# THE SLOCUM CALAMITY

## Stories of Survivors and Incidents of Steamboat Horror.

### HEROISM OF A GRANDMOTHER.

**Spartan Woman Gives Up Her Life for a Boy—Touchy Week at an Unknown Hero—Young Lad Kicks Girl to Save Her—Little Girl's Last Message—Pathetic Scenes at the Morgue.**

Survivors of the General Slocum disaster in New York waters have related many thrilling stories of their experiences. Deeds of heroism and tragic and pathetic incidents were enacted. Here are some of them:

Torn from the arms of his uncle by frantic women who fought to save themselves upon the back of Fireman Fred Hoffman of Engine company No. 18, little Raymond Hoffman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hoffman of Jersey City, went to the bottom after his grandmother, Mrs. Gottlieb Hoffman, had declined to leave the boat until the child was saved. The Spartan grandmother's body was later identified among the dead, says the New York American.

Fireman Hoffman, who lives in New York, had a day off on the day of the disaster. He had taken his mother, his brother Ernest's wife and their two children, Raymond, aged five years, and Edna, aged three, for a day's outing on the General Slocum.

The young fireman saw the danger at once when the fire was first discovered. Instinctively he turned to save his mother. Being an unusually strong swimmer, he would have had no difficulty in getting her ashore.

"Come quick, mother!" he shouted to the old lady.

He was holding out his arms to her and begging her to come with him. The mother held the little children close to her breast and cried in terror. Finally the grandmother looked at the little boy and, with rare coolness, said to her son:

"You save Bunter before you come for me."

"Bunter" was little Raymond's pet name.

The fireman lost no time. Taking the child in his arms, he made a dive head first from the boat. He came up in the center of a perfect sea of frantic, shrieking and terror stricken women, who were battling to keep above the waves and grabbing at each other and at every straw in their mad attempts to save themselves.

As the fireman's head came to the surface, instinctively the desperate women made for him. They struggled, clutched and fought for any sort of hold upon the powerful young fellow, and in the struggle they finally wrenched the child from his arms. Down through a furious sea of feminity went the child. Fighting his way through the surging humanity, the fireman clutched around, looking for the boy to come up. He never gained sight of the child again.

In despair he turned again to the boat to get his mother. Clinging to over the side, he ran about through the flame and smoke, shouting, "Mother, mother! I have come for you!"

Dazed with grief, Hoffman again leaped into the water and made his way to the shore. He had lost all sense of his surroundings, and how and when he got ashore he cannot tell, but he did know. Later he was found almost delirious at his home. His mind was wrecked. Then Ernest Hoffman literally fled their mother among a heap of the dead.

The name of one man who did his part on the Slocum will perhaps never be known. He was an engineer. Those on the island who watched could see that. When the fire was at its height he climbed out on to the star board paddle box of the steamer and, encouraging them with cool and quiet commands, picked six women in turn out of the struggling mass just below him and handed them down to the men on the deck of tug No. 7 of the New York Central railroad, which had run up alongside, says the New York Post.

In a short time the fire had spread to the place where he stood, and called men below, no longer able to face the flames that were leaping out around them, called on him to jump. The man never flinched, but as the tug shoved off he picked up another woman and with all his strength swung her clear and threw her into the outstretched hands below. His own clothes were on fire by that time, but still he did not jump, and the last the tugmen saw of him was when he fell senseless into the river. They watched for him to come to the surface, but he never rose.

"He saved my life, and I'm going to marry him when he gets old enough," said a fourteen-year-old Miss Cassidy of New York as she gazed with admiration at thirteen-year-old John Thalmer of the same address, who had saved her life in the General Slocum disaster after a falling timber had struck her on the head and rendered her nearly unconscious, says the New York Journal. The children had been rescued from their burning boat by after drinking some hot coffee at the house to which they had been taken.

"She was fainting and I knew I couldn't save her if she lost her grip, so I gave her a kick in the shins that waked her up," said Thalmer. "Then I got out of life preservers, most of them rotten, and threw one at her. I got a good one on kids. The tugs were nearer to them and I told her to jump. She wouldn't jump, and I pushed her over. Then I jumped in the water myself and held her by her hair and held her up until the tug came and we were pulled out."

The children, who live in the same house, had gone to the excursion together and they were sitting by river when the fire started a few feet from them.

Special Officer Hubsey, out in a yawl from the East Fifty-ninth Street police station, rescued Miss Cassidy in a wonderful show of strength and bravery. The boy is Edward Lunn, who lives in New York. He is fourteen, of slight physique.

When he found the little fellow he was swimming forward as hard as he could with his unconscious burden clinging to one of his feet," said Hubsey. "Two smaller children, a still younger brother and a little sister, were clinging to the leg of the boy behind Ed.ward. This he was trying to get them and sticking to his task with splendid nerve."

One man who recently visited St. Mark's church in Brooklyn, New York, where many victims of the disaster worshipped, told a story that brought tears even to the eyes of the wrinkled police officer who was on guard, says the New York Times. The visitor was N. W. Dillon of New York, and he was inquiring for his little niece, Mary Diamond, the eight-year-old daughter of Mrs. Katherine Diamond. Mr. Dillon, when he reached the church, was clinching in one hand a crumpled bit of paper which the little girl had given to him just before she boarded the General Slocum. On the paper was a verse she had written for him. It runs as follows:

She meets me on the corner,
At the closing of the day.
I tell me that she loves me,
My golden headed May.

"That's for you to think about me with," she had said to him.

"She was all I had," he moaned. "Every day she was to meet me when I came home. I'd rather die than live without her."

There were many pathetic incidents and tragedies enacted at the morgue.

One of the most pathetic incidents was the identification of little Elsie Spekter by her father, Edward Spekter of New York. It was he who found the body in a plain white box on the pier he could hardly be controlled, says the New York Times. He there his watch ring and purse into the coffin.

"Take all, take all," he cried. "I don't want to live, now that my baby is dead."

Elsie was Mr. Spekter's favorite child, and he had hoped against hope that she might have been saved.

Right behind Mr. Spekter was a man who was frantic with grief. He was imbued with the idea that he had lost his little girl, who is among the missing, was on the pier, but was being withheld from him.

"You are trying to hide my child from me!" he cried. "Take me to her. Give me my little girl!"

It was finally deemed best to lead him away. He was taken home by friends who declined to give his name or address. Case after case just as sad was observed.

In his tiny fist a little boy who was picked out of the water clutched a bean bag, says the New York Press. Evidently he had been tossing it to his playfellows when the blaze broke out and he must have jumped in the water immediately, because his face was free from burns. The beans in the bag had swollen, and the calico covering was stretched tightly.

"What on earth is this the little fellow has?" asked Coroner O'Gorman as he took the toy from the child's hand. Then one of the nurses whispered:

"Coroner, I think it's a bean bag."

"This is one of the most pathetic cases of all," said the coroner as he came from a death house with a slip of paper in his hand. "The paper was found folded in the handkerchief of a little drowned boy whose name was Gerald Gillis and who was twelve years old. The paper was in George's handkerchief. It was addressed to his mother. The note requested the finder to excuse the boy from school because he was going to have an outing on the St. Mark's excursion. The note was pinned to the little fellow's clothing, and the body was sent to the morgue, where he was identified by his father.

**Mass and Gordeau.**

A novel idea adopted by one structure to be built for a beacon and hum pack off the Jersey shore. It will be a large roof garden. There will be a lighthouse in shape 25 by 50 feet in dimension, with fishes in it, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. In the center of this lake will be a small electric fountain. The lake will be from eighteen inches to two feet in depth. Besides the lake there will be numerous flower beds, with trees planted in them and such flowers as thrive in Cincinnati. The lake front of this garden from the street will be between seventy-five and eighty feet. In the summer time the place will be covered over with awnings and everything arranged so that it can be used by the members of the firm, their employes and the business men of that locality as a pleasure resort.

**The Fortunes of War.**

The head of one of the most famous cooking houses of the country was a poet phrase. "Tis the fortunes of war" says a writer in the July Success. It is said that a recent family gathering at his home a small grandson overheard his grandfather's remark that he had closed a very profitable beef contract with the representative of the Russian government, previous to the opening of hostilities with Japan."

"Grandpa, I paid the small boy, 'if you make lots and lots of money then, will that be the fortunes of war?'"

**A Curious Insit.**

The following curious rule appears under paragraph 69 of the municipal regulations governing Glasgow, Hawse: "Interments are only permitted after death has taken place. In all other cases a certificate signed by the mayor is required." London Mail

**A Rare Coin.**

Small Boy (who has become interested in coin collecting) Papa, what is the rarest coin you know of? Papa (sadly) A twenty dollar gold piece, my son.

**Poverty is the sixth sense.—German Proverb.**

**A Shady Tree.**

Patience: I have never seen a shady beer family tree! Patrice: No. I think it was one of the shady sort of trees.—Yonkers Statesman.

**The Same Thing.**

MacBrittle—Have you seen Dobbins's latest picture, "Ashes of The Critic—No, but I had the delirious tremens once.—Chicago Journal.


For Rent—Cottage also rooms good location, in Lake Zurich. Apply to Wm. Bieger, Lake Zurich.


**Wall Map of the World.**

A beautiful map, valuable for reference, printed on heavy paper, 42x64 inches, mounted on rollers, edges bound in cloth, showing rare colored possessions. The Trans-Siberian Railway, Pacific Ocean cables, railway lines and other features of Japan, China, Manchuria, Korea and the Far East. Sent prepaid on receipt of 25 cents in stamps by W. H. Kinkerry, F. T. M., Chicago & North-Western R'Y.


# FEMALE WEAKNESS

Wilmington, Kansas, Dec. 17, 1900.
I suffered from female weakness so my doctor's medicine I ever used did me no good. I read your advertisement in the papers and your medicine which completely positively cured me. I recommend Wine of Cardui and other and I would have no other medicine for my family if I could not get Wine of Cardui. I would not stand up. I naturally felt discouraged. I felt like I was a cripple and physicians, Wine of Cardui came in a God-send to me. I am a changed woman. I feel like a young girl. After quarter days treatment I was completely cured. I had a small usually did not have regular and without pain. Wine of Cardui is a wonderful medicine for all suffering women more of its good qualities.

Wilhelmina Brown
Treasurer, Portland Romanic League

Periodical headaches tell of female weakness. Wine of Cardui cures permanently nineteen out of every twenty cases of irregular menses, bearing down pains or any female weakness. If you are discouraged and doctors have failed, that is the best news in the world you should try Wine of Cardui. Sick headaches, backaches, nine female weaknesses, leaves a $1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui today.

# WINE OF CARDUI


### AN EGG BY MAIL.

**One Sent From St. Louis Safely Received in Chicago.**

A genuine postal curiosity has been received in Chicago, says a despatch from that city. It is an ordinary raw hen's egg that traveled in safety from St. Louis to Chicago by ordinary post, and was delivered to the addressee in the usual manner. The curious part of the incident lies in the fact that the egg was unbroken, uninjured in any manner whatever, notwithstanding the many times it was handled in transit. How it was ever accepted by the St. Louis postoffice authorities is a mystery.

It is easy to imagine what havoc would have been created should the egg have broken in the mail pouch between the two cities. At any time the egg was received precisely as it was transported, the 1-cent stamp canceled in the ordinary manner.

**Russian Censor Must Learn Science.**

The mother of one of the Jewish surgeons who have been sent out from Warsaw to the war recently received from her son a letter which is in the characteristic light on the results of Russian censorship, says the London Times. Not a letter is written in the usual official Russian style and bears the stamp of the censor. It states that the writer is in good health, that adhesion plasters prevails among the troops, who are certain of victory and are amply supplied with all necessaries and that there is no fear of illness that the army surgeons have scarcely anything to do. It concludes with a request that his mother should send him some Hebrew books, of which he gives the titles. These are "Philo and Destitution," "Consequent Fearful Epidemics," "Severity Has Sanitary Appliances," "Demonstration of the Army Constantly Increasing," "Cod of Discipline," "Wish I Were Taken Prisoner."

**Brown Tones For Summer Houses.**

Fred Wirth and Fred Mills, well-known men of Chicago, are building summer cottages on a bluff on Pleasing Bay, says a special dispatch from McHenry, Ill., to the Chicago Post. "Grandma is the first manor of Mr. Wilk, as it is also of Mrs. Miller. The bluff runs right down to the lake, and one of the new cottages will be called North Carolina and the other South Carolina. Upward of $25,000 has been spent by Chicago and other owners of homes on the bluff. The foundations have been made by dredging out the shallow parts of the lake and filling in low places on the shore. The rank growth of weeds and lily pads has been dug up by the men, and crews of homes now have deep water in front.

READ THIS.

Mattison, L. May 24.—This is to certify that I have been cured of kidney and bladder trouble with one bottle of the Texas Wonder. Hills Great Discovery, and can recommend it to others suffering in the same manner.

F. M. MENEK.


## A Texas Wonder.

One small bottle of the Texas Wonder, Hills Great Discovery, cures all kidney and bladder troubles, removes gravel, cures diabetes, seminal emissions, weak and lame backs, rheumatism and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women, regulates bladder troubles in children. If not sold by your druggist, it will be sent by mail on receipt of $1. One small bottle is two months treatment and seldom fails to perfect a cure. "Dr. E. W. Hall, sole manufacturer, P. O. Box 629 St. Louis, Mo. Send for testimonials. Sold by all druggists.

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**Why He Changed Weapons.**

"Have you a in trouble agin," said the cultured decoon. "Didn't I tell you to fight yo way only wid de sword or de Sperrit?"

"Ef I ask," replied the penitent, "how de rasse was so handy."—Atlanta Constitution.

**Didn't Work All Night.**

Customer—Are my clothes ready? Tailor—Not yet, sir. Customer—But you said you would have them done if you worked all night. Tailor—But I didn't work all night.

**An Invitation.**

Miss Trill—I love to hear the birds sing. Jack Downright (warmly)—So do I. They never attempt a piece beyond their ability.

**Wounds Dressed With Burned Straw.**

A correspondent of Japanese doctors can dress the wounds of 500 men. They use a finely powdered charcoal obtained by the slow combustion of straw in closed furnaces. Sachets filled with it are applied to the wounds, and its antiseptic and absorbent qualities generally effect a rapid cure.

**Clean Yell of a Spanker.**

Dr. Stanley, the Oral Training School For Nurses recently graduated a class of ten students, says the Kansas City Star. Mrs. L. C. Jackson presiding, presented the diplomas and exclaimed: Stanley presented the badges to the new nurses. The distinguishing feature of the class is its yell, the line of which few college classes ever had. It is as follows:

Rah! boneacus, stupendoscus,
Microbe slit!
Rah! rah! and pretty,
Wash and dress!
Big antiseptic, bow wow,
Short and sweet!
Pat! pretty, lean germs,
We kill them all!
Antiseptic, that's our call,
We're the largest class of all!

**The Poor Daughter.**

Ethel—Do you spend all of your allowance? Grace—No. I always save little. The thrift of it pleases father so much that he always gives me something extra at the end of the month.—Detroit Free Press.

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