials of the court and a woman spectator.

### Why He Was Late.

"What made you so late?"  
"I met Smithson."  
"Well, that is no reason why you should be an hour late getting home to supper."

"I know, but I asked him how he was feeling, and he insisted on telling me about his stomach trouble."

"Did you tell him to take Chamberlain's Tablets?"

"Sure, that is what he needs."

Sold by all dealers.

### A Connoisseur of Works.

"Perhaps you are familiar with the works of Ingersoll?" smilingly inquired the book-salesman, as he reached under his coat for the sample bindings.

"Sure, I am," replied Mr. Goldberg, the jeweler, "and it's a good watch for der money!"—[April Lippincott's.]

### For Burns, Bruises and Sores.

The quickest and surest cure for burns, bruises, boils, sores, inflammation and all skin diseases is Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It cures L. H. Haffin, of Irredell, Tex., of a sore on his ankle which pained him so he could hardly walk. Should be in every home. Only 25c. Recommended by James H. Williams.

## EVIDENT PASSING OF THE INFIDEL

Old Time Disbeliever Is  
Hardly Mentioned

## IN ANY SERMONS OF TO-DAY

Time Was When He Proved a  
Theme of Inspiration  
For Preachers.

### IMPROVEMENT IN THE TIMES

There was a time when few sermons left the infidel unmentioned. His argument may have been used to point a serious moral, but, at any rate, he figured large in the vocabulary of the cloth; he was "easily recognized, and his social and religious outlines were unmistakable." He could be "called names without offense," as John Richard Brown reminds us in The Standard (Baptist, Chicago). "He could be prayed for with precision, and his special shortcomings of faith and life were public property; they were sometimes a real institution of the countryside." But, observes this writer, the race seems to have died out—"to lie in the grave with the Ichthyosaurus and other horrible creations of the fossil past." Of course, there is a modern infidel, but, we are told, he "does not make the flesh-and-blood appeal of his deceased race; he is fugitive, evasive and even unfaithful to the implications of what he believes. He prefers a liar—and the fine leaves of a new and subtle vocabulary cover it." So that the old infidel, being dead, is coming into a new appreciation, and "the churches are sorely missing him."

"He was a great inspirer of ministerial copy; he was responsible for many forms of ecclesiastical beligerence. The infidel Goliath was a man of some intellectual dexterity, who could interest light-minded persons and lewd fellows of the baser sort, by a recital of the 'Mistakes of Moses,' the 'Banalities of the Bible' and the 'Imperfect Morality of the Saints.' It was a profitable excursion into the real of holy things—ears were tickled at 50 cents a head; it was a mildly exciting adventure into the peace of believers—the lecturers were generally the theme of numerous pulpit answers for three months afterward; it was a totally irrelevant way of dealing with the problems of the times—for the arch infidel was never taken seriously by lovers of men."

"The new fighting goes on behind ramparts with the use of disappearing guns. The old infidel boldly and profitably—dragged, by gun across the field in front of the believers to draw their fire—he always succeeded in doing it. But this antagonist has no true successors. He has become a memory. Lectures on selected topics of infidelity do not draw respectable audiences even when the handbills are featured with the promise in large type 'No Collections.' Infidelity as a paying investment is not listed on the stock exchange of men's best hopes."

Then there is another type of infidel who is being missed—

"He is the aggressive and often blatant neighbor who used to boast of his lack of faith—which he always identified with believing what is not so—and which he emphasized by a series of insane profanities. To the pious he was always a baffling problem. He was an object of solicitude whenever a special meeting broke out in the neighborhood; often he would be prayed for publicly, with the inevitable growth of his already swollen self-conceit when he heard of it. His forum was the country store, or if he did not invite enough replies in the place of high deliberation, he was always sure of an audience at the hotel. This infidel showed that he end was near when the only audience he could command were the small boys or the youths of the neighborhood, who were in their first active and amusing protest against the universe. But the boys and men grew up; they are now

mostly useful citizens of church and State."

Now, observes Mr. Brown, "Modern scholarship has made the repetition of an experience like that of Mr. Ingersoll impossible; modern psychology and the careful study of religious experience have taught us a great deal, and 'much that was once called by the hard and derivative name of infidelity we now recognize as imperfect belief.' And he concludes: 'The fact that the infidel has disappeared—at any rate, in the vocabulary of the church—shows that the church knows its business better, and widens its field of redemption.'—[Literary Digest.]

### FLY CATECHISM.

Where is the Fly born? In manure and filth.

Where does the Fly live? In all kinds of filth and he carries filth on his feet and wings.

Where does the Fly go when he leaves the manure pile, the privy vault and the spittoon? He goes into the kitchen, the dining room and the store.

What does the Fly do there? He walks on the bread, fruit and vegetables; he wipes his feet on the butter and he bathes in the milk.

Does the Fly visit patients sick with consumption, typhoid fever and cholera infantum? He does and he may call on you next carrying the infection of these diseases.

What diseases does the Fly carry? Typhoid fever, consumption, diarrhoeal diseases, diphtheria, scarlet fever, and in fact any communicable disease.

How can the Fly be prevented? By cleaning out the stable and scattering the manure weekly; by destroying all the filth about your premises; screen the privy vault; burn or bury all waste matter; destroy your garbage; screen your house.

Either man must kill the Fly or the Fly will kill man.

Kentucky State Board of Health

### Business Education Pays.

There is not a young person in this county who could not fully double his earning-power if he would qualify himself in the business branches such as are taught in the Bowling Green Business University at Bowling Green, Ky. The free literature of that school is sent to all who ask for it.

### A Birthday Dinner.

A birthday dinner was given to Mr. W. C. Leach, March 23, in honor of his 85th birthday, at the home of his son Mr. L. C. Leach, near Sanderfur's Crossing.

It was also Mr. J. E. Goff's birthday, and he being an old friend and raised with Mr. Leach, he came and joined the rest, which made the affair more pleasant.

The neighbors and friends came with well filled baskets. There was a bountiful supply of everything that one could think of good to eat. After dinner was served, all gathered in the parlor, where the evening was spent with good singing and music by Misses Nola Mae Rock, Lona Mae Young and Loren Leach.

In regard to Mr. Leach, who has been sick for some time, we hope the good Lord will restore him to health, and that he may spend many more happy birthdays.

### ONE PRESENT.

Rheumatism as a result of kidney trouble, stiff and aching joints, backache, lumbago and sore kidneys, all yield quickly to the healing and curative qualities of Folsom's Kidney Pills. They regulate urinary irregularities, and restore normal action. John Velbert, Foster Cal., says: "I suffered many years with kidney trouble and could never get relief until I tried Folsom's Kidney Pills which effected a complete cure." Contain no habit forming drugs. All dealers.

### Want a Position?

If so, you will certainly get it if you complete one of the equine courses in the Bowling Green Business University. No student in the last ten years has completed it without getting a good position immediately.

### The Trouble.

"Dicks claims to be a poet." "I wouldn't mind his claiming to be a poet, if he didn't try so hard to prove it."

Subscribe for The Hartford Herald

## NOTED BURGLAR A "LADIES' MAN"

Credits His Downfall To  
Mission Worker.

## STOLE \$100,000 IN JEWELS

And Led a Double Life Part  
Of Time—Women Were  
His Accomplices.

### IS NOW LAID UP FOR AWHILE

San Francisco, March 28.—There always has been "a woman in the case" for Owen D. Conn, "gentleman burglar," who lies near unto death in the city and county hospital here. The bullet of a San Francisco patrolman put at least a temporary end to the career of this man who burgled his way across the continent, who has served at least three penitentiary terms and whose immediate robberies in San Francisco and nearby cities amount to over \$100,000.

While the doctors are hesitating whether amputation of Conn's wounded leg will do any good, and he is wavering between life and death from blood poisoning, while jewels he stole to the value of \$30,000 are exhibited for identification in the office of the San Francisco detective bureau, one woman, his accomplice, is thought to be somewhere in the West hiding from police, while another, the woman whom he claims first started him on his career of robbery, in vain is attempting reconciliation with her husband, a minister of Chicago.

This accomplice, a Mrs. Pope, is known only to the police of San Francisco by reputation. She and the gentleman burglar lived in apartments here, at times apparently operating together. She was of aid in helping pawn and sell the articles he stole during eight months in this city, at Los Angeles, Pasadena, San Jose, Oakland and Berkeley. At times, too, he was away from her for periods of a week or more, living at a fashionable hotel in town and entertaining other women, young and pretty. Always, however, he returned to her, until the shot of a policeman who had cornered him in the home of wealthy people brought him to the hospital. Then Mrs. Pope fled by train to the eastward.

The other woman, Mrs. Mabel Clarkson, herself a mission worker, a graduate of two colleges, remarkably beautiful, has returned to Chicago from a prison sentence in Milwaukee, hoping to reconcile herself with her minister husband and to win back her five children. These she deserted for the sake of Conn, whom she met in the course of her mission work.

Conn lays his downfall to Mrs. Clarkson. He is said to be the son of a Chicago contractor, Thomas J. Conn. The elder man refuses to have anything to say upon the case.

### JUST A FEW FIGURES IN THE MATTER OF PENSIONERS

The total number of pensioners on the rolls on June 30, 1911, was 892,098. Of these 529,884 were survivors of the Civil War. There were 279 pensioners (widows) of the war of 1812; 1,387 survivors and 2,629 widows of Indian wars; 1,639 survivors and 5,982 widows of the war with Mexico; 23,383 survivors and 1,217 widows of the war with Spain. In the regular army were 13,737 invalids and 2,799 widows. The losses of the roll from June 30, 1910, to June 30, 1911, were 55,128, and the gains were 26,206, or a net loss of 28,925. The survivors of the Civil War whose names were dropped from the roll during the year on account of death numbered 35,243. The total amount paid as pensions during the fiscal year 1911, was \$157,327,160.

The total amount paid by the United States as pensioners since the foundation of the Government to June 30, 1911, was the incalculable sum of \$4,220,381,720.—[Russellville Times.]

What is planned as the largest parade yet held in the interest of woman suffrage will take place in New York May 3.