

# AWAKENED TO DIE

## Terrible Scenes at the Hotel Royal Fire.

### NO ONE KNOWS HOW MANY DEAD

### Seven Blackened Bodies Removed—One Identified.

### THE STORY OF AN AWFUL NIGHT.

### Crazed With Fear Guests Hurl Themselves from Windows.

### Eye-witnesses Tell of the Awful Rapidly With Which the Fire Consumed the House—Miraculous Escapes from Death in a Most Horrible Form—Heroic Acts of a Fireman—He Makes a Bridge of His Body and Several People Cross It in Safety—No One Knows How the Blaze Originated—A Place Where Registering Under Fictitious Names Was Common—Grotesque Crowds Assigned to Rooms at the Gedney—Men, Women and Children, Nearly Naked and Suffering from Cold, Seek Shelter.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8.—The destruction of the Hotel Royal by the fire yesterday paralleled the disaster in Park place some time ago. One hundred firemen are still at work examining the debris.

Where the hotel stood is to-day a mass of debris that lies in a jagged pile not more than four feet above the pavement. That is all that is left to represent five stories of a human habitation—of a hotel that housed from 300 to 400 nightly.

Under that ragged mass lies the crushed, burned, mangled bodies of scores of men and women. When these bodies may see the light of identification is a matter of conjecture.

The number of dead can only be guessed at. There were 110 rooms and suites in the house, and every room was taken at 1 o'clock yesterday morning. A large majority of the rooms had two occupants. This would indicate that there were more than three hundred people in the ill-fated hotel. Less than one hundred have been accounted for.

Every one known to have escaped was either injured or suffered so much from shock that a removal to a neighboring hotel or hospital was necessary.

### Story of the Fire.

The fire broke out a few minutes after 3 a. m. and never had fire better food. The building was composed of several very old buildings, amalgamated into the Hotel Royal some years ago.

The flame kindled at the front of the elevator shaft, in the basement, at about the middle depth of the building.

The janitor was at work in the basement at the time, and he was suddenly startled by the flashing up of flames. He rushed to the street and notified the policeman on the Sixth avenue corner, who sent in an alarm while the janitor rushed back into the building to arouse the sleeping guests.

The blaze had already shot up the elevator shaft, finding kindling as inflammable as tinder in the framework.

### The Instrument of Death.

The elevator shaft—that instrument of death in scores of great fires—had drawn the flames up, and by the time the alarm was turned in the fire was breaking from the roof, the building was doomed and its occupants in the hands of Providence.

While the elevator shaft was an element of destruction, it was also an instrument of salvation. The flames shot up this great fire with a roar like that of a cyclone, and this great noise aroused many to a realization of their danger, and warned them to escape from a horrible death. Those aroused by this great roar of the flames shouted the warning to their fellow guests.

Then came a scene of terror and horror probably never equaled in the city of New York. At almost every window on the Fortieth street and Sixth avenue fronts of the hotel appeared white-robed figures of men and women, their faces blanched and distorted with terror, and their voices raised in a heartrending chorus of supplication to God and man to save them.

### Scribbles of an Eye-witness.

The most intelligent description of the holocaust was given by James T. Powers, who is stopping at the Gedney House.

"I have been trying to sleep," said Mr. Powers, "but I can't do it. No sooner do I close my eyes than the whole thing comes back to me like a horrible nightmare."

"My God! It was terrible! Those poor men and poor women! I can hear them shriek even now."

"I was standing on the corner, just outside the hotel, smoking a cigar and talking to a friend."

"I happened to glance through Fortieth street over to Sixth avenue, when I saw a little bit of flame break out of the roof of the Hotel Royal."

"Hello!" says I, "I guess the roof's on fire, and I went over leisurely to see what it amounted to."

"I had gone but a few yards when the whole roof seemed ablaze in an instant. I ran over and looked through the office windows, and saw one big sheet of flame that appeared to run from the ground floor straight up the air shaft to the roof, illuminating every floor like a furnace."

### Piteously Crying to Be Saved.

"Instantly every window seemed filled with men, women and children crying out piteously for those below to save them."

"My God! It was terrible! I can see them and hear them now. Oh, what a terrible old fire-trap it must have been."

"The few men who were on the scene acted like madmen. I suppose I must have done so myself, but I shouted to the men on the sidewalk to keep quiet and not urge the people to jump."

"As soon as I got there, I grabbed a man and told him, for his life, to run to the nearest fire alarm box and send in an alarm. He did so."

"Then I called to the poor wretches in the building:

"Don't jump! Wait! The firemen will be here in a minute! Wait! Wait! For your lives wait!"

"But it seemed an age before the firemen got there, and I really believe it was ten minutes before the first ladder was raised, and the building was then one mass of flame."

### Crazed With Fear.

"The poor wretches, many of them crazed with fear, jumped from the windows. One man especially attracted my attention."

"I shut my eyes so as not to see him, but I heard him strike with a sound that made my blood run cold."

"I saw one man jump from the fourth story. The poor devil's clothes were on fire, and he came down like a stone and struck the sidewalk only a few feet from me."

"When I opened my eyes he lay there a mangled corpse, with his brains scattered over the sidewalk."

### A Brave, Heroic Act.

"I saw a man, too, at the third-story window furthest toward Thirty-ninth street take three little girls and a woman and pass them along the cornice into an adjoining window in the next building. Then he followed them."

"It was a brave, heroic act and fearfully dangerous, but all were saved."

"There seemed to be more people on the third floor than elsewhere, and God only knows how any of them were saved."

"I saw at least fifteen men and women rush to the windows, look out despairingly, and then fall back in the flames. Whether any were saved I do not know."

### Daring Rescue.

Among the daring rescues was that performed by Lieutenant John R. Vaughn of Fire Patrol No. 3. When engine No. 26 arrived at the scene Vaughn saw a man at a third story window. He was half-dressed and waving his hands frantically.

Vaughn seized an axe and rushed to the door of No. 680 Sixth avenue, next to the hotel. He beat in the door and made his way through the smoke upstairs to the third floor. It was a flat house. The fireman called to the man, who was leaning out of the hotel window, saying: "Don't jump; I'll help you."

At that moment George Burke of Patrol No. 3 appeared, and Vaughn lay down flat on the sill, and Burke sat on his feet. Vaughn reached to the window of the hotel where the man was, with his hands resting on a telegraph wire, thus forming a bridge.

### Passed Over a Human Bridge.

The first one to pass over this human bridge from the burning building was Mrs. Phelps, wife of one of the proprietors of the hotel. She was quickly followed by an employe of the hotel, then the son of Mrs. Phelps. The strain upon the fireman was very great, but he heroically held on. When drawn up to the window sill he fell inside the room exhausted. He quickly jumped to his feet, however, and said that he was ready for more work of the same kind.

It was soon at hand. A man was seen standing on the coping on the Fortieth street side of the hotel crying for help, and Vaughn bolted downstairs to the street and made his way to the building adjoining. There was apparently no means of effecting a rescue from there. The man still stood in the window. Vaughn, supported by a member of his company, hung down from the window of the next house and rescued the man, who was pretty badly burned.

### Remarkable Escape.

Charles Carson and Thomas Kelly of Engine No. 1, went to the rescue of a man on the fifth floor, which they had reached by scaling ladders. The rescuers got the man to the third floor, when the ladder gave way, and, clasping hands, the three men leaped to the pavement and escaped unhurt.

### Lost His Son.

J. E. Avery, manager of the salesmen's department in the American Tobacco company, occupied a room on the fourth floor with his son. "I was awakened by the glare of the flames rushing from the elevator shaft. I ran into the hall, but was met by flames and smoke. In the confusion I lost sight of my boy. God knows what has become of him."

"I got out of the window and hung by my fingers to the ledge until I was taken off by the firemen. That is all that I can tell. If I were to talk an hour I could give no more facts."

Dr. O. Lusk, who was a resident of the hotel, says:

### A Mass of Flames.

"I was awakened by the noise of the flames rushing up the elevator shaft. I opened the window of my room and saw the fire pouring from the building on the Fortieth street side a mass of flames. I ran into the hall and shouted 'fire' and rang the big gong."

"Then I climbed on a fire escape to the roof of the cafe, which was level with the second-story windows."

"There I met Mr. Levy, a liquor dealer. Both of us were barefooted and wore only our night-shirts."

"Women were screaming from windows all around us, almost naked, like ourselves."

"I and Mr. Levy, instead of making our own escape, set about to save those around us, and I broke with my feet a window on the roof and dragged a mattress from the bed."

"At last as the last woman was let over the edge of the roof we thought of escape for ourselves. The tin roof was becoming unworkable to our naked feet and the air around us was scorching."

"Breaking a glass in a skylight in the cafe roof, we dropped to the floor inside. There we groped about in the stifling smoke until we reached the Sixth avenue door. Levy broke the glass in the door with a chair, and we reached the outer air through the aperture thus made just as the interior of the cafe was filled with flames."

"I was taken at once to the Gedney House, where I was placed in room 87. I was somewhat bruised, and my left hand was cut and burned. My wounds were dressed and at the present time I am resting comfortably."

"I hear that Levy was killed. He was a hero. He was made of stern stuff. I have seen men cool in perilous positions, but I never saw any man with a nerve like his."

### Searching the Ruins.

It is creditable to the police and firemen that, as soon as it was possible to do so, a search of the ruins was at once begun, with a view to recovering the bodies of the unfortunate victims. A hundred firemen were detailed to do the work.

Their efforts were soon awarded by the finding of the body of Henry C. Levy.

It was evident that the disorder attending the classification of the bodies and effects at the recent Park Place disaster, was not to be repeated. The police took all the wearing apparel, jewelry and other effects of the guests as fast as recovered by the firemen from the ruins. They then separated the male from the female attire and effects, and as far as possible classified them by lots.

Seven bodies have been removed so far, only one, however, being identified, the others being so horribly disfigured as to make identification very uncertain, if not impossible.

### Took Matters Coolly.

Among the narrow escapes related is that of Wm. C. Thompkins of this city, who was a transient guest. He was aroused by the cries of fire and finding escape impossible by the stairs, coolly packed his things together and lowered himself to the ground by means of the rope fire escape which he found in the room. When on the ground he gathered up his effects, which he had previously thrown out of the window, and went elsewhere to finish his sleep.

### The Hotel Royal.

The Hotel Royal was built more than twenty-five years ago. It was formerly kept by Messrs. Paris & Bufer, but the present proprietor leased it thirteen years ago. In 1882 it was remodeled and the south-adjointing building was added to it. It had 124 rooms. Many actors and transient patrons stopped there, but many families were permanent guests.

The somewhat elaborate restaurant was liberally patronized by the class which keeps late hours.

The loss on the hotel and furniture is estimated at \$250,000. The building is the property of Hyman Israel, furniture dealer.

Mr. Meares made a feature of serving frequenters of the French balls, when their annual revels were transferred from the old Academy to the Metropolitan Opera House. He had some reputable guests, and some who hired rooms for the night only. A good many of the latter were couples who came late at night and left early the next morning, and of whom no questions were asked as a rule. Their aliases makes the list of missing practically impossible to verify.

The nature of the complications which are likely to arise was shown last night when a man and woman called at the New York Hospital and identified the woman who was taken there with a fractured skull and thigh. The injured woman's name, at the request of her identifiers, was withheld by the hospital authorities.

### A Grotesque Crowd at the Gedney.

The night clerk of the Gedney House was startled at about 3:30 by a man rushing in and asking him and if he had thirty vacant rooms.

"What do you want with thirty rooms?" asked the clerk.

"Why our guests at the Royal are burned out. They must have a place to put up."

"All right," said the clerk, "We'll make room for them."

The man ran out and in a few minutes there arrived at the Gedney probably the most grotesque party that ever struck that hostelry. There were men, women and one little child. Some in night clothes, and the others partly dressed, and all shivering with the cold and greatly excited.

There was a great ringing of bells and hustling of "fronts," and in a few minutes the queer looking party had been assigned to rooms. Some of them were in a bad way. Their faces were cut and bleeding and a number of the men and women limped through the corridor, and one woman had to be carried to the elevator.

### A Second Fire.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8.—At 7:10 o'clock last night the fire broke out again in the ruins of the basement. It was extinguished quickly.

### The Firemen Praised.

LONDON, Feb. 8.—The "Daily News" speaks highly of the conduct of the New York Fire Department at the Hotel Royal fire. The "News" says the department made a striking record, the result of a perfect course of training.

### Mysteriously Disappeared.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8.—Camille Lassen, a young German, arrived here on Thursday in the steamer Ems from Bremen, intending to go at once to the residence of Joseph Morwitz, No. 237 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. He has mysteriously disappeared, and there are fears of foul play, as he had drafts for a large amount on his person.

### Probably Assumed Names.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Feb. 8.—H. A. Warner and C. M. White and wives, registered at the burned Hotel Royal, in New York, as from Nyack, are not known here. If they are from this town it is likely the names were assumed.

# HARRIS CONVICTED

## Found Guilty of Murder in the First Degree.

### FOR KILLING HIS GIRL WIFE.

### It Took the Jury One Hour and Twenty-five Minutes to Decide.

### The Prisoner Listens Calmly and Was Apparently the Coolest Person in the Room—His Poor Mother Very Much Affected—He May Be Sentenced Monday—The Case Will Be Appealed—Convicted One Day After the Anniversary of the Death of His Victim.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8.—Carlyle W. Harris, the young student charged with having poisoned his wife, Helen Potts, was found guilty of murder in the first degree at 10:45 last night by a jury of his peers.

The case has been one of the most sensational of its kind in recent years, and has attracted a widespread interest.

On February 1, 1891, Helen Potts, daughter of a wealthy railroad contractor of Asbury Park, who was in attendance at a fashionable boarding school in this city, died after a brief illness.

The death, at first, was supposed to be due to natural causes, and preparations proceeded for the funeral. Then, in some manner, the name of Carlyle Harris, also of Asbury Park, who was studying medicine in this city, became linked with that of the dead girl.

The whispers grew as time progressed, until finally the authorities in this city took cognizance of the matter and an autopsy was held on the body of the young lady, which resulted in the discovery that death was due to morphine poisoning.

Harris was arrested and indicted, and then the fact leaked out that he and Miss Potts had been clandestinely married. Facts were developed which showed the young man's character up in a favorable light, and the authorities became convinced that he had murdered the young woman.

He admitted having prescribed some morphine pills for his wife for some affection which he claimed she was afflicted with, but stated that the doses were not sufficiently large to do her harm.

About two weeks ago the case came to trial and has been progressing ever since. Yesterday the summing up occupied most of the day and early last evening Recorder Smyth charged the jury. They went out about 9:30 and at 10:45 returned a verdict of murder in the first degree.

The verdict was very unexpected to the accused, but Harris maintained his composure and was, apparently, the coolest person in the room. His mother, who has been constantly at his side during the trial, was very much affected and created a scene. She fell back in her chair shrieking madly, "It's a lie, a lie."

It was several minutes before she again became composed.

It is understood that he will be sentenced next Monday. The case will be appealed.

### LOOKS BAD FOR LENTZ.

### Everything Points to Him as the Murderer of Mrs. Senior.

MILBURN, N. J., Feb. 8.—The examination of Mrs. Elizabeth Senior's body, who was murdered on Sunday, revealed twenty-four wounds, many made after death.

Everything now points to Gustava Lentz as the murderer, as many of his statements have been found to be false. Lentz has a bad record and is well known in the Fourth precinct. Last night Captain Glori made a tour of the saloons in which Lentz alleges he spent his time from 4 p. m. on Saturday until Sunday at 1 a. m. At every point his alibi was contradicted.

Lentz said he was in George's Concert Hall at 5 p. m. on Saturday. The proprietor denied that he was there. Many minor points of his alibi were also disproved. Other saloons were visited, but no one remembered having seen Lentz in any one of them.

A point argued against him is his talk with Schlosser, the bartender on Springfield avenue. In it the prisoner said that the August Lentz whose name had been mentioned in the case was his brother-in-law.

No blood was found on his clothes. As he threatened if he ever got in trouble he would commit suicide, he is closely watched. Coroner Phelan will hold an inquest on Thursday.

### De Ayala Murder Case.

SCRANTON, Pa., Feb. 8.—The jury to try the wife murderer Steve De Ayala has been secured, the regular jury panel as well as a special venire of thirty men being exhausted in finding a jury. The prosecution opened the case, declaring that they would show that De Ayala deliberately planned the killing of his wife and was caught in hiding, in another part of her father's hotel, an hour previous to the commission of the crime.

### Killed in a Saloon Row.

CHICAGO, Feb. 8.—Peter Gallagher and Charles Maguire, two stock yards roughs, got into a quarrel in Casey's saloon, and Maguire began to shoot. William Cagney, a bystander, was instantly killed, and Gallagher received a bullet in his lungs that will probably cause his death. The men in the saloon took up the quarrel, and would have made short work of Maguire had not the police arrived in time to save him.

### Three Heavyweights in Seclusion.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8.—Tuesday evening, Feb. 16, has been definitely decided as the date on which Jim Corbett will give his athletic entertainment at the Madison Square Garden. Corbett is to meet three heavyweights in succession, three rounds apiece, and will for the first time show to New Yorkers his skill in a flat battle.

son. His...  
shred!...  
Giles rose, turned toward the lawyer, and lifting one hand slightly, said in lower tones than he had hitherto, since he entered the house, "I am traveling altogether on fact. You draw up a will, giving all—all my United States possessions to Rose, daughter of James and Mary Parker."

Alexander Rutledge rose, and looking angrily into Giles Brookie's face, said, with emphasis: "You are a spy, Giles Brookie."

"You don't—you can't deny it. Now, then, I suppose you've no objections to talking over this matter when I know all that's in the will."

"Not a word—not another word."

"Pooh! Supposing my uncle should suddenly would you blame me for fighting his will?"

"You have my answer. Consult any lawyer you please, only don't come here again."

"I suppose it would be an insult to ask you where the will is."

"The will is in my possession."

A gleam lit up Giles Brookie's face as he remembered the small safe in the corner back of him. The will was there, of course.

"Do you admit there is a will?"

"There is. You doubtless learned that much from one of the witnesses. You seem to know everything—why are you ignorant concerning the place the will is deposited? The will is in my possession. It is in that safe, where it will remain until I am called upon to produce it."

Fatal admission. It sealed his doom, for that instant Giles Brookie resolved to murder Alexander Rutledge. He knew the witnesses. But what would their testimony avail in the absence of the will of the lawyer was removed?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### A Satisfactory Explanation.

Distracted mother (at her daughter's wedding)—Oh! Oh! Oh! What shall we do? The groom hasn't come, the guests are beginning to giggle and my daughter is in a faint.

Friend of the family—Calm yourself, madam. I saw the groom only two hours ago entering the Great Dry Goods Emporium at the corner. He said he had forgotten to get gloves.

Distracted mother (suddenly breaking into smiles)—Oh, then it's all right. He's probably waiting for his change.

### HAIRPULLING MATCH.

### Newark Women Engage in a Disgraceful Street Fight.

NEWARK, N. J., Feb. 8.—A disgraceful street fight between three women took place yesterday afternoon at 5 o'clock on Broad street. Mrs. J. S. Lang and her daughter, who reside at 82 Stratford place, had just left the Sunday school of the First Presbyterian Church, when Mrs. Ellis Paine, who had been to the same Sunday school, came up behind the other women and struck Mrs. Lang over the head with her umbrella.

Then began a free fight in which hair pulling was the rule. Mrs. Lang and her daughter set upon Mrs. Paine and gave her a beautiful thrashing.

Mrs. Paine, seeing that she was getting the worst of the fight, retreated to the Sunday school, followed by Mrs. Lang and her daughter, but once inside the church hostilities were not renewed.

A large crowd witnessed the pugilistic efforts of the women with apparently much delight.

Mrs. Paine accuses the other woman with being unduly intimate with her husband.

### Belmont Pestered by Cranks.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8.—August Belmont is the latest acquaintance to the list of New York millionaires pestered by cranks. A man named Richard Nixon, formerly employed at the Belmont mansion in Fifth avenue as a butler, went to the house last Saturday night very drunk and demanded the wages he said was due him. He threatened to kill Mr. Belmont, and for a time created great excitement among the inmates of the house. Mr. Belmont sent for the police, who took Nixon to the station. Mr. Belmont declined to press a charge against Nixon and he was discharged. Since then he has hung around the Belmont mansion much to the annoyance of the family, who fear he will do harm. Police protection was claimed to-day, and an officer was detailed to watch the mansion and arrest Nixon if he should appear.

### Wants Her Wrongs Righted.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—Senator Turpie has introduced a bill to right the wrongs Mary Stuart Laselle believes she has sustained, and to recompense her for sufferings and services which is believed to be wholly unique. She was an employe in the Census Bureau and her experience there is set forth in a memorial accompanying the bill. In it she says she was appointed a computer at a salary of \$720 a year. Entering upon the discharge of her duties May 7, she faithfully performed them until about 11 o'clock of Wednesday Nov. 26, (the day before Thanksgiving, 1890,) when she was dismissed without warning, while, she says, she was serving the interests of the

### Speckles and the Sugar Trust.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8.—A well-known sugar importer said to-day that he had positive assurance that Claus Speckles had joined the sugar trust, so far as his Philadelphia refinery was concerned. As to the San Francisco business, the importer said, Speckles would retain possession of that, but with limitations as to territory in which to sell sugar. So confident are the importers and weighers of sugar that Speckles has gone into the trust despite all denials, that many of them believe their occupation will soon be gone, as the trust does not require their services.

### Changes By Bishop Wigger.

NEWARK, N. J., Feb. 8.—Bishop Wigger has made the following changes in the Newark diocese: Rev. M. T. McManus to succeed late Rev. W. A. Fleming as rector of St. Aloysius; Father Brennan from Morris Plains to succeed Father McManus as pastor of the Sacred Heart Church at Summit; and Father Place to succeed Father Brennan at Morris Plains.