The Sun.

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EIGHT HOUSES FALL DOWN.

AS DOES THE ROOF OF A HOUSE IN PROCESS OF BUILDING ON 5TH AVE.

An Iron Pillar Shifting in the Debris and Very Likely Many Men—Heaven Only Knows—A Block Quite with Falling Timber Back of Lenox and Other Tragedies Due to Carelessness or Sin in the Walls—The Dead Recovered and the Three Found and the Buildings Fell Like a Row of Card Houses—The Bricks Fell All Square—The Big Buildings and the Dwellings—Police Looking for Men.

Five were killed at the Building Department, in the 20th of November of last year for the superintendent of the row of twenty-four houses on the south side of Sixty-second street, midway between Tenth and Eleventh avenues. The houses were to be double family flats, 22 by 40 feet, and five stories high. G. W. Walker designed the plans and Charles A. Buddensick of 203 Broadway was to build the houses for Rutland Hoag of 1,708 Third avenue. The cost was to be $18,000 for each house. At the Building Department it was understood that the houses were to have a solid rock foundation and were to be built of Howard brick laid up with mortar made of sharp sand and Rosendale lime. Eight of the buildings were so precisely. They fell in a heap, like a row of card houses, at 3:30 P. M., while the workmen were just following them, and others were just trying to prop up the easterly wall.

The wreck was complete. Not a stick remained standing, not a timber whole of all the buildings. Half a hundred workmen were in or about the buildings at the time. At least eighteen of them were hurt. It was supposed soon after the accident that twenty or more were in the ruins, dead or hopelessly buried. Hundreds of men went to work to dig them out, but up to 1 o'clock this morning only one man, badly wounded, had been found. The lists of the injured and of those who have been reported missing are as follows:

THE INJURED.

Benjamin Hoover, a sailor, of Eighty-fourth street and Avenue A, head cut and bruised.

Harry Hoover, of 1,708 West Seventeenth street, bruises about the arms and body.

Hoover, the contractor, laid on the leg by a beam.

Dennis Lynn, father, living in Sixtieth street, suffered from a bruised leg.

Thomas Lynn, roofer, bruised and cut about the head.

Peter Thomas, of 220 East Eighteenth street, has a scalp wound.

Patrick Lynn, father, of 35 East Seventy-second street, slightly hurt.

Ryan, Thomas, roofer, a single man, who lived at 346 West Forty-sixth street, had his left shoulder and his arm burned with molten solder, and is suffering from internal injuries. He is now at Roosevelt Hospital.

Lynn, Thomas, roofer, of 221 Thirty-fourth street, has a scalp wound and a bruised back. It was dressed at the hospital and he walked home.

McKeever, James, 44 years old, a roofer, living at 346 East Forty-first street, is at Roosevelt Hospital suffering from a compound fracture of the thigh.

Doherty, James, boss stone mason, of Ninety-ninth street, cut on the head.

Sackett, Gardner, of Astoria, has scalp wounds and his breast is lacerated.

Knott, Joseph, aged 17 years old, living at 242 Rivington street, has his back badly hurt. He has a family in Germany. Now at Roosevelt Hospital.

Trainor, James, a single man, living at 555 West Twenty-eighth street, is hurt internally, and is at the hospital.

Walter Lorrie, a framer, of 185 Ridge street, taken from the ruins at dusk. Badly hurt.

Zwerman, Adam, of 194th street and First avenue, was badly bruised about the head.

Total—18.

MEN NOT ACCOUNTED FOR.

Holton, Barnard, roofer, of Twenty-sixth street and Ninth avenue, was seen to go up a ladder into one of the buildings a few minutes before they fell. He was a married man 40 years old, and was a stair builder, living in Houston street.

Knott, John, missing. His coat was found in the ruins under a pile of runners' tools.

McNierney, James, a laborer engaged in the basement.

McNierney, John, also a laborer, who was at work in the basement.

Siegel, Matthew, a stairbuilder, living in Manhattan street.

Watson, James, carpenter. His brother Robert says his dead body is in the ruins.

Total, 7. An unknown carpenter is supposed to be in the ruins, and two or three plumbers who were employed by Hugh McCabe of Thirty-second street and Ninth street. There were rumors that a number of Italians were caught in the basement.

Before the houses were planned the land on each side of Sixty-second street, between Tenth and Eleventh avenues, was used for truck gardens. It slopes rapidly down toward North River, and is a rich yellow loam. About the time the plans were filed Angeline Paladino of Sixty-fourth street and Tenth avenue, with a gang of Italians, began to excavate for the foundation walls. The street was soon blocked with heaps of stone and brick, and thereafter the building progressed with a small gang of men, almost regardless of weather. The walls of eight of the houses were completed within a few days, the roofing boards were about all laid, and yesterday the tinmen were putting finishing touches on the roofs. Beneath them were a host of bricklayers, plumbers, plasterers, stairbuilders, and framers. Nearly 100 men had been at work the day before, but 50 of them were laid off yesterday morning for lack of material. Just how many were left at work is not known, but the estimates made last night varied from 18 to 21.

Charles Schwger of 439 West Fifty-third street was talking to a comrade about a job of bricklaying when a noise down toward the new building attracted their attention. It was like the breaking of a timber and some one shouted, "Look out!" said Mr. Schwger, last night. "I had worked on that building. I could see the east wall waving about, and the next minute down it came. Three of the new buildings tumbled over, seeming to break off successively, and then with a great roar the four remaining plunged over in the same direction toward me. I could see the men on the roof as the buildings started and then all disappeared in a cloud of dust. I hurried down there and climbed on to the pile in the hope of helping some poor fellow, but the dust was so thick in the air even then that I couldn't see my comrade who was two feet away. There was no wind to blow it away."

The noise of the fall brought a thousand people to the rear windows of the big tenements behind the fallen buildings, a throng of workmen from neighboring streets, and Policemen George Malone and John G. Strong. Albert E. Lauten of 200 Eleventh avenue, standing in a tenement in the rear, saw that one of the tinners on the roof was standing up as the houses fell. He landed standing, and apparently unharmed, but three companions who were stooping at their work did not escape so easily.

Thomas King was one of these men. He was unable to get up on account of blows received from some of the falling brick, and a kettle of melted solder had been overturned and ran on one arm. John McInerny was under a pile of brick, and Johann Sluontz was lying near by moaning. James Duffy of 337 East Fifty-second street was the man who landed on his feet. He was not severely hurt. With the help of Lauten and one other the badly wounded tinners were carried to the Sixty-first street tenements, back of the fallen houses.

E. J. Foster of 240 East Seventy-eighth street, who was in Sixty-second street, hurried to the ruins, and heard a voice near the centre of the heap of debris calling for help, but the voice grew faint and soon stopped.

Frank Champaign was the boss lather. He had been standing on the sidewalk in front of the building talking to James O'Reilly, the boss of the stonemasons who were at work on more foundations a short distance away.

"O'Reilly was giving me a two-dollar bill," said Champaign, "when I heard a crack. I was fearful over the old buildings, and jumped for the other side of the street, but grabbed the bill first. I didn't get hurt, but Jim was cut over the forehead by something. When the air got cleared a bit we turned to help those who were less lucky."

"When I got here," said Mr. Foster, "about the first persons I saw were Buddensick, the contractor, and Father Brady, one of the Paulist Fathers. Everybody was standing there looking at the ruins just as if they were paralyzed. Father Brady woke them up and set them to work clearing the debris over the place where a voice was heard."

When the police came they sent out alarm signal 581, which brought fire engines 40, 23, and 47 and hook and ladder 4. Then they sent out the ominous signal 25, which calls all the ambulances in the city.

Roosevelt Hospital is in Fifty-ninth street, only a short distance away, and its only available ambulance was soon on the ground. Two followed from the Presbyterian, two from the Ninety-ninth Street Hospital, three from Bellevue, and others from St. Vincent's and the New York, until there were twelve on the ground. The clanging bells as the ambulances and the fire engines came through the street drew the people by the thousand to the ruins, and in a short time the neighborhood was blocked. A squad of police reserves from the Forty-seventh street station arrived about the same time, and the ground was cleared.

It was not until hour got there that an adequate idea of the ruin wrought could be obtained. For two hundred feet along the south side of the street there was a mass of soft brick and mortar, with timbers of all sorts projecting up through it, and over all a torn and corrugated sheet of new tin roof. There was not, apparently, one solid left standing on another. The mass had fallen out into the street until it reached the curbstone, and had spread back until the vacant part of the lots was covered. On the north side of the street were two old frame shanties, one of which was used as a lockup by the framers. In that were half a dozen men who were hurt, and two or three of them apparently were very badly injured.

They were hurried into the Ophthalmic and taken to the Roosevelt. Further inquiry brought more back charges, and it turned out the exercise of the Sixty-seventh Twenty-ninth, Twenty-second, and Twenty-first precincts, and Captain Rooney, Lieutenant Kenny, and about half of the patrolmen were at their headquarters. Superintendent Crowley of the Street Cleaning Department also came to the scene, and at one time had the services of his men, and a hundred men from the Department of Public Works, and set them to work. The firemen had a great deal of immense exercise, and took hold but the work was very slow. The bricks came apart from each other when handled, and were thrown off in a shower. The tin roof, which was rolled off to one side, was nearly torn apart for convenience in handling.

While the men worked the people crowded on the roofs and in the windows and on the few scaffolds that were left, and in the rear yards and on the vacant lots behind the ruins and on the vacant lots to watch the work.

A curious case was one for curious cause.

When it appeared likely to work the firemen got some of red lanterns, and moved along the ruins like a swarm of fireflies. Twenty workingmen crowded to the scene coming from their work, and without going home to get colored lamps were soon to be seen among the firemen. Others who seemed less prompted by curiosity than the others were scattered indiscriminately and set to work under the direction of the firemen, dragging out bricks and timbers, throwing them to her and thither, and shouting with excitement. But there was no method in the work. The light was poor, no one seemed able to take the leadership, and everything went very slowly. Hundreds of the men and boys who were closely packed around the fire now took advantage of the darkness to slip by the policemen and crowding around the workers greatly impeded their efforts. At 9 o'clock a spring wagon came up with two calcium lights, and then the work progressed more rapidly.

Chief McCabe thought he heard groaning from under a pile of bricks and timber in the rear end of the second building from Eleventh avenue. A big gang of men went to work on the spot upon which a stream of light was thrown from one of the calcium light reflectors. Another gang of men went to work in the light of the other calcium light on a pile of ruins in the middle of the building next east, the third of the row, from under which a policeman thought he heard groans. Before 9 o'clock the men at work on the third building 501 had cleared a hole down to the rafters over the cellar. William Miller, a fireman, and one of the volunteers wrapped towels around their heads and crawled down through the rafters to explore underneath. They came up in a few minutes with scratched hands and faces, and after wiping the dust from their eyes and filling their lungs with fresh air each took a long pull at a pail of beer brought by a policeman, and went down again. When they came up a second time they said they had been wherever there was room, and could not see or hear any one.

Others had started down to look for themselves when all were startled by the sudden cessation of the groans that had attended the work of the other gang. Capt. Killilea yelled for silence, and one of the firemen, placing his ear at the bottom of the excavation which had been made, said that he could hear something that sounded like a man's voice. All the men who had been working on the third building then rushed to where the man's voice was heard, and contributed all their strength and the use of their calcium light to getting him out. "Go it, boys, go it!" the Captain shouted. "Let's get this man out alive. Go for the bricks and the timbers."

The boys did go it. Bricks and timbers filled the air and rattled with a loud noise on twisted tin roofing. In five minutes the hole was much bigger, and when Chief McCabe called for silence every one with good ears could plainly hear a sound of muffled groaning. All the firemen gave a yell together to send encouragement down through the bricks, and, driving all the other men away, worked alone slowly and carefully. One man, who was not a fireman, and who spoke with a strong Scotch accent, wouldn't go, but said he would work till he got his brother out if it took till Doomsday. He said that his name was Robert Watson, and that his brother, who was in the ruins, was named James Watson, and lived with him at 127 Tenth avenue. James, he said, was a carpenter, and a good mechanic. His wife and two young children were then on the ocean coming from Scotland, and, in order that he might be able to support them when they arrived, he had been induced to accept work on these dangerous buildings at low wages. All the men around there knew the buildings were unsafe, but each seemed to think he could afford to risk it, to gain a living, if the rest could.

At 8:15 the firemen were using saw and axe on a lot of joists and flooring that seemed only to separate them from the man whose cries could now be plainly heard. At last a lot of flooring was torn up and a man's head and arm appeared in sight. The face was scratched and blood mingled with the light-brown dust that formed the mortar; but the man was still conscious. He tried to smile when he saw the crowd of men working so hard for him, and, after taking a drink of water, closed his eyes and waited until the timbers which held him down were cut away. In ten minutes more he was lying on a stretcher wrapped in blankets, and the police were clubbing room for him through the crowd. At the Roosevelt Hospital he said he was Louis Walter, and lived at 145 Ridge street. He had no broken bones, and may recover from shock and contusions.

At 11 o'clock three great bonfires were lighted on the edge of the debris on Sixty-second street, and were piled high with laths and broken boards. The flames, leaping ten or fifteen feet in the air, made the ruins as light as day. They were reflected back by the rolls of tin roofing scattered here and there, until it seemed as if the ruins were on fire in several places. While the buildings were falling the bricks seemed to have dropped apart like shot and to have fallen into the cellars, while the scantling, holding more firmly together, was tilted outward. This caused the borders of the ruins to be piled up with a jumble of broken timber, while the piles of brick were more level in the centre. A gang of Italians attacked the timber, and stacked it up on the north side of Sixty-second street. They worked with some system, while several groups of men seemed to be working at random in the centre of the ruins. They cheered wherever it was reported that groans had been heard. They found the floors superimposed like a stack of plates, and, by cutting a hole down, firemen were able to crawl into the basement. They couldn't go far, as the beams had forced their way through in places. They failed to find any one.

A great crowd stood outside the police lines and watched every incident eagerly. Ambulances from Bellevue and Roosevelt Hospitals stood in readiness in Sixty-sixth street. Capt. Killilea, Commissioners Brennan, Coleman, and ex-Commissioner Van Cott were still there. Five hundred men with picks and shovels were to be put to work after midnight. Several times there were false alarms when it was thought that a buried man was about to be discovered. Then everybody crowded in that direction until the police drove them back. The firemen shouted down holes and listened for an answer, but got none.

FEARS THAT AT LEAST SIX BODIES WILL BE FOUND

Coroner Martin went to Roosevelt Hospital last evening and got statements from the four injured men who were there. From their statements it is evident that two roofers, two carpenters, and two lathers who were at work in the third building from Eleventh avenue have lost their lives. Thomas King, one of the roofers, said he was at work on the roof with four other roofers when the buildings fell. Two of his companions were found in the ruins and taken to the hospital. The other two who are missing are supposed to be Bernhard Holton of 331 West Twenty-sixth street and John Knott, who lived in Ninth avenue. Two coats which were found in the ruins were identified by members of the Tinners' and Slate Roofers' Association as those belonging to Holton and Knott. Schuck, the carpenter, said two men were working with him when the crash came, and John Trainor, one of the lathers, said two were at work near him. None of the six has been heard from. They are supposed to be buried beneath the debris.

Toward midnight the impression had grown that there were over twenty dead or dying men in the ruins, but without appreciable cause. Inquiries for only a single man had been made of the police. It was asserted with confidence, however, that Matheis Kaufman, aged 35, of East Houston street, and Matthas Siegel, age 27, of Manhattan street, near Houston street, two stairbuilders, were buried in the cellar of the house furthest east in the row, and also that two plumbers were under the wreck at the west end. There were just as plausible statements that these men had escaped. There had been no lack of narrow escapes. Andrew Love of 550 Hudson street and John Gainor, painters, were at work in the third story, hanging on the window sills. When the houses fell Love went down into the cellar and Gainor landed on the sidewalk, both almost unhurt. Many others had similar stories to tell.

TALKS WITH THE BOSSES.

The police found Charles Franck of 1,445 Second avenue, the boss bricklayer, standing around the ruins talking to Schwager, the bricklayer, who had formerly worked on the buildings. Both men were taken to the Forty-seventh street station house. Schwger there said to a SUN reporter that he began work on the building as soon as the stone work was done. He was on the job until the walls were about up. When asked to tell the story, some time in the early part of February, there came such a terrible cold spell of weather that the men had to stop work on the walls. They had been laying up the walls with freezing mortar right along, but this time it froze while they were carrying it in the hods. Before they got back to work there came on a rain that soaked the ends from top to bottom. The next day the stone masons fell sick, and the partitions were put up instead of being left for the stone masons to finish. The next day that one standing out waiting for work for the men got sober and pulled into the superintendent and begged to them with tears in his eyes and left. They went on with there work and they thought that the partitions were all right. The kind of work that was done was poor, and of the cheapest kind.

What kind of work was the mortar? was asked.

It was made of factory lime, and the men who were in the street. There was not one bed of sand brought there. It was used for the first mortar to put in their hods. Five days filled them with mortar so that it came they dumped the mortar out the hods and in doses of the mortar. The walls stood up pretty well as long as the frost was in the mortar, but when the rain and warm weather came they began to wabble. The beams were supposed to stay at least four inches into the walls, but I could put my trowel in adjoining buildings at the end of the beams and the bricks in many cases. I saw a great many beams that did not rest more than one quarter or one half of an inch on the brick. I said to my side partner one day that if a good fire broke out the side walls would break down like card houses. When the buildings did fall I was one of the first men there, and who should I see but Buddensick. I cursed him to his face for murdering the poor fellows who were buried under that pile of bricks. He sent away from there pretty quick, I left the job because I was ashamed to do such work.

Charles Franck, the boss bricklayer, set beside Schwager and corroborated those statements. When asked if he did not know the building was in danger he said he did not.

I saw that the walls were bulged in places," he said, "and this morning I noticed that the foundation walls were giving away. I got Mr. Mueller, the boss framer, to take some men into the basement and shore up the walls with timbers. We worked down there all the morning trying to keep the buildings up the best we knew.

Did you notify the other workmen that the walls were in a dangerous condition?

No. I had no idea they would fall. I thought we could take out the bulged portions of the foundations and build them in again so that they would stand. Mr. Buddensick furnished the materials, and I did the work according to his directions.

How many men were in the buildings when they fell?

Not over 18 or 20. I am sure of that. I had none of my men in there.

Franck is under arrest. Schwger is detained as a witness.

The foundation walls that were defective were on the up-hill or east end of the block. The efforts to shore them up were unavailing, and Mr. Franck could see that they were settling, and gave up the attempt to put out more. The walls settled steadily but slowly after Franck left, but it was not until after 3 o'clock that the east wall gave way. When it did go the foundation of the east wall crushed under the weight, and the wall above doubled out. The timbers were inserted such a short distance into the west wall to the west that they had but little leverage on it, but its foundation wall was as poorly constructed as the one that fell, and the weight of the ends of the timbers sent it down. The north wall followed like tenpins or the sides of a cardboard house.

Was the mortar at all fit to use?" Franck was asked by a reporter.

"I don't like to say. Go and see for yourself."

But now is it possible you refused to use it?"

How can I make a living if I don't use what they give me? I make a poor enough living any way. It is the building examiner's business to stop me if I am wrong in doing it."

"Did you speak to the inspector about it?"

"It not my duty to speak to the inspector."

"Did you complain to Mr. Buddensick?"

"I did speak to him a couple of times and told him it was bad stuff. He said it would be all right. The examiner came around occasionally and looked at things. The mortar was there in the street plain to see. He never said anything."

Franck said that Buddensick gave them bricks so badly frozen that the whole fourth story in the eight houses had to be taken down after it had been put up. He, Franck, took it down at his own expense and rebuilt it. Franck lives at 1,445 Second avenue. He spent the night in a cell.

Frank Champaign, who was the boss of the lathers, said that John Dexter, John Kavanagh, Thomas Flynn, Robert Beaudry, and Frank Bergbold were the names of the men who were lathing on the upper floors. Dexter, he thought, escaped unharmed. Thomas Flynn got a severe cut on the head, and the rest he could not recollect.

John Zimmerman of Greenpoint, the boss stairbuilder, was not in the building at the time, but Matthias Kaufman, who lived in Houston street, and a man named Siegel, who lived in Manhattan street, were at work. Mr. Zimmerman was at the place in the afternoon, but could learn nothing of the men.

One of the men who was about the building told the police that he was in front of the buildings when they went down. He saw them away over to the east, and then one of the lathers ran to the front of the fourth story and jumped out as the walls went down. He landed on the big pile of loam in front that was to be used instead of sand, and so escaped all injury except a slight shock. He thought it was Dexter who jumped.

John Gilden was the boss carpenter. It is said that he had two or three men at work in the buildings, but this could not be confirmed.

ONE BRICK HITS BUDDENSIEK.

Contractor Buddensick is probably the largest builder in the city of cheap blocks of houses. He has had collisions with the Building Department from the time of MacGregor and Dodge down. He always came out ahead, or nearly always. In all the efforts at rescue he took no part. He was in the street in front of the buildings when they fell, and one of his legs was hurt by a flying brick. Beside him stood Mr. Schwager. As the cloud of dust that arose from the ruins rolled over them, Schwger turned to the builder and swore at him with clenched fist:

"You ought to be hung for what you have done here."

Buddensick made no reply. He limped around to his office in one of the new buildings in Sixty-first street, which he has recently erected, and soon after, while everybody was running to the fallen houses, left the street. He was seen to enter a carriage on Tenth avenue, and was driven rapidly eastward. Within an hour he was at his house, 242 East Seventy-seventh street, and left that as quickly as he had come. Detectives and reporters hung about the house till late at night, but he did not return. About the ruins threats to hang him were made, and many were impatiently looking for him. They gave vent to their wrath at being disappointed in fierce denunciations of the man and his methods.

Buddensick has for years been known as a builder with cheap material and an employer of cheap labor. He has been almost constantly at loggerheads with the Board of Health, as well as with the Building Bureau. One of his methods has been for many years never to build in his own name, and the consequent difficulty of pinning down the responsibility for his bad work was pointed out by the Health officers during the sessions of the late Tenement House Commission, as one of the annoying obstacles encountered in pushing sanitary work in this city. A dealer in building materials who knew Buddensick well, said of him: "He has put up some of the meanest and most dangerous buildings in New York, but somehow has always escaped any penalty. Once he was indicted for violating the building law, but got clear of that also. Four years ago he went through bankruptcy, and has never since built any houses in his own name, though he has kept very busy.

George W. Spitzer, who appears as the architect of the buildings, is Buddensick's bookkeeper, and, like the latter, could not be found last night. The police were told that one J. H. Smith, a real estate agent, was the real financial backer of Buddensick in the enterprise. He lives at East Sixty-fifth street. He remembered last night that he had an interest in some lots in Sixty-second street, and that there was a contract, but the papers were in his down town office; but why did the reporter wish to know?

Told that the houses had fallen down, he rubbed his chin thoughtfully, and said that he had sold his interest to Mr. Hang, who was putting up the houses with Mr. Buddensick. He didn't know anything of Hang beyond that he was a builder.

THE STONEMASON ENCOUNTERS BUDDENSIEK.

James O'Reilly, the boss stonemason of 203 East Ninety-ninth street, says he has worked for Buddensick for six years. He was cut on his scalp, on the back of his left hand, and on his back by falling rubbish. He says that his four workmen, who were Italians, got out of the building safely.

"I was at work on the fifth building from Tenth avenue," O'Reilly said, "fixing up the foundations where the split joists had rested on ice, and that had melted away, when I got nervous. The brick work had come away nine inches in the party walls. A piece more than seven feet in length had begun to crumble, and it kept getting larger and larger, yelled to the men to get out, and followed right afterward. The lintel broke in as I was coming though, and came near pinning me fast. It was thick. As I was hurrying out something struck me in the back. As I was hurrying away I saw Mr. Buddensiek going for his carriage. The buildings were tumbling then with a terrible crash, and making an awful dust. I said to Mr. Buddensiek:

"This is a fearful business."

"Yes," he replied, "some of your bad mason work coming against you."

"Sure, sir, it was all your own fault,' I replied. The wits were most scared out of me with the crumbling brick work."

Mr. Buddensick ran up toward Tenth avenue, and jumped into his carriage and drove away." Mr. O'Reilly continued. "I sent my Italians away, and went to Kilbani's saloon to be sobered. I was brought home in a carriage. It wouldn't be my place just now to speak of the operators that Buddensick furnished. It was his province to furnish all the building material to the contractor and operatives. All I can say that the walls were pretty nearly all of the foundations, while the foundations themselves I was repairing myself. The great fault, however, was not in the foundations, but in the brick work.

A CONTRACTOR'S OPINION OF BUDDENSICK.

Contractor Martin was at the scene of the disaster early and spent several hours there. He said: "Buddensick is a thoroughly unprincipled man. I know of his doings for years. I am satisfied that if the building laws had been properly enforced in such cases as the eight have been, I have been informed that there have been many similar things in the past. The eight stood up pretty well as long as the frost was in the mortar, but when the rain and warm weather came they began to wabble. The beams were supposed to stay at least four inches into the walls, but I could put my trowel in adjoining buildings at the end of the beams, and the bricks in many cases. I saw a great many beams that did not rest more than one quarter or one half of an inch on the brick. I said to my side partner one day that if a good fire broke out the walls would break down like card houses. When the buildings did fall I was one of the first men there, and who should I see but Buddensick. I cursed him to his face for murdering the poor fellows who were buried under that pile of bricks. He sent away from there pretty quick. I left the job because I was ashamed to do such work.

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Did you notify the other workmen that the walls were in a dangerous condition?

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"I did speak to him a couple of times and told him it was bad stuff. He said it would be all right. The examiner came around occasionally and looked at things. The mortar was there in the street plain to see. He never said anything."

Franck said that Buddensiek gave them bricks so badly frozen that the whole fourth story in the eight houses had to be taken down after it had been put up. He, Franck, took it down at his own expense and rebuilt it. Franck lives at 1,445 Second avenue. He spent the night in a cell.

Frank Champaign, who was the boss of the lathers, said that John Dexter, John Kavanagh, Thomas Flynn, Robert Beaudry, and Frank Bergbold were the names of the men who were lathing on the upper floors. Dexter, he thought, escaped unharmed. Thomas Flynn got a severe cut on the head, and the rest he could not recollect.

John Zimmerman of Greenpoint, the boss stairbuilder, was not in the building at the time, but Matthias Kaufman, who lived in Houston street, and a man named Siegel, who lived in Manhattan street, were at work. Mr. Zimmerman was at the place in the afternoon, but could learn nothing of the men.

One of the men who was about the building told the police that he was in front of the buildings when they went down. He saw them away over to the east, and then one of the lathers ran to the front of the fourth story and jumped out as the walls went down. He landed on the big pile of loam in front that was to be used instead of sand, and so escaped all injury except a slight shock. He thought it was Dexter who jumped.

John Gilden was the boss carpenter. It is said that he had two or three men at work in the buildings, but this could not be confirmed.

ONE BRICK HITS BUDDENSIEK.

Contractor Buddensick is probably the largest builder in the city of cheap blocks of houses. He has had collisions with the Building Department from the time of MacGregor and Dodge down. He always came out ahead, or nearly always. In all the efforts at rescue he took no part. He was in the street in front of the buildings when they fell, and one of his legs was hurt by a flying brick. Beside him stood Mr. Schwager. As the cloud of dust that arose from the ruins rolled over them, Schwger turned to the builder and swore at him with clenched fist:

"You ought to be hung for what you have done here."

Buddensiek made no reply. He limped around to his office in one of the new buildings in Sixty-first street, which he has recently erected, and soon after, while everybody was running to the fallen houses, left the street. He was seen to enter a carriage on Tenth avenue, and was driven rapidly eastward. Within an hour he was at his house, 242 East Seventy-seventh street, and left that as quickly as he had come. Detectives and reporters hung about the house till late at night, but he did not return. About the ruins threats to hang him were made, and many were impatiently looking for him. They gave vent to their wrath at being disappointed in fierce denunciations of the man and his methods.

Buddensiek has for years been known as a builder with cheap material and an employer of cheap labor. He has been almost constantly at loggerheads with the Board of Health, as well as with the Building Bureau. One of his methods has been for many years never to build in his own name, and the consequent difficulty of pinning down the responsibility for his bad work was pointed out by the Health officers during the sessions of the late Tenement House Commission, as one of the annoying obstacles encountered in pushing sanitary work in this city. A dealer in building materials who knew Buddensiek well, said of him: "He has put up some of the meanest and most dangerous buildings in New York, but somehow has always escaped any penalty. Once he was indicted for violating the building law, but got clear of that also. Four years ago he went through bankruptcy, and has never since built any houses in his own name, though he has kept very busy.

George W. Spitzer, who appears as the architect of the buildings, is Buddensiek's bookkeeper, and, like the latter, could not be found last night. The police were told that one J. H. Smith, a real estate agent, was the real financial backer of Buddensiek in the enterprise. He lives at East Sixty-fifth street. He remembered last night that he had an interest in some lots in Sixty-second street, and that there was a contract, but the papers were in his down town office; but why did the reporter wish to know?

Told that the houses had fallen down, he rubbed his chin thoughtfully, and said that he had sold his interest to Mr. Hang, who was putting up the houses with Mr. Buddensiek. He didn't know anything of Hang beyond that he was a builder.

THE STONEMASON ENCOUNTERS BUDDENSIEK.

James O'Reilly, the boss stonemason of 203 East Ninety-ninth street, says he has worked for Buddensiek for six years. He was cut on his scalp, on the back of his left hand, and on his back by falling rubbish. He says that his four workmen, who were Italians, got out of the building safely.

"I was at work on the fifth building from Tenth avenue," O'Reilly said, "fixing up the foundations where the split joists had rested on ice, and that had melted away, when I got nervous. The brick work had come away nine inches in the party walls. A piece more than seven feet in length had begun to crumble, and it kept getting larger and larger, yelled to the men to get out, and followed right afterward. The lintel broke in as I was coming though, and came near pinning me fast. It was thick. As I was hurrying out something struck me in the back. As I was hurrying away I saw Mr. Buddensiek going for his carriage. The buildings were tumbling then with a terrible crash, and making an awful dust. I said to Mr. Buddensiek:

"This is a fearful business."

"Yes," he replied, "some of your bad mason work coming against you."

"Sure, sir, it was all your own fault,' I replied. The wits were most scared out of me with the crumbling brick work."

Mr. Buddensiek ran up toward Tenth avenue, and jumped into his carriage and drove away." Mr. O'Reilly continued. "I sent my Italians away, and went to Kilbani's saloon to

GEN. GRANT BETTER AGAIN.

HE VISITED HIS BANKS UPON A SUNDAY OF PHOTOGRAPHS.

President Cleveland Sends Expressions of Sympathy Through Gorham—Statement of Washington—Gen. Fred Grant's Report.

Sunday night was an anxious one with the Grant family. The General had been decidedly worse during the day with fits of coughing and choking, which had given him great pain, and had fastened heavily upon his limited reserve of strength. It was feared that during the night the coughing would return with serious results. Dr. Shrady was in attendance, and Col. Fred Grant sat up with him. Until midnight the General was restless, sleeping only fitfully, and occasionally racked with violent fits of coughing. Shortly after 12 o'clock, however, he fell into a peaceful sleep, which lasted substantially until 4 o'clock in the morning. The General then woke up much refreshed, and better than he had been for the past twenty-four hours.

At 8:45 this bulletin was sent out:

Gen. Grant slept in the early hours of last night and up to 4 A. M. He was awakened occasionally by attacks of coughing with expectoration. He was not disturbed and seemed to be having quite comfortable. He has taken no nourishment without pain and is taking cream freely to temperature normal.

Senator Chaffee visited the house soon after this. He said that while the cancer in Gen. Grant's throat was spreading, the patient's condition seemed to remain about the same.

An old negro, James Saunders, eyed the house intently. He said he had seen Grant in the White House, and had come from New Orleans to see his present residence. He was going to Savannah to-day.

At 9:30 Dr. Shrady came out. He said that Gen. Grant had been troubled during the night by coughing spells, but was in no immediate danger. There was no accumulation of mucus in the throat.

Commander George R. Bevan of James River Post No. 20 G. A. R. called at 10 A. M. with a set of engrossed resolutions which he left at the house. When he left he was informed that the General was weaker.

At 10:30 A. M. Senator Chaffee came out of the house. He said: "I have been with Gen. Grant in his room about an hour. When I left he was sleeping under the influence of an anodyne. He takes his nourishment regularly, but it gives him some pain in swallowing. The cancer has ulcerated in his throat, and suppuration has set in. He is no weaker than he was yesterday, and during the hour I was with him he coughed but once, and then the mucus was expectorated without difficulty. If the General continues to take nourishment as he does now, I believe that he will live until he dies from the effect of the cancer. How long that will be I cannot say, nor will the doctors express any opinion on the subject."

At 11 o'clock Dr. Shrady returned to the house. He said he wished it understood that the doctors would not leave Gen. Grant unattended if they considered him in a critical condition. He said he was going away to attend to other professional business, but was within easy reach, and could be recalled at once. He said Gen. Grant's choking was not caused by the cancer lump, or by falling of parts of the throat, but by spasms caused by the irritation. He was quite easy and no worse than two or three days ago.

Gen. H. A. Barnum saw Col. Fred Grant, who said that Sunday was one of his father's worst days. Yesterday he was easier, but not much better. No day passed without his suffering pain. At 10 o'clock he had a severe pain in his throat, which, however, did not last long. When Col. Fred Grant was coming down stairs to see Gen. Barnum, the General had just got up from his chair, and walked from the bed to the chair easily, and sought relief by walking. This he did frequently. No immediate danger was indicated, though a change might come at any time.

At 2½ P. M. this bulletin was sent out:

Gen. Grant has somewhat improved in his general condition since the last bulletin. A slight soreness of the throat during the morning was relieved by cocaine. The secretion of mucus has diminished and the cough has become less troublesome. The patient walked without assistance to an adjoining room and sat in the sunlight. Pulse and temperature unchanged.

At 2:35 o'clock Commander R. C. Stearns and Vice-Commander D. A. Quick of Harry Lee Post No. 1, G. A. R., called to present engrossed resolutions, and saw Gen. Grant, and shook hands with him, but did not talk.

Just before 3 o'clock Gen. Badeau left. He said the General had a little trouble with his throat about 1 o'clock, but he was not apprehensive.

At 4:20 the Rev. Dr. Deems called. He was told that the General had expressed himself as feeling better than he had felt for a week. Dr. Deems did not put much stress on the statement, for the same time Senator Chaffee came out with Dr. Newman. Dr. Newman said that the General was easier and stronger than on Sunday. Commodore Garrison and wife called. Mrs. Garrison went into the house for a few moments and returned, followed by Senator Chaffee and Dr. Newman. Both gentlemen went to the carriage to speak to Commodore Garrison, who had not left it, and then walked to Madison avenue to take a car.

Dr. Newman said after coming out that Gen. Grant had walked into his library repeatedly, and was able to do so without pain. Mr. Hoffman and wife called, and were told that Gen. Grant was comfortable. Orville Grant's son came out of the house with Jesse Grant.

Col. Grant said that Marshal McMichael of Washington had called, having been sent by President Cleveland, to express and convey the sympathy of the President and to inquire after the General's health. Mr. McMichael was told how Gen. Grant was, and thanks were sent to the President for his attention. Col. Grant said to a reporter that his father was a very sick man on Sunday night, but was easier yesterday. The Hon. John C. Now of Indiana called in the afternoon.

At 10 P. M. this bulletin was sent out:

Gen. Grant has been very comfortable since the last bulletin. He seemed stronger during the afternoon, and walked from room to room with a firmer step. He has just awakened from a sleep of two hours. He has taken nourishment, and in reply to an inquiry said he was not in pain. The accumulation of mucus has not disturbed him to-night, and he has not required any local application to the throat. His pulse is 72, regular and full, and his respiration 16.

A relative of the Grant family called at the house a little before 8 o'clock last evening. He did not see the General, but Mrs. Grant, whom he described as much worn by lack of rest and anxiety. The General, he said, showed his illness principally in an aged appearance. His face is wrinkled, and he seems to have grown ten years older within the past six weeks.

A gentleman who has had daily access to the General said last evening that he was really stronger now than he was a week ago, when the alarming fits of faintness occurred. The cancer, he said, was steadily growing, and making dangerous inroads. There was, he thought, no immediate cause for apprehension.

U. S. Grant, Jr., left the house about 9 o'clock in the evening. He said that at that hour the General was sleeping quietly in his easy chair. The family had no immediate apprehension.

Joseph B. Jardine of the Twenty-second Regiment left the Grant house at ten minutes to 10. He had conveyed a set of resolutions of sympathy passed by the regiment and engrossed. He met Col. Fred Grant, and was informed that the General was then sleeping comfortably in his easy chair.

Col. Fred Grant said that the General had done some writing in the afternoon. Gen. Badeau said that the General had written his autograph on a number