

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

For to-morrow's DISPATCH can be left at main office till midnight or at branch offices till 9 P. M.

FORTY-THIRD YEAR.

NATURE'S GIANT

Ruthlessly Rends Towering Walls and Hurls Tons of Brick on

A BUSY BUSINESS MART.

Score of Human Beings Crushed Down to Death in Debris, Where

OTHERS LINGER IN AGONY

While the Mighty Wind Whistles Mockingly Over the Awful Ruins.

SAD SIGHTS GREET SEARCHERS

Who Faced Death in Rescuing the Living and Digging Out the Dead.

SEVEN MANGLED CORPSES FOUND.

23 Injured, 10 More Missing and a Property Loss of \$125,000 Tells the Story of

A CYCLONIC BLAST IN THE CROWDED CITY.

One Buried Victim Pitifully Pleads for Water for an Hour, but Dies Upon Being Excavated—Rev. Father Canaville's Heroic Conduct—Feeling Medals on an Entombed Boy Through a Hole—Two Men Risk Their Lives to Save Him—Brave Firemen Tackle the Debris to Rescue Victims—Gallant Work of the Department of Public Safety and Volunteer Physicians—Heartrending Scenes at the Hospitals and in the Morgue—The Twenty-Eighth Street Railroad Accident Surpassed—Full Details of the Horror That Leads the New Year Record.

The cyclone which visited Pittsburgh yesterday blew down the unfinished seven-story business building of C. L. Willey, No. 37 Diamond street. In falling it partially wrecked ten other houses which front on Wood street, Fifth avenue and Diamond street. Seven people were killed, 13 others were injured, and 10 buildings were still missing at midnight. That will be found under the ruins to-day, that will make the total number of killed and wounded 22. The loss entailed by the catastrophe will not fall short of \$125,000.

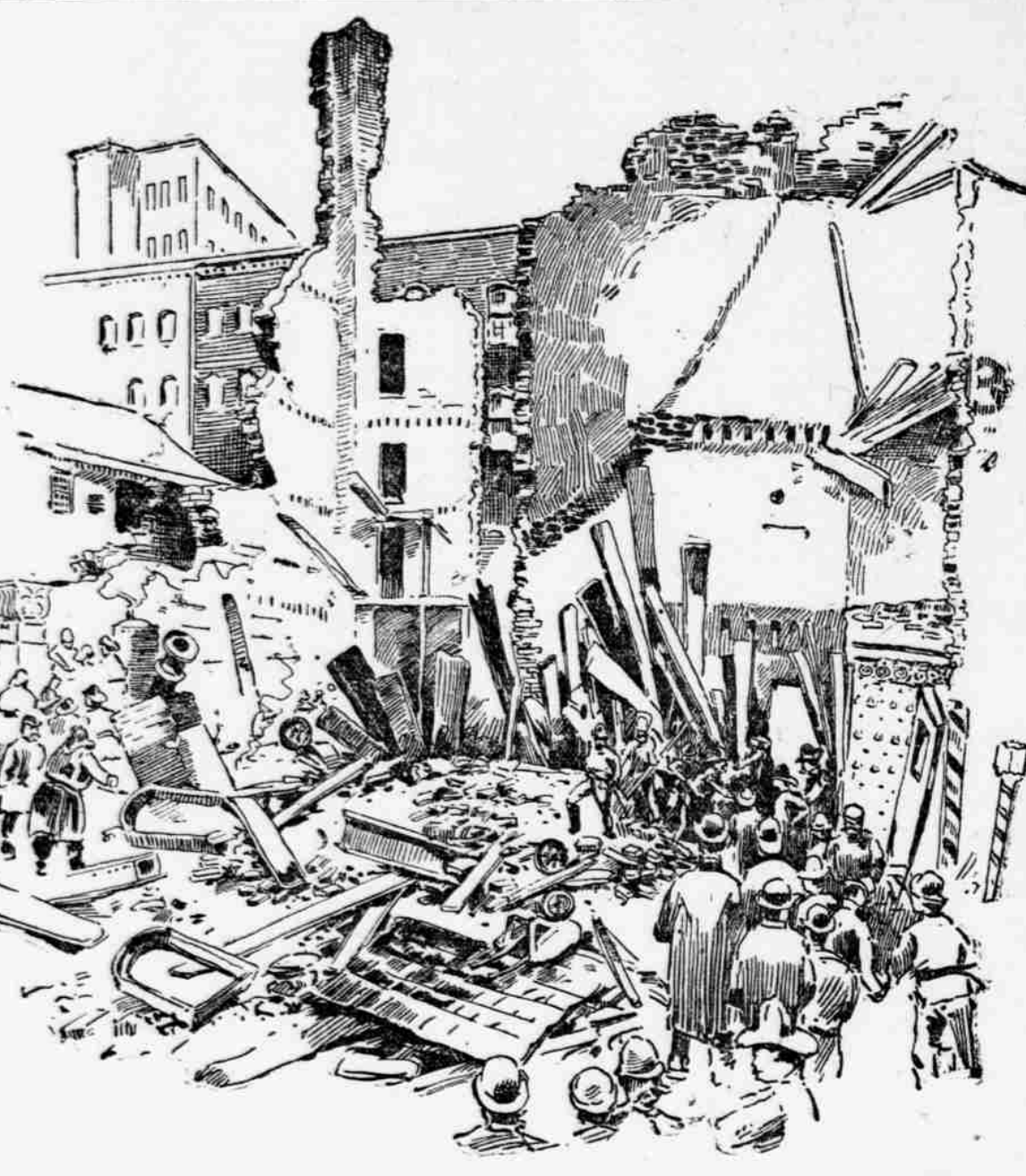
THE Black Angel made a hurried flight over Pittsburgh yesterday. Its deadly breath lingered only for a moment; but there was left a trail so ghastly with blood and ruin that it cannot be effaced. The catastrophe at the corner of Diamond and Wood streets caused by the cyclone spread a general gloom throughout the city. It surpassed the Twenty-eighth street railroad accident of eight years ago in horror, and, quite probably, in the number of people killed and injured.

To the victims death came in fearfully sudden. For a moment it was swift and sudden. The same minute they were felled to earth, their welcome to eternity. Others passed through an age of agony. Crushed and buried from sight by huge masses of debris, they were compelled to endure the torture of suspense as well as the suffering of pain. It required hours for rescuers to dig them out. This slow work, the sound of groans and cries, and the sight of dying struggles, made the afternoon one of heartrending incidents the buildings at noon-day. When night closed upon the scene there was still a terrible uncertainty about the extent of the disaster. And at this writing it is believed that many bodies are yet beneath the tons of brick and timbers. What happened in almost the twinkling of an eye will take two days to comprehend.

There was a Warning. At 12:30 the brickmasons and laborers engaged in the construction of C. L. Willey's building were erecting their ladders. The men were scattered throughout the structure. On the very top John Hickenstein and Jerry Faulkland were sitting. It was a breezy altitude. The building had already reached six stories, and the seventh was being floored. Its location, on Diamond street, four doors below Wood street, placed it in a very bad spot for the winds from all three rivers.

Sudden as the gale was, there seems to have been a warning at this point. Both Hickenstein and Faulkland noticed two clouds gather over the hills, and travel very fast, until they converged exactly overhead. Hickenstein spoke to his friend about this, and almost the same instant Faulkland's hat flew off in a rising wind, which came from the south. The young bricklayer grabbed for the hat, but it fell to the alley below.

Scarcely two minutes from that time the storm broke in all its fury. The front of the building had not yet been put in and the wind seemed to enter the huge shell from the open end. The high walls of bricks and timbers were rent asunder as though they were made of children's building



THE PRINCIPAL WRECK—DIAMOND STREET'S WILLEY BUILDING, VIEWED FROM GERMANIA SAVING BANK.

blocks. As the walls parted each fell in a different direction. The awful disaster. Dr. Harrington, the U. S. Marine Surgeon, whose office is in the Chamber of Commerce building, immediately across from the Willey building, was sitting at his desk by the window. The unexpected gust of wind, and the dash of hail against the glass, attracted his attention. As he looked out he observed a few bricks falling, as though hurled from the top of the new building, to the roofs of houses on Wood street. Glancing closer, he was almost transfixed with horror upon seeing the great, tall brick wall nearest Wood street away backward and forward. He had not sufficient time to calculate the distance of the rocking motion, for, with a deafening crash, the whole thing went down before his eyes. Not only the one wall collapsed, but he saw, like a flash, fragments of clouds throng through space.

A cloud of dust arose from the wreck so

thick that it seemed to blot out the sun. The living man was so far gone that there in the ruins Dr. Willey set to work with him. The poor fellow, however, never had been exactly an hour, and who had lived under the debris for three hours, became unresponsive. Dr. Willey beat the poor fellow's breast, worked his arms, hammered him for quarter of an hour to revive circulation. He was awarded, and the sufferer slowly opened his eyes and murmured some incoherent words. He was put on a stretcher and carried to the hospital. Dr. Willey and Dr. Harrington, who were on the scene, were taken to the hospital. Dr. Willey was found to be dying. A cot was slipped under him, and there in the street Dr. Willey and Dr. Harrington labored to retain life. A hypodermic injection of morphia was made. An umbrella handle was stuck between his teeth to keep the mouth open, while whiskey was poured down his throat.

But it was all of no avail. The death gong came at last, in the final fight for life, the poor man threw his arms about and his whole body writhed frightfully in the struggle for breath. He died on the road to the hospital.

An hour later the colored barber boy was taken from the cellar of the barber shop. The two men collected and were found to be dead. The man who had been buried under the debris for three hours, became unresponsive. Dr. Willey beat the poor fellow's breast, worked his arms, hammered him for quarter of an hour to revive circulation. He was awarded, and the sufferer slowly opened his eyes and murmured some incoherent words. He was put on a stretcher and carried to the hospital. Dr. Willey and Dr. Harrington, who were on the scene, were taken to the hospital. Dr. Willey was found to be dying. A cot was slipped under him, and there in the street Dr. Willey and Dr. Harrington labored to retain life. A hypodermic injection of morphia was made. An umbrella handle was stuck between his teeth to keep the mouth open, while whiskey was poured down his throat.

Extent of the Rain.

The main force of the crushing building was thrown against Willey & Co.'s store, on Wood street, and the barber shop of Fred Schumaker at No. 41 Diamond street. The rear end of No. 41 Diamond street was crushed in, and the fronts of both the stores were shot out from the street by the powerful concussion as though blown to pieces by natural gas. The Diamond alley barber shop was completely demolished. The leather store next to the Willey building, occupied by W. H. Tomer, was also a total wreck. The rear end of H. Watts & Co.'s book store was badly damaged. Some of the falling structure struck Joseph Eichmann's building, breaking the windows and injuring three or four workmen employed there. A piece of the wall of Mr. McGone's millinery store, next to Tomer's building, was broken in, and the roof was covered with brick. Windows and doors in several other of the surrounding buildings were broken, those on the Diamond alley side of the Germania Bank being shattered to fragments.

Confusion turned the scene into one of madness. Within five minutes the streets were filled with an excited crowd, notwithstanding the fact that the rain and hail were pouring down in a perfect deluge. Suddenly the big bell wound an alarm from box 14, corner of Diamond alley and Wood street; but before the firemen arrived the rumor gained currency that the wreck had taken fire. This was found to be false. Nevertheless a second alarm was rung to get a large number of firemen on the ground for general service in rescuing people buried in the ruins.

The Work of Rescue.

Chief J. O. Brown, of the Department of Public Safety, in the enormity of the

accident at once. Calculating that 30 or 40 persons went down with the wreck, he at once telephoned every section of the First, Second and Third Police districts. His orders were promptly messaged along the beats, and by 1:30 there were 125 policemen at the scene of the accident.

Long before that, however, the firemen had begun the work of rescue. Citizens assisted them in the gallant labor. Ladders were run up to the second and third stories of the Willey building and the first one taken out was a young lady employed as a typewriter. As many as 15 persons were taken from the various buildings in the first hour. They were lying on top of the debris, or were fastened by timbers so near the surface that their removal was comparatively easy.

Police Superintendent McAlleese had summoned to the corner all the patrol wagons, and soon these were reinforced by the hospital ambulances. Couriers were dispatched to a dozen doctors' offices. Dr. Wylie, Sutton, McCann, Olinch, Logan and Barfield were among the first to respond. They brought cases of medicine, rolls of bandages and such instruments as might be necessary. They rigged up an operating room in the Model restaurant in the rear work.

Then commenced the real work of saving people. The 200 policemen and firemen were furnished with axes, picks and shovels. But the great bulk of bricks, boards and iron pieces had to be picked out and thrown back by hand. This was tedious toil, but crowds of willing citizens were eager to help and many little white fresh localities where men had been buried were found. These were ascertained by groans or cries which could be heard down through the crevices between rubbish, or by the discovery of hats, coats or bloodstains.

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The exertions of the rescuers were turned during the evening to the leather store, where a young boy named Gottman was incarcerated, but the ruins were so bad at that point that sharp work was an impossibility. The voice of the imprisoned boy was heard, but it was almost impossible to locate just where he was, and the men had to be very careful. About 8 o'clock a gang of men started to work to tunnel from the store next door to this building to try and reach the lad, but as the wall of the building was very treacherous the work was very slow. About 9 o'clock another attempt was made to reach the boy's voice, but this time no sound could be heard and it was feared the boy had died from exhaustion. The workmen, which would be utilized in lifting the heavy material out of the ruins.

In the meantime body after body had been taken from the ruins of the Willey building. Two of the patients were treated by the doctors just where they were found to save their lives. But in this wreck the character of the debris was such that the most of it cannot be removed until to-day. There are many heavy iron pillars to be pulled away which will require blocks and tackle.

Young Hickenstein and Faulkland, who were from the top of the building, were only slightly hurt and were able to tell their own experiences to friends.

The crowd became so willing to make themselves of service that Chief Brown ordered the streets to be cleared for a square each way. Assistant Superintendent of Police Roger O'Malley, the writer, and the streets were roped, and no one was allowed about the ruins but those assisting in the rescue. This work was continued all afternoon, and at 6 o'clock the Allegheny Electric Light Company had several lights put up so that the work could be continued at night.

A PRIEST'S ESCAPE.

Father Canaville, who was helping to rescue the victims, narrowly escaped being killed. About 6 o'clock Joseph Goehring, errand boy for Weldin & Co., was discovered in the ruins. He was found in a call for a drink of water, and Father Canaville and B. J. Devlin got a tin of water. A beautiful sight was the tender care bestowed on the poor fellow by the priest and nurses. As they dived into the debris to get to the boy, the priest was only badly bruised and would recover. The doctor watched him.

Still the victim pleaded for water. The strain grew so intense that even brave firemen were visibly affected. Foot after foot of depth was opened. Now came the top of the debris, and 40 men pulled it away in ten minutes. Fifteen minutes later all work was again blocked by the east-off debris piling up so high on Diamond street as to be in danger of falling back on the workmen. As soon as possible 25 wagons and carts were sent to the debris, and the work of the South & Flinn. They carried away the rubbish as fast as it was thrown out.

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William Darley borrowed his key down in the ruins like a dog, and reappearing, pointed the way to the cellar door. It was uncovered as fast as human hands could move. Presently the hole revealed the entrance to a dark coal mine on a slope of a hillside. Crawling into this, two of the rescuers soon located their sufferer. A glass of pure water was handed down. Then was heard the sound of gurgling. Perfect stillness had settled down upon the group. Two or three minutes seemed like an hour. Then one of the two men who had descended into the cellar thrust out his arm for a rope. After it was fastened, there was a strong pull, and the two men came back bodies up into view. One still contained life, but it was unconscious life. He was found lying so close to a corner that both were tied with the same rope.

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A PRIEST'S ESCAPE.

Father Canaville, who was helping to rescue the victims, narrowly escaped being killed. About 6 o'clock Joseph Goehring, errand boy for Weldin & Co., was discovered in the ruins. He was found in a call for a drink of water, and Father Canaville and B. J. Devlin got a tin of water. A beautiful sight was the tender care bestowed on the poor fellow by the priest and nurses. As they dived into the debris to get to the boy, the priest was only badly bruised and would recover. The doctor watched him.

Still the victim pleaded for water. The strain grew so intense that even brave firemen were visibly affected. Foot after foot of depth was opened. Now came the top of the debris, and 40 men pulled it away in ten minutes. Fifteen minutes later all work was again blocked by the east-off debris piling up so high on Diamond street as to be in danger of falling back on the workmen. As soon as possible 25 wagons and carts were sent to the debris, and the work of the South & Flinn. They carried away the rubbish as fast as it was thrown out.

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William Darley borrowed his key down in the ruins like a dog, and reappearing, pointed the way to the cellar door. It was uncovered as fast as human hands could move. Presently the hole revealed the entrance to a dark coal mine on a slope of a hillside. Crawling into this, two of the rescuers soon located their sufferer. A glass of pure water was handed down. Then was heard the sound of gurgling. Perfect stillness had settled down upon the group. Two or three