

TERRIBLE WRECK ON THE ELEVATED ROAD. TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY Policies pay double damages for wrecks on all railroad passenger conveyance.

Your family at home needs protection. Get the best obtainable for the least money in the strongest company, selling the best unrestricted accumulative accident policy.

BRANCH OFFICES:

31 Nassau Street

1 Madison Square

to make any statement in view of the accusation against him, and Mr. Mudge said the prisoner waived examination for the time. The lawyer said the other company employees present also waived examination if they were to be held.

Coroner Scholer then said he would hold Jackson in \$5,000 bail for the inquest, which would be held in a week or ten days, and he would hold the crew of the train in \$100 each to appear as witnesses, sending them to the House of Detention if they were not able to furnish bonds. Mr. Mudge said the company desired to furnish bonds for the employees, and Wallace E. Palmer, of No. 16 Linden-ave., The Bronx, offered himself as bondsman, giving the house in which he lives as security.

When the fire alarm sounded, suddenly I was startled by the women in the car, which was crowded, screaming, and men springing from their seats. I raised my head and saw the matter. The car began to rock from side to side, and I felt the car bumping on the ties. Then I knew we were off the track, and looking toward the forward part of our car, I saw that the car ahead was missing. I knew something terrible had happened, and I stopped looking from a window and saw that the car ahead had fallen to the street, bottom up, and that many passengers must have been killed and injured.

I saw the head of a man out in the street and the body near by. The legs of a man were protruding from under the wreck of the car, and I saw other men and women lying as if dead. It was a horrible sight, but I was so stunned that I was not nervous then. Many of the women in our car who had been screaming had fainted. Others who were strong made a dash for the door, but the men shouted "Keep your seats. There is no danger for this car now," and some also gathered in front of the doors to keep the people in the car, and shouted "Beware of the third rail," for electric flashes were coming from it.

One man in our car seemed to act as if insane. All the others kept cool and attended to the women. I climbed out of the window, as other men did, to the track and got to the street somehow. A great crowd had gathered in the street, and agonizing cries for help came from the men and women under the wrecked car, mingled with moans and groans. Men and women were running around, bleeding from their hands and faces and other wounds. We got away from the awful sight as quickly as we could when we could not be of further assistance to the unfortunate, the police and ambulances having arrived.

When we got to the scene of the accident the firemen had arrived and were breaking open the side of the car and getting out injured people. The tower man should have seen that the coming train was a 9th-ave. train and turned the switch to give it the right of way. The signal was closed for a 6th-ave. train and should have stopped, instead of taking the curve at full speed.

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of Coroner Scholer, and the injured were extricated from the lower end of the smashed car, the scenes were heartrending in the extreme. One man, dragging a broken leg behind him, and bleeding from cuts on the face and hands, crawled about crying for his daughter. She had been with him in the second car when the accident occurred, but had become separated from him. He was finally taken care of by a policeman who said he would search for "Nellie."

A decapitated trunk was found in the wreckage. The head had been completely severed as if with a knife. Later the head was found on the tracks above. It is believed that the jar sent the man's head through the window, and the glass severed it from his body. This body was later identified as that of James Cooper, a painter, of No. 2385 24-ave.

Two priests worked over the dead and dying, administering the last rites of the Church where it was necessary, and offering spiritual aid and consolation. They were Fathers Casserly and McMullen, who are connected with the Paulist Fathers' Church, at 50th-st. and 9th-ave. Some one had telephoned to the rectory that there had been an accident, and the priests immediately went to the place. When all of the injured had been removed to the hospitals they went to Roosevelt Hospital, where they continued their ministrations. Then they went down to the West 47th-st. station, where they did what they might for those who were seeking to identify the bodies.

MEN BRUTAL TO WOMEN. In the rush from the third car of the train some of the terror-stricken passengers went from the end of the car hanging over the sidewalk into the building over the drug store, going through a window of Mrs. James G. Crowe's apartment on the second floor and running through her rooms and down to the street.

"Most of those who came to me," said Mrs. Crowe, "but there were a few women, and they were treated brutally by the men. The men acted like maniacs, frenzied to a point of brutality. They thrust the women aside, rushed through the room and down the stairs to the street, with apparently no thought for the safety of anyone but themselves. There must have been fifty or sixty of them who escaped in this manner. Just inside the two windows I had a large cabinet which contained a number of my wedding presents, some old relics of my parents' families, and other things which I prized very highly. This was hurled to the floor by the excited passengers and everything in it destroyed."

"Some of those who passed through my parlor left some of their belongings there. Among these things was a Knight of Columbus grand master's pin and a woman's pocketbook. On the street and sidewalk were other articles dropped by the victims, and in the excitement I saw one of the employes of the company cock up several purses and thrust them into his pocket."

The wreck blocked the West Side elevated lines for nearly four hours, causing great annoyance to thousands of people who wanted to get downtown, and sending them to the subway or surface lines.

Crowds bound for work continued to climb the stairs of the elevated stations all the morning. For a time the agents assiduously sold tickets to all comers, but soon there was no room on the platforms for more. Then only, say witnesses, did they stop selling.

As soon as the accident was known at the offices of the company a large emergency wrecking crew was despatched to the scene with jacks, ropes, pulleys, axes and everything needed. The wrecked car was attacked from all sides and the roof, through which many of those who were imprisoned escaped, and with this as a point of vantage, the men by 11 o'clock had cleared up every vestige of the wreck, the pieces being carried away, until there was nothing to indicate what had occurred except the cracked pavement, a broken window in Jones's drug store, and the broken ends of the ties, which had been cut off by the third car.

While this work was going on a workman was standing on the bottom of the car, as it lay at a dangerous angle upside down, chopping away the woodwork. The weakened car started to slide to the street. The workman, feeling the car falling beneath him, dropped his axe. A hundred men shouted to him to jump, and jump he did, just in time to save himself, for in its fall, the car righted itself, and he would have been crushed had he delayed a moment.

CARS FALL THREATENS HOUSE. In its fall to the pavement the heavy car struck the iron pillar which supports the corner of the drug store building. Inside there were a dozen men, including Inspector Flood and Coroner Scholer, and for a moment it seemed as though the iron pillar must snap. This would have caused the entire building to collapse. The pillar, however, stood the shock and strain, and, though the house trembled to the roof, it stood firm. The heavy trucks were placed on carts and taken away, while the woodwork was soon splintered under the renewed attack of the men.

The work of taking away the third car, which was held on the structure with its nose against the corner building, was a more difficult job. Deprived of its forward wheels, it was impossible, even with several motor cars, to drag it back to the structure. This work was finally accomplished with hydraulic jacks. The forward truck of the second car, which had remained attached to the first car, was then pushed back and placed under the body and the wreck towed north to the yards. This car, which was No. 422, was apparently uninjured, and for a time it was placed in the station.

The police last night sent out an alarm for Paul Kelly, the missing motorman. Police Captain Gallagher said that it has been learned that the accident Kelly went to the home of a friend, Howard Hughes, at No. 201 East 126th-st. Hughes is a motorman on the 3d-ave. line, and is now ill. Kelly remained there almost all day, leaving the house only to go to his afternoon. Kelly's home is in St. Louis, and the police believe that he may have started for that city. Detectives were stationed at all the ferries and ferry ways, with strict orders to watch all outgoing trains, especially those for the West and South.

Wounded Victims Tell of Experiences in Wreck. Bruised and bleeding, the passengers in the wrecked car were so unnerved by the terrible occurrences that few had an adequate conception of what really happened. Not until they were cared for at the hospitals or taken to their homes could they collect their thoughts sufficiently to relate the experiences of the moment when they felt themselves falling through space or found they were buried under the wreckage.

Among the many marvellous escapes from death none was more narrow than that of Miss Barbara Grell, who is in Roosevelt Hospital seriously injured, and Miss Henrietta Osterling, her cousin, who is at her home, No. 548 East 164th-st., suffering from injuries and shock. The girls are operators at the Western Union offices. They were thrown through open windows when the wrecked car turned over. They fell to the street, great beams falling around them in such a way as to protect them in great measure. Both were unconscious when rescued.

"Henrietta and I left the house together this morning, as we always do—you know, we both work at the Western Union offices at the same table. We sat well forward in the second car of the train. We were talking and did not notice much about the way the train was running until just as we reached the 53d-st. junction, when the train stopped suddenly with a jolt which almost threw us from our seats. Then it lurched forward again, bumping over the ties, while great sheets of flame seemed to surround us. Then there came a great wrench, and I felt myself thrown violently out of the window behind me. I heard Henrietta crying 'Barbara, Barbara, Barbara!' I seemed to see beams and torn pieces of the car falling around me, then I knew nothing until I found myself wedged among all the wreck, with two men pulling at my shoulders trying to get me out. I was caught by the legs.

"I can never forget what I saw there. The dead were lying around us, and I heard the shrieks of men and women while the men were trying to get me out. Then I fainted again. I think, while they were taking me to the hospital."

Miss Osterling, also, was thrown backward through the window, landing in the street, with the debris piling around her. Her legs were pinned under jagged splinters of wreckage, but she was not injured about the body.

When the car began to fall the people in the aisles seemed to be thrown into one big struggling heap," she said. "I heard their screams, and I remember calling out to Barbara. Then I lost consciousness. They got me to pull me out brought me to. The rescuer tried to pull me to a bakery, where a physician tended to me. I had hardly any clothing left. My purse was gone. Barbara lost her purse and her gold watch. I don't know how I could have got home if Mr. Von Schoeler, the minister of Mizpah Chapel, had not taken care of me. He brought me all the way up here. I cannot thank him enough."

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William Beatty, a youth who is employed at the Western Electric Company with his brothers James and Robert, was in the second car. James was in the first car with a chum; Robert in the fourth car. When the wreck came William, an athlete, jumped for the straps and clung to them. He attributed his escape from death to his hanging there when the car struck the street. He sustained only a compound fracture of the nose, where a piece of wreckage struck him. His brothers helped rescue others injured, but did not know he was hurt until they found he did not report for work.

Patrolman Moran, who was standing at 53d-st. and 9th-ave. as the train came down the avenue, described the wreck as follows: "I had just said hello to Harry Aiken, who was on his way to the West Side court, when I heard an awful rumbling overhead. I looked up and saw sparks and flames flying from the elevated structure, and the next instant there was a shower of splinters. Then I saw the railing along the side of the structure give way, and a car came crashing down. I grabbed Aiken's arm and shouted to him to save himself, to run for his life. He started, but before he could get out of the

was riding were thrown into a heap, and there was a wild panic to escape. I climbed out of a window and lowered myself through the ties, and went down one of the openwork pillars to the street.

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