

PICTORIAL STORY OF WEDNESDAY'S WRECK ON THE RIO GRANDE.

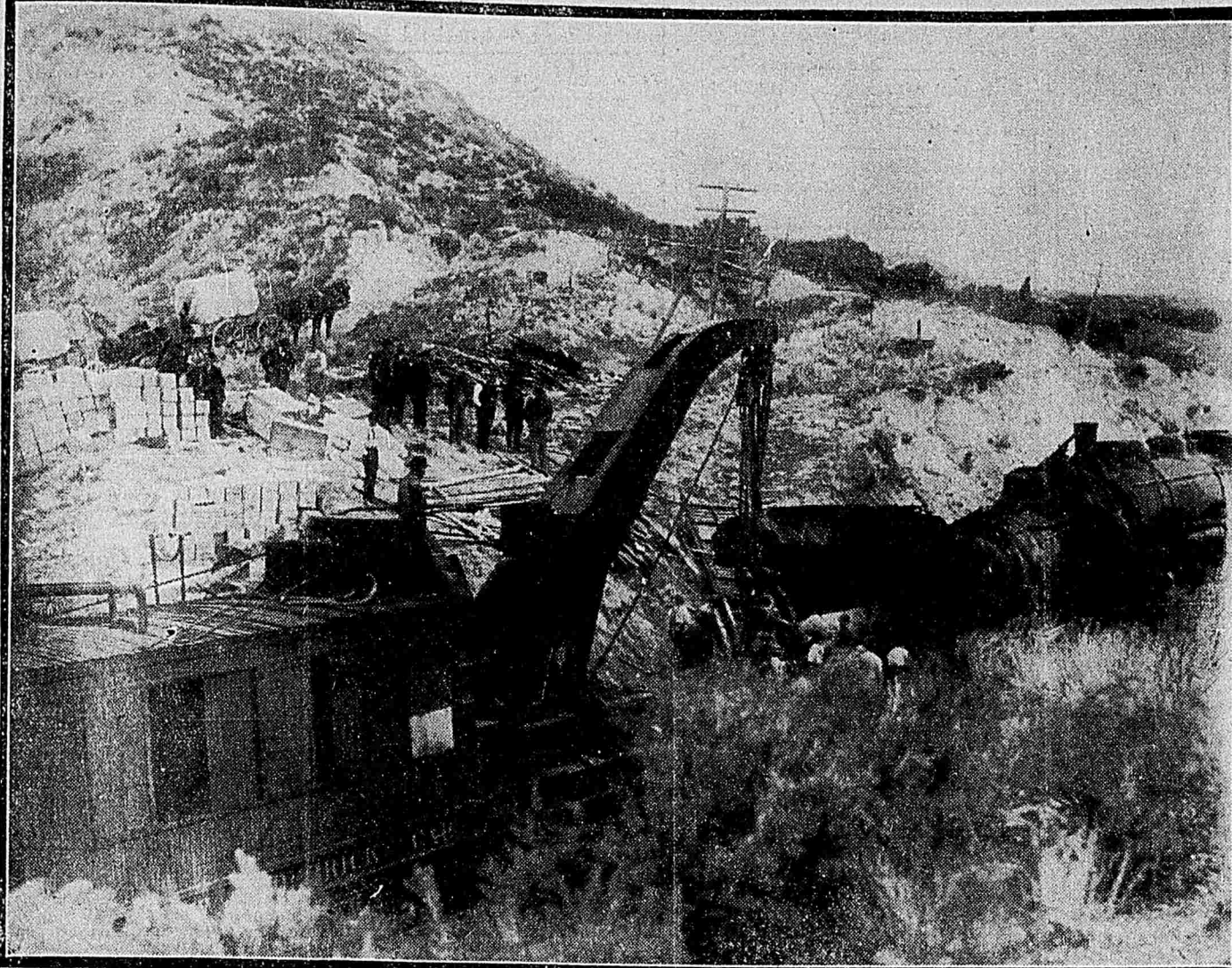


PHOTO BY H. LEE JELLMUM, AMERICAN FORK.

WRECKING OUTFIT PICKING UP THE DEBRIS—CASES OF CANNED GOODS SAVED FROM DESTRUCTION STACKED UP ON BANK.

Funeral services over the body of Thomas J. Loftis, the engineer killed in the Rio Grande wreck at Jordan Narrows early Thursday morning, and whose body, as stated last night, was found under a pile of coal yesterday noon, will be held at the Masonic temple Sunday at 1 p. m., under the auspices of the Masons and Engineers.

The body was found under a small pile of coal on the left-hand side of the wrecked train. This fact accounts for the delay in discovering the body, as it was supposed that if the engineer jumped, he would naturally have jumped from his own side of the engine, whereas he must have followed the fireman to his side of the cab and jumped from there. The fact that no bones were broken was evidence that he must have been merely stunned by the fall and smothered to death by the coal and debris with which he was covered. The body was found by Engineers Frank L. Cowan and Albert Higgins.

The watch carried by Engineer Loftis stopped at 2:35. The fact that the wreck is known to have occurred at 2:25 shows that the watch was either running fast, or that it continued to run a few minutes after the impact with the ground.

Thomas J. Loftis came to Salt Lake from Missouri. He was 37 years old and is survived by his mother, Sarah Loftis, four brothers, three sisters, and three sons. The sisters, Joannette, Adah and Addie and two brothers, John D. and Ted, and his mother, all live in

IT WAS UNDER A PORTION OF THIS WRECKAGE THAT THE BODY OF ENGINEER LOFTIS WAS RECOVERED YESTERDAY.

the old Loftis home in Joplin, Mo. The two other brothers are Lee L. of Castle Gate and James R., who lived here with Loftis. The three children, Raymond, 12 years; Frank, 10 years; and Earl, 3 years, are in this city. All his brothers are railroad men. John D. is a conductor on the Missouri, Kansas & Texas; Ted is a locomotive fireman on the Frisco line; James R. is a conductor on the Rio Grande and Lee L. also works for the Rio Grande in Castle Gate.

His wife, Mary, died last May, and a 6-months-old baby, Lois, died last April. Mr. Loftis was a member of the Masonic lodge of Joplin, Mo., and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

He had been engaged in railroad work about 13 years, and was affectionately known as "Old Missouri" by his comrades.

His fellow engineers say that the fact that Loftis' watch stopped at 2:35 shows that Loftis was not responsible for the wreck, as he had orders to wait until 2:30 for the other freight train. They claim that the assertion that the wreck occurred at 2:35 is refuted by the testimony of Loftis' watch.

The body of the dead engineer was brought to Salt Lake and taken to E. W. Hall's undertaking rooms, where it will remain until the funeral services tomorrow.

The funeral services over Engineer McAlister's body will also be held tomorrow, from O'Donnell's undertaking parlors at 3 p. m.

Why the Railroad Telegrapher Quit.

THE severe strain under which train dispatchers and telegraph operators work is generally admitted. Once in a while they break down and then there is a wreck. Then follows the placing of the responsibility and, sometimes, the dead engineer is blamed and the affair goes down to history as another case of "disobeyed orders."

The Cleveland Plain Dealer under the heading of "Why the Railroad Telegrapher Quit," tells the story of an ex-telegrapher who tied up the system but managed to pull through without a wreck.

Here is his story: I met the dispatcher just now and he wanted to know what I quit for. I up and told him. He sort of screwed his face up and whistled soft. But he didn't say anything. He understood why I quit.

Many's the time I've heard passengers on trains remark how fast, comfortable and safe travel is nowadays. And I wonder if they'd also sound in their berth if they knew the chances they were taking.

I've had ten years of it, and once I ran a railroad all one night. But never again. The dispatcher was competent enough, but new to the division, and he got all balled up at the start. I had the desk next to his, copying.

"Jack," he says, "this overhead pouring sweat, though the office was none too warm, 'you'll have to run the division for me tonight.'"

And I did it. I didn't pile any trains up, but I had the queerest looking railroad you ever saw by morning. Took the first trick men all day to untangle the trains.

But, coming to the thing that sickened me of railroading. It was at Ashtabula, in a dinky little shanty with a stove in it, and not much else.

The first section of P. F. No. 54 was due at midnight. P. F. means fast freight, if you don't know. No. 54

was followed by three other sections, about 10 minutes apart. No. 54, east-bound, was to meet No. 41, D. P. of three sections, westbound, somewhere between Ashtabula and Conneaut, 14 miles away.

Some time before midnight I got order No. 98 from the dispatcher at Conneaut. He says to copy mine, that is a copy of the order for the conductor and engineer of each of the four sections and one for myself, making nine in all.

No. 98 is a time order on the first section of 54 at Fargo. A few minutes later comes order No. 99, also copy mine, which annuls No. 98 so far as first 54 is concerned, which gets a time order at gravel pit, further east, where it was to wait for all three sections of west-bound 41.

WHERE THE TROUBLE STARTED.

When the first 54 came in I delivered both orders to the conductor and engineer and got their signs, all right. I remember. Peace was the engineer, and he said: "This is no good to me," and crumpling up order 98 in his hand, tossed it away. The conductor did the same.

You understand that for them order 98 was annulled. But their action of tossing the order away impelled me absent-mindedly to do likewise. I crumpled up my order and tossed it through the window.

It was a bad night, snowing and blowing hard. I told the dispatcher that the first 54 was getting held up at L. S. A freight was crossing. He says, "O. K., and let him know when second 54c-m-g."

The second, third and fourth 54 came, got their orders and went. I got two necessary "signs" to order 99 from each section. Then I sent the "signs" to the dispatcher to show him I was on the job and that the sections had their order.

He comes back at me quick: "Go ahead 'signs' 98." Right here I went crazy. Order No. 98, annulled for the first section, was intended for the three sections following. And I had not delivered it to them.

I could see the first two sections meeting and piling up somewhere in that 14-mile stretch of snow covered track. I jumped up and did a fool trot around the stove and back, pulling my hair. The dispatcher was waiting, and I knew it.

"Go ahead 'signs' 98," he repeated, and his sending was impatient. SENT OUT A LIE.

Of course I had the names. They were on order 90. All I had to do was copy them. Without reasoning that it was a wicked thing to do or that it was only making a terrible mistake worse, I sat down, and with fingers that trembled I sent the dispatcher a lie! I sent him the "signs," which was the same as saying order 98 had been delivered to second, third and fourth 54.

Then followed two of the most frightful hours I ever endured. I pictured the awful wreck which I was convinced I was the author of. The two first sections would meet head on. Because of the wildness of the night flags could not be seen far behind. The following sections would hit the wreck, one after another. I could see the dead and dying—hear the screech of escaping steam—feel the awful impact as the trains met.

HOURS OF SUSPENSE.

There were no telegraph stations between Ashtabula and Conneaut. There was absolutely no way to find out what damage I had done by my carelessness. I could only wait, straining for the first foot of the first 41 coming into Ashtabula. Then I would know that somehow 41 had got through.

But the thing couldn't happen. The trains were bound to meet. If I was crazy before, I was a maniac now. I ran out of the shanty into the storm, I raced, stumbling and falling, over the tracks. I slunk back into the shanty. I groaned aloud. I lay down and groveled on the floor. Then I sang and shouted, trying to forget.

Two hours! Now this is what was happening while I raved. The first 54 lost time in the storm, and when it reached gravel pit its three following sections were right behind. And there was 41, the first section, in plain sight on the siding, the headlights of the following sections shining into the cabooses in front. So there was no danger.

The siding at gravel pit is only long enough for two sections, so it took a lot of backing and switching to get the two trains by. That's what made it so late at Ashtabula.

The two hours passed, and hope died. I knew—knew—the trains had met. Else why was 41 so late?

SAFE AFTER ALL.

I was hollering, I recall, when I heard a sound, which at first I took for my own voice, yet coming from a distance. I knew I was crazy then. The sound was repeated, and I jumped to the floor.

And there, shining through the falling snow and growing larger every second, was the headlight of the first 41. Then I cried, bellowed like a baby—and laughed and shook hands with myself and jumped up and down. When the day man came I put on my coat and hat, set down at the key for the last time and called my old friend, Billy Summers, on No. 2. My message was to the chief: "Accept my resignation at once."

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IMPROVEMENTS AT PARK

Commissioners Considering Spending Money—Plan for the Schoolboy Angler—Waste of Fish.

The board of park commissioners in session this afternoon at the office of ex-Governor Heber M. Wells, one of its members. The most important matter to be considered is whether or not the lake in Liberty park shall be enlarged. It is proposed to make the body of water considerably larger, to have it surrounded by a retaining wall and to make provision for keeping it in a sanitary condition. Under present conditions the lake emits an offensive odor almost the entire year, owing to the mucky ground underlying part of it.

At present the lake is all but dry, the lower gates having been arranged to let the water out gradually, a custom that has been followed every year. Such action has been necessary, but has always resulted in the loss of the fish sought to be made a feature of the lake. During the early summer there were myriads of sunfish in the lakelet, with here and there a sprinkling of other species. This season a little more leeway was given to boys in the matter of fishing in the lake, but usually it is extremely hazardous for an urchin to be seen in the neighborhood with pole and line in hand. It is too bad, the boys say, to deprive

them of angling for the little toothsome beauties, only to turn them loose at one fell swoop, to be lost in the bigger waters lower down.

From the west bank of the lake to the west side of the park, a distance of probably 50 rods, zig-zag as it runs, is a deep ravine, which could easily and cheaply be converted into a reservoir that would contain millions of fish. A cheap dam and a screen at the lower end and the pond would be complete.

The man or men who would work for such a project and then after a brief closed season permit boys of school age to have unrestricted angling for a few days at intervals during the summer—well, the undying gratitude of the youngsters would be the reward of such beneficence.

PHYSICAL WORK AT U. OF U.

Never before has such stress been laid upon physical education work in the university as today. This is more the case with the men's classes than the women's, for in the past the men's gym classes have been small and poorly attended. Not sufficient time could be given to the work, as one man had charge of it all, together with the athletics.

This year E. J. Milne, formerly of the L. D. S., is assisting J. H. Hadlock in this department, and his charge of all men's gym classes. Assistant Coach Milne is using the Swedish system of gymnastics and his

course is one of physical education in every sense of the word. Each student is required to take a physical examination, and a chart recording his physical condition, is kept where it can be instantly referred to. If the chart shows any defect he is given special corrective work to overcome it. Special hours are given to this work entirely.

In this course all freshmen are required to take two hours per week. The present freshman class numbers over 60 members. Thus far this year the work has been confined to Swedish and light gymnastic exercises. Heavy work will begin about Dec. 1, when the weather makes it impossible for the men to get the proper amount of exercise.

S.S.S. THE CURE FOR SCROFULA

Swollen glands about the neck, weak eyes, pale, waxy complexions, running sores and ulcers, skin diseases, and general poor health, are the usual ways in which Scrofula is manifested. The disease being deeply entrenched in the blood often attacks the bones, resulting in White Swelling, or hip disease, and the scrofulous and tubercular matter so thoroughly destroys the healthful properties of the blood that Scrofula sometimes terminates in consumption, an incurable disease. The entire circulation being contaminated, the only way to cure the trouble is to thoroughly purify the blood and restore the circulation to a strong, healthy state.

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