

GIRLS MISSING SINCE TORNADO; FRIENDS WORRY

Fear Felt That Miss Ryan and Miss Haumann Have Perished.

VAIN SEARCH BY RELATIVES
Young Women Went Either to Cicero or Long Branch.

STARTED SUNDAY AFTERNOON
Families Hoping Against Hope That They Have Been Detained in Country as Result of Storm.

Grave fears are entertained by relatives of Miss Josephine Ryan, 18, of No. 1361 South State street, and Miss Lucy Haumann, 17, of No. 631 West Brighton avenue, that the girls perished in the tornado at Long Branch Sunday.

Their friends are hoping against hope that the girls may be at the home of a family named Lewis in Cicero, where the Ryan girl had been in the habit of spending her vacations. William Ryan, Miss Ryan's brother, a chauffeur in the employ of M. Oberdoffer, spent yesterday afternoon in a vain attempt to locate the Lewis family.

It is hoped that the girls, who had spoken of a probable visit to Cicero, went there and were unable to either return or to get into communication with their friends. At the Ryan home it was thought the Lewis family lived on the plank road between Cicero and North Syracuse, while at the Haumann home it was said the family lived in Cicero village.

Both girls, who have been employed at the Cahill Bros. bakery in Shonnard street, left their homes shortly after 1 o'clock Sunday afternoon. They had talked of going to Cicero, but were undecided whether to go there or to Long Branch.

The Haumann girl is very fond of boating and her relatives fear the girls may have gone out on Onondaga lake and been drowned. They take comfort, however, from the fact that no boats are reported missing.

Miss Ryan is 18 years old, about five feet tall and weighs about 115 pounds. Her hair is black and her eyes blue. When she left home she wore a pink dress, white shoes and stockings, a white coat and hat with a pink plume and carried a white crocheted bag.

Miss Haumann is 17 years old, about five feet and five inches tall and weighs about 115 pounds. Both her hair and eyes are dark. She was dressed in white throughout, except for black trimmings on her dress. She wore white shoes and stockings and a white hat with a white willow plume.

Miss Ryan is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rhody Ryan and has one brother. Miss Haumann is the daughter of Charles Haumann and has three brothers and three sisters, all younger than herself, her mother being dead.

The girls are believed to have been unaccompanied. Both were of quiet disposition, steady at their work and not given to staying away from home. Their parents feel assured they would not remain away over night without notifying them unless it was unavoidable.

Motor Boat Party Is Saved from Storm by Dead Engine

William Ireland, his wife, son Albert, 5, his father, Albert, all of No. 591 Fifth street, and Mrs. A. L. Arsenau, of No. 281 Gertrude street and their year-old son, James, composing a motor boat party which had been missing since Sunday morning, reached their homes yesterday afternoon at 5 o'clock. To the fact that a downpour of rain that preceded the storm soaked coils and batteries, making it impossible to operate their engine, Mr. Ireland last night ascribed his escape from death in the storm.

Had their engine continued to run, the party would have reached Long Branch just in time to meet the full force of the tornado. When the engine refused to work Mr. Ireland secured quarters for the women and children in a farmhouse, and with the other men, spent the night in a cottage. They started for home yesterday morning and did not dock until after 4 o'clock.

Senator Walters Changes Auto Route Just in Time

Senator and Mrs. J. Henry Walters are receiving the congratulations of their friends on their miraculous escape from the tornado.

Shortly after 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon they started for an automobile ride around the lake, intending to make a call on the Liverpool plank road. They got as far as the road fork when they heard that the roads farther down were in poor shape and that the bridge over the Oswego canal in the cut-off leading from Long Branch to the Cold Springs road was out of repair. They then decided to go around the south end of the lake by the Marsh road.

That decision probably saved their lives, for had they gone around the north end of the lake they would have been caught in the midst of the storm.

When they reached the Liverpool plank road they saw what the wind had left. They were told that a tornado had passed directly over the route which they had planned to take.

Senator Walters was not inclined to discuss the incident yesterday afternoon. "We were lucky in escaping it, we just changed our minds in time," he said, "but don't say anything about it."

WITNESS ELECTROCUTION

Two Syracuse Men at Auburn When Williams Pays Penalty.

J. A. McDonald and Charles Ludwig of this city were witnesses at the execution of James Williams, colored, at Auburn Prison yesterday morning. As he was being conducted to the death chair Williams saw the witnesses and, thinking that they intended to lynch him, he pleaded with his guards to protect him and have the electrocution over as quickly as possible.

"Ryan's" Onondaga Lager, 1 doz. 60c, delivered.

BLOWN OFF HIS PONY BY FORCE OF TORNADO

Green "Thought He Was Dead and in Another World" After Wind Struck Him on Clay Corners Road.

He was blown off his horse and the horse and rider were scattered in all directions.

"I was scared as I never have been before in my life. I couldn't collect my wits. Finally I moved my arms to see if they were real arms and touched my self to see if I was really a human being or a specter. The natural feeling of clothing, mud and water reassured me and I got up."

"My pony was laying on his side, pawing and making a queer noise. When I patted and spoke to him he immediately got up and seemed unharmed. Then the farmers came up and told me what had happened."

"The sight of those shattered barns and demolished houses, the debris scattered everywhere, was one I am not likely to forget as long as I live. It certainly was fortunate for me none of those trees fell on me or my pony."

"I'm shaking all over now as if I had a chill, but I know I am really alive and get help. I think I'll dig a hole somewhere, put a cover on it and the next cloud I see, me for the hole. That's what they do out west and they have the right idea."

"It all happened in an instant. There was no warning. Death can be no worse than my experience. One minute I was riding along a road with Bartholomew Smith's substantial house, well-built barns shaded by immense trees and neat lawns on one side and the prosperous looking farm of Edward Plummer on the other side.

"The next instant everything became black and it seemed as if I was being torn through the air at terrific speed. When I opened my eyes again, I lay on my back and everything was deathly still. Then came the worst shock of all. On all sides of me there was nothing but ruins. Great trees had fallen across

DISHES BLOWN OUT WINDOWS READY TO HELP STORM VICTIMS

One of Queer Stunts of Tornado at Smith Home Near Liverpool.

SHED LANDS IN THE PARLOR
Lewis Keith, 90, Directs Saving of Cattle—Markham Looking for Windmill—Bennett, Had Cyclone Insurance.

Aside from the panics caused by the windstorm that swept over a portion of Liverpool Sunday night, it had its grotesque and even humorous side. At all the farms where extensive damage was done many queer pranks were played.

When the big barn on Bartholomew Smith's place went down a calf was buried in the debris. At first it was believed that he had perished. Searching through the ruins, Mr. Smith heard faint sounds from deep in the mass of timbers.

With the help of other farmers he began to chop away the timbers and finally located the animal wedged into a hole with timbers resting on his back and against both flanks. When he was finally extricated it was found that he had not even received a scratch.

In the same barn a horse was buried twelve feet deep under damp hay and it required an hour's work to get the animal out, but his neck was so severely injured that it had to be shot.

Crockery Flies Out Windows.
As the destructive blast struck the house it blew out all the windows on one side, swept through all the rooms on the upper and lower floors. The table in the dining room was set for supper, but in an instant the cloth and dishes were sent flying through the windows, the table overturned, chairs demolished and paper and plaster ripped off the walls.

There was a shower of crockery, laffs, price-brac and articles of all kinds. One large dinner plate was found imbedded in a part of the side wall of the barn. Hay, shingles and pieces of wood were blown into the rooms. In one corner of the sitting room there was a six-foot section of a shed with a portion of the tarred paper clinging to it.

The rain flooded all the rooms. Mrs. Smith was in such a nervous state that it was thought best to have medical attendance, but she protested against this.

"I never saw such a terrible thing in my life," she said. "The first thing I knew was when the carpet raised right off the floor and the dishes and furniture began to go out of the windows. I don't understand how we escaped being struck by the flying missiles."

Mr. Smith had five henhouses at the rear of the barn but only two of them have been found.

Bed Under Wreckage.
That the loss of life would have been much greater had the storm occurred at night was evidenced by the fact that the walls of the bedroom occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Smith was blown in and the bed was buried under heavy timbers and wreckage.

At the home of Charles H. Sherwood, on the Cold Springs road, the roof was torn from the frame, leaving the upper chambers open to the mercy of the rain. When the blast came Mrs. Sherwood hurried her three children to her while her husband frantically tried to hold one door shut.

"Although my father is 90 years old, I think he was the coolest man on this road during the storm," said Lewis Keith. "The rest of us were so excited that we didn't know what to do, but his first thought was the cattle, and we managed to save all our stock through his level-headedness."

One Who Has Insurance.
Thomas E. Bennett, who lost all his buildings, orchards, tools, wagon and household goods, is probably the only man in that part of Liverpool who will be able to collect insurance on his loss.

Mr. Bennett had been through two tornadoes and although he never expected to be visited by such a storm in this part of the country, he had chosen in his policy protecting him against the elements. His loss was \$4,000, and he hopes to recover most of this in insurance.

Any person seeing a windmill wandering about the outskirts of Liverpool will kindly notify Mace Markham, who lives on the Phoenix road. This mill is the only building Mr. Markham lost. It was blown somewhere, but the exact location had not been discovered yesterday.

In a large hole from which a tree had been uprooted was found a moving machine on the farm of Edward Plummer, on the Clay Corners road.

Dr. W. C. Houds, Dentist.
Painful extracting by sleep vapor, 200 S. A. & K. Bldg., opposite Bastable Theater.

Tornado Insurance, E. F. Smith & Son.
Issue all kinds of insurance, wind storm, fire, health, burglary, automobile, etc. 124 E. Genesee street.

Car of peaches daily at Weaver's.

NEW BUILDINGS SOON TO RISE OUT OF RUINS

Plucky Farmers Already Drawing Lumber for Homes.

NOT DISCOURAGED BY LOSSES
Sufferers in Tornado Belt Sheltered by Their Neighbors.

HIGHWAYS QUICKLY CLEARED
Scattered Hay and Fallen Trees Offer Obstacles—Injured Doing Well—Damage Not Computed.

(Concluded from Page One.)

The hauling of lumber will continue all day to-day and to-morrow. It was said in Liverpool that it will take three days to haul the lumber already ordered—and not more than a third of the farmers have placed their orders.

The two great obstacles in the way of all work of reconstruction are the scattered hay and fallen trees. The first sounds unimportant, but it is not. The freshly cut crop, blown out of the barns and sheds, soaked down by the torrential rains and scattered about by the winds, has been packed into everything. All machinery is clogged with it, wagons are buried under tons of it, horses were suffocated by it, its soggy and slippery surface coupled with its extreme weight due to the presence of water made it practically impossible to handle.

The fallen trees constituted an even greater nuisance. Projecting limbs nudged down walls that withstood the wind, and when the work of clearing away the debris was commenced it was the broken limbs and trees with roots still fastened in the ground that offered the most resistance.

Minor Injuries Innumerable.
A complete list of all the injured would include practically every man, woman and child in the tornado zone. Sprained thumbs and broken fingers were as numerous as crows and there were far too many wrenched backs, cut heads and minor injuries to tabulate.

Mrs. Wilson Mathewson, whose husband was killed at Long Branch, received an injury to her spine which may prove fatal. Several vertebrae are believed to be broken. At her home at Siles Station, it was said yesterday that she was resting comfortably, with no change in her condition. The condition of the others seriously injured follows:

Patrick L. Devin, No. 218 Center street, ribs broken, improving.

Frank Green, Malloy road, ribs broken, reported resting comfortably last night.

Miss Corinne Cowan, Long Branch, broken jaw, no improvement.

Money Loss Not Determined.
All attempts to fix the money loss have been fruitless. Until farmers dig their implements, wagons and other property out from under the hay and fallen trees, no accurate information will be available. The amount of money that will be required to rebuild the houses and barns destroyed is also unknown.

Of the sixty buildings known to have been damaged, at least forty will have to be rebuilt entirely. In some cases the material in the old buildings can be used again, but frequently clapboards and beams were scattered so far that entirely new lumber will have to be purchased.

As nearly as it can be computed the total will approximate \$200,000.

Body of George W. Dopp Sent to Home of Parents
The body of George W. Dopp, 28, the Lake Shore Railroad motorman who was fatally injured at Long Branch Sunday night when the tornado toppled over his car, was sent to his home at Lewis Corners, near Fulton, yesterday afternoon by Undertaker George E. Fairchild. Mr. Dopp is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Dopp and by three sisters, Mrs. E. J. Bingham, Mrs. Arthur Cullen and Miss Grace Dopp, all of Lewis Corners.

The funeral will be held from the home of his parents at 3 o'clock to-morrow afternoon and a half hour later at the Lewis Corners schoolhouse. Burial will be in the cemetery at that place.

The body of Wilson D. Mathewson, one of the tornado victims, is still at the undertaking rooms of C. C. Carroll & Company in this city, but will be taken to his home at Siles to-morrow. The funeral will be held there Thursday. Because of the condition of Mrs. Mathewson, who was injured also, the service at the house at 10 o'clock will be private. Other services will be held at the Belle Isle M. E. Church at 10:30 o'clock. Burial will be made at Belle Isle.

The funeral of Charles Chapman, who was fatally injured at North Syracuse, will be held at 2 o'clock to-morrow afternoon at the undertaking rooms of A. C. Schumacher in this city, and burial will be at North Syracuse.

"Ryan's" Sparkling Ale. Phone 1629. 1 doz. 60c.

Tornado or Cyclone
Insurance 2 per \$1000 for three years, on dwellings or mercantile property. Steinbicker & Haight, agents, Kirk Block.

Dr. James P. Burlingham, osteopath, has opened offices at 311 State Bldg.

Special opening, showing the latest styles in fall millinery all this week at Mrs. H. P. McCarty's, No. 24 E. Jefferson street.

Mr. Miller in Serious Condition.
The condition of Warren A. Miller, who has been ill two weeks, remains unchanged. After being stricken with grip, intestinal trouble developed, and for several days his illness has been of a grave nature. Dr. E. C. Kinne, Dr. A. B. Kinne and two nurses are in attendance.

A Saul wagon or Saul harness—a proud horse—a satisfied owner. The four go together naturally. Call at 230 James St.

Call Colleen's textook. Bell phone 728; Ind. No. Office, Yale Hotel.

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Champ sweet potatoes at Weaver's.

SCHOOLHOUSE BELL CLANGS THROUGH AIR

Rung by Tornado as It Sails Away—Children Blown in All Directions—One Lands in Tree Far from House.

With the statement yesterday morning of the extreme confusion which lasted all through Sunday night, there came to light scores of incidents of varying importance which the victims had half forgotten themselves but which they recalled in explaining how one particular barn had fallen, how that horse was killed or how this animal was saved.

When District No. 7 schoolhouse crumbled before the wind the heavy bronze bell, which has been in use for three-quarters of a century, was thrown free from its fastenings and cast several hundred yards away from the school foundations. Two of its supports were found near the school, but the third probably will never be found.

As the bell sailed through the air it whirled about at a furious rate, all the while clanging away with its harsh metallic clatter. Its sound was heard above the din of splintering timbers and tumbling walls.

The home of H. C. Wendell at the intersection of the Cicero and Bailey roads attracted more sightseers yesterday than any other spot. It was overturned completely and rested on its gable and chimney. Mr. Wendell said yesterday that he had posed for at least forty "camera folks" in two hours and his tone left no doubt in the hearer's mind as to how much he did not enjoy it.

Burned by Live Wires.
Excepting at the most secluded farms amateur photographers were present in abundance. Several were burned on live wires in the vicinity of Pitcher Hill and that diminished activities for a while.

The tornado gave another evidence of its playfulness at the Crosby home at the crest of Pitcher Hill. This is unquestionably the most valuable residence in the storm area. The roof and sides above the second story windows were wrenched loose and deposited in an adjoining field, but not a window in the house was cracked.

"We had a hot fire in the kitchen range," Mrs. Crosby said yesterday afternoon, "and the stove was shaken about a great deal, but nothing caught fire. I expected to see our place go up in flames any minute. Another strange thing is that none of the chandeliers are cracked and no pictures were thrown from the walls."

The William H. Michaels home looks intact, but it will have to be torn down and rebuilt or the next windstorm that comes along, even if it be moderate, will complete the work of the tornado. The walls look like the side of a ship.

Mirror Not Even Cracked.
A large cheval mirror that stood in the bedroom of Charles Chapman, who was killed, was pitched through a window and landed in a field about forty yards away, unharmed. It was the only article of furniture in the house that was not damaged. Even the machinery in the feed mill at the rear of the Chapman home was twisted and bent.

The mirror was picked up by neighbors early yesterday morning and placed at one side of the ruins of the house. Lucinda Aubertine, the youthful (Continued on Page Eighteen.)

THRONGS GO TO LONG BRANCH TO WITNESS STORM'S RAVAGES

Thousands Travel Over Lake Shore Road—Souvenir Seekers Loot Farmer's Garden—Peculiar Pranks Played by Tornado at Lake Resort.

Thousands of persons yesterday visited Long Branch to see the ruin wrought by Sunday evening's tornado. Five thousand and twenty return tickets were sold over the Lake Shore & Northern Road and that number did not begin to cover those who went by trolley alone.

All the afternoon a constant string of automobiles, wagons and motorcycles carried hundreds upon hundreds of sightseers and it was not until night settled down in earnest that the grounds surrounding the Branch were cleared of the curious.

Even then many late comers wandered about with auto and cycle lanterns.

Souvenir Hunters Busy.
Souvenir hunters were omnipresent. With them were vandals who, not content with carrying away pieces of wreckage, invaded private property and even went so far as to pull up cabbages and steal tomatoes from the farm of T. A. Barker just over the knoll from Long Branch.

Mr. Barker was kept busy all day protecting his property and his remarks on the actions of those who overran his place in droves and took everything they could lay hands on were not only eloquent, but forcible.

Mrs. Barker, suffering greatly from shock, sat in her kitchen, where Sunday evening, with her husband and daughter, she passed the most exciting moments of her life. Her story of the storm was brief, but convincing.

"I don't know how long it lasted," she said, "but it could have been but a few minutes at most. Into those few minutes were crowded enough of terror to last a lifetime. Mr. Barker is not afraid of much of anything, but he said, 'I guess we are sons'."

House Full of Injured.
"I don't know much about the people who were hurt. Our house was crowded with them, but I don't remember much about it. I remember they told of some losing their shoes and stockings and that almost everybody lost some of their clothing."

"Women lost their skirts and hats and men lost their coats and hats. It was all such a turmoil that I haven't any very distinct recollection of what did take place after the storm passed."

The path of the tornado was distinctly marked. It swept in over the main line of the Lake Shore road just above the junction with the Long Branch trolley. Only its left side struck the wooded part of the Branch, the other edge passing over the baseball grounds.

The waiting station lay directly in its path and here the tail of the funnel must have struck the ground. Before this it was traveling twenty-five or thirty feet in the air—perhaps higher, buildings and trees were left standing and unharmed.

The only thing left in its path were such small trees as gave before the blast. Everything that stood solid and was of sufficient strength to refuse to bend was either torn up or broken off.

Huge Trees Twisted.
On the outer edge of the path where the storm cut through Long Branch grove huge trees were twisted into the semblance of corked rods. One sturdy elm, a tree nearly three feet in diameter at the base, had been twisted completely around before it was wrenched from its hold.

It lay on its side by the mighty force that felled it as though riven with wedges. Perhaps nowhere near that section was to be found a more impressive evidence of the strength of the storm.

Along the outlet, the tornado played curious pranks. Small buildings and trees were left standing and unharmed, but apparently stood directly in its path.

The boathouse of Syracuse University was rent asunder and the shells smashed to kindling. On either side of the boathouse was a building unharmed. The Ka-nen-da Canoe Clubhouse was one and the other a small cottage. Just across the outlet trees were uprooted and laid over the roadway with a precision that it was almost impossible to believe was not the result of premeditation.

Just beyond the trees the long swampy waves as perfectly as though we Weaver had the peaches.