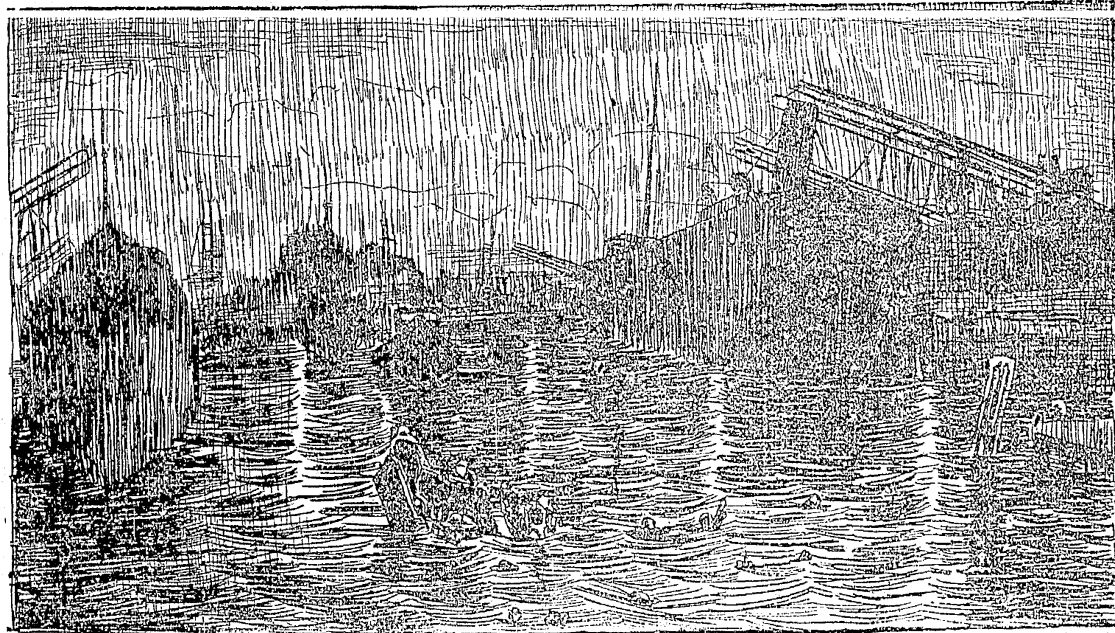


# MANY LIVES LOST IN THE RIVER.

The Appalling Central Viaduct Accident is Eclipsed by a Tragedy in the Old River Bed, Near the Willow Street Bridge.

A Flatboat Ferrying a Number of Workmen Across the River Becomes Swamped in the Wash of a Passing Steamer.



It is Estimated that at Least Forty Men Were on the Boat—Fifteen Bodies Had Been Recovered at Midnight.

## THE MOST AWFUL OF RIVER CATASTROPHES IN THE HISTORY OF CLEVELAND.

The Men Appear to Have Become Panic Stricken at the Sight of an Approaching Steamer and to Have Capsized the Boat in Their Fright—Most of the Men Were Standing in the Boat at the Time of the Accident—Several Swam Ashore but Others Dragged Their Own Comrades Down to Death—William Bue-low, in His Anxiety to Get to the Scene, Fell into the River and Was Drowned—The Life Saving Crew Dragged the River Until 1 O'clock This Morning and Desisted for the Night After the Fifteenth Body Had Been Recovered—Distressing Scenes at the Various Morgues—An Unseen Scramble Among the Ambulance Drivers to Get the Bodies of the Dead.

### IDENTIFIED DEAD.

AUGUST KASTEN, Gauge street, married, German.  
WILLIAM SANDERS, 179 Lewis street, married, German.  
MIKE LYNCH, 96 Hanover, married, Irish.  
FRITZ BARTELS, single, 43 Prim street, German.  
CHRIST GEHREN, Hyde street, married, German.  
CHARLES KRAUS, lives in Brooklyn, widower, German.  
PROKUP, married, Bohemian, residence unknown.  
CARL BOHRMEISTER, 24 Selden, married, German.  
JULIUS ERIKE, 8 List court, married.  
CHRIST GERLAK, 46 Selden avenue, married.  
EDWARD RYAN, Waverly street, near Detroit, married, thirty-eight years old.  
CHARLES SPOERKE, 35 Selden, married.  
CHARLES MUQUEN, lives on Elk street, about thirty-five years old, married.  
WILLIAM BUELOW, No. 12 Horace street, twenty-eight years old, fell off dock in anxiety to reach scene.  
Two unknown men.

"Twenty lives lost by the overturning of a flat bottomed scow in the river," was the message that flashed over telephone wires shortly after 7 o'clock last evening and startled men in newspaper offices and police stations.

The disaster proved to be an appalling one. The occupants of the boat were mostly Germans. They crowded into the scow, which was lying at the C. & P. ore docks in the old river bed.

All were eager to get to their homes, where happy faces of wives and children were awaiting them, and where they could partake of the warm evening meal and then rest after the arduous labor of the day.

The scow started across the river, handled by a boy. Suddenly a tug hove into view, coming at a rapid rate. The men saw the danger. They attempted to turn back to shore. There was great excitement. Everyone was giving order at once.

The boat became unmanageable and her side turned to the tug. At this moment a big wave from the tug washed completely over her, filling her with water.

Men yelled and jumped and in a moment there was a struggling mass of humanity in the inky black waters of the Cuyahoga.

Three minutes later all was as quiet as though nothing had happened. Except for

a few heads barely above water, a few life preservers floating about, and a big scow bottom side up, the river at that point presented no unusual scene.

But twenty lives, or thereabouts, had gone to meet their God.

Every man tells a different story of the affair. Many saw it. Many were rescued. In the tremendous strain upon nerves, however, different persons were sure to get different ideas of it. And so it comes that there are several versions of an accident which is more frightful in loss of life than the appalling Central viaduct disaster last November.

The old river bed is now nothing more than a slip, though a very long and broad one, running west from the Cuyahoga river. Tradition has it that once upon a time the river was even more tortuous than now, and that it emptied its muddy waters into the clear waters of Lake Erie through what is now known as the old river bed. This river bed runs westward, paralleling the lake shore. Along its banks docks have been erected and a vast traffic has sprung up in the handling of ore.

Among the largest ore docks are those of the C. & P. Dock Co., almost at the foot of Pearl street. Fully 300 men are employed there in handling iron ore. Most of them are foreigners by birth. The people who live in the down town portion of the West Side, are accustomed to see these men trudge back and forth, to and from work, day after day. They are known by the peculiar brown or copper color, which their clothes, shoes, faces, hands and even dinner palls assume, from contact with the ore.

Many of these men live in pleasant little homes of their own, in the suburbs of the West Side. Some of them have worked on the dock for years.

It was a party of these men that was drowned. They were among the last to leave the docks at the close of the day's work.

A tremendous steel vessel, the Henry Bessemer, lay at the C. & P. docks yesterday. Her stern faced eastward. So large is she that those standing on the dock, at her stern, cannot see what boats may be coming down the river from beyond her. It is almost impossible to get an unobstructed view of the river at this point until midstream is reached.

Toward evening the various gangs of men at work on the dock begin to put away their tools and leave for home. The boys who carry water to them during the day have also another duty—to row the men across the river when they come to work and when they quit work at night.

Last night the last gang quit work about 7 o'clock and made a rush for the scow in order to get home as quickly as possible. Already half a dozen men were in the boat. Richard Masten, chief engineer of the Bessemer, was one of them. The water boy who had charge of that trip, was Martin Corrigan of Kentucky street.

The gang of men, almost forty in number, came rushing around the end of the cars down on to the little landing where the ferry scow takes on its load. They piled into the boat. Little Martin Corrigan stood ready to use the oar as soon as they were seated. But they did not sit down. The seats of the scow were dirty and the men preferred to stand.

Ed Patten, known familiarly as "Burny," had intended to help the Corrigan lad row the boat across, but he is used to water craft and saw that she was overloaded. He recognized, also, that the upright po-

sitions of the men made her more dangerous. So, just as she was casting off, he jumped for the landing and made it safely. He probably saved his life by so doing. From the docks he saw the awful disaster in the river.

The scow was built for the dock company by Murphy & Miller, who have a shop within a few hundred feet of the docks. She is flat bottomed, in dimensions she is about 26x5 feet. Some place her breadth as narrow as four feet and others think she measured fully six feet. Along each side of the scow is a long narrow seat. Then there are three more seats extending across her. Some of the men stood upon these as they pulled away from the landing.

From this point there are two versions of the story. All persons who saw the disaster agree to one thing, however, and that is that the steamer Lagonda was being towed down the old river bed by the tug Cushing. The tug Dreadnaught had hold of her stern. It was necessary to have the two tugs so as to help her around the sharp curves in the stream.

When the scow started from shore the Lagonda and her tugs were just coming alongside the Bessemer, and they were hidden from the view of the men in the scow by the Bessemer. When the scow got about fifty feet from shore the danger of a collision was noted. The effect of the waves washed from the prow of the leading tug was also apparent in a rocking motion of the scow.

It was noticeable that there was excitement on the scow. The men were moving about uneasily. They were talking to one another. Some were expostulating. They feared some dread calamity—some frightful danger. At such times men lose their calmness. The only thought is for the protection, the safety of self. So they began to grab hold of one another. The scow rocked more uneasily and began to lose her course.

The real panic came when the first man jumped overboard. The tug had fast approached and was not many feet away. The danger was more grave. Suddenly a young man sitting in the rear made a jump and a plunge. Down he went like a frog, and quickly he rose again to the surface, puffing and blowing, and struck out for shore. He could swim like a duck and he was safe.

But that act brought the crisis, although it was inevitable anyway. Two Germans who had been pulling at the oars let go. Little Martin Corrigan was the only one to manage the boat and he had only a broken steering oar. He did his best by sculling to keep his boat headed to the waves of the tug, but the task was too much for the lad.

The waves caused greater rocking of the boat. They also swung her around with broadside to the tug. The next wave washed completely over her and filled her with water.

Heartrending cries went up from the men. In the face of the terrible danger there was hardly a cool man on board. The crews of the Bessemer and other boats lying near rushed on deck, with startled expressions on their faces, to learn the causes of the appalling appeal from drowning men.

"Help! Help!"  
But the men on the boats were powerless. The only boat which might have averted the terrible calamity—the tug which was causing the danger—did not stop, perhaps could not, with a big steamer sweeping onward, close behind it.

With the water pouring into the scow everybody jumped. The expert swimmers attempted to clear the crowd, and some of them were successful. But those who

