

KILLED IN EXPLOSION BY ESCAPING STEAM

Three Men Scalded to Death and Several Injured by Bursting of Main Feed Pipe of New York Steam Heating Company's Plant on Cortlandt Street.

THREE WORKMEN CAUGHT IN EXPLOSION AND KILLED.



Pressed in a corner George Jackson, Ned Brown and Frank Cherry were battered by flying debris and scalded to death by escaping steam.

THE DEAD.
GEORGE JACKSON, thirty years old, 110 Macdougall street.
NED BROWN, thirty-four years old, 218 Sullivan street.
FRANK CHERRY, 723 Jersey avenue, Jersey City.

THE INJURED.
FRANK GOLDEN, twenty-six years old, 186 Steuben street, Jersey City.
MICHAEL SIEGEL, thirty-six years old, 186 Steuben street, Jersey City.
JOHN KELLER, thirty-six years old, 186 Steuben street, Jersey City.

Three men were killed and three others badly scalded by escaping steam in the basement of the power plant of the New York Steam Heat Company at Greenwich and Cortlandt streets at 7 o'clock this morning.

The main pipe into which the steam of fifty boilers was being forced burst under the terrific pressure.

In an instant every nook and corner of the big four-story building was filled with the superheated vapor.

Half a hundred workmen fled for their lives. Some got out by the fire-escapes. Others, hearing the report as the pipe exploded, made a dash for the roof and beat the rest ascending steam by a close margin.

FIFTY BOILERS BELOW.

The men were working about the fifty boilers in the basement.

That any of them escaped with their lives is miraculous. Frank Golden, Michael Siegel and John Keller, who were at work in the front of the boiler, were not more than thirty feet from the spot where the big supply pipe, two feet in diameter, runs into the conduit beneath the sidewalk.

Ten feet from the street there was a weak spot in the pipe. With the maximum pressure on at 7 o'clock, the pipe broke with a terrific report.

Golden's shoes were ripped off by the force of the explosion. With his companions, he scrambled to his feet and dived through a wire window fortunately just in front of them that led into a little tunnel under the sidewalk. From this they climbed up through a manhole in the street.

Clouds of steam gushed out after them, but they ran so quick that they escaped with their lives.

In the rear of the cellar, or boiler-room, which is all of 160 feet deep, George Jackson and Ned Brown were taking off their street clothes, preparing to go to work. Frank Cherry, a fireman, was working near them.

When the explosion came they were yards away from any spot of egress. The dense volume of steam came down upon them and they were suffocated by inhaling the fiery vapor. When their bodies were found the flesh was parboiled by the action of the vapor.

E. A. Peterson, of 35 Carlton avenue, Brooklyn, had a narrow escape. He was changing the freight elevator and was descending rapidly from an upper floor. His car had just reached the basement when the explosion occurred. Quick as a flash he reversed his lever and shot upward. He was not faster than the ascending clouds of steam driven upward by the immense pressure.

FLED TO THE ROOF.

He had to run his car to the top of the shaft and then climb out on the roof. Meanwhile he had inhaled so much of the hot vapor that he lay exhausted on reaching the roof until he was taken off by firemen.

The hero of the explosion was J. Johnson, an employee of the Street Department in the Department of Main and Drain Pipes. He was in the neighborhood when the explosion occurred. He saw Keller, Siegel and Golden climb through the manhole in the sidewalk and learned from them the nature of the explosion.

Johnson knew that unless the steam was turned off every one of the fifty immense boilers in the basement was liable to explode and the loss of life and damage to property would be incalculable.

RISKED HIS LIFE.

It was a moment for quick decision. To act was to risk his life. He did not hesitate. Already the windows of the power-house were filling with workmen who had escaped for the moment from the steam.

Grasping a handkerchief tightly

across his mouth and nostrils and holding another against his eyes. Johnson leaped down into the manhole and entered the cellar, where three men lay dead, choked by the mere inhalation of the scalding vapor.

Johnson learned from Keller the exact location of the big steam rock which regulated the flow from the boilers to the broken supply pipe.

How he ever located it in the dense clouds of steam with which the cellar was filled is a mystery.

He got to it, turned it off and was back to the sidewalk again so fast that he had not been obliged to draw breath while in the fiery vapor which he had penetrated.

A REAL HERO.

Johnson's act rendered possible the rescue of the half-hundred employees who were in the upper floors at the time of the explosion.

He was too genuine a hero to feel that he had done anything more than the duty which he owed. When the rescued workmen crowded round him to press him with congratulations and thanks he made his escape.

Fifty workmen were stationed in different parts of the plant, which occupies a four-story building.

The men work in momentary peril of their lives at all times. The roar of the explosion was all the warning they needed to dash pell-mell for safety.

SAVED BY FIREMEN.

Those on the second and third floors ran to the windows and, climbing out on the broad sills, waited there to be taken off when the firemen arrived.

The men in the windows hung far out and closed the frames to keep the clouds of escaping steam which had been forced through the building. It took quick work to rescue them in time to escape a scalding.

The steam would have forced them to jump to death but for Johnson's act of bravery.

The company supplied the steam power by which the elevators in many of the big downtown office buildings were run. These were stopped by the explosion.

W. J. Davis, of 26 Thirtieth street, engineer of the power company, was arrested. When arraigned in Centre Street Court he was remanded to the custody of the Coroner. Superintendent J. A. Rankin was also taken to the police station, but not placed under arrest.

The officials of the company refused to discuss the explosion. The elbow which blew out had been in place a year and had only recently been tested.

Michael J. Davis, the chief engineer of the company, was arrested and imprisoned on \$1,000 bail furnished by Alderman Kennedy. Davis in his defense said he could not see that any body was to blame for the explosion, as it was an accident that could not have been avoided.

ONE-POUND BABY THRIVES; A MIDGET OF HUMANITY.

Infant Weighed Sixteen Ounces at Birth, Five Weeks Ago, and Has Gained a Quarter of a Pound Since.

"Doesn't it look like a wax doll?" exclaimed Mrs. Elizabeth Clobessy, holding up a tiny infant for the inspection of an Evening World reporter at the Clobessy home, 26 Lorimer street, Williamsburg, this morning.

"Isn't it a darling?" she went on in rapture, as she proudly fondled her wee babe.

"And how much does it weigh?" asked the reporter, taking hold of a hand, the smallest ever seen on a human being.

"Why just one pound and a quarter," answered the mother, smoothing the child's face behind her lips.

ONE POUND AT BIRTH.

"Oh, she's growing big. Just think of it, she's put on a quarter of a pound in a few weeks. You know, she only weighed one pound when she was born."

The name of the wonderful little infant, the mother explained, is Carrie Elizabeth Clobessy. The father is John

MEASUREMENTS OF ONE-POUND BABY.

Carrie Elizabeth Clobessy is five weeks old. She weighs 20 ounces. She weighed one pound at birth. She is 14 inches tall. Her arms measure 4 1/2 inches from the shoulder. Her legs are as thick as a man's finger. Her fingers are as big around as a lead pencil. She is perfectly formed and has vigorous lungs.

Clobessy, a thrasher, and he believes the most wonderful achievement of his life is the one-pound baby.

The couple have been married two years and this is their first child. She came into the world on July 5.

FOURTEEN INCHES LONG.

The baby is fourteen inches long. The crimp measure 4 1/2 inches from the shoulder; the legs are as thick as a man's finger; the hands are like a tiny doll's with the fingers exactly as thick as an ordinary sized lead pencil.

The baby is almost invisible. The head is very small and the eyes like

Sleeps in Crib Made of Doll's Carriage and Has to Be Fitted with Warbrobe Purchased in a Toy Store.

little beads. The face looks as if it was in a dead brown study, the forehead being a series of wrinkles, which give the countenance an old-woman appearance.

Despite the size of the infant she is perfectly formed. She has a lusty pair of lungs, which the father and mother admit take anything they ever heard. Her health is excellent.

CRIB A DOLL'S CARRIAGE.

She has been seductively from the bottle since birth and has shown that there is nothing the matter with her appetite.

The father got a doll's carriage for the child and made a crib of it, but the new arrival didn't like her quarters and seat up such a howl that she now shares the bed with her mother.

The mother tried to buy a outfit for the babe but couldn't find anything small enough. Finally she went to a big toy store and purchased some doll's clothes, which Mrs. Clobessy wears when she is taken out for an airing.

DIDN'T GET BOERS' COIN.

Bryan Contribution of £500,000 Has Not Materialized.

"Well, with that \$500,000 from the Boers and the million dollars that the Philippine government for Bryan's campaign," commented John A. Mason, at Democratic State headquarters this morning, "we ought to be able to pay office rent and have a little spending money."

Mr. Mason made this facetious remark

BURGLARS HAVE WINE DINNER.

Stopped to Feast While Robbing Uptown Flat.

Many burglars have occurred recently on upper Park avenue, two of which took place Saturday night in the apartment house at 92, and the people of that house are now afraid to leave their home unattended.

The police have been unable to get any trace of the robbers.

Those robbed Saturday night are Mrs.

AGED MAN KILLED BY TRAIN.

NYACK, N. Y., Aug. 11.—Henry Backer, a poultry raiser, eighty years old, was struck by a train on the West Shore Railroad, today at Congers and instantly killed.

SLAIN BY A HIGHBINDER

Goo Wing Ching, Who Killed Long Kin, Held for Murder.

Goo Wing Ching, of 16 East Twenty-second street, was arraigned in Centre Street Court this morning charged with homicide. Arraigned with him were five other Chinamen arrested for carrying weapons. They are said to be highbinders.

A number of Chinamen had congregated at 5 Pell street yesterday afternoon, a meeting place for various secret societies. Goo Wing Ching and Long Kin, of 181 Amsterdam avenue, got into a heated discussion. Ching suddenly drew a large pistol and fired three shots at Kin, one shot hitting him in the abdomen. Ching then ran across the street into 5 Pell street, and up two flights of stairs to the rooms of a friend.

Policeman Murphy, of the Elizabeth street station, heard the shouts and rushed for assistance. He was soon joined by Detectives Townsend, Maching, Coyne, Finlay and Acting Capt. Colton, who called out the reserves, remembering that just about a year ago there had been a riot in Chinatown and Detective McCloskey had been shot. The reserves forced the crowd back and 5 Pell street was surrounded. Kin, the wounded man, died a few minutes after being taken to Hudson Street Hospital.

The police then searched the house and gathered in five men. All of them had weapons on them. The police learned that the murderer Goo Wing Ching had gone into the house opposite, 5 Pell street. They broke down the door of Ching's friend's room and found him cowering in a corner.

Magistrate Mayo held Goo Wing Ching in the custody of the Coroner without bail and held the five other Chinamen on the charge of felonious assault in \$1,000 bail for examination. The other two were discharged.

SHANGHAIED TAR SWAM FOUR MILES.

Plunged Overboard, Wearing Two Suits of Clothes, Far Off Sandy Hook at Sea and Escaped from Captors.



Sailor Emanuelson's Story.

"I don't remember what happened Thursday night, but when I woke up in a stoke-hole aboard ship with a splitting headache I had a good notion that there was something doing.

"What's up, mate?" I says in the lat at the coal bunker.

"You're a fireman on the steamer Laura bound for Hamburg," he says. "You shipped just afore we left New York this morning."

GOT HIS BEARINGS.

"Much obliged," said I. "Maybe I'll go up and look her over."

I went up on deck and there was Sandy Hook light over on the starboard and we were just clearing the bar. We were a stiff ten miles off shore, but along by the Horsehoe was a queer-looking craft that I soon spied for a government dredge boat. She got around to the sunlight where I could read "U. S. Marine Light" on her bows.

"That's good enough for me," says I, and I went below to put a little of the joke on Johnny Bull's mate. There was a nice suit of underwear and a blue flannel coat and trousers swung over a hammock below. I piped into the hatch and saw the coast was clear and went below and got into the top.

"I guess the watch was busy from the heat, for I came up bold as you please, and went over the side with a splash like a whale and nobody got bony until I was all of fifty yards away. I turned over on my back and saved them a farewell when they came to the rail to see me off. They didn't put out after

ROYAL TRAIN IN A WRECK.

Russian Duke and Duchess Escaped—Fifteen Passengers Killed.

ROME, Aug. 11.—The railroad accident not far from this city last night, turns out to have been more serious than anticipated.

It now turns out that fifteen persons were killed and forty were injured, of whom fifteen are seriously hurt.

The disaster was caused by the telescoping of two trains on the railroad from Rome to Florence.

The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Peter of Russia and the members of the Turkish Embassy, who had attended the funeral of King Umberto, were among the passengers, but they were uninjured.

The accident occurred about midnight and at a point about twelve miles from this city.

The Grand Duchess is a sister of the new Queen of Italy.

When informed of the accident, King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Helena hastened to the scene.

The Queen and her sister returned to the capital, while the King and the Grand Duke remained at the spot, giving orders to assist in clearing the wreck and saving the injured.

me for all that we were on the high seas.

KEPT EXTRA SUIT ON.

"Then came the struggle, sure enough. Four miles isn't easy swimming with your shoes on and a double layer of under and outer clothes, but I wanted that extra suit and was willing to suffer for it.

"The drug was in me and my muscles were stiff, but the work I mbered me and I kept up a steady lick with that 'U. S.' on the side of the tugboat shining out like an anchor of hope. I couldn't float or rest myself, for fear darkness would come down.

"I was a mile off the Gedney when they spied me, and they signaled that they would put out a boat. I made almost half a mile before they took me up—a swim of three and a half miles at least.

SHANGHAIED BEFORE.

"Tired? Well, it wasn't like hanging your legs over a dock all afternoon, but the frog that Inspector Hassis served out went by the right spot.

"They landed me when they ran into Perth Amboy Saturday, and Chief Magistrate Oliver, whom I knew when I served on the Nashville during the late unpleasantness, got up a collection to take me back to New York.

"I guess that was my longest and best swim, notwithstanding the handicap of the extra clothes. I was ready for it, though. I've been shanghaied twice before.

"Once I woke up out in the Delaware River, saw a United States monitor in the Narrows and away to Fort Lafayette. That was a night trick.

"I don't know why they want me so bad. Maybe it's because I've been all over and can talk French and Spanish and German. I'm a Boston boy for all that I got my love of the sea from my Norwegian father."

MANGLED BY TROLLEY CAR

Women Fainted as Wheels Went Over Boy, Killing Him.

Vito Scatonechio, nine years old, of 375 Railroad avenue, Jersey City, was run over and instantly killed by car 256, of the Montgomery street trolley line, in Jersey City this morning.

James Young, the conductor, and Bernard Mallon, the motorman, were arrested and paroled.

Edward Stillman, who saw the boy killed, told the police that the lad with a girl about his own age were stealing a ride on a west-bound car.

Ordred off, the girl ran to the sidewalk, while the boy started in the opposite direction, crossing the tracks of the east-bound cars.

He ran directly in front of a crowded car and was knocked down, the wheels going over his body and mangleing him. The boy was killed instantly.

ASTROLOGER PARTS COUPLE.

Frank Tried to Help the Horoscope Out by Deserting.

In the Centre Street Court this morning Mrs. Carrie Frank charged her husband, Abraham, a decorator, of 21 East Fourteenth street, with abandonment and non-support.

According to the sworn statement of Mrs. Frank, her husband and herself, with their two children, lived happily in Boston until last May, when Frank disappeared.

She located him in this city after inquiring for him in almost all of the cities of the East.

In court Frank admitted that he earned about \$6 a week, but claimed to have good cause to desert his wife.

"Well, what are your reasons?" asked Magistrate Mayo.

"When we were living in Boston," began Frank, "I decided to visit an astrologer. I had my own horoscope cast and also that of my wife.

"The astrologer told me that my wife had been born under Venus, and that she would have to be married twice. I knew that it must come true, and so decided to get out of the way so she could marry again."

Magistrate Mayo was amused at the novelty of the excuse offered by Frank, whom he put under bonds to pay his wife a stated sum each week for her support.

LYNCHING OF A NEGRO.

Man Took a Child's Assaultant from Jail and Hanged Him.

CORINTH, Miss., Aug. 11.—Jack Betts, a negro, was lynched today. He was charged with assaulting a ten-year-old white girl Sunday.

A mob took him from jail and hanged him to a telegraph pole on the public square.

Second Mate Snyder Drowned.

Second Mate John Snyder, of the steamship Adirondack, lying at pier 32, North River, was drowned at 4 o'clock this morning. He was attempting to reach the ship from an adjoining pier when he fell into the water. His body was not recovered.

WILL OFFER 150 LADIES' SEPARATE SKIRTS

of Gray Homespuns (the surplus stock from the wholesale dept.); retail value \$6.00 and \$7.50.

\$3.25

On Sale Tuesday, Aug. 14, BROADWAY & 12TH ST.

Stern Brothers

Clearance Sale To-Morrow of Ladies' and Men's Summer Underwear

Ladies' Extra Fine Lisle Thread Swiss Ribbed Vests, Former Price 50c **39c**

Ladies' Swiss Ribbed Fine Silk Mixed and Lisle Thread Vests, embroidered fronts, Actual value \$1.00 **59c**

Ladies' Gauze Pure Silk Swiss Ribbed Vests, with handsome crochet fronts, Actual value \$1.50 **98c**

Ladies' Plain Gauze China Silk Vests, embroidered fronts, Actual value \$3.25 **\$1.87**

Men's Fine Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, Former price 75c **43c**

Men's Extra Fine Gauze Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, Former price 98c **59c**

Balance of Children's, Boys' & Men's Bathing Suits at Reduced Prices.

West Twenty-third Street