

YOU CAN SAVE A LITTLE LIFE

BY SUBSCRIBING TO THE EVENING WORLD FUND

FOR A SUMMER CORPS OF FREE PHYSICIANS FOR THE POOR SICK CHILDREN OF THE TENEMENTS.

The Evening World

NEW YORK, MONDAY, AUGUST 19, 1889.

As Tall Oaks from Little Acorns Grow, So Large Results from World "WANTS" Flow. No. of WANTS Published in THE WORLD LAST WEEK 10,825 Same Week in 1884, 5,009

PRICE ONE CENT.

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EXTRA 2 O'CLOCK. NINE DEAD.

Terrible Holocaust in a Seventh Avenue Flat House.

Panic and Death Caused by an Early Morning Fire.

ANOTHER DEATH TRAP.

Proper Fire Escapes Would Have Lessened the Life Loss.

Two Men Arrested on Suspicion of Arson.

Thrilling Scenes of Peril and Noble Rescue.

Twelve Families Rudely Awakened by Smoke and Flames.

Quick Work of the Firemen, but the Deadly Heat Was Quicker.

Just on the skirts of Capt. Keilly's "tenderloin" precinct, nine men, women and little children were sacrificed this morning in a veritable fire trap.

Following is a list of the dead and injured: DEAD. WILLIAM GLENNON, aged sixty years; burned to death. Mrs. MARY WALES, aged thirty-one years; smothered. JANE WALES, aged four years; smothered. TOMMY WALES, aged two years, smothered. BERTHA LUSTIG, forty years, burned to death. WILLIAM M'KEE, forty-seven years old, burned to death. JANE JEFFREY, sixty-five years old, smothered. NELLIE GEOGHEGAN, twenty years old, smothered. MARY—An unknown woman, forty-five years old; stout; medium height; fair complexion; smothered.

INJURED. WILLIAM GLENNON, jr., eighteen years old, burned on hands and feet. JOHN GLENNON, badly burned about the body and face. Mr. WALES, burns about face and hands. TWO CHILDREN of Mary Wales, nearly smothered and slightly burned.

Sire & Sons are known all through that section of the city as real estate owners. And one of their properties is the five-story brown-stone "double-decker" tenement house known as the Mitchell flats. It occupies the whole Seventh avenue block, between Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth streets.

No. 305 is in about the middle of the block and a stairway runs up between it and 303. On the ground floor are stores—narrow and cheap.

Above these are doors to four tenements leading into the narrow hall on each floor. The ground floor of 305 is now occupied by John Snyder as a restaurant, which is open day and night.

On each of the four floors above the restaurant, which is about 15 feet wide, were two families.

They were working people who lived in the building, and they were sleeping peacefully at 5 o'clock this morning when Snyder arrived at the restaurant.

Water Brookes, the night cook, was there. At 5:10, while Snyder was sweeping the walk and Brookes was in a closet in the rear of the building, a fire started mysteriously in the kitchen.

In five minutes it was creeping up through the tenement with stealthy but rapid paces. Brookes re-entered the kitchen and found it was.

He rushed up through the building, knocking at every door and shouting: "Fire! Fire! Hurry! Get out of here for your lives!"

PANIC SEIZED THEM. The people roused from their slumbers by the startling cry ran into the halls bewildered and panic-stricken, while a number seemed to have heard the cry at all.

The firemen responded quickly to an alarm sounded by the officer on post in Seventh avenue, but when they arrived the flames were leaping throughout the building.

Those who had not heard the alarm sounded by Walter Brookes were finally



THE SCENE OF THE FIRE. 315 SEVENTH AVENUE.

awakened by the fire and smoke which filled their rooms.

William Glennon, a feeble man of 60 years, lived with his wife and two young sons on the first floor.

AN OLD WOMAN RESCUED BY HER SONS. Mrs. Glennon was also feeble, and her boys, William and John, carried her, and taking her in their arms, carried her down the stairs with much difficulty to the sidewalk and safety.

Then these brave boys returned to rescue their father. But it was too late, the fire filled their rooms and to venture in was certain death.

THE FATHER BURNED TO DEATH. They were obliged to abandon all hope of saving their father, and, indeed, he was burned to death already.

The young men wrung their hands and ran hither and thither in an agony of grief, and had not noticed that they were badly burned about the face, hands, feet and body. They were prevailed upon finally to enter an ambulance, and were taken to New York Hospital.

An ambulance surgeon ran up through the building to the third floor.

The fire had not yet reached that floor, but the rooms were dense with smoke.

Nellie Geoghegan lodged here. She was found by the young surgeon lying in a heap on the floor near her door.

A SURGEON'S HEROISM. He seized her in his arms and carried her down through blinding smoke, licked her and there by the tongues of flame, to the sidewalk.

BUT THE POOR GIRL DIED. The noble fellow was greeted by cheers and huzzas by the crowd which had congregated, but his bravery had been vain, for poor Nellie, a pretty girl of twenty years, was dead. She had been suffocated by the smoke.

By this time a score of the people who had lived in the building had reached the street.



CARRYING OUT THE DEAD. And almost every one missed some member of his or her family.

The scene was sad, indeed. Women wept and wrung their hands, and men were wild with excitement.

FLAMES FILL THE BUILDING. The building was now full of fire and heavy smoke, and to venture in was to invite a horrible death.

A family named Wales occupied the rear rooms on the third floor, and at this moment the husband and father staggered out of the smoky hallway, clutching two little children in his arms.

They were barely alive, and stout and willing hands relieved the father of his precious burden, taking them to a house near by.

The half-suffocated man was led to the residence of a friend in Twenty-eighth street, moaning that his wife and their two little ones were still in the building.

The fire was subdued after a little, and the firemen were enabled to go through the building.

A SIGHT TO CHILL THE BLOOD. Reaching the third floor they pushed open the door to Wales's meagre apartments and there, close by the door, was a sight to chill the blood.

and had been overpowered by the smoke. All had been suffocated.

The body of Bertha Lustig, a woman of forty years, was found in the hallway on the first floor burned almost beyond recognition, and the body of an unknown woman, stout of build, fair complexioned and comely, was found in the hallway above. She had been smothered to death.

Jane Jeffrey, an aged woman, and William McKee, aged forty-seven years, also lost their lives by the fire and smoke.

THE BODIES TAKEN TO THE STATION. The bodies were removed to the Thirtieth Street Police Station, where they still lie.

A crowd of 200 people clusters about the entrance to the station, but no one has offered to identify the remains of the unknown woman.

TWO MEN ARRESTED FOR ARSON. Detective Hayes was detailed by Sergt. Schmittberger to investigate the fire, and as a result of his discoveries Restaurant-keeper John Snyder and his cook, Walter Brookes, were placed under arrest at 5 o'clock this morning, the circumstances of the fire seeming to point to them as incendiaries.

Sergt. Schmittberger's big frame swelled with indignation as he listened to the report of Detective Hayes, and he has not gone to bed yet. He is sitting the story of the holocaust about every ear.

There were five apartments letting into the stairway, which ran up between 303 and 305 Seventh avenue, and some sixty persons lived in the tenement.

A DEATH TRAP. "Why, said the bluff and indignant Sergeant, "there was not a ladder attached to the fire-escape of all, nor any way of getting down from one alleged fire-escape to another. That is in direct violation of the law. The people were simply hemmed in. There was no escape for them except by way of the one fire-escape."

Not only were there no ladders, but some of the escape balconies were mainly wood.

One of the first things that Detective Hayes learned was that John Snyder carried about in his pocket a policy of insurance on his goods. It was issued by the German-American Insurance Company and was for \$1,000.

CHINA'S POOR ESCAPES. There were nine tables and a few chairs in the restaurant, which was completely gutted. Snyder had been in business there for two years and the place got afire in a mysterious way about a year ago.

When the detective reported these facts to his superior the Sergeant drew a long breath. "Go and arrest Snyder and his cook immediately," he said, and the men were brought into the station.

THE TWO PRISONERS. Snyder is a squat man of forty-five years of age, and Walter Brookes is a bullet-headed little colored man.

Snyder said: "I was out on the walk-sweeping. I left Brookes in the restaurant, and had been out about five minutes when he called to me. I went back to see what was the matter. I had three fires in the kitchen. There was one in the range, one under the iron for the steam table and one under the boiler. I had to get out, and there was a fire in the boiler. Everything was all right when I went out to sweep. The only place that might catch fire was a wooden stove in the kitchen."

Snyder showed his insurance policy. It would expire Sept. 23.

WHAT BROOKS SAYS. Brooks, taken aside by an EVENING WORLD reporter, in a place out of the way, said: "I was in the kitchen at night when Mr. Snyder came in everything was all right. I went out to the closet shortly after, and when I came in again the place was on fire."

"I can't tell whether Mr. Snyder went out before I did or not, but I don't see how the thing could get afire. I ran up through the building and tried to get out, but I was out of the building."

"His business being pretty good," at the restaurant," he asked the reporter, "did you hear of any other 'good business'?"

SOME SAY THEY DID NOT SEE HIM. "The people who escaped from the upper floors of the building say they never saw nor heard the colored man in the hallway."

WAS KEROSENE USED? "The witness of the blaze suggests kerosene," remarked a policeman.

There was a doorway leading from the restaurant into the hallway, and the fire spent itself in the hallway, only spreading on the upper floor. The tenants on the south side of the hall, over 303, were unharmed except by smoke, and the whole damage to property was estimated at \$10,000.

Policemen Warner and McCullough stood on the corner of Twenty-eighth street, when they heard a yell of fear and pain. Looking down the avenue they beheld flames leaping from the windows of the restaurant, a flash, and in another moment the flames were issuing from the roof of the building.

There was not a head at any window, not a soul was stirring.

They dashed up the stairs, broke into the rooms, smashed transom windows to alarm the inmates.

ESCAPING BY WINDOWS. Many of the people escaped by crawling along the alleged fire-escapes in front from their own windows to those of the neighboring flats, but those in the rear had no chance to escape.

The fire went out like a snuffed candle when the engines began to play upon it. The battle was brief, but the loss of life terrific.

Later investigation of the restaurant kitchen seems to show that a pot of grease which stood on the range had tipped or been tipped over, nobody will tell, igniting by the range fire and spreading to the floor and partitions and finding draught through the stairway to the roof.

AWAKENED BY THE FLAMES. Thomas F. McDermott, a grocer, who lives at 303 Seventh avenue, next door to the burned tenement, said:

Metropolitan and servant Annie and the McGreys. The Carys, McMichaels, Burkes and Shannons occupied the top floor.

NO ONE REACHED THE ROOF. "Not a single person who escaped from the fire," said Mr. McDermott, "got out through the front door. They all went out by the roof."

WHAT ONE OF THE SAVED SAYS. Richard Shannon, who lives with his wife and week-old baby on the top floor, said:

"I was in bed when the fire broke out. I was wakened by the noise of people howling in the street. I got up and opened the door and the smoke in the hall was so thick that I was nearly smothered. I had my baby and my wife and grabbed the baby and started for the roof."

NEARLY STRANDED BY SMOKE. "The people in the house crowded about the ladder. I got my wife and baby out and then started for the roof, but I was frightened and nearly strangled by the smoke and managed to find the ladder again before it was overgrown."

"I heard my wife coughing on the stairway and saw him roll back out of sight."

"When I got out I was so dazed that it took me some time to get my senses."

EVERYTHING LOST. "My wife was taken by Mr. Garvey, of 303. We lost all our clothing and everything, and my wife is suffering greatly from shock."

"The fire must have been going some time before I woke up."

Mr. Garvey corroborated this story, and told the reporter how Mrs. Shannon came in from the roof latefired, carrying her baby in her arms.

Frank Burke, who lives on the fourth floor, described how he was rescued by the shouts of the tenants on the lower floors. The only other occupants of his rooms were his brother and a friend named Matt Coley.

They made their way to the roof with the others who escaped.

ACTION AS A FLUTE. The flames were rushing up between the balustrades as if it had been an air shaft.

"I saw John Glennon carrying up his old mother. He had her under one arm and he held on to the balustrades with his other hand. The fire had charred and bleached it."

"I saw a woman carrying up her son. Her father told her to look for her. His name William went to him, but he was not there, and he could not get through the flames."

"I had to pull Matt Coley out of bed and drag him upstairs to the roof."

"I saw a woman carrying up her children. One of the saddest incidents of the terrible disaster was the death of Mrs. Wales and her two little children.

"I was called to his wife to follow him with the two younger ones. The smoke was so thick that she must have lost her way, for when her husband reached the top floor he could see her nowhere."

DRIVEN BACK BY THE FIRE. He left the two children on the roof and started back to her assistance, but the flames drove him back. The bodies of all three were found in the hallway by the firemen. They had been smothered to death and horribly burned.

MISS NELLIE GEOGHEGAN, died while trying to assist her aged aunt, Mrs. Jeffrey, to escape. She was a beautiful girl of eighteen.

Every one who lives in the house speaks well of her, and she was a favorite with every one. She was devoted to the care of her aunt, who was an invalid, and lived on a pension granted to her husband, who was a veteran.

NO HOPE OF ESCAPE. Their rooms were right over the place where the fire started, and they were literally pinned up in their apartments. The wooden fire-escape outside their window offered no means of escape because it was covered with flames.

Several of the tenants of the house, including Frank Burke, said that the fire originated in the kitchen in the rear of the restaurant.

BELIEVED IT WAS INCENDIARY. "A pot of grease on the range was upset," said Burke, "and I believe it was done intentionally." The proprietor, Snyder, was out of the building when the fire broke out, so he says, and this is a suspicious circumstance.

"The fire started in the kitchen about two years ago of just the same kind, and I believe that the man only wanted to get his insurance."

"The restaurant was patronized only by a low class of people."

"The barkeeper in Lavery's saloon, on the corner of Twenty-seventh street and Seventh avenue, said that he had seen Snyder on the sidewalk when he went by in the morning, and that he always spoke to him. This morning he said 'Good morning' to Snyder, but Snyder did not notice him at all, although he repeated the salutation."

"Only a couple of minutes after the flames broke out, and in an instant almost every one in the building was out of the door. That certainly looks suspicious."

CULPABLE IGNORANCE. At the office of Sire & Sons, the owners of the tenement, all information was refused as to the tenants and losses.

FOR THE OPENING. GERMAN CARNIVAL.

Everything in Readiness at the New Westchester Track.

A Race Course that is Unsurpassed in Every Way.

Crack Flyers Entered for the Great Eclipse Stakes.

Hundreds of men were at work on the new track at Westchester this morning. They were like a swarm of busy bees, and by noon to-morrow everything will be ready for the inspection of the general public.

Scores of scrubwomen were working on lawns and lawns on the adjacent grand stand, and it is as bright and clean as a new pin.

The trained stable boys and jockeys strut around and gaze in open-mouthed wonder and delight.

Every imperfection that has been noticed at Monmouth, Sheepshead or Jerome Park has been carefully remedied at the new track.

Everything that can contribute to the comfort of man and beast has been provided, and it will be a hard thing for any one to find cause for complaint at the opening to-morrow.

The other jockey clubs should quickly put into practice, is the giving away of free programmes. Every one will be handed a card as he enters the course, and when the shrill shouts of the programme boy will no longer be heard.

The grand stand is the largest and finest structure of its kind in the country. It is provided with chairs in which one can rest most comfortably, and any part of the big course can be seen without any undue stretching and craning of necks.

Directly underneath the grand stand is the betting pavilion. At first glance it almost takes one's breath away, so immense is it. It is a magnificent place, and when the "bookies" crowd in to-morrow and commence their shouts of "Here's your odds!" the scene will be an enlightening one.

The jockeys' boxes, stalls and everything else have been built regardless of expense, it would seem, so elegant are they.

The track has already been described in THE EVENING WORLD. It is an oval one mile and three-eighths in circumference, and is conducive to very fast times. The turns are long and easy, and there will be straight three-quarters of a mile track ready for the October meeting.

Any number of horses arrived yesterday. Spokane, the Derby winner, and Trotter King, last year's Junior champion, are both quartered at the course.

As soon as Monmouth closed Saturday there was a race for the new track, and thousands of people watched the arrivals yesterday.

El Rio Key, supposed to be the best of the veteran racing horses, will probably start for the Eclipse next Saturday.

The Deyers have a strong lot, including Hanover, Kingston and Longstreet.

Next Wednesday an American will be a dash of five furlongs. In it are entered Britanic, Bradford, Volunteer, Village Maid, Lev H., Blue Rock, Climax, Gladstone and other sprinters.

Even now bets are being made that the record will be equalled, if not broken, for the Eclipse. The track is known to be very fast, though a trifle hard, and as every jockey will do his utmost to win the first race on the new track, it is bound to be a desperate scramble.

The second race is a mile dash for three-year-olds. The "clockers" are entered in this, and forty is the slowest time expected.

Next Wednesday an American will be introduced in a race for jockeys who have never rode a winner.

It is expected to develop some hitherto hidden qualities in the "jocks" and some promising light-weights may creep out as the result of this race.

The great Eclipse on Saturday will be won by \$100 to the winner, and it ought to be a grand race.

The betting arrangements will be charge of the veteran James E. Kelly, an mutual and chivalrous man, and every jockey will be provided for those who don't care to lose their money to the books.

Every facility has been provided, and the railroad accommodations are ample.

BASEBALL STANDING THIS MORNING.

Table with columns for League, Team, Wins, Losses, Games Played, etc.

Baseball To-Day.

New York at Boston. Pittsburgh at Cleveland. Washington at Philadelphia. Chicago at Indianapolis.

Union Hill Made Brilliant by the Plattdeutsche Volksfest To-Day.

Ninety-nine Great Societies in March, Song and Dance.

Schuetzen Park a Scene of Merriment All Afternoon and Evening.

To-day the Plattdeutsche Volksfest, inaugurated yesterday at the Union Hill Schuetzen Park, is marked by several distinctive features of the greatest interest.

The ninety-nine organizations which compose the Volksfest assemble at the park this afternoon. There a procession will be organized, and they will march to the principal dancing pavilion, where Mr. John Riese, the President of the Volksfest Verein, will address them in a hearty speech of welcome.

Then the Schuetzen Corps, the Bruder vereins, the Freundschafts bunds, the singing societies, the bowling clubs, and all the other jolly good-hearted Plattdeutsche Associations which go to make up the big Volksfest Verein will scatter through the green stretches of the Schuetzen Park and dance and sing, and bowl and sing, and sing and bowl with its snowy froth, and flirt with the pretty frauleins and the lively frays and have just as high an old time as stanch, healthy, well-organized Germans are capable of.

This is the fifteenth annual Volk festival of the society. The proceeds are to be distributed in charity among the lowly and orphan asylums of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and Hoboken, from all of which cities are drawn the different contingents of societies which constitute the big Plattdeutsche Volksfest Verein.

No people in the world know better how to enjoy themselves than the Germans, and there is no form of entertainment so congenial to the German as a folk festival. There every body meets his neighbor and everybody has a beautiful single-hearted purpose of having just the best time he knows how.

The spirit is thoroughly democratic. The swells do not wander around and turn up their noses at the pretensions of the poor and orphan asylums of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and Hoboken, from all of which cities are drawn the different contingents of societies which constitute the big Plattdeutsche Volksfest Verein.

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Was it "Old Josh?"

The Man Who Lost \$150,000 at Cards at the Central Club.

Denman Thompson's Manager and Friends Vehement in Denial.

Many Who Believe "The Old Homestead's" Creator to Be the Victim.

It is evident that somebody has dropped \$150,000 to the general gamblers who run the resort known as the Central Club at 818 Broadway. It was an actor, so the gossip say, and they have fixed upon Denman Thompson as the man.

All sorts of rumors were current about town this morning, and all seemed to indicate with astonishing unanimity that it could be no one but the hero of "The Old Homestead."