

FIFTY LIVES THE LATEST ESTIMATE

The Number Cut Short by the Recent Wreck in Washington Suburbs.

TRAIN CREW ARRESTED.

MOST OF THE VICTIMS WERE RESIDENTS OF THE CAPITAL SCENE AFTER THE CATASTROPHES WAS SICKENING.

Publishers' Press
Washington, Dec. 31. — The total number of killed in the rear-end collision on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad at Terra Cotta, D. C., a block station three miles from Washington, is 52, of whom 47 have been identified, and the number of injured 50. The wreck was caused by an engine drawing eight empty cars running into the Frederick express, just as the passenger train pulled out from the station bound for this city. Hildebrand, the engineer in charge of the "dead" train, who was arrested shortly after the disaster, declares that on account of dense fog he was unable to distinguish the signal light at Terra Cotta block station. The tower operator declares the danger signal was in its proper place, and that Hildebrand's train passed the tower station going at a speed of from 50 to 60 miles an hour.

Scores of persons visited the morgue to assist in the identification of unknown dead. The total number of bodies carried into the morgue was 32, but several identified were turned over to undertaking establishments to be prepared for burial. Most of the victims were residents of Washington and suburbs.

Coroner Nevitt, who went to the scene of the wreck to view the remains of the dead and to secure statements from injured passengers, empaneled a jury and began an inquest. The inquest was adjourned over until Wednesday and, according to the coroner, may last several days.

Members of the crew of the train causing the wreck were placed under arrest by the police. They are Harry Hildebrand, engineer; Frank Hoffmier, conductor; J. C. McCullom, fireman; Robert Rutter, brakeman, and W. A. Norris, baggagemaster. All were taken to the police station.

Officials of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad will conduct an investigation at Baltimore to determine the cause of the catastrophe. Hildebrand and the fireman of the "dead" train, the tower operator and all others in any way connected with the operation of the train will be examined.

The scene after the catastrophe was sickening. Bodies were buried in every direction. It was only a few minutes after the collision until nearly all the residents of Terra Cotta, a sparsely settled village, gathered at the scene of the disaster and began removing the dead and rescuing the injured from masses of debris. The rescuers labored under great difficulties, for many of the injured were wedged

beneath wreckage and numbers of them died before they could be rescued. The many acts of heroism and self-sacrifice that were performed will never be known.

Lying in a critical condition on a cot at Providence hospital, Frederick Leigh, a brakeman on the passenger train, gasped out his story of the wreck. "When we passed Kensington the danger signals were hoisted and we were told to move along cautiously," he said. "When we hit Terra Cotta the signals were still out. We left the station slowly and proceeded to Terra Cotta, our next stop. The signals were out at Terra Cotta. We took aboard a few passengers and started to pull out for Washington, when the train following us hit the back coach and smashed it to splinters."

While the wreck had brought deepest sorrow to scores of Washington homes, a triple portion visited that of Dr. E. O. Belt, who lost his life with his two sons, Edward and St. Clair. Mrs. Belt was at home nursing the youngest son, Norville, 2 years old, who has a broken leg. Hearing of the wreck and knowing her husband and sons were on the train it was with increasing horror she waited in vain for their coming. She summoned Dr. Morton Griffith and started him in search of the missing. Dr. Griffith first visited the hospitals and then turned to the morgue, where he found the bodies of Dr. Belt and Edward. St. Clair was located in a hospital, where he died.

Following is a revised list of the dead identified: Robert Anderson, Newark, O.; Rev. Ollin L. Bailey, Newark, O.; L. V. Baldwin, 40, East Orange, N. J.; Dr. E. O. Belt, chief surgeon of Episcopal Eye, Ear and Throat hospital and surgeon for Baltimore & Ohio railroad, Washington, and 7-year-old son Edward; Miss Corinne Boehler, 19, milliner, Washington; Commodore P. Brown, compositor government printing office, Washington; J. A. Bond and S. L. Bond, address not known; Mrs. J. F. Buttles, 30, whose husband is in the Washington hospital department; Mrs. Frank R. Chase and infant child, South Brookland, D. C.; Professor T. J. King, Kensington, Md., organist at Wesleyan Methodist Episcopal church, Washington, and statistician at naval observatory; T. A. Kelly, Kensington, Md., engineer at the capitol; Henry Higgins, Brookland, D. C., and 7-year-old son George; Dr. E. G. Harris, dentist, Washington; Mary Lippold, 39, employee of bureau of engraving and printing; Norman Rogers, 30, Marion, Ind., traffic manager Central Union Telephone company; L. McCaghey, 14, son of J. C. McCaghey of Baltimore, chief clerk of general superintendent of the Baltimore & Ohio; Frederick Leigh, Washington Junction, Md., brakeman on passenger train; Theodore Mertz, New York, streetcar conductor; Thomas Metz, 22, Germantown, Md.; Lucy B. Millican, Deanwood, S. C.; Fannie Austin (colored), Miss Reeves, Terra Cotta, D. C.; Carrie Cornwell, 22, Nettie Lee Compher, 30, Lulu V. Kohn, 25, Minnie B. Merkling, 25, Mrs. D. G. Pearson, Annie Cunlow, 6, Mabel Sturgeon, 20, Rosalie Cross, 23, Mrs. Mary A. Caher, Mrs. May Cook and infant child, Mrs. Anna W. Reading, Mrs. S. W. Shrewbridge and infant child, A. L. Lowe, clerk, E. L. Garrett, J. Ruppert, merchant, all of Washington; Miss Nellie Cole, York, Pa.; Mrs. L. A. Barnes, Terra Cotta; St. Clair Belt, son of Dr. Belt.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.
Bears the
Signature of
Pat H. Fletcher

GOT NO TURKEYS; ARE "DEAD SORE"

Baggagemen on Panhandle Displeased Over Treatment by Adams' Express

OLD CUSTOM BROKEN.

THIS YEAR THE COMPANY CUT OFF THE TURKEYS HERETOFORE GIVEN BAGGAGEMEN AND SUBSTITUTED OYSTERS.

As has been the custom for a number of years, the Adams Express company remembered Panhandle conductors and baggagemen again this year, and as a result it is stated upon reliable authority, the baggagemen are "dead sore." Until a year ago both conductors and baggagemen were presented with orders, calling for the delivery of a turkey to the holder of the order. A year ago there was a change and now only the conductors get a turkey, while the baggagemen receive two cans of oysters.

The baggagemen assert that during the annual Christmas rush they assist the express messengers in checking, classifying, receiving and delivering freight matter at all stations, while all the conductors do is merely to run the train. Because of the favors shown the express company by the baggagemen, the latter feel they should be entitled to the turkey instead of oysters.

It is understood that some of the baggagemen are swearing by all that is good, bad and indifferent, that they will not assist the express messengers next year, as the service is merely optional with them. There are no rules making it necessary, neither are there any orders prohibiting the practice.

Division Superintendent Curtis, of the express company, issues the orders for turkeys and oysters from his headquarters in Columbus. A year ago he decided to present only the conductors with turkey. At that time no attention was paid to the matter, the baggagemen thinking that they would get turkeys this year, but turkeys came not, consequently there are some "sore spots." No more oysters for them. They want turkey next year or nothing.

THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE TRUTH.

A worthy squire had a cow that always kicked and reared when milked. He decided to get rid of it and, calling one of his farm hands, told him to take the animal to market.

"Sell the brute," he said, "but, mind you tell no lies. I've been unlucky in my purchase, but that's no reason why I should deceive others."

Two hours later the man returned from market with a larger sum than the squire had expected. "I'm sure you lied about that cow," he said.

"Not a bit of it," replied the man. "Every time I was asked if she was a good milker I simply said, 'You'll get tired of milking before you've got all her milk.' They asked no other questions, so that I didn't volunteer any more answers." — Bon Vivant.

RELIEF IS NOW IN SIGHT

RICH, NOW HOPEFUL.

Richmond Groceryman is About to Get Rid of a Job That He no Longer Desires to Hold.

Earnest J. Rich, the South 11th street groceryman who is also postmaster at Spartansburg, went to that little city yesterday to wind up the final reports of the office.

According to recent reports from Washington the office has been abolished by the Postoffice Department, and the citizens there will hereafter send their mail from Crete, Ind., by rural route.

Owing to his business connections in this city, Mr. Rich has been trying to get released from the office but until the past few days he has not been able to do so. He will return to Richmond today.

'TWAS NOT FOR HIM TO DECIDE THE QUESTION

"SIR," asked the pale faced, side whiskered man of the heavy set, chubby checked man who was smoking a long black cigar and reading a sporting paper, "would you permit your boy to smoke cigarettes when he grows up?"

"That's a question you'll have to decide for yourself," replied the heavy set man. "I don't know how you would look at it, you see. It's you and your boy for that."

"I did not refer to myself in the question, sir. What I meant to inquire was whether you intended to permit your own boy to smoke."

"I've never given it a minute's thought."

"What, never pondered upon the effect upon the constitution, to say nothing of the morals, of your son to allow him to smoke the deadly things?"

"Never a thought—no, sir."

"And will you allow him to drink?"

"Oh, can such things be? Can such things be? Allowing your child to grow up in the midst of temptation and never speaking a fatherly word to—"

"Look here, colonel! You mean well, but maybe you'd better let me tell you that I'm a bachelor of thirty years' standing since the last girl threw me over, and I haven't any."

The man of the pale face and side whiskers was making a dissolving view of himself.—Judge.

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

A pessimist gets a fit of the blues every time he finds his stock of trouble running low.

He is a friend indeed who listens patiently to the history of your appendicitis.

A professional genius has a hard time with the occasional knocker.

Where there is a will there is apt to be a lot of lawyers.

A gossip's stock is mostly supposition and elongated imagination.

Honesty is generally regarded as a positive condition, but it probably denotes a negative degree of temptation.

Some people act as if they think that they ought to be applauded for simply drawing their breath.

A switch in time often saves ninety-nine unpleasantries.

Speak gently to the hired girl lest hunger be your lot.

A good cook has a multitude of friends.

Don't look a gift horse in the mouth or a man's religion in the pocketbook.

Vanity is a shield that turns many a well meant shaft.

With the Majority.

It's nothing less than folly To be so wise, then silly. To be so good, then silly. And to be of us, my masters. Are troubled much that way. We think if we are able.

The smallest words to spell And keep out of the foolish house. We're doing pretty well.

We have been told that wisdom Is crying in the street. She must be very hungry And longs to think no eat.

For a meanwhile folly dances Around the festive board And feeds upon the very best.

The market can afford.

There may be satisfaction For the wife.

To know his dates and tables And carry off the prize, But is he quite as happy As those who honor miss And show by their demeanor That ignorance is bliss?

Bets Were the Wrong Way.

For the wife.

To know his dates and tables

And carry off the prize,

But is he quite as happy

As those who honor miss

And show by their demeanor

That ignorance is bliss?

What Bobbie Missed.

It seems a pity—that Robbie Burns didn't have a pen—of that \$200,000 to spend that J. Pierpont Morgan has just paid for his manuscripts. What a time the Scotch bard could have had on election night with just a tenth part of it!

By midnight he would have been talking poetry in all of the different varieties of Scotch dialect that had ever been invented, and the local paper that could have made arrangement to have a stenographer follow him around would have got enough good copy to last a month.

But that is the way it usually is with the poet; he hasn't business ability enough to be born in an age when millionaires are around looking for ways of spending their money, and if Burns had postponed living until the present day probably one of his chief diversions would be to take a regular weekly fall out of Pierpont and his kind.

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