

Fearful Holocaust at North Collinwood, O., School.

DEATH ROLL NUMBERS 167

Cleveland, O., March 6.—As a result of the disaster which swept into eternity approximately one-third of the school children of North Collinwood, near Cleveland, O., the death roll numbered 167.

When the flames were discovered, the teachers, who throughout seem to have acted with courage and self-possession and to have struggled heroically for the safety of their pupils, marshaled the little ones into column for the "fire drill," which they had often practiced.

Unfortunately the line of march in this exercise had always led to the front door, and the children had not been trained to seek any other exit. The fire came from a furnace situated directly under this part of the building. When the children reached the foot of the stairs they found the flames close upon them, and so swift a rush was made for the door that in an instant a tightly packed mass of children was piled up against it. From that second none of those who were upon any portion of the first flight of stairs had a chance for their lives. The children at the foot of the stairs attempted to fight their way back to the floor above, while those who were coming down shoved them mercilessly back into the flames below. In an instant there was a frightful panic, with 200 of the pupils fighting for their lives. Most of those who were killed died here. The greater part of those who escaped managed to turn back and reached the fire escape, and the windows in the rear.

For supreme horror the scenes that were enacted around the rear door of the ill-fated schoolhouse have had few parallels. Little children lay six and eight deep, while men and women struggled with desperation to release them, until they were compelled to give way before the flames and smoke. One woman found her own daughter in this press and stroked her hair in the effort to keep the flames away. She failed, and the child was burned to death while her mother looked on.

An investigation conducted by the Collinwood school board at which a number of survivors of the horror told their stories brought forth these facts: That one of the inner doors at the west entrance of the school was closed and fastened while children were piling up against it in the passage; wing partitions in the vestibule narrowed the exit by at least three feet; the flames came first from a closet below the stairway at the east entrance; the closet contained lime and sawdust; three little girls had been found hiding in play in the closet earlier in the morning; there was but one fire escape and that its use never was taught as a part of the fire drill. Survivors among the teachers estimate that only two or three minutes passed from the time of the alarm until all escape was cut off. The building was a fair sample of the kind of school construction in use in small towns. The halls and stairways were enclosed between interior brick walls, forming a huge flue through which the flames shot up with great rapidity.

Inland Harbor Assured.

Representatives of the secretary of war met the officials of the Cape May Real Estate company in Philadelphia, when the latter paid to Assistant United States Treasurer Bosler \$100,000 in cash in consideration of securing a much deeper channel to the inland harbor at Cape May, where the company has dredged an area of about 500 acres.

This inner harbor, which is now being dredged to a depth of forty feet, becomes available to commerce when the government constructs a channel connecting it with deep water of the Atlantic ocean. This channel will have a width of 850 feet and a depth of from twenty-five to forty feet, sufficient to admit the largest vessels of the merchant marine or the greatest battleships.

Nine Chinese to Hang.

Warry Charles, one of the wealthiest and most influential Chinamen of Boston, and eight of his countrymen, said to be notorious "Hatchmen," were found guilty by a jury in the superior criminal court of first degree murder on four counts, alleging the killing of four Chinamen in Boston on Aug. 2 last. A tenth defendant died suddenly in his cell last Tuesday.

The murders grew out of a long-standing feud between the Hip Sing Tong and On Leong Tong, rival Chinese societies.

According to one witness, Warry Charles proposed sending to New York, Philadelphia and Chicago for "Hatchmen" who were unknown to do the killing, as they would be better able to escape.

Pitchfork Handle Penetrated Abdomen

William Ebersole, a farmer living near Duncannon, Pa., fell out of a hay mow, striking his stomach against the handle of a pitchfork, which penetrated his abdomen. His injuries are believed to be fatal.

Found \$200 Pearl in Neck of a Pig.

A big pearl was found in the neck of a pig he was dressing by William Weaver, a Bayonne, N. J., butcher. The gem was appraised at \$200 by a jeweler.

U. S. Senator Proctor Dead.

United States Senator Redfield Proctor, of Vermont, died at his apartments in Washington, D. C., after a short illness, following an attack of grip. The senator's son, Governor Fletcher Proctor, of Vermont, who was summoned to the city, was at the bedside when the senator passed away. Senator Proctor was seventy-seven years old.

The senator had been ill and confined to his room at the Champlain apartment in this city for about a week. His ailment was diagnosed as the grip, which later developed into pleurisy with pneumatic complications which affected the heart, and which in his enfeebled condition proved too much for his powers of resistance.

Senator Proctor is survived by his wife, two sons, Fletcher D. Proctor, governor of Vermont, and Redfield Proctor, Jr., and a daughter, Miss Emily D. Proctor.

Receiver For Railroad Company.

A bill was filed in the U. S. circuit court at Baltimore, Md., by the Bowling Green Trust Co., of New York, asking the appointment of receivers for the Western Maryland railroad. Judge Thomas J. Morris appointed President Benjamin F. Bush, the railroad having filed an answer admitting the allegations in the bill of complaint and assenting to the receivership. The allegation of the Bowling Green Trust company is that the Western Maryland will be unable to meet fixed charges due April 1, amounting to \$1,250,000.

The Western Maryland was bought in 1902 by what was known as the Fuller syndicate, acting for the Gould interest, the price paid being \$8,000,000. At that time the road was indebted to Baltimore city on account of mortgages and accrued interest to the extent of \$12,000,000.

Gas in Tunnel Kills Four.

Four men are dead and ten others were taken to a hospital suffering from the effects of gas which overcame them while at work in the Pennsylvania railroad tunnel at Baltimore, Md. A number of others were affected, but managed to reach the entrance to the tunnel and the safety of fresh air before being overcome. The accumulation of gas is said to have been due to the fact that the exhaust fan depended upon to carry off the gas and smoke from trains using the tunnel was out of order and had not been working for several days. Of the dead one was the white foreman of the gang and the others were negro laborers.

A Double Lynching.

Two negroes, Curry Robertson and John Henry, were lynched near Hawkinsville, Ga., and their bodies burned. They were charged with the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Hart.

One of the negroes confessed to the crime and said the motive was robbery. Robertson and Henry were arrested Wednesday, following the discovery of the body of Warren Hart. His wife was lying in a dying condition. The negroes were taken from the county jail and hanged to a tree. After the lynching the bodies were cut down and burned. There is no excitement as a result of the lynching.

Vaccination Kills Little Girl.

A victim of vaccination, nine-months-old Viola Marguerite Lusby, of Philadelphia, died from blood poisoning, which is declared to have been the direct result of her inoculation with the vaccine virus three weeks ago. Before she was vaccinated the baby was strong and healthy, but two days after the operation sores broke out in various parts of the body and Dr. J. W. Thatcher who was called in and who treated her up until the time of her death, said that the blood poisoning was caused entirely by vaccination.

Two Meets Fiery Death.

The bodies of Lydia Carter, of Bordentown, and William Fleck, of Roebling, were found in the ruins of a farmhouse between Florence and Roebling, near Burlington, N. J., which was destroyed by fire Sunday night. The burned building was on what is known as the English farm and had been unoccupied for some time. A farmer who looked into the ruins saw the body of the Carter woman and later the coroner in making an examination found the body of Fleck. The pair were seen together Saturday.

Custer's Trusty Messenger Dead.

Thomas J. Callan, whom General Custer sent for reinforcements when his command was entrapped by Indians on the Little Big Horn river, in Montana, and who led a relief force back to the place where Custer and his men had been slaughtered, died at Yorkers, N. Y. Callan received a medal from congress in recognition of his bravery in making the dash for reinforcements for Custer.

Rich Man's Son a Firebug.

Dallas Willard, son of a wealthy resident of Paine, O., confessed at Lacrosse, Wis., that he was a pyromaniac and that it was he who had started a number of destructive fires at Lacrosse and West Salem. He was sentenced to the state reformatory at Green Bay for two years.

Will Be Paid in Full.

The depositors of the Leeburg Banking company at Kittanning, Pa., will be paid in full, according to a statement given out by the Safe Deposit & Title Guaranty company, receiver for the closed institution.

Shot to Death While He Slept.

Fred. Dolph, of Clinton, Ia., was shot to death while he slept. His head was blown off with a shotgun, placed against his cheek. Mrs. Dolph is under arrest.

A Bell Ridden Town.

A well known tourist of the world has stated as his opinion that Lucerne is the most bell ridden town in Europe. He had assuredly never been to Schwyz. To begin with, the countless cattle that pass through the streets in the small hours of the morning on their way to or from the upland pastures wear bells as big as buckets. And there are church bells too. A fine bell they are, no doubt, but the noble art of bell ringing either never existed or has been lost here. The bells are rung by being smitten or banged together by two small boys, whose legs are plainly visible—an alluring mark for an air gun—through the open louvres of the church tower, the sounds produced being about as edifying as the music of a donkey engine in full play. The performance begins at 4:30 a. m. and continues until early service at 5, and if there is a funeral—which is every other day or so—there will be another sustained burst of melody from 6 to 7. During the remainder of the day the ringing is varied and persistent, but it lacks the irritating power of the early morning exercises. Sooner or later public opinion will be aroused. Those boys will be dragged from their perch, figuratively if not literally, and peace and quiet will reign in the eponymous capital of the confederacy.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Wolves of the Sea.

Of all the inhabitants of the ocean few are more destructive than the sea wolf, a kind of dolphin which attains when full grown a length of fourteen feet and a weight of 3,000 pounds.

A swift swimmer, it is quick in its movements, cunning as a fox and has an insatiable appetite. It feeds on the young of seal, whale and walrus and also on the tongue of the adult whale.

When a mother walrus perceives a sea wolf, she endeavors to throw her cub on to an iceberg if one is near. Failing this, she gets it on top of her head and swims with it above water. But this is vain. Diving far below, the fish of prey comes up with tremendous force, striking the frantic mother, a terrific blow and jolting the cub off her head into the water. Here it falls an easy victim to the assailant and is soon devoured.

In its work of destruction the sea wolf is frequently aided by the thrasher, a fish which can deliver a terrible blow with its tail.

Got Something For Nothing.

Mark Twain told how he got something for nothing one day in the early sixties when he needed the money. He walked into a hotel and was petting a strange dog. General Nelson A. Miles, who chanced to be present, offered him \$10 for the canine.

"To be frank," said the humorist to General Miles, "I haven't really got any right to sell you this animal, but if you'll give me \$3 you may take the pup away when I'm not looking, and I'll not tell you took it."

The bargain was closed, and General Miles took the dog to his room. A moment later the dog's owner inquired for his pet, and Mark Twain offered to find the animal for \$3. The humorist then went to General Miles' room and explained all, had the dog returned to him, gave the army officer back his money and returned the canine to its original owner, thereby making \$3.

How to Get Poor Quick.

Do not try to save your loose change. It is too small an amount to put in the savings bank. It would not amount to much anyway, and there is great comfort in spending it. Just wait until you get sufficient worth while before you deposit it.

Do not try to economize. It is an infernal nuisance to always try to save a few cents here and there. Besides, you will get the reputation of being mean and stingy. You want everybody to think you are generous.

Just look out for today. Have a good time as you go along. Just use your money yourself. Don't deprive yourself for the sake of laying up something for other people to fight over. Besides, you are sure of today. You might not be alive tomorrow.—Success Magazine.

Helping the Postoffice.

In a history of the great advance in postal methods accomplished by Sir Rowland Hill is given this anecdote: To the postoffice of at that time tiny Ambleside came one day a well to do man to buy a stamp to put on the letter he was about to post. "Is this new reform going to last?" he asked the postmaster. "Certainly," was the reply. "It is quite established." "Oh, well, then," said the man, resolved to give the thing generous support, "give me three stamps!"

His Bachelor's Degree.

"I'm so happy," said Mrs. Oldcastle. "My son is to get his bachelor's degree this year."

"Is he?" replied her hostess. "Well, I can't blame you for feeling as you do about it. I never thought much of that snappy Wilson girl he's been going with. How did you get the match broke off?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Soothing the Way.

"My lawyer told me he thought I would have a hard time establishing my claims under the will." "What did you say?"

"I asked him how much more money he wanted."

When They Are Quiet.

"I like to go to church." "Why?"

"Well, it's comforting to see a man keep a hundred women or so quiet for an hour."—Bohemian.

Old men's eyes are like old men's memories; they are strongest for things a long way off.—Elliot.

Kipling at Work.

"I have lounged in Rudyard Kipling's den at Brattleboro, Vt., before he deserted America for England and saw him at his work. He sat at his table in a revolving chair. I had a book in my hand and said nothing unless I was spoken to, for I was enjoying a great privilege that was granted to no one else but his wife. He would write for a moment, perhaps for ten or fifteen minutes at a time. If he was writing verses he would hum very softly to himself an air which probably kept the rhythm in his mind. When writing prose, he was silent, but often he would lay down his pen, whirl round in his chair and chat for a while. It might be something relating to the subject he was treating or bear no relation to it. Suddenly he would wheel back again, and his pen would fairly fly over the paper. He and as easily descend from cloud land to the commonplace of the day, though in his mind and on his lips nothing is ever commonplace. Some of his poems he has written when speeding in a Pullman car at the rate of sixty miles an hour."—Pacific Monthly.

Birds Shot With Water.

Shooting a humming bird with the smallest bird shot made is out of the question, for the tiniest seeds of lead would destroy his coat. The only way in which the bird can be captured for commercial purposes is to shoot him with a drop of water from a blowgun or a fine jet from a small syringe. Skillfully directed, the water stuns him. He falls into a silken net and before he recovers consciousness is suspended over a cyanide jar. This must be done quickly, for if he comes to his senses before the cyanide whiff snuffs out his life he is sure to ruin his plumage in his struggles to escape. Humming birds vary in size from specimens perhaps half as large as a sparrow to those scarcely bigger than a bee. The quickest eye cannot follow them in full flight. It is only when, though still flying furiously, they are practically motionless over flowers that the best marksman can bring them to earth.—New York Press.

The Feeding of Dogs.

"No dog kept indoors and indeed very few outside should be fed on meat nor should he be fed from the table at mealtimes, as he will soon become a nuisance, especially when there are visitors. If he is always fed at the conclusion of a certain meal—dinner, for instance—he will wait patiently until the prescribed time. It is a good plan to feed after one's midday meal, giving plenty of green vegetables, bread and potatoes, with a very few scraps of finely cut meat, the whole well mixed and some gravy poured over it. If two meals are given, one should be at breakfast time and one in the evening. One should consist of only a little oatmeal and milk or a piece of dry dog biscuit.

"At no time should the dog have more than he will eat, and if he leaves anything on his plate except the pattern his allowance should be reduced or a meal omitted."—Suburban Life.

The Shoulder Strap.

If it were possible to compile such data it would be extremely interesting to know to what extent women have influenced the uniforms and equipment of their fighting states. A little instance in point is the steel curb shoulder strap of the British cavalry.

When Sir George Luck was setting out for Kandahar during the Afghan operations Lady Luck, knowing probably something of the fighting methods of the tribesmen, whose four foot knife can cut clean from shoulder to belt, sewed a couple of steel curb chains under each of the shoulder straps on her husband's tunic. As a protection from sword cuts these proved so effective that at the end of the campaign Sir George made a report in relation thereto, with the result that they were adopted as a permanent feature of the cavalry uniform.—Harper's Weekly.

Seized Her Opportunity.

He was not a very rapid wooer, and she was getting a bit anxious. Again he called, and they sat together in the parlor, "just those two."

A loud rap came at the front door. "Oh, bother!" she said. "Who can be calling?"

"Say you're out," said the deceiver. "Oh, no; that would be untrue," murmured the ingenuous one.

"Then say you're engaged," he urged. "Oh, may I, Charlie?" she cried as she threw herself in his arms.

And the man kept on knocking at the front door.—Illustrated Bits.

A Rejection Slip.

"Sir," said the shivering beggar, stopping the prosperous magazine editor on the street. "I have a long, sad story."

"Sorry," briskly replied the magazine editor, passing on, "but we are only open for short, funny stories now; full of the other kind."—Success Magazine.

No Thanks.

"I broke a record today. Had the last word with a woman." "Didn't think it possible. How'd it happen?"

"Why, I said to a woman in the car. 'Madam, have my seat.'"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Good Trade.

"Oh, my business is good," said the trombone player. "In fact, I am always blowing about it."

"Well, I'm sooted with mine, too," said the chimney sweep. "And mine is out of sight," said the diver.

Do one thing at a time and the big things first.—Lincoln.

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