

# DEAD PILED HIGH STRIKE HANGING ON

OVER A HUNDRED FATALITIES IN OKLAHOMA TORNADO.

houses scarce in which to care for sufferers, but assistance pouring in—Some incidents of horror.

GUTHRIE, Okla.—The death list of last night's tornado at Snyder is expected to exceed one hundred. Eighty-five bodies have been recovered and dozens of persons are missing and given up for dead, and of the forty-one seriously wounded seven are fatally hurt. More than 100 others suffered less severe injuries.

Relief is being sent from neighboring towns. From Oklahoma City today went 100 men to dig graves and seek the dead still in the ruins, and also a dozen undertakers with 100 coffins. Offers of financial assistance have come from numerous cities.

Governor Ferguson, of Oklahoma, has issued a proclamation calling attention to the needs of the stricken city. It is still difficult to obtain information from Snyder. A single telegraph wire furnishes an outlet, but it is blocked with private messages concerning the dead and injured.

To add to the general confusion and distress after the tornado had passed fire broke out and burned out the buildings that remained of the business blocks. So far it is not possible to find out whether or not any bodies were cremated, but it is highly possible that such is the case.

An unidentified woman was picked up dead, having been plied to the ground by a scalding which entered her left eye and came out through the back of her head.

Clarence Donovan, a railroad engineer, and Miss Nina Fessenden, were to have been married last night, but had just postponed the nuptials until this morning. Both were instantly killed.

Fred Crump, a boy had started to a cellar when a flying timber struck him and severed his head from his body. Debris was carried to the northeast as far as Cooperton, twelve miles, and it is reported that there are more of the fragments of homes at that town and in that vicinity than are in the tornado path at Snyder.

About seventy-five head of horses and cattle were killed on the town site. A committee set to work this morning to remove carcasses.

The mayor of Snyder is having much trouble arranging for the burial of the dead. The confusion is great, owing to the fact that there still remain a number of unidentified bodies at the morgues. There is much suffering owing to lack of provisions and places to stay. What houses remain in the town are in bad condition and are unsafe for habitation. Besides, there is not room enough to care for the homeless. Bedding and wearing apparel are both lacking, and despite the effort to succor the unfortunates they are still in a pitiable condition. Many of the wounded could not be cared for or given medical aid until 9 o'clock this morning and by that time their wounds were aggravated.

Dr. York of Hobart, who was active in relieving the suffering, says that 2 per cent of the wounded will die.

Snyder is a town of about 2,500 inhabitants, in Kiowa county, Oklahoma, in the Kiowa and Comanche Indian country, opened to white settlers in 1901. The town was laid out largely by the St. Louis & San Francisco railway, at the junction of two of its lines and the company erected important buildings there. Snyder is the division point for the Quandah division of the road. The town was named for Bryan Snyder, passenger traffic manager of the system.

While the tornado seems to have been widespread, rumors that other towns in southwestern Oklahoma had been destroyed were declared by telephone exchanges to be incorrect. However, there was no question that much damage to property and loss to life had occurred in the outlying districts.

The same tornado struck Quilala, in Woodward county, on the Santa Fe railway, destroying several houses and at that point at least three persons, Mrs. O. W. Cox and her two sons, are known to have been killed.

The tornado struck Snyder from the southwest, traveling north until within about one hundred yards from the tracks of the Oklahoma City and City railway.

BOTH SIDES IN CHICAGO SEEMINGLY SATISFIED.

Employers, on the Other Hand, Sending Out More Wagons—Rioting Continues and Of Sharp Character.

CHICAGO.—Both employers and strikers claim gains in the teamsters' strike. The employers declare that they have gained a decided advantage in the number of wagons sent out and the amount of business transacted. The strikers' claim is based on the fact that 250 drivers for the various furniture dealers in the city will strike and also 150 paint-workers employed by the Heath & Milligan company. The strike of the furniture dealers' drivers was foreshadowed on Saturday, when at a convention of the furniture dealers' association, it was declared that their men must make deliveries irrespective of strike conditions. They ordered the men to carry goods to the boycotted houses and the strike will be the result. The paint-workers of Heath & Milligan are the first members of any union not a member of the teamsters' organization to go on strike in support of the teamsters. They have walked out because of the delivery of goods by non-union teamsters.

The State street department stores sent out nearly their complement of daily wagons, and throughout transacted business on almost normal basis.

Fifteen hundred wagons manned by nonunion men were operated from State street and that number will be materially increased. No more colored men are being hired either by the State street stores or by the Employers' Teaming company, and as rapidly as possible those now at work are being supplanted by white men. At the office of the Employers' Teaming company it was announced that 125 white men had been imported during the day from Cincinnati and Kansas City and seventy-five more had been secured in Chicago. Individual contracts were made with all of these men and they will be given permanent employment.

The rioting was of a sharper character than that of Saturday. Three men were fatally injured and a number of others badly hurt, although the number of the wounded is not as whole nearly so large as on some of the days the middle of last week. The fatally hurt:

John Fruen, stabbed.  
Albert Eubers, shot in the abdomen.

Richard Fruen, brother of John Fruen, stabbed.  
Five others were wounded.

The majority of the affrays occurred during the early part of the afternoon.

The civic committee appointed by Mayor Dunne to investigate the strike commenced operation. It did little but organize for future work, however, and the promise of the successful performance of its missions does not seem to be right. It has no power to summon witnesses, and must therefore rely on volunteer testimony.

The members of the employers' association declared that they had received no official notice of the creation of the commission and would have no dealings with it until they had been properly notified of its existence. President Dold of the Chicago federation of labor declared for the labor men that no one of them would appear before the commission and give any evidence whatever unless its sessions were open to the public and it investigated not only the causes of the present teamsters' strike but those leading up to the strike of the garment workers of Montgomery Ward & Co., last January. It was in support of this strike four months after its inception that the teamsters went out in sympathy.

The members of the mayor's commission issued a statement declaring that they would hold private sessions daily in the city hall. It was announced, moreover, that no announcement of the proceedings would be made until the hearing was completed and a decision reached. The action of the labor men in declaring against the secret feature of the hearing practically nullified the attitude of the commission as soon as announced.

The efforts of the attorneys of the labor leaders to protect their clients from answering questions in connection with the federal injunctions granted during the strike by Judge O. C. Kohlsaat proved unavailing.

# MORE TO GO OUT

STRIKE AT CHICAGO SEEMS DESTINED TO SPREAD.

Figit To The Bitter End

FLOUR TEAMSTERS LATEST BODY TO QUIT WORK.

Rioting Less Sanguinary, But a Number Of Assaults—Taking Of Evidence Begun on Injunction Cases.

CHICAGO.—The large department stores and the express companies have resumed business on almost a normal basis. They sent their wagons into the extreme parts of the city, in some instances without police protection, and transacted their business without interruption or trouble of a serious character. Sixteen hundred teams were at work, and the number will be increased.

Notwithstanding this apparent gain, however, there are strong indications that the strike will spread within the next few days not only among the teamsters but will involve other unions as well. The drivers of the Weising Teaming company a large concern chiefly engaged in delivering flour went out when one of their number was discharged for refusing to deliver flour to a boycotted house. The Weising company is a strong factor in the team-owners association which has heretofore sided rather with the teamsters' union than with the employes' association. Its stand in line with the latter organization was something of a surprise to both sides in the struggle.

In some quarters it was feared that the strike of the Weising company drivers would produce a shortage in the supply of flour but the officers of the company say that they have supply sufficient to last the city for a week and that at the expiration of that time they will be able to make deliveries as before.

For some time it was reported that a strike of the teamsters employed by the Crane company was imminent. This concern is an immense manufacturer of elevators and plumbing supplies and its shut down will be a serious detriment to many building operations now in progress.

The threat to strike caused by the discharge of two teamsters who refused to make deliveries as ordered. The officials of the union sanctioned the strike but did not occur as expected. An adjustment of some kind was reached but the statement of the Crane company and labor leaders differ as to its character. It is stated by the labor men that the two drivers were reinstated. This is denied by the Crane company. The fact remains however that the men did not strike and the probability now is that they will remain at work.

There were numerous clashes in the streets between non-union men and the police and union teamsters who attempted to block the passage of the wagons of the Employers' Teaming company. There were also a number of attacks made on non-union men by workmen in buildings who pelted them with all sorts of missiles from a safe distance. These were all in the character of rear guard attacks and bore no resemblance to the open violence committed during last week. The most serious fight of the day was at Lake and Clark streets where union teamsters formed a blockade and brought about congestion of traffic and series of lights that blocked the streets in that section of the city for the greater part of an hour. Nobody was seriously hurt and numerous arrests were made by the police.

Coal teamsters in the business section of the city were the special objects of attack by workmen in buildings near which they drove. As soon as they were discovered missiles of all sorts were showered upon them and in several instances it was necessary for the wagon guards and police to send a volley of bullets flying toward the windows. Nobody, however was shot during the day.

The taking of evidence relative to the granting of the injunctions issued temporarily of the United States circuit court in favor of the employers and the seven express companies commenced by Master in Chancery Sherman.

# RABY IS OLDEST MAN.

NMATE OF A POORHOUSE IN NEW JERSEY.

Has Reached the Great Age of 130 Years and Patiently Waits for Death to Remove Him from These Earthly Scenes.

For forty years Noah Raby, the oldest man in America, who lives in Piscataway township, near New Brunswick, N. J., has been waiting for one thing. It is very little that he asks, but he must wait for it nevertheless. It is death.

Noah Raby is now 130 years of age, but there is naught but pathos to-day connected with the immense number of years he has lived. In ten years more he would have doubled man's allotted time of "three score and ten," but it means nothing to this old man, although he is in possession of all his faculties save one, sight, which he lost only a few years ago.

Noah Raby has gained nothing by living so long. Childless and almost friendless, without any one of the honors so often rewarding the culmination of a long life much snorter than his, Noah Raby has lived nearly half a century as the ward of public charity, the inmate of a county poor house.

The writer went to see him the other day, and saw him walk, almost alone, across the room of the quaint old farm house to the arm chair in which on certain days he receives visitors, and talks freely with them, though these weekly



NOAH RABY, AGE 130 YEARS.

visitors always leave him in an enfeebled state for a few hours afterward.

The Piscataway poor house—or poor farm, as it is better known—is on the old Stelton Highway, a few miles from New Brunswick. It and its surroundings give no idea in themselves of their uses or of the persons sheltered and cared for there. There are not more than a dozen inmates in all.

The visitor passed through the little gateway between the whitewashed fences, and was asked to enter the low door, opening almost on the ground, and wait for Mr. Raby, who was upstairs. Soon he was led into the rag-carpeted room by a woman. The old man is bent so that his face is turned to the floor, except when he raises it upon being spoken to.

That a man should live to be so old, you think, is a fine thing, and to remain in full possession of a thinking mind is better yet, but what has it gained this man? Nothing—absolutely nothing. He is in the poor house, and he himself tells you that this fact is an hourly shame to him.

"They are kind to me," he says, pathetically, "but I ought not to be here—I ought not to be here."

There is no end to the conjecturing to be done upon the subject of how much Noah Raby could have accomplished in his life, and there is some wonder that he did not accomplish more; for as he talks to you it is noticeable that his language is good. He has had a strong face. There is little doubt that his memory is excellent and he tells you he could read, though he never knew how to write. How much such a man could have acquired in the way of reading alone in such a lifetime! But Noah Raby's conversation is seldom of books, though he seems to be familiar with the Bible and cites Old Testament situations glibly. His talk is principally of his father, Andrew Bass, who was a full-blooded Iroquois Indian, and of his white mother, whose name he took. Of them he always talks with a clear memory, but never of any early ambitions or of regret that he did not succeed in making more of life. He says only that it saddens him to be in a poor house. He has been there nearly forty years. Never a word of how his coming there might have been prevented or provided against, but merely an acceptance of the condition as one unavoidable but at the same time to be regretted. He led always the life of a country farmhand, and it may be that the philosophy of life did not come to him until he was already an old man. Up to very near the century mark in his life he was able to do a little work, he tells you, and watched over his horses

near the place where he now lives by permission of the county.

The utter failure of this life, one of the longest any man has ever lived, is the principal idea that appeals to you after the first few minutes that you sit in Noah Raby's presence. Yet you do not find it in your mind to blame the man himself as he sits there bent before you, reciting the trivial happenings which he looks back upon as the most important in his life, such as his leaving one place of employment for another, of his going away to sea and shipping aboard the old Constitution in time of peace, of the one love story in his life, which you find it hard to take seriously. No, it is not in your heart to blame this simple old countryman, who cannot tell you how a single large city or town looked in his earlier manhood or boyhood, for not having used the opportunities of years. He is simply a remarkably old man, and in other ways no different from the other thousands who fall. His life has been naturally humdrum, but he never thought of it as being so, and lived as many others of his day and time lived—looking no further ahead than from one day to another. All he cares about now is death, and he cannot have it. His only consolation lies in the knowledge that it will surely come, but it has been a long time on the way, and Noah Raby looks the same to-day as he did twenty-five years ago, a bent, little man, indicating only in little ways that he has attained more than ordinary old age, as evidenced in the cases of numbers of old people seen on the public streets.

# SAW MRS. SURRETT HANGED.

Guard's Story of Event—Alleged Accomplice of Booth Died Quickly.

Few men live in the United States whose duty has made them witnesses to a woman's hanging. One of these men, says an Evansville (Ind.) special to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, is Henry Husband of New Harmony, Ind., who was present at the hanging of Mrs. Surratt and three companions for the alleged murder of President Lincoln. The hanging took place in the military prison at Washington, D. C., July 7, 1865.

After serving a three years' enlistment in the Union army Mr. Husband re-enlisted in the Fourth United States Veterans, which was made up of soldiers especially physically fit. George Tretheway of Stewartsville, near New Harmony, was a member of the same company and with Mr. Husband was detailed as a guard at the Washington military prison.

The charge against Mrs. Surratt is well known. John Wilkes Booth, the leading instigator of the crime, is alleged to have been shot to death in a barn near Washington, but few people know where his remains are buried. The supposed body was taken to the military prison in Washington and kept several days, when the guards were withdrawn and it was taken away. Mr. Husband, who was guard at the prison during these troublesome days, says it was commonly believed that the body of Booth was taken aboard a gunboat and sunk in a deep part of the Potomac river.

The trial of Mrs. Surratt and her three companions consumed several weeks, and she was finally sentenced to death, with a man named Payne, a native of Florida, and two Germans named Atzerodt and Harold. The date of execution of the four prisoners was set for July 7, 1865. Mr. Husband's recollection of the day's happenings is particularly keen. The execution took place within the four walls of an open court, the sides of which were brick. On top of this wall was a pathway wide enough for three soldiers to walk abreast, and along this pathway two companies of United States veterans were drawn up. Beneath them loomed the scaffold, and the crowd which was to witness the hanging. The scaffold was a plain affair, with a pine floor and a heavy beam, from which dangled four ropes. Beneath each rope was a drop, and the four drops were worked by a lever. It was intended that the four souls should be hurled into eternity at the same moment.

Mrs. Surratt was in a condition bordering on unconsciousness when she appeared. By her side and supporting her was a priest. Mrs. Surratt's companions were more composed, but the fear of death was plainly visible. They walked unaided up the scaffold and took their places beneath the nooses. Mrs. Surratt occupied the extreme left, then came Harold, the Atzerodt, and lastly Payne. As soon as the condemned persons assumed their positions, the black caps were pulled over their heads and the noose adjusted. A few seconds more elapsed when the command to spring the trap was given and the lever turned. Simultaneously, the four figures dropped through the floor of the scaffold.

To Mrs. Surratt death came quickly, but not so to the two Germans. The bodies were convulsed, and to those who witnessed their sufferings, Mr. Husband says, it seemed that hours elapsed before the two spirits left their miserable bodies. Payne was the bravest man of the quartet. He to his last gasp and steadily.