FIFTY-FIRST YEAR.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1900, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

NUMBER 287

38 MAIN STREET.

AFTERMATH OF THE STORM.

A Member of Miss Clara Barton's Staff Writes to the Desert News Concerning the Red Cross Work in

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Galveston, Oct. 6 .- When the Red Cross party left Washington, nearly a month ago, in response to the first call of distress from Galveston, it was my intention to write you at once, of current happenings in the track of the

slorm. Hastening to the field, we found conditions so infinitely worse than had been described and so much work to do in the way of sorely-needed immediare relief, that letter-writing was altogather out of the question. My promised mite, however, can hardly have been missed while hundreds of professional news-gatherers, presumably

on the spot," were flooding the country with information and misinformatry with information and misinformation concerning the great calamity. As
to the misinformation, it came about as
naturally as during the Cuban war,
when the noble army of war-sorrespondents figuratively "fit, bled and
dled" on the safe and easy fields of
Tampa and Key West. When things
were at their worst on this small island
of the Mexican Guif—when dead citisens lay by thousands amid the wreck zens lay by thousands amid the wreck of their homes, and corpses, dumped by barge loads into the bay, came floating back to menace the living, and long-buried coffins, washed from the graces of Calveston's six cemeteries, were cattered in the streets; when raving maniacs searched the debris for loved ones whom they will never find unti-the resurrection morning, and the nights were lurid with cremations—of naked bodies tiled like cord-wood, black and white together, irespective of age sex or previous condition; when ghouls in human shape prowled amid the chaos, cutting off ears and fingers for the jewels on them, though martial law prevalled with such hysterical for the lewess of them, block and the law prevailed with such hysterical severity that shootings were common for offences like the taking of a photograph; when railways and bridges were obliterated for miles around, stamers aground on new sand-bars thrown up by the storm, telegraph wires down, nostal facilities non est, ed to reach this little island from anyand to reach this little island from any where outside was to run the gauntlet of soldier's bayonets—'Our special cor-respondent' may perhaps be excused for disseminating his hear-say news

o-land of Texas. Now that the worst is over and the news-gatherers are gone their ways in serich of fresh sensations, this may be udded by one who has been in position to know whereof she speaks, viz.—that the half has not been told of the most

SINCE NOAH'S DAY,

and never will be. The blood-curdling accounts of the yellowest journals have not been exaggerations, but on the conords to portray the full horror of ou may read figures and statistics loomsday without being able to orm an idea of the real situation in magine, if you can, the most thick-

ly populated section of a beautiful city -ciosely-built-up streets of handsome

houses—swept clean as a parlor floor, every vestige of a thousand homes removed in a moment, to be heaped in distant piaces as kindling-wood and scattered bricks. Every house that stands today in Galveston is a house of mourning. Every member of many families is numbered among the dead, and sadder yet are the cases where one or two are left out of numerous houses. t two are left out of numerous house-Funcy yourself sitting at home, as usual some evening. Bistening to equinoxial wind and rain—when suddenly it is discovered that the Gulf of Mexico is stealing up into your door-yard. At the same time though you do not know it, the sixmile-wide bay is peeping up in the other direction. Higher and higher rises these two great bodies of waser, till in e short time, they meet and sh in the center of the doomed citysweep back again, carrying all ore them. Salt waters rush in at your door, eager for prey. You retreat to the upper story—to find a cyclone raging the roof blown away, the house family are buried under the debris, the rest rush out into the wild night of darkness, (the gas works and electric light plants were among the first to be demolished), raging waters of unknown depth in place of the familiar streets, the icy current swirling with astonishing velocity, carrying trees. roofs, timbers, dead bodies, a beating rain that lacerates the flesh like a positentes' acourge—shrieks, groans, vain prayers for help, rising above the van prayers for help, tising above the fury of the gale. One by one your loved ones are torn from your side. Selsing upon any floating object, per-liaps you are carried far out into the measureless Gulf of Mexico, to be dashed back with the returning tide, if ou can manage to keen so long afloat. have talked with scores of people who suffered a similar experience, some of them children and deltoate girls. The marvel is that any survived. All are bruised and battered by flying debris, with bruised. broken bones and shattered and today in Galveston are more than a hundred cases of nervous prostration which will result in death— the aftermath of that awful night. In nearly every instance women were entirely denuded of clothing by the

combined force of WIND AND WAVES,

and when found, living or dead, were naked as the minute they were born. Think of the sick, the crippled, the introduction, the feeble of a populous city in such desperate plight! Among unprotective here. such desperate plight! Among un-printable happenings may be whispered a hint of the horrible fact that scores of bables were prematurely born in the key water of ley water-of course to perish, and among the corpses were found many females partially delivered of infants. ichales partially delivered of infants.

Heaven knows, you have heard incidents enough; but I cannot forbear teiling you one or two that have come under my personal observation. There is a beautiful little bride in Galveston, a few weeks married, who was honey-mooning with her young husband in their new doll-house of a home, when the storm broke. Their housewhen the storm broke. Their house— the paternal wedding-gift, furnished with all that, love and wealth could suggest—was one of the many of which no trace can now be discovered. Sud-denly the young couple found them-selves struggling in water up to their

was one of the few buildings comparatively uninjured, and the good Sisters resuscitated him. Meanwhile the poor the storm-tossed Gulf of Mexico, far beyond sight of land. All night long she was beaten about by the billows, but somehow managed to keep herself afloat, though chilled to partial un-consciousness; and with the

MORNING TIDE was brought back again—into the emptied grave-yard of St. Mary's, as it fortunately happened. Seeing the walls of a building, she had just life enough left to call for help. The grief-crazed husband, pacing the corridors mourning for her whom he believed to be lost, heard the cry—by some mysterious soud-sense rather than by mortal earand insisted on going out to the rescue. To quiet him, though with no idea that any living thing was an that swirling flood, the two or three men about the place went with him. They found a young woman, stark naked, found a young woman, stark naked, clinging to a board which had tempor-arily moored itself against to tomb-stone, and—heaven be praised—the husband held his own dear wife in his

husband held his own dear wife in his arms again.

A widowed lady of considerable wealth lived alone with two daughters, 17 and 15 years of age. Their house went to pieces and both girls, being pinned under the walls, were drowned. The mother kept their bodies concealed for several days, lest they be cast into the sea, or cremated on those Zhastly heaps—as coffins were unobtainable, and separate funerals for thousands out of the question. A friend, also widowed, had lost three small children. The latter brought her precious dead over secretly, one by one; and together, in the darkness of night, the two women dug shallow graves for the five with their own hands, and buried them in the shallow graves for the five with their own hands, and buried them in the

goor-yard of the demolished home.

A couple of miles from town, beyond the fort, was a Catholic orphan asylum, isolated from any other building. When the sisters in charge saw that death was inevitable, they roped the ninety-eight children together, and each sister tied herself firmly to certain number tied herself firmly to certain number of them; and thus they were found next day, all drowned, but three small boys who had somehow become untied and lodged in a tree-hardly one brick left standing upon another of the orphanage building.

One of the most astonishing freaks

of the storm was its gruesome work of robbing graves. Vaults, built of stone, concrete and iron, were crushed like egg-shells, and their contents scattered abroad, costly manuments were shattered, headstones carried hundreds of feet, and old graves washed even, disturbing the peaceful rest of those long dead. In one private vault, where nine members of a family were laid, only two nembers of a family were laid, only two
caskets now remain, the rest having
been carried off by the greedy Gulf.
Metallic boxes

FLOAT LIKE CORKS,

you know-and merrily these raced after each other as if rejoiced to escape the moldy earth. The new Catholic cemeteries suffered most, being nearest the beach. In the receiving vault of beautiful Lake View were eleven cashets, and all but three are gone. Among the missing is that of Rose Coughlin's husband, the actor. He died in Galveston nearly a year ago, and his oftenexpressed wish to be buried within sound of the sea is likely to be more than realized. This morning's Galveston. ment; a gentleman desires informament, a gentleman desires informa-tion concerning a plush-covered coffin, containing a corpse, which has been found on his premises on the open prairie, twenty-one miles distant. The offin is being held awaiting identifica-

A noticeable feature of Galveston in these days is the scarcity of household pets, such as cats, dogs, canaries, etc, to say nothing of horses and cows, most of them having perished in the flood. A parret was found on top of a wrecked home, drenched and shivering, but cackling feebly, "Polly is a poor bird. Polly feels like a darned fool!"

To this day, almost a month after the storm, they are still taking putrid corpses from under the debris—thirty yesterday, twenty-three the day before. yesterday, twenty-three the day before. 270 on another recent day, the latter number having been mostly found near the ruins of a fashionable apartment-house. Of course identification is no longer possible and the remains are shovelled into the flames as expeditionally are resulted. Samuathing the tiously as possible. Something like streets have been cleared through the section where the wreckage is piled, in places higher than the former resi-dences were with here and there part of a house turned bottom-side up and balanced on the apex of its roof, or living forlornly on its side. The freaks of the wind are shown in walls blown completely away, but the glass globes on chande-liers inside left uninjured; in house twisted completely around on their foundations, so that the back door is now in front, and one house left unscathed, while its next neighbor, for no apparent reason, was reduced to kindling-wood. With very careful driving, one may thread these streets —if he can endure the horrible odors or he can endure the horrible odors and the clouds of flies which, disturbed by the passing, swarm noisily inside the carriages. That more bodies are under those enormous heaps is certain, and what is to be done with both them and the wrockage, heaven only knows. Scattered all along the way, and for miles along the beach, are mounds of earth, indicating, grayes, in each of earth, indicating graves, in each o which several bodies were placed to await future burial. If you care to get out and walk a bit, prudently hold. your nose, you come across relice of former homes at every step. I counted the remains of nineteen sewing-machines within the space of half

rifled of their contents; shreds of laceourtain and splintered furniture.

People hereabouts are not eating any fish in these days, unless brought from distant waters-fer obvious reasons. Old seamen say that never within the emory of man have sharks been seen close to shore. Having feasted memory of man have sharks been seen so close to shore. Having feasted upon thousands of human corpses, consigned to the waves for burial, they have grown bold and eager. On the journey here we were compelled to wait 24 hours in Texas City, on the main-land, opposite Galveston island, for transportation across the bay. A training-ship, anchored in the harbor, floated its flag at half-mast. Inquiring the resaon, we were told that a cadet, taking his oustomary morning bath, had been

a block; several planos; children's hobby-horses; desks and trunks, now

plain. A railroad man remarked,
"That pile of kindling-wood over
there was my home." "I hope you lost
no relatives." I said. Every one,
madame; eleven in all. I alone am was the reply. A regiment of soldiers patrolled the

beach, to keep people from going to Galvesten and prevent a stampede of the boats plying to and fro. The re-lief train of the Philadelphia North American, unable to get further with its supplies, had set up a field-hospital in tents for refugees from Galveston; and a Salvation army corps, encamped close by, were also doing good work in the same direction. To these good men and women we owe a debt of gratitude. ot a house within fifty miles, nor a outhful of food otherwise obtainable they brought us supper, breakfast and direr, of coffee, and canned beef sandwiches. Thus comforted, we "bunked" for the night in the shabby of others have been, who waited here for days on the open prairie, consumed with anxiety concerning the fate of loved ones in Galveston—and then per-haps, were turned back by the sol-dlers. The train was held at Texas City until the

COMING OF THE BOAT,

as a special courtesy to Miss Barton, that she might have shelter during the night. Soldiers were set to guard it:

ing for the next barge-load of corpses.

That night in Texas City was one to be remembered. The once flourishing town of five or six hundred houses was entirely swept away—nothing left to indicate former habitations but heaps of bricks and splintered wood and sodden bales of cotton scattered over the plain. A railroad man remarked, "That pile of kindling wood over the gestion. The overarching sky seemed unusually full of stars, of ********* seemed unusually full of stars, of it disappears altogether, now, to here only one week before, scare for their scattered treasures. sides fires were burning; we count inwards of twenty, and each was a pation of human bodies and ruines Over in Galveston, across that the stratch of water, flames mount to the heavens, as if whole streets are burning. Later in the morning s ange odor drew attention to a fresh, a few rods away, around the horses bend of the beach. In it were be-00000000000000000000000000

ting along shore on the previous he came upon the bodies of two lking along shore e girls, apparently about three an He could n the bodies to the flames, but due grave himself and laid them in it, wit the satchel—the last evidence of a mother's care—at their feet, and tucket

them in with a coverlet of sand.

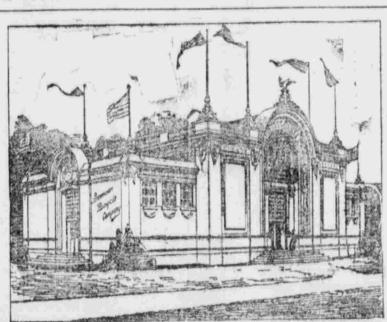
thrushnus material and a second a second and a second and a second and a second and a second and

grander and a second a second and a second a

pany has taken the premier award for | Paris proper. It is in that portion of the

Another grand prix of the French Ex- | the arrangement and grouping of the position has been awarded to American bicycles is very effective.

The building is located directly opposite the transportation station from



AMERICAN BICYCLE BUILDING.

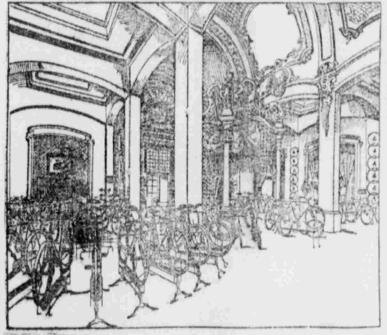
bicycles, and a large number of lesser , prizes for prominence in particular fea-

One feature of the Paris Exposition which naturally pleased American visitors is the fact that the exhibit of American bicycles is superior to anything of the kind ever attempted before. This was amply testified to by several of the visitors who had attended other universal expositions. It must have been evident to the most casual observer, that the American bicycle is far superfor in lightness, elegance, strength and simplicity of design and construction to the wheels of any other country. I was particularly careful to comare the German wheels with our own because of a recent assertion, since dis-proved, that the American wheels lost by comparison with the fereign prod-

grounds devoted to machinery. Several large American concerns are located nearby. The building is commodious, overing a space of ground 60x100 feet and is well lighted by windows set high in the walls. The exterior of the building is artistic, but the design is very simple. The entrance is by a flight of five broad and low steps through an archway over which appears in relief the name of the American Bicycle company and also the names of each of the leading makers of bicycles controlled by this company. Inside this arch is a square doorway, the space above which is filled in with cathedral glass upon which appears the name of the American Bicycle com-

pany.

The interior is laid out in a main hall for the exhibition of bicycles, retiring rooms for visitors and offices for the uct. When seen on the floor of the ex- | transaction of business.



THE BICYCLE DISPLAY

ing, both exteriorly and interiorly and | den show last winter,

position. I believe any fair-minded observer would instantly confess the superiority of the American product, even leaving out of the question the silving in weight, which is markedly in favor of the American wheel.

One reason why the exhibit of the American bicycle this year was remarkable, is the assembling in one hall and under one management of so large a number of leading American makes. The American Bleycle company has its building in the Vincennes section of the exposition. It is a very beautiful building in the Vincennes section of the exposition. It is a very beautiful building in the Vincennes of the construction of bicycles are on exhibition. They are arranged in groups conforming to the sales departments of the American Bicycle company. There are also exhibitions of sarts and each over extensively to an exhibition of the construction of bicycles are on exhibition. They are arranged in groups conforming to the sales departments of the American Bicycle company. There are also exhibitions of sarts and each over extensively to an exhibition of the construction of bicycles are on exhibition. They are arranged in groups conforming to the sales departments of the American bicycle company. There are also exhibitions of sarts and each over extensively to an exhibition. They are arranged in groups conforming to the sales departments of the American Bicycle company. There are also exhibitions of sarts and excentional exhibition. They are arranged in groups conforming to the sales achieved to the American Bicycle company. There are also exhibitions of sarts and exhibition from exhibition from carry point of its construction of bicycle showing exhibition. They are arranged in groups conforming to the sales appropriate to the American Bicycle company. There are also exhibition from carry point of its construction of bicycle showing to the American Bicycle company. There are also exhibition from carry point of the construction of bicycle showing to the American Bicycle company.

SIONARIES. Another fact to be noticed and to be Another fact to be noticed and to be Pekin that the kross licenticusness made clear is this: that the Christian many Europeans living in China is majornaries in China have steadily opposed and denounced the gigantic sins by which the superstitions and patrious.

Chinese have been maddened. The missionaries have stead by the Chinese people in defending their national in-

A STRONG WORD FOR THE MIS- today are opposing whatever infinity has found entrance into Asiatic countries from European sources. I halearned from Americans long realdent wait 24 hours in Texas City, on the many of which no trace can now be discovered. Suddenly the young couple found themselves struggling in water up to their necks, beaten about by huge billows and menaced by noating and flying debris. Determined to die together, if worse came, they clambered upon a bit of broken roof and the pair were whitled away in the darkness. Presently the wrenched apart. Hours later somebody rescued the unconscious husband, got him into St. Mary's infirmary, which

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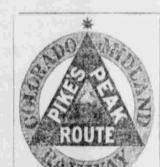
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