

## FIREMEN'S LIVES LOST.

Fell Victims to Their Enemy,  
the Flames.

FIVE DEAD; TWO FATALLY HURT

Exchange Building at Chicago Destroyed.  
Gallant Rescue of Working Girls  
Cheered by the Spectators.  
Property Loss Placed at  
\$350,000.

CHICAGO, Nov. 23.—The interior of the Exchange building, a 7-story structure at the corner of Van Buren and Franklin streets, was destroyed by fire, entailing a loss of \$350,000 upon the owners and tenants of the building and causing the loss of five lives, the fatal injury of two others and the injury of six other persons. All of the latter are expected to recover.

The firemen were crushed by falling debris. Kitty Landgraf jumped from the fourth story window and was injured internally, and she died at the county hospital.

Harry Nell, jumped from fourth story window, internally injured and left arm broken; will die.

Nellie Turner, jumped from third story window, internally injured; will die.

The escape of Olga Becker of 616 Waukegan avenue is regarded as marvellous by those who saw her when she appeared at a fourth story window. She threw up the sash and climbed out on the ledge, clinging with one hand to the narrow strip of wood on the outside of the sash. She saw a few feet below her the ladder on which two firemen stood, and she prepared to jump.

"Wait, don't jump!" shouted Captain Hermanson, who had almost reached the window.

Great volumes of smoke poured out the window where the girl stood, and at times her form was entirely obscured. To the hundreds of persons who were watching her from the street, the seconds seemed like hours. After a few minutes Captain Hermanson reached the window.

He had almost reached the woman when he suddenly stopped. None on the street knew the cause. He heard the girl scream and as he looked up he saw her reel and release her hold on the window sill. She had been overcome by the smoke and had fallen.

Captain Hermanson braced himself and as the unconscious form dropped he seized it with his right arm. The effort nearly cost him his own life, for he narrowly escaped falling.

From hundreds of throats cheers were heard as the brave captain descended the ladder with his human burden.

Another Large Fire.  
CHICAGO, Nov. 22.—The Fireclay building at Canal and Jackson streets, an 8-story brick structure immediately adjoining it, at 171 to 173 South Canal street, was completely destroyed by fire. Not less than 18 valuable manufacturing plants located in the two buildings were lost, including the Shober-Carverville Lithographing company, the Charles Emmert Feather company, and the large establishment of Strauss, Eisenbach & Drim. Total loss is not less than \$200,000.

WILL NOT AID HIS SON

Lawyer Hildreth, Father of the Young  
Wrecker, So Annoyed.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—The World today says:

J. Homer Hildreth, father of the young man who confessed to wrecking the New York Central train near Rome, is a lawyer of 29 years standing in this city. He refuses, in any way, to aid his son to escape the consequences of his crime.

The Hildreth live in a handsome home, surrounded by large grounds, at 71 East One Hundred and Thirty-eighth street. Young Hildreth for years has been a source of sorrow and annoyance to his family, despite every care taken with him. His father has been repeatedly compelled to transfer him from one school to another because of his insubordination to his teachers.

Early in the fall young Hildreth told his father of a new agricultural school which had been opened at Rome and said he wished to attend. He was supplied with money and given permission to enter.

In October Mr. Hildreth discovered that the school was a myth. Watson had remained in Rome and spent the money. He was called home and, after a stormy interview, was told to leave home. Nothing more was heard of him until he was arrested for train wrecking.

Mr. Hildreth was nearly prostrated over the news. Said he: "I shall not help Watson any more. He must get out of this scrape as best he can. It may seem unbecoming to my friends, but I understand my course."

Mr. Hildreth added that he would under no circumstances go to Rome.

Wreckers Say They Were Bullied.  
ROME, N. Y., Nov. 23.—Hildreth, the leader of the youthful quartet of train wreckers, says that Detective Latham told him he was within 50 feet of him when he and the other boys took up the rails and that he then had a good notion to shoot him; that the detective told him if he did not confess to Chief Haggerty he would have him executed and would see to it that the other boys escaped. Hildreth said under these conditions he owned up to everything.

Hildreth and the other boys claim that they are innocent of wrecking the train, and say they will prove it. The confessions, they say, were wrung from them under threats.

Talkyrie III Is Silver.

CARDIFF, Wales, Nov. 22.—A number of prominent residents of this city publicly presented to Lord Dunraven a silver model of Talkyrie III. The inscription on the base of the model, which was approved by Lord Dunraven, is as follows:

"Presented at Cardiff, Nov. 21, 1905, to the Earl of Dunraven, K. P., by his nephews and friends in recognition of his gallant efforts to bring home the American's cup."

Harvard's Defeat by the Quakers.  
CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Nov. 23.—In one of the grandest and most stubbornly fought football games ever witnessed, the plucky Harvard eleven went down before the sturdy Pennsylvanians on Soldiers' field, fighting desperately and gamely to the last. The score was 17 to 14. The Quakers were outplayed, but they won, and again Harvard looks back on defeat and sees how certain victory slipped through her hands, when a cold judgment would have given her.

## WIDESPREAD STORMS.

Great Damage Reported in Many Sections From Wind and Snow.

BUFFALO, Nov. 27.—The gale which has been blowing here from an early hour yesterday morning has subsided. The damage to various kinds of property has been very great, but no fatalities occurred.

Most of the loss has been due to the high water in the harbor, caused by the prevailing direction of the wind. The water in the harbor and river has risen at least six feet in 24 hours. As a result, the New York Central tracks at the foot of Georgia street have been washed away, and no Belt Line trains have run all day.

The tracks of the Philadelphia and Reading, also, have been washed out at the same place, and trains on that road are stalled there.

SQUAN island, situated north of Ferry street and extending to the International bridge, was almost completely submerged, and some of the residents on the island were forced to hastily pack up and leave their homes to the mercy of the waves.

A great deal of damage was done along the seawall and aqueducts there had their houses washed away.

Down in the Erie Basin considerable damage was done to the fleet of excursion steamers which had been laid up there for the winter.

There the water had risen nine feet in 24 hours and played havoc with the boats. The \$24,000 side-wheel excursion steamer Shrewsbury was washed away from the supports on which it was placed and beached. The damage to the steamer will be at least half its value.

The steamer Harrison met a similar mishap and has sustained very great damage.

The tug Elk was sunk by the large freight steamer Syracuse in a collision which occurred at the foot of Commercial street.

Several persons have been injured by flying objects, but none fatally.

Suffering in the Southwest.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 27.—The blizzard which set in here early Monday evening has subsided, after leaving six to eight inches of snow on the ground, badly crippling railroads and greatly impeding all lines of traffic.

Telephone wires are broken in numerous places, and telegraph lines are down in all directions. No damage, however, has yet been reported in this city.

It is learned that the storm raged violently through Missouri, Arkansas and Texas. In the latter state it swept over the ranches, covering them with snow several inches deep, severely exposing all kinds of live stock to its fury.

If the temperature falls much lower there will be great loss of cattle and sheep. As it is, there is much suffering.

High Winds at Toledo.

TOLEDO, Nov. 27.—A terrific windstorm swept this city and played havoc with telegraph and telephone wires. The streets were strewn with signs and rubbish. Tin roofs were blown off and the standing walls of a large building recently destroyed by fire blown down. The wind at one time reached a velocity of 81 miles an hour, and for four hours it registered 64 miles an hour.

No disasters have been reported from the lake as yet.

Pennsylvania River Rising.

WILKESBORO, Nov. 27.—Light rains have prevailed throughout this section for 72 hours and the small streams that have been dry for four months are showing signs of reviving life. Reports from along the Susquehanna river as far west as Clearfield indicate a considerable rise, and the lumber men are hopeful of getting in the 45,000,000 feet of logs.

CHANDLER TO THE PRESIDENT.

The Senator's Fight Against the Recent  
Trunk Line Agreement.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 25.—Senator William E. Chandler has written the following letter to the president:

TO THE PRESIDENT:  
Sir—I make complaint to you and through you to your interstate commerce commission against the trust and pooling agreement now nearly finished of the eight American railroad trunk lines and the one Canadian line, controlling the traffic between New York and Chicago.

The agreement provides that every railroad in the combination shall make and maintain the transportation rates prescribed by a board of managers representing all the roads. This is a conspiracy in restraint of trade and commerce under the act of July 2, 1890.

The agreement also makes certain that all competition shall be abolished as above required by imposing heavy fines upon any of the roads which are to be applied for the benefit of the other roads. This is a violation of the anti-trust act of section 5 of the interstate commerce law.

This trust and pooling agreement can be annulled as provided by explicit existing laws of the United States, (1) by injunction from the courts, (2) by an order of the interstate commerce commission or (3) by an indictment of the individuals signing the same.

It can also easily be stopped by a vigorous appeal from you to J. Pierpont Morgan, whose power over the nine governors of the nine trunk lines is as absolute as it was over the bond syndicate.

It cannot be possible that you intend to take upon your administration the responsibility of fastening upon your burdened and helpless people this the hugest trust the world ever saw or that was ever conceived of when one learned word from you to your freight attorney general, your ambitious chairman of your commission or your omnipotent banker friend will paralyze the inquiry in its inception.

Very respectfully,  
WILLIAM E. CHANDLER.

Wreck on the Pennsylvania.

LIMA, O., Nov. 27.—An east-bound freight train on the Pennsylvania railroad broke in two and ran together near Richway. Conductor J. P. Heron was thrown through a caboose window and badly hurt. The flagman was thrown from the top of the caboose 60 feet and badly hurt. They live in Fort Wayne, Ind. Several others were bruised.

Fresh Recruits From Spain.

HAVANA, Nov. 27.—The steamship Alfonso XII arrived here from Spain with a battalion of marines, consisting of 38 officers and 384 men. The steamship also had on board 500 recruits for the different battalions on the field.

Two Miners Entombed.

HAZLETON, Pa., Nov. 27.—While at work in a deep coal stripping hole at Milnesville colliery, John Martin and John Ruske, two miners, were buried in a landslide. It took three hours' hard work to find the bodies.

Justice Child's Condition Critical.

MEDINA, N. Y., Nov. 27.—Justice Child has suffered a severe stroke and the possibility of his recovery is very doubtful.

## BALLAST FOR SPIDER CRABS.

A Difficult Problem Solved In Time of  
Flood at the New York Aquarium.

In one of the tanks at the New York Aquarium there are eight spider crabs. The spider crabs in the decorating crab grown up. The decorating crab plants upon its back little sprays and streamers of various marine plants, which it snips off with its pincher claws. It carries these first to its mouth, where it seems to keep a supply of waterproof glue, and thence to its back. It is supposed to do this for protection from its enemies, for half buried in the mud and with these things rising from its back, it is practically invisible. It is possible also that the crab uses the sprigs for adornment, as it often selects growths of bright colors. In its larger growth, after it has come to be called a spider crab, it ceases to decorate itself, though sometimes the needs of marine plants settle on its back and grow there, but it never loses the handy use of its pincher claws.

The largest of the spider crabs at the aquarium is about 8 inches in length. From side to side its legs spread about eight inches. The bottom of the spider crabs' tank is covered with gravel. The tank was cleaned the other day and all but about three inches of the water drawn off. When the refilling of the tank was begun, all the crabs gathered around the intake. Crabs and fishes in captivity usually do this, welcoming the fresh incoming water as a man in captivity might welcome an incoming current of fresh air. The flow of water through the intake pipes can be regulated at will. Here it was permitted to run in at its natural force, which was about that of water flowing from a hose. The flow was broken somewhat by the wire strainer over the opening of the intake, placed there to keep little fishes and crustaceans from getting into the pipes, but it was too strong for the spider crabs to face. They began to settle themselves down into the gravel and pile gravel upon their backs, apparently to weight themselves down so that they could withstand it. On a sandy or muddy bottom they could have buried or partly buried themselves. Here the work was more difficult, but they were equal to it.

They would work their legs down into the gravel and then lift them, displacing stones in that manner, and with their pincher claws they would pick up stones. Sometimes a crab would pick up two gravel stones at once, one in each claw, and place them both on its back. It might tackle a stone so big as to require both claws in the handling of it and raise that and put it on its back. Some of the stones would roll off down by the crabs' legs, but they were not lost there, for they helped to build up around, and the crab would go ahead and put up others on its back.

When the tank was full and the inflow cut off, the crabs went walking about again as usual.—New York Sun.

GENERAL THOMAS.

He Might Have Been a Southern Soldier  
but For His Wife.

General William Mahone of Virginia sat in Chamberlain's, deeply interested in a well bound volume of substantial size. To a reporter who ventured to ask the title of the book the general curtly said:

"It is made up of 'Papers of the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts' and contains critical sketches of some of the leading Federal and Confederate generals. I was at that moment engaged on the sketch devoted to General Thomas. It is a very fair and interesting account of his character and services."

"I knew Thomas personally, for he was born and reared in my section of West Virginia. He was a military man of excellent parts, rather slow to act, but never able to grasp the idea that he had been whipped. His bulldog tenacity was a strong characteristic."

"I know a good deal more than this book about Thomas' predilection for the southern cause. In passing through the state on his way from Texas to New York at the time that the legislature was deliberating on the question of secession, Thomas said, with emphasis, 'There is nothing for the south to do but to fight.' It was well understood that his sympathies were with the people of his native section."

"I was empowered by the governor of Virginia to offer him an important position created for him and tendered it with the full expectation that it would be accepted. He married a Miss Mary of New York, and it is no doubt true that his wife's influence had much to do with keeping him on the Union side."—Washington Post.

The Spent Cannon Ball.

General Sherman's reminiscences of war are very entertaining. One of the most magnificent specimens of manhood I ever saw, said he, was a soldier who was constantly laughing at the poor fellows who became fatigued by long marches or who sank under seemingly trifling wounds. His courage, health and strength seemed invincible. One day a heavy projectile from the enemy's cannon—what we call a spent ball—came rolling along. The temptation to put out one's foot to stop such a ball was irresistible. The soldier I have mentioned yielded to it. With a merry smile he put out his foot, and in an instant it was cut off, and he sank to the ground a maimed, shattered cripple for life, weeping like a child at his awful misfortune.

For Humanity's Sake.

Young Man (cheerfully)—I am going to cross the Atlantic in this 30 foot boat with no companion but this dog. Good-by, friends.

Human Officer—I must stop you, sir.

"Stop me? And what for, pray?"

"Humanity!"

"Humanity! Haven't I a right to risk my life if I?"

"Oh, that's all right, but—"

## THE NEW CHILD.

It is a Wonderful Little Animal, Fast and  
Frolicsome.

"A is not an article," remarked a child the other day to her mother, who was helping her with her school lesson. "Fancy your not knowing that it's a distinguishing adjective!" We asked a small schoolgirl the other day if she learned astronomy. "Astronomy! Of course not! That's an infant's subject," she answered, with great contempt. "Have you read Pope's 'Essay on Man'?" We inquired lately of a girl of 12. "Pope! Why, nobody thinks anything of him nowadays," she replied. "Do you know Milton's 'Paradise Lost'?" "Oh, we got beyond that long ago."

The worst of a childish distaste of this sort is that you feel yourself an absolute quack. There is no getting any further in the argument, for no pignoneer can equal the pignoneerism of the very young person—in fact, of the new child. And then he—or she—is never amused with the simple games that need to delight us. Modern children are willing to play if only to please their elders, but they are mildly and politely bored. They are bored with most things. They have 20 picture books where we had one—some of your girlish, crude illustrations, but with a dash of the modern, and yet they don't seem to care about them.

There is a good story of how an old gentleman with much toil and trouble manufactured a large kite for his small grandson. He and another old friend, with the boy, went out to fly the kite. The two old men were deeply engrossed, but the grandson—got so bored that he quietly absented himself, and after some time the two old fogies found to their disgust that they had been laughing about all alone with a kite, much to the amusement of the passersby. And another story—of a little girl of 8 who said to her mother (an authoress), "Oh, mummy, why not call your new book 'The Kid of Love'?"—does nothing quite so pleasantly. Ah, there is something terribly unobtainable about the "new child!"—New York Times.

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