

LIVES BLOTTED OUT.

Six Human Beings Find Sudden and Cruel Death.

CRUSHED UNDER FALLING BRICK

The Wind Too Strong for a Weak-walled Wall.

PERHAPS SOMEBODY BLUNDERED

A Story of Frightful and Distressing Disaster.

CAUGHT LIKE RATS IN A TRAP.

History of the Afternoon of Omaha's Dark Day—Scenes After the Crash—The Dead—The Losses.

Death in Falling Walls.

The building at the corner of Eleventh and Farnam streets, formerly occupied by Max Meyer, and partially destroyed by a fire a short time ago collapsed yesterday during the gale. The eastern wall fell and crushed in two adjoining buildings that were occupied by E. Olson, clothier; D. C. Dunbar, publisher, and P. Boyer, safe agent. The following have been removed from the ruins:

EDWARD OLSON, 17 Farnam street.

RUDOLPH MITCHELL, Paxton hotel.

PETER BOYER, 710 Pierce street.

MIKE MARTIN.

WELDON HURD, 710 Pierce street.

THOMAS HUSTON, 229 Chicago.

WOUNDED:

E. A. PHILLIPS.

JOHN JACKSON.

MISS EMMA OLIVER, Hotel Esmond.

THOMAS HUSTON.

CHARLES CASAR, Hotel Esmond.

H. SILVER.

GEORGE SCARLE.

CHARLES BLAKE.

D. C. DUNBAR.

FRANK TRAYLOR.

ELIZABETH HENZEN, Twelfth and Harney.

The Story of Disaster.

Rained buildings, shattered homes, mangled bodies, and death in its most cruel form were left in the track of the windstorm that swept over this city yesterday, and a half a dozen graves will mark one of Omaha's dark days.

It makes itself felt about 11 o'clock in the morning, the wind increased until nearly 2 o'clock, when it attained a velocity of forty-eight miles an hour and in one wild gust spent its force on the tottering walls of the old Max Meyer building, at the corner of Eleventh and Farnam streets. For a moment they seemed to totter, but they were not to be moved, and then as if to acknowledge its power crashed downwards upon the adjoining building, while the wind momentarily paused in its work of destruction, and again resumed its path, whirling the dust in clouds above the highest buildings and carrying the groaning and shrieking of the cars of those who were unable to aid them.

Those who were passing at the time stood dumb with amazement, and were unable to realize what had happened. A few of them had narrow escapes from the bricks that bounded overhead into the street, but in the moment that was forgotten in the excitement that followed. The fire alarm sounded and the brigade turned out, but the crowd gathered about the scene, and their efforts, until a cordon of police formed around them and held them back.

There was an absence of that team which is so natural to all street gatherings, and men compared notes in almost whispers as the firemen cautiously commenced their work every where dressed in black, and some sound of life from beneath the ruins, but without avail, and the crowd again pressed close upon the workers, until the police once more intervened and ran a rope down the center of the street, before which no one was allowed to go.

At about 1 o'clock the streets became deserted, and the only evidence of life about the scene was the faint outline of the faded and the result was watched breathlessly. For a moment the rescuers paused in their work, and then as they resumed four of them made their way to the front, carrying the remains of what had once been a man. The clenched hands, the set teeth, the swollen lips, the half-closed eyes, covered with a film of mortar dust, showed the agony in which he had died, while his shrunken and shriveled limbs, that could be seen through a crack in the wall, told the cause. Gently the body was laid on the ground, and some of the fainter-hearted in the crowd gazed on and left, while the policeman on duty hid the corpse with a coverlet taken from the ruins. No patrol wagon was necessary for him, this time it was the falling debris that the coroner's wagon made its way to the spot and removed to the city morgue all that was mortal of Mike Martin, the ironman of the street.

Then from the ruins of her home Mrs. Elizabeth Henzen was gently lifted and carried to the patrol wagon, where she fell fainting on the seat. Her hair, so long and in its coating of dust, and the rents in her gown told how closely she had been pinioned by the falling debris. The ironman of the street who never had worked before, but their efforts to lower the mountain of timber and broken brick that rose above the victims had but little apparent effect. Then some one suggested that there were hundreds ready to assist them in their work, and a second hundred willing men descended beneath the rope that kept them back, or dropped from the vantage grounds on which they stood and rushed to the rescue. The shaking walls above had no terrors for them, and in the face of a death like those they were trying to save, they worked like the men they were. Many of them wore the appearance of those who are so often arrested as suspicious characters, but there were no questions asked as they toiled with will, their eyes fixed on the mass of broken brick and fragments of houses until

at last another voice was heard. More care was taken, and for moments the spectators gazed on in amazement. At last a man, a prisoner man was reached and J. Daniels was drawn out with a broken leg and arm, and taken to St. Joseph's hospital.

From that time forward all hope of saving life was abandoned, and the search was for the dead. The first body that was found was that of Edward Olson, the proprietor of the building, who was found crushed to death, and then another body that for a time could not be recognized. The head crushed between two bricks, and the body must have been instantaneous.

Both bodies were removed to the morgue, where that of the stranger was identified as Rudolph Mitchell, the recently appointed manager of the Equitable Life Assurance company of New York. He had been appointed manager of the business of the company at the time of the accident, and while pointing out the benefits of life insurance, had met his death.

Following him, the body of Samuel Lombard was found. Apparently this man had been choked to death. His head had not been exploded, but the swollen disfigurement gave every evidence of suffocation, while the rest of the body was unharmed.

Next to him was Peter Boyer, who was found crushed over in a sitting position near his desk formerly stood, and his head was not far from the morgue, and the other victims were removed to the morgue, and while sympathizing friends went to bear the sad news to the family night settled down and the workers ceased their search for the dead. The search for the bodies of the victims was not resumed at daylight this morning.

The Scene at Dusk.

A more gruesome sight than the scene of the disaster just before dusk can scarcely be imagined. As night came on the wind became colder; the iron cornices, partly blown from their fastenings, gave a discordant music for the dead, and the splintered papers and debris of every description were swirled about, adding to the general confusion of the scene; the half-wrecked walls loomed in against the darkened horizon in striking contrast, and the smoke from adjacent stacks was blown across the street, and the faces of those who still remained in the vicinity. A cordon of ropes, stretched from the street corners, kept the curious away from the scene, and the alley between Farnam and Douglas, served to keep the idle spectators at a safe distance from the scene of the disaster.

The event of the fall of another portion of the walls. Of the buildings that had been occupied by Peter Boyer & Co., D. C. Dunbar and Edward Olson, but little remained. The walls were crumbled brick and splintered timbers. The crowd was not so great as it had been throughout the afternoon, but the number of spectators was still sufficiently large to block the way to the scene, and the police and firemen who still remained on duty could do nothing more than to keep the crowd back, and to recover the bodies of the dead had ended for them and for the many civilians that had gathered about the scene. The remains of Peter Boyer were unearthed from beneath the debris.

The pieces of the business an awful fascination for men, women and children alike, and the fact, sight nor left the fatal spot in the vicinity through the night.

Viewed at Midnight.

At midnight, the rain presented an appearance even more ghastly. The shattered wall, the demolished structure beside it, and the antiquated shanty which also fell beneath the crushing mass of brick and mortar, with their tangled masses of beams, rods, rafters and splintered timbers, outlined in the feeble light of the moon. The place was deserted. The belated pedestrians slouched the side of the street on which they stood, and in the street light the wind whistled through the openings and loosened sheets of the shattered metal cornice, at intervals striking against the wooden building street, sounded a knell for the victims.

The ropes stretched in front and at the side of the building, had prevented the passing of the horse cars, and at intervals, hung rude symbols of danger. In view of the damage that had been wrought, it was so natural to all street gatherings, and men compared notes in almost whispers as the firemen cautiously commenced their work every where dressed in black, and some sound of life from beneath the ruins, but without avail, and the crowd again pressed close upon the workers, until the police once more intervened and ran a rope down the center of the street, before which no one was allowed to go.

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With the Dead.

From the scene of the appalling horror the half dozen dead bodies were removed one at a time to Drexel & Maul's morgue. The first conveyed to that place was the lifeless and mangled body of Edward Olson, the ironman of the street, who came here in 1872 from Sweden. For ten years he was a clerk for a clothing merchant, who did business near the same place. After this he went into business with Sam Berton. Later he entered his present business.

The next unfortunate found in the debris was that of Peter Boyer, the manager of the Equitable Life Assurance society, who had been doing business in the United States National bank building.

Sammy Leonard, a bookkeeper for Peter Boyer, was the fourth taken to the morgue. He has a wife, and was married about a year ago in Des Moines, where he was engaged in the family of his employer.

There were all kinds of rumors about what Peter Boyer, an agent for safes, who did business at 710 Pierce street, was reported that he was not in the wreck; that he was out of the city on business. Others said that he was in the wreck, but that he was not in the wreck; that he was out of the city on business. Others said that he was in the wreck, but that he was not in the wreck; that he was out of the city on business.

Section 25 of ordinance 1733 provides that whenever in the opinion of the superintendent of buildings any wall or other part of a burned building is dangerous the superintendent shall notify the owner or his agent in writing, specifying wherein such danger consists or wherein such building is unsafe or defective.

Mr. Adolph Meyer, who has been acting as agent for Max Meyer in the absence of the latter from the city for a number of days, was met by a reporter last evening and asked as to whether the above requirements of the ordinance had been complied with. Mr. Meyer says that neither he nor his brother had received any notice from the superintendent of buildings, and supposing that the ordinance had been complied with, he decided to build another story on the building. The experts employed by the insurance companies pronounced the walls in good condition and allowed one-third of the insurance.

Mr. George C. Whitlock, superintendent of buildings, says that on the morning following the fire he spent an hour and a half in the building examining the ruins, and thought they were perfectly safe. He thought the south wall was the weakest, but considered even that safe. The east wall was sixteen inches thick and the brick building to the east acted as a buttress. He says that Mr. Robert Livesey's opinion was the same in regard to the safety of the building. Only on Sunday last Mr. J. F. Coats had also examined the walls and pronounced them safe. A short time ago Mr. Whitlock heard that the Meyers contemplated adding another story to the building, and he was called to a stretcher, to await removal to a hospital.

crushed and he suffered other internal injuries. He was also horribly burned by falling into the engine room, and was taken to St. Joseph's hospital.

"Oh, my God, give me something to end this torture—kill me, don't let me suffer this way any more. Were the starting cry that emanated from the lips of the sufferer. When he was put into an ambulance to be taken to St. Joseph's hospital. At 7:30 he died, and he was conveyed to the morgue.

This compiled the list of the six dead men at the morgue, and as they lay mangled and crushed death they presented a most ghastly spectacle.

All the afternoon and the early part of night the street in front of the undertaking establishment and the way in the rear, were thronged with a curious crowd who wanted to get a glimpse of the dead. As soon as the first body was taken to the morgue, Drexel & Maul were compelled to lock the doors in order to keep out the crowd. The request will be held this morning at 10 o'clock. The jury is composed of Nat Brown, James Stephenson, John Hamner, Henry Gibson, George Guy and A. R. Fenwick.

The Injured Survivors.

Of the sixteen who were crushed and mangled by yesterday afternoon's terrible catastrophe, ten people escaped death but more or less mangled.

Mrs. Elizabeth Henzen, who lived over Edward Olson's clothing store at 1016 Farnam, was dangerously hurt. She was among the first taken out of the debris. Her side was crushed and she was unable to get up. She was removed to the residence of George Weinden, at the corner of Twelfth and Harney streets, where her sister, Mrs. W. W. Danvers, is now nursing her. Her injuries, it is thought, will not result fatally.

Miss Emma Oliver, a stenographer for Dunbar & Co., was severely injured about the head and arms. She was taken to the Hotel Esmond, where she rooms.

Charles Casar, foreman of the engravers' department, and a bricklayer, was severely injured, but not badly. He was also conveyed to the Hotel Esmond. He and Miss Oliver were getting along nicely at a late hour last night.

George Scarle, foreman of the art department, and E. A. Phillips were at work on the head and arms. She was taken to the Hotel Esmond, where she rooms.

C. H. Silver, a wood engraver whose home is in Sioux City, was taken to a hospital and a broken finger.

John Jackson, a seventeen-year-old boy, and Frank Traylor, a bricklayer, were also injured, but not badly.

Charles Blake, who lives at Council Bluffs, sustained a badly bruised eye.

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that this would not be safe, as the Eleventh street wall was only twelve inches thick.

While trying to ensure their people's lives, his ended. Little did he know his life as well as others were endangered while he was in Peter Boyer's office, evidently trying to induce him to take up a policy.

The right side of Mr. Mitchell's face was so severely injured that he would be almost instantly. He was a man of most magnificent physique; tall, robust and handsome. His height was six feet and three inches, and he weighed upwards of 200 pounds. His age was about forty.

Mr. Mitchell and his wife came to Omaha from Minneapolis February 1, and took up their residence at the Paxton hotel. For the first time his wife entered the dining room at the Paxton hotel, and he was sitting at night at supper. She presumed that business detained him. She waited a long time for him, but he did not come. She went to her room, and there she found a note from her husband, in which he said that he had accepted a place in the cabinet, and that he would be in Omaha on the 1st of December. In my news, catching I discovered an attempt on the part of certain persons to disparage Senator Allison in the opinion of the president-elect. A sort of conspiracy to create a misunderstanding between him and General Harrison, and that he had been sincere in his desire to relate a little incident that occurred about the 1st of December. In my news, catching I discovered an attempt on the part of certain persons to disparage Senator Allison in the opinion of the president-elect. 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