Only sailing vessels are bothered and delayed by "calms." The steamship does not have to wait for a breeze. And in the business world only the store that does not advertise (or that does not advertise enough) is bothered by "dull days."

THE PUEBLO CHIEFTAIN

VOLUME LXV. NO. 104. PUEBLO, COLO., TUESDAY AUGUST 9, 1904. —TWELVE PAGES. PRICE FIVE C

"Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered;" and so in a million successful without adequate advertising. But the unadvertised boat and the unadvertised store usually do not "come in."

Grief Stricken Pueblo Mourns Its Dead

INCREASING ROLL OF VICTIMS ADDS INTENSITY TO EDEN DISASTER.

Identified Dead

HEDENBURG, MISS.

GILBERT, MRS. H. S., Oklahoma City, Okla.

WILLIAMS, MISS NELLIE.

WHITMAN, MAJOR FRANK H., Twentieth Kansas Infantry.

HOES, ALEXANDER E., 1801 east Seventh st., Pueblo.

STEVENS, MRS. ELLA, Northampton, Mass.

PINE, MISS ANNA, telephone operator, Pueblo.

WRIGHT, MISS IRENE, Pueblo.

GRAVES, HERBERT R., plumber, Pueblo.

aged 8, daughter of Harry Johnson, Pueblo.

WRIGHT, I. W., proprietor of paint store, Pueblo.

WOOD, MISS EMILY, 327 west Tenth st., Pueblo.

MAXWELL, A. S., clerk, Pueblo.

BISHOP, JOHN F., architect, Pueblo.

WEST, MRS. GEORGE F., Pueblo.

THOMPSON, MRS. TILLIE, Montana.

BECK, GEORGE, 908 east Fourth st., Pueblo.

GRAY, JESSE E., foreman Naylon's Bottling Works, Pueblo.

GRAHAM, J. G., Florence, Colo.

MORRIS, MARK, Pueblo.

REECE, T. G., express messenger, Denver.

BENNELL, MISS, Pueblo.

PRICE, MRS. MARY, La Salle, Ill.

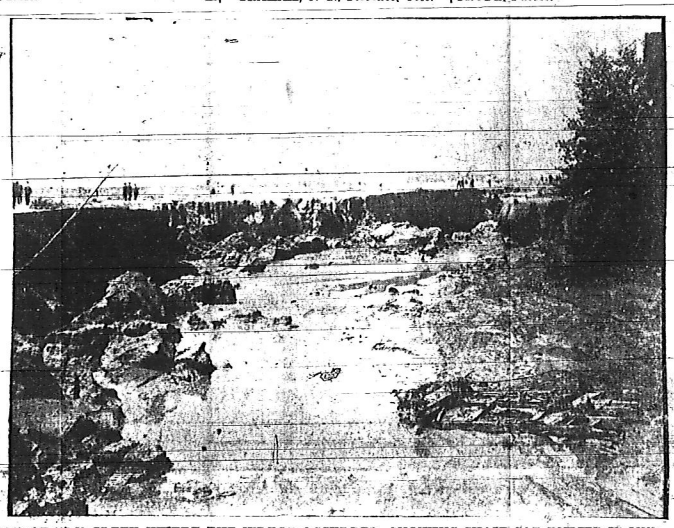
GALBRAITH, J. T., Pueblo.

TURNER, J. F., D. & R. G. brakeman, Denver.

GARTLAND, LILLIAN, daughter of Mrs. Gartland, of Denver.

GARTLAND, EDWARD, son of Mrs. Gartland, of Denver.

HOUGH, H. W., west Twelfth ave. and S. Eighth st., Denver. Had in BOGLE, MISS AGNES GERTRUDE, Pueblo.



BED OF DRY CREEK WHERE THE WRECK OCCURRED, SHOWING CHAIR CAR BURIED IN MUD AND SAND.

WALKER, MISS FLORENCE, cashier Childs Mercantile Co., Pueblo.

CURTIS, ED., bricklayer, Pueblo.

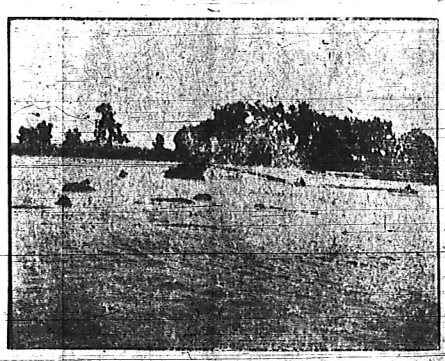


DR. WALTER F. MUNN, Pueblo Physician who Perished in the Wreck.

HINMAN, HENRY, D. & R. G. engineer, Pueblo.

SEWARD, BUD, Pueblo.

JOHNSON, MISS DOROTHY,



FOUNTAIN RIVER AT FLOOD TIDE SHOWING ENGINE, TENDER AND FRAGMENTS OF BAGGAGE CAR.

TURNER, JOE, D. & R. G. brakeman, Littleton.

WEST, MRS. MARY, Chicago.

HOPPER, MISS PEARL, 908 east Fourth st., Pueblo.

KEATING, MRS. JAMES, Pueblo.

HUGHES, WM. E., tinner, Pueblo.

ENGLAND, GEORGE, Colorado Springs.

BETHEL, ——, Cripple Creek.

STURGEON, MISS ALICE, Pueblo.

DOWNING, MISS CARRIE, Pueblo.

CAMPBELL, DON, son of Roger Campbell, 316 Broadway, Pueblo.

EMRICH, J., cashier zinc smelter, Pueblo.

YEAGLA, MRS. A. H., 720 west Twelfth, Pueblo.

LINFOOT, MRS. ROBERT, Pueblo.

MEATS, R. O., lineman D. & R. G. railroad, Pueblo.

BISHOP, MISS ETTA, Pueblo.

McCRACKEN, HUGH, Aurora, Ill.

LEONARD, MISS IDA, Chicago.

SHOUP, MISS LOTTIE, Grand Rapids, Mich.

McDONALD, MISS STELLA, Pueblo.

GARTLAND, MRS., Denver.

pocket membership card in Order of Railway Conductors of America, No. 14957.

MOSIER, AL., of Ilif, Colo.

ROLAND, MISS ELSIE, Lynnburg, Kan.

LA SHELL, B. T., Denver.

PARKER, MRS., Pueblo.

GEPPERT, G. W., St. Louis, Mo.

SMITH, JAS. H., conductor of wrecked train, Denver.



WRECKER AT WORK CLEARING AWAY DEBRIS.

STEWART, MRS., Pueblo.

HESS, J. A., Pueblo.

MOLITER, MRS. CORA E., Pueblo.

MOLITER, GENEVIEVE, 4-year-old daughter of Mrs. Moliter.

KROTTER, MISS IDA, Denver.

THOMAS, ——, little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Q. Thomas, Pueblo.

McGREGOR, DR. JAS. B., Ballard, Wash.

Known Missing

STIMMEL, DR. EDWARD, C., Pueblo.

BROOKMAN, F. C.

STEARNS, MRS.

BODMAN, FRANK.

DUNHAM, L. B., 1243 Bragdon, Pueblo.

SWARZKOPF, RALPH W., Pueblo.

DENNIS, A. S., Denver.

HUDDLESON, JENNIE, Pueblo.

CAMPBELL, ROGER, 316 Pueblo.

MYERS, MRS. GEORGE, Pueblo.

THOMAS, J. Q., Pueblo.

THOMAS, MRS. J. Q., Pueblo.

BAKER, ALBERT H., 1337 Orman ave., Pueblo.

DAVIS, MISS.

WALSH, MRS. MARY, Pueblo.

MOLITER, MAMIE, Pueblo.

SMITH, MRS. JAMES, Denver.

MESERVE, J. B., Florence.

O'BANNON, THOMAS, Pueblo.

TELLERS, MISS EMMABELLE, Denver.

JEWELL, EARL, Hoisington, Kan., 14-year-old son Chief Dispatcher Jewell, of the Missouri Pacific.

DERRY, C. W., 509 East Boulder, Colorado Springs.

CAVANAUGH, MRS. MARY, 2404 Grand ave., Pueblo.

NEWTON, ALBERT, Cripple Creek.

PRINCE, ROBERT, Aurora, Ill.

MESSINGER, F. H., prominent banker, Central City.

PAGE, HAROLD B., of H. J. Page & Son, Real Estate Co., Denver.

MUNN, DR. WALTER FERGUSON, Pueblo.

Mass Meeting Called.

A public meeting is hereby called to meet at 9 o'clock this morning in the rotunda of the Central block for the purpose of launching an organized movement to patrol the Arkansas and Fountain rivers in the hope of finding all the bodies of the victims of the recent wreck.

It is believed that there are still a large number of dead that may be found by proper organized effort and that the citizens of Pueblo will readily lend their aid in such work.

A large attendance is requested at this gathering.

B. B. BROWN,
Mayor of Pueblo.

Pueblo is in mourning. All her citizens have joined into one immense funeral procession winding unceasingly from one morgue to the other. Death in one of its most horrible forms has become so common that delicate women and innocent children, ever guarded from the touch of tragedy, are freely allowed to gaze upon it. Not even the blight of war in its worst forms is wont to fall so heavily on a single small community. Scarce a person in the city who does not suffer a personal loss, knowing some one of the victims as a friend. The eye of mourning, full and sad, is universal.

The calamity is the heaviest that has ever fallen on the city. At a single blow nearly half a hundred of her best have been swept away. The manner of the calamity makes the loss seem even harder, for it came where danger seemed the most distant, where the wildest flight of the imagination would not place it, and from an element hardly considered death-dealing in Colorado.

The first emotion that seized the city yesterday morning as the news appeared was one of incredulity. It was impossible that one hundred lives should have been lost by water, and near Pueblo. It was even more unlikely that many of the victims should be Pueblоans. Those who had relatives thought to be on the death-trap train refused to worry. Only when the wagon loads of dead bodies piled high in express wagons, patrol wagons and even drays—the dead wagons of the undertakers were pitiably insufficient—began to roll into the city from every direction did the extent of the tragedy begin to dawn on the mind.

Then began a stampede. Business was suspended. Relatives rushed to the morgues. Everyone deserted his or her occupation and went to see if some near and dear friend was not among the list. At times the anxiety of the crowd became so great that the slight restraints necessary to control them at the undertakers were overcome, policemen and watchmen were swept away like chaff and those who would bring order out of the chaos of dead were forced to the wall helpless. From 9 o'clock well into the night the dismal procession of searchers for the dead continued.

Scenes at the Morgues.

The scenes within the morgues during the day were indescribable. Tottering old women peering with strained eyes for sons and daughters; children crying loudly for their parents; distracted fathers, weeping sweethearts. At one time so affecting was the scene that the man of all men most accustomed to human sorrow, the undertaker, broke down and wept and for a moment was compelled to leave the scene.

The individual tragedies were innumerable. There would be a young woman, indifferent apparently and merely stirred by a morbid curiosity. The horror of the many corpses, lying apparently so neglected, with faces disfigured and blue, clothing soaked and torn to shreds, was the first to show itself on the countenance. Then would come a sudden shriek and a cry of "There is Anna!" as the face of some dear friend was recognized in spite of its distortion.

An old graybearded man entered McMahon & Collier's. On his face was a calm that said plainly, "I have seen sorrow before; have helped bury a thousand dead on a civil war battlefield—this is sad but my eyes have seen worse." He walked into the different rooms closely scrutinizing the faces, but only from curiosity. Suddenly the crowd heard him exclaim, throwing his hands in the air, "My daughter! O my daughter!"

Most pitiful were those who wandered all day long from one morgue to the other, knowing that loved ones were dead and yet unable to find them. When the carts loaded with dead, even as sacks of grain are piled, would appear they followed the repellant sight as though it were some brilliant pleasure float of a procession. One young girl waited patiently at the Union station, and, as each wagon left for the morgue, ran after and crowding anxiously to the front, viewed each body as it was carried in. She is alone in the city, not a soul in the many thousands to help her in her search for a perished sister or to uphold her in her sorrow.

The scene at the wreck was one such as has rarely, if ever, been duplicated on the prairies of the west. Hundreds of carriages and wagons bearing thousands of people rolled to Eden (so unfitly named) and filled the prairies for miles around. Automobiles came all the way from Colorado Springs, thirty-five miles away. Hundreds of men walked the ten miles along the banks of the Fountain or filed along the railroad tracks, hoping perhaps to catch a glimpse of some body washed ashore or bobbing in the waves. The creek continued swollen during the entire day, a perceptible fall not appearing until late in the afternoon. It was then that the bodies were unearthed by the score.

Fireman's Story of Terrible Night

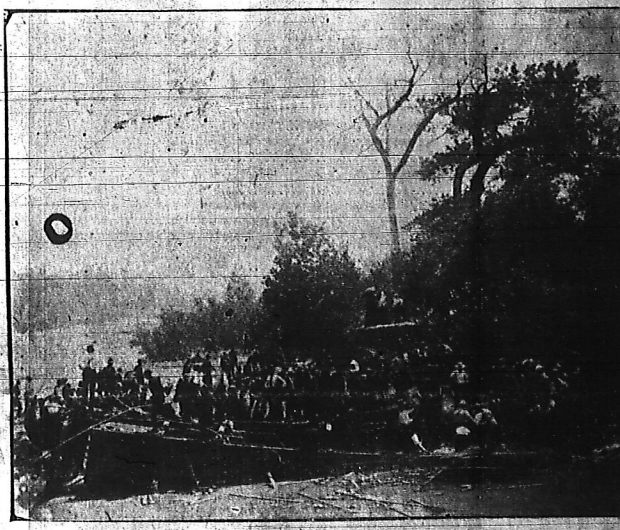
Fireman D. A. Mayfield reached the city at an early hour this morning and gives a detailed story of the awful wreck. He is dazed and almost insane because of the awful ordeal he passed through, yet every incident is fixed so firmly in his mind that he will remember them until his dying day.

"It all happened so quickly, and, my God, it is so terrible!" he said.

"It had been raining all evening, and we had a hard time to keep the steam up in order to run on schedule time. A little while before we reached the bridge that crosses the dry bridge I turned to Henry Hinman, the engineer, and said to him, 'Henry, is there enough steam to carry us to Pueblo?'

"Henry said, 'No,' and he began firing up.

"Just as I was putting in the second shovelful of coal the engine gave a



CROWD WATCHING MEN AT WORK ON SMOKING CAR THAT IS THOUGHT TO COVER NUMEROUS CORPSES BURIED IN THE SAND.



SHOWING ENGINE IN BED OF DRY CREEK.

(Continued on Page Six.)