FATAL BOILER ACCIDENT.

Five Known to Have Been Killed and Over a Score of Men and Women Injured.

Nineteen Persons Missing, and Many of These Also Believed to Have Met Their Death.

A PRINTING HOUSE DESTROYED.

Frightful Havoc in the Business Quarter of St. Louis—The Search for Victims Continued During the Night Amid Intense Excitement.

St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 2.—Just at 1 o'clock this afternoon a series of terific explosions laid waste the vicinity of Second and Vine streets, where printing houses and allied trades are numerous. Those known to have been killed are:

JOSEPH KOVARICK, boy, employed by Levison & Blythe.

FRANK NIEHAUS, boy, employed by Levison & Blythe.

CHARLES CLAYBROOK, colored porter for Anchor Peanut Company.

Miss NORMAN, typewriter for Anchor Company.

ALBERT MELIKER, eighteen years old, employe of Excelsior Company.

Missing and believed to be dead are:

CHRIS KARGER, shipping clerk Excelsior Company.

THOMAS LEY, shipping clerk Excelsior Company.

AL MELLIER, employe Excelsior Company.

CHARLES ERICKSON, employe Excelsior Company.

Four of the corpses taken from the ruins have not been identified, and remain at the Morgue.

The first explosion came from a boiler in George F. Morrits's printing office basement, at No. 308 North Third street, just across the alley from the storage and commission house of H. B. Grubb. In the rear of the Grubb establishment a large quantity of fireworks was stored, and a second explosion occurred, followed immediately by a third that lifted the Grubb building and dropped it in a mass of wreckage.

The explosion caused general consternation, and every window for three blocks was broken. The large plate-glass window in the Merchant's Exchange, four blocks away, was shattered and the traders stampeded. Up to to-night five bodies had been recovered, four persons are missing as far as reported to the police and the list of injured numbers nineteen. In addition to the list of injured given, several others were hurt. Following is the roll of injured secured thus far:

William Brandeweider, clerk, badly cut on head; Richard Cowleshaw, foreman Frey Printing Company, hurt internally; John Carter, press boy, eyes blinded; Ben Taylor, press feeder, cut by flying glass; William Bradbury, printer, face cut; William Hermer, printer, blinded by glass; Joseph de Boruck, aged seventeen, No. 3700 Indiana avenue, Levison Ink Company, ankles and feet hurt; Chris Kraft, aged seventeen, No. 1717 South Seventh street, head cut; John Parker, No. 1209 St. Auge avenue, of Little & Becker, head cut; Michael Stack, both legs broken; W. R. Cowleshaw, printer, cut in face; Joseph Barker, printer, shoulder displaced; Charles Amos, letter carrier, blown out of second story window, slight injuries, and Frank Niehous and Joe Kazarick, who are still in the building.

Probably the list of dead will be increased when the ruins are overhauled. E. P. Lasc, proprietor of the Excelsior Wire Company, says he is quite sure five of his employes did not escape from the building. The work of examining the ruins was continued to-night. The total loss will exceed $100,000, all insured.

The H. B. Grubb Commission Company occupied the ground floor of No. 309 North Second street, and the Anchor Company the second and third floors. Adjoining the wrecked building on the south is the Levison & Blythe Printing Company, where most of the injured were employed. The north walls and two floors went down. On the north is the Excelsior Wire Company building, also partly wrecked. Within a half minute the three buildings were wrapped in flames. The fire was under control in an hour, when the work of searching for victims commenced.

NINETEEN PERSONS MISSING.

The police made as complete a canvass as possible to-night to ascertain the number of the missing and the result is disheartening. The list has grown to nineteen, though it is hoped some of these are temporarily housed with friends. As late as 8 o'clock groans were heard in the wreck and the police had difficulty in restraining the anxious relatives of the missing. The City Dispensary was turned into a hospital and fully thirty slightly injured persons, besides the list given, were treated there.

The scene of the wreck is the centre of anxious inquiry from the kindred of the missing ones. They stand in the biting cold and watch with tearful eyes the work of the wreckers. Little work can be done to-night, but it will be continued until the debris is thoroughly searched.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPES.

Some of the escapes from death were miraculous. James Kennedy, a printer, perched for twenty minutes on the frame of a third story window, which fell just as the laddermen reached him.

John Marlowe was on the street in front of the Grubb building and was hurled across the street against a horse that had been killed against the opposite wall.

James Cowleshaw, one of the injured, was found under the debris with a heavy beam supporting the wreckage above him.

A heavy telegraph pole fell across an express wagon and killed the horse. John Carney, the driver, escaped uninjured.

KENTUCKY SENATE FIGHT.

A Populist Has the Deciding Vote on a Tie Between Democrats and Republicans.

Lexington, Ky., Jan. 2.—The scramble for the seat of J. C. S. Blackburn in the United States Senate has become exciting. Blackburn was here to-day, in consultation with friends, while McCreary, the sound-money Democratic candidate, is at Frankfort, whooping things up. Blackburn has the best chance of the Democrats, while Hunter, of Louisville, seems to-night to lead the Republicans. Hunter worked hard for the election of Governor Bradley, and the announcement of the Governor to-day that he is most positively not a candidate for the Senate is considered in the interest of Hunter.

A. E. Wilson, the other prominent Republican candidate, is enthusiastic, while Congressman Evans and George Denny, Jr., who is now contesting the seat of W. C. Owen in Congress, are eager for the Senatorial lightning to strike them. Denny will hardly be considered in the caucus, since he has been a strong anti-Bradley man, and that gentleman just now is in the ascendency.

The Republican caucus comes off Monday afternoon and the Democratic caucus at night. The Legislature is divided—eighty-four Democrats and eighty-four Republicans, with a Populist named Poor, holding the key to the situation. Two members of the House are seriously ill—Oglevie, of Paducah, and Weisenger, of Louisville—the one a Democrat and the other a Republican. Two contests are being made by Republicans. Should the Republicans be able to seat their two men the chance of electing a Democrat will be small indeed, but since it is a "stand-off" the Democrats hope to get the vote of Mr. Poor and elect their man.

Another trouble arises from the fact that there are one or two men who are personal enemies of Blackburn, and may not vote for him under any consideration. If this is the case, the best Democrats can hope for is to prevent the election of a Senator at all.

HER LIFE THE SACRIFICE.

Mrs. Corey Saved Baby Gladys from Harm and Met with a Shocking Death.

Christmas Tree Burst into Flame, and the Heroic Woman Dragged It from the Room.

RAN SHRIEKING, WITH BLAZING SKIRTS

Crazed with Pain, She Fell Helpless and Dying at the Foot of the Narrow Circular Stairs Down Which She Fled Seeking Help.

The Christmas tree with which Gladys Keller, eighteen months old, was to have entertained some small friends, yesterday afternoon, is responsible for the death of Mrs. Lizzie Corey, the child's aunt. Gladys herself was saved from possible death, also, by the heroism of Mrs. Corey. The parents of the little one, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Keller, occupy the flat on the fourth floor of No. 441 West Fifty-seventh street. Gladys is the only child. Mr. Keller, who is a man of means, is identified with the cold storage interests of the city. Mrs. Corey has been a widow about two years. She enjoyed an independent income, and since the death of her husband has made her home with the Kellers.

Mrs. Keller went out shopping yesterday afternoon, leaving Gladys in charge of her aunt and Jennie De Kalb, a colored nurse. The Christmas tree was standing in the front parlor. It was heavy with toys and candles. Gladys was to have distributed the pretty things on its boughs to a party of baby friends, who were to gather there during the afternoon.

HEROISM OF LOVE.

Mrs. Corey, preparatory to the arrival of the children, began to light the candles on the tree, and Jennie, the nurse, holding Gladys in her arms, stood near by. Just how it happened the nurse is unable to say, but there was a crackle, a puff of smoke and the upper part of the tree burst into flame. Mrs. Corey tried to extinguish the blaze by clapping her hands over it. She knocked the fir down, and it fell toward the nurse. Mrs. Corey threw herself in the front and with a sweep of her arm sent the tree whirling into a corner of the room. She shouted to Jennie to run with the child out of the flat, and in spite of the fact that her hands were badly burned caught hold of the tree and proceeded to drag it along the hallway toward the kitchen, where she could procure water.

She was near the kitchen when the flames caught the skirt of her dress. She did not let go her hold of the tree, and in a moment her skirts were blazing furiously. Then she lost her head, and with shrieks that aroused the other tenants of the flat started on a run down the narrow circular stairs that lead from the kitchen to the basement.

A DEATH OF TORTURE.

The draught of air from the basement fanned her blazing clothing into fiercer heat, and as she staggered down the stairs her screams grew fainter. The blood and smoke stained patches visible on the whitewashed walls of the walls of the stairway last night tell of the horror of her descent. When she reached the basement there was small vestige of clothing left.

Mr. and Mrs. Griscom, the janitors of the flats, found a burned form, stained black by smoke, and writhing in agony at the bottom of the steps.

Meantime, an alarm of fire had been sent in. The blaze in the kitchen was extinguished without the use of water, and the total damage to the flat does not exceed $75.

Ambulance Surgeon Bigham, of the Roosevelt Hospital, who was summoned, said that the woman was fatally injured. She was taken to the Hospital, where she died at 11:30 o'clock last night. There is not an unscorched inch of skin on the body.

Mrs. Keller returned home as the surgeon was removing her sister in the ambulance. The shock was so great to her that the services of the family physician, Dr. Kiefer, of West Fifty-seventh street, were needed, and last evening she was suffering from hysteria and prostration.

Mrs. Corey is said to have been devoted to Gladys, and the fear that the little one might be harmed undoubtedly prompted her to the act of heroism which cost her her life.

SAYS MRS. RUNNETT WAS MURDERED.

Continued from First Page.

body of the woman, and as he crossed the street they asked him to go for a policeman.

When he returned with two officers, subsequently the servants had gone back into the house, and the lights within had evidently been extinguished. The body of the woman was taken to the West Sixty-eighth Street Station, where it was at first thought she had committed suicide. An investigation later led to Nellis's arrest.

When the police heard Katz's story they immediately telephoned Police Headquarters, and Coroner Hoeber was notified. He drove hurriedly to the station house, where the man reiterated his story for the Coroner's benefit.

The result was that Nellis was arrested, and when brought to the station house was positively identified by Katz as the same man whom he had seen throw the woman off the stoop. Nellis called the man a liar as he was being led to a cell. He was locked up charged with homicide, and will be held without bail.

Katz was sent to the House of Detention, where he will be held as a witness. The police are now looking for a servant girl who, according to Katz, is employed in one of the houses adjoining that of Nellis, and also saw the latter throw the woman into the basement.

A 15

WHO KATZ IS.

Katz is unknown to the police, but they are now engaged in looking up his record. He was until lately a gripman in the employ of the Broadway cable road, but left the service of the company the day before Christmas of his own accord.

He gives as a reference to his honesty and good faith Superintendent Rounds, of the Metropolitan Traction Company. When Katz walked into the West Sixty-eighth Street Police Station at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon he at once asked to see the captain. Detective Lang took him to Acting Captain Vredenburgh, and to the captain he said he had been a witness to the "murder" of Mrs. Runnett.

He accounted for his failure to come forward before and tell what he had seen by stating that he was separated from his wife, with whom he had trouble, and dreaded that in the publicity which would attend his appearance in the case his wife would learn his address and come forward to persecute him. What he had seen, however, had preyed upon his mind, and he was determined to conceal it no longer, but to come out and tell what he knew.

Katz then wrote down a statement at the captain's request, giving the facts as narrated above.

MR. RUNNETT'S STATEMENT.

The sworn statement of John A. Runnett, whose wife was found dead in the areaway of the house of Albert A. Nellis, at No. 251 West Seventy-sixth street, was taken by Coroner Hoeber yesterday. The affidavit was made at Runnett's home, as he is a cripple and unable to leave the house. Mr. Runnett shields his wife's name and exonerates Nellis.

He says they had been married for twenty years and his wife was devoted to him and incapable of doing wrong. She had been his sole support during the fifteen years he has been crippled. Nellis, he says, lived in his house for nine years. "The day before Thanksgiving," he states, "my wife met Nellis in the street and asked him for some money he owed to my niece, and they had a dispute over it. That is all there is to the story about the alleged quarrel."

The affidavit continues: "On the day of my wife's death and previously I had noticed something peculiar about her actions. The constant worry appeared to have affected her mind. I believed her death was caused by accident. She was troubled badly by vertigo."

Mrs. Nellis also made a statement to the Coroner yesterday. She said she saw Mrs. Runnett strike her husband in the street. Mr. Nellis, she declared, did not go to the door on the night of Mrs. Runnett's death until after the body was discovered.

THE MARRIAGE A SURPRISE

Only a Few Intimates Knew of the Wedding of J. F. Tams and Blanch Cruger.

The marriage of Mrs. Blanch Emily Cruger to J. Frederic Tams, celebrated quietly on Wednesday in the chantry of Grace Church, was as great a surprise as their engagement. No invitations had been sent out. The guests went at the personal request of the bride and bridegroom.

Frederic Oakley Spedden gave his sister away. She wore a gown of steel-gray uncut velvet, with large sleeves of cut velvet. The bodice was trimmed with appliques of silver and steel, and was fastened at one side by a bunch of cape jasmine. Her small, gray velvet toque had steel aigrettes and a pompon of chinchilla on the side. She carried an ivory prayer book and a small bunch of jasmine. The wrap which she wore on leaving the church was of gray velvet, trimmed with chinchilla.

Floral decorations and music were entirely dispensed with, and in fifteen minutes after the arrival of the bride the guests dispersed. Mrs. Tam's three children—Bertram, Violet and Frederick—were also present. The latter accompanied his grandmother, Mrs. Spedden. Violet, who wore a gown of pale pink India silk, trimmed with black, walked with her older brother.

Only the bridal party returned to Mrs. Tams's residence, No. 136 East Twenty-second street, where luncheon was served. No reception was held. At 4 p. m. Mr. Tams and his bride left for a brief Southern tour. Her going-away dress was of black cloth trimmed with ermine. She wore a black jacket and a small black hat. Mr. and Mrs. Tams have changed their plans for their honeymoon. It was their intention originally to spend a month at Lenox, where they were to have occupied the country seat of Dr. and Mrs. Greenleaf. They will now probably return to New York in about ten days and make their home in the house where Mrs. Tams has lived since she obtained a divorce from Eugene G. Cruger, about nine years ago.

She is an intimate friend of Lady Beresford, and was one of the witnesses of her marriage to the late Duke of Marlborough, father of the present Duke.

Mrs. Tams was born in New Orleans about thirty-three years ago, and when quite young married Eugene G. Cruger. Mr. Tams is a prominent yachtsman, and belongs to nearly all the fashionable clubs, including the Union, the New York, Seawanhaka and the New York Yacht Clubs. He is also a noted cotillion leader, and the brother of Mrs. James Scott, of No. 590 Fifth avenue.

Mrs. J. Frederick Tams.

She was divorced from Eugene Cruger nine years ago, and was an intimate friend of the Duke of Marlborough's stepmother, Lady Beresford. She married Mr. Tams New Year's Day in Grace Church chantry, with only a few friends and her children present.

GOTHAM'S GUESTS.

Carroll D. Wright, of Washington, D. C., Commissioner of Labor, is at the Fifth Avenue.

FIFTH AVENUE—Mr. and Mrs. Lambert, Holland; William H. Thurber, Providence, R. I.; William Morgan, Pittsburg; D. M. Greene, Troy, N. Y.; G. M. Stark, Saginaw, Mich.; Hon. William Whiting, Massachusetts; George W. Colby, Boston; John W. Drew, Boston.

HOFFMAN—Henry Baily Alden, Boston; W. McK. Barbour, Boston; H. H. Baldrige, Omaha; R. Zuloaya, Venezuela; F. V. Burnett, Washington, D. C.; Leopold Haas, Hamburg, Germany; B. P. Luce and wife, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. F. P. MacNichol, Calais, France; A. B. Hostetter, Philadelphia.

ST. JAMES—F. J. Simpson, South America; William F. McCready and wife, Albany; H. Albert and wife, Philadelphia; A. Rodigne and wife, Washington, D. C.; C. H. Barstow, Chicago; Mrs. L. A. Belmont, Philadelphia; N. Y. T. Garry, Oswego.

STURTEVANT—J. H. Pratt, Asbury Park, N. J.; H. G. Granger, Colombia, S. A.; E. L. Merwin, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. D. H. King, Boston, W. G. McKnight, Washington, D. C.; W. C. Van Blarcom, Scranton, Pa.; T. J. Sheridan and wife, Troy, N. Y.; J. F. Noera, Boston.

GILSEY—Benjamin Whitely, Baltimore; George Zinn, Goshen, N. Y.; J. W. Falconer, Minneapolis; E. R. Bristol, Jr., Ashland, Wis.; E. F. Murdock, San Francisco; J. F. Swords, Connecticut; Henry M. Robinson, Youngstown, O.; A. Watt, York, Pa.; James D. Henderson, Philadelphia.

GRAND—E. W. West, Glens Falls; George O. Moore, Philadelphia; C. M. Shawkey, Warren, Pa.; D. Bates Bell, Du Bois, Pa.; Captain H. E. Tuthuly, U. S. A.; P. D. Vroum and wife, U. S. A.; J. Elliot Dodd., Wilkesbarre, Pa.; W. Andrew Buyd, Washington, D. C.

HIS FATHER TO BREAK HARRY WEEKS'S CHAINS

William H. Weeks Is Alive and Will Fight for His Son's Release.

Calls at the Westchester Home for Children and Startles Superintendent Pierce.

THE AUTOCRAT CALLED TO ACCOUNT

He Refuses Permission to the Father to See His Son, but the Former Will Take Legal Steps to Free Him.

William H. Weeks, father of Harry Weeks, the thirteen-year-old boy who is chained up and dieted on bread and water in the Westchester Temporary Home for Destitute Children, in White Plains, N. Y., called at the office of the institution last night to inquire into the maltreatment of his son and remove him from the place.

Superintendent Pierce declined to let him see the boy, on the ground that he was in bed and could not be disturbed, and urged the father not to appear in Justice Dykman's court on Saturday, when the hearing of the habeas corpus proceedings will be held.

The father of the boy came to New York yesterday afternoon from South Norwalk, Conn., where he is employed by a laborer by the Pennsylvania Iron Company. Before leaving for White Plains he went to the law offices of Friend, House & Grossman, and retained them for advice in legal proceedings he proposes to begin against the Westchester Temporary Home for Destitute Children. He then went to White Plains to see for himself whether the boy was in chains, and relieve him, if possible, at once from the shame and suffering he has been obliged to endure. The autocrat of the Home at first denied that he knew him, and afterward sheltered himself behind the rumor that William H. Weeks was dead.

MET A CHILLY RECEPTION.

Mr. Weeks described his reception at the Westchester Home to a Journal reporter last night, while in New York, on his way back to South Norwalk. He said that he had but just heard of Harry's ill-treatment, and had intended to go to White Plains next Saturday to attend the trial of the habeas corpus proceedings, until he read in the Journal that the boy was still chained. He then made up his mind to go at once to the Home. He was in a dejected state of mind over his inability to see his son, and said he supposed he had been refused because the boy was still in chains.

"Pierce was in his office with several persons when I called there," said Mr. Weeks. "As soon as I told him who I was and what I came for, he sent everybody out of the room, and looked me over as though he did not want to talk to me at all. He said he did not recognize me as the father of Harry Weeks, and thought he had never seen me before.

"I told him what happened at the time that Judge Merritt and I called there to put Harry in the Home, and explained that my looks were changed by my wearing whiskers. He finally seemed to remember me, but said, 'Why, somebody wrote to me two years ago that you were dead. I think I have the letter somewhere now. If I remember right, it was written by some woman up at Cross River.'

"I told him I did not know who could have written such a letter, as several people in Cross River knew I was alive. 'I have come here, Mr. Pierce,' said I, 'to find out what these reports mean about the cruel treatment of my boy, and to take him away. I want to know if he is chained.'

ADMITTED CHAINS WERE USED.

"'The boy is being well treated,' Pierce replied. 'We use chains here, certainly. That has been for sixteen years the regular way of the Home to keep the boys from running away.'

"'Do you consider that a good way to treat little children?' I asked.

"'Why not?' said he. 'Is it not better to do that than to shut them up in a close cell? We only want to do the right thing to make the boys obey.'

"I told him I did not think it was the right way to treat any child, and I would not allow it in the case of my boy. He said that we all had our enemies, and he had not been fairly treated in the accounts the papers gave of Harry's running away. When I told him again that I was there to take the child away on account of what the newspapers said about the Home and his cruelty, he asked:

"'What are you going to do with him?'

"'I am going to get him away from here,' I said, 'and take him to a better place. I have been very poor for four or five years, but I now have work that I hope to keep, and can take care of him myself, with what little he can do to help me. My other boys are all in good places. Harry needs help more than they do.'

"He then said: 'Well, you know that this case will come up Saturday at the Court House. I've got to have the boy there, and, of course, can't let you take him away now. But after Saturday I will let you take him, if you then think you want him.'

"I asked him why he seemed to think I might not want him then.

"'Let us be frank with each other,' he said. 'Now, if you appear in Court Saturday you are likely to be called upon by the county to pay for the keeping of this boy the last four years. The county has been paying for him all that time, and the first thing you know the county will sue you for the money it has paid, and make you pay it. Of course, you can do as you like about it; it wont make any difference to me whether you are there or not, but it may cause you a great deal of trouble.'

"I did not tell him what I thought about that, as I shall see my lawyers first.

NOT ALLOWED TO SEE HIS BOY.

"I then asked him to bring Harry down, so I could see him and talk with him.

"'Harry is in bed now,' he said. 'I cannot disturb him to-night. On Monday, if you don't appear in court, you can come and get him, and welcome.'

"I said nothing more about it, but I wondered whether the little fellow was in bed with his chains on. If that was the case, I suppose Pierce can't be blamed for not wanting to show him to his father."

Mr. Weeks had not decided last night what legal steps he would take against the Westchester Temporary Home for Destitute Children, but he said he proposed to see if Pierce could be punished for his cruelties.

The habeas corpus proceedings which will come up on Saturday will make little difference with the plans of the boy's father, as the little fellow seems certain of release whichever way the case goes. The Westchester County people who are making it warm for the Pierce institution have little faith that the boy will be released by Justice Dykman on the writ, since it was discovered that the commitment was regular and that the order of Magistrate Merritt is in the hands of the institution's counsel. White Plains people will be very much surprised at the new possibilities of litigation William H. Weeks has brought into the case, as he was generally supposed to be dead.

When asked to tell the story of his misfortunes, Mr. Weeks said:

"I have lived in the town of Cross River, or next to it in Bedford and Katonah, for thirty-five years. I was married there and all my children were born there, except Rutherford, the oldest, who was born at Greenwich, Conn. I never owned any land or a house, but worked on the farms around there and rented different houses to live in. I earned about $20 a month and my board most of the time. At Todd's place, where I worked six years, they paid me $22 a month and house rent and milk for the family. We got along comfortably enough on that as long as my wife lived. We were independent of everybody, and I guess we got along as well as a good many people there that owned land.

"We had six children. They were brought up well by their mother, and none of them ever gave us any trouble. As long as the family kept together everything went all right with me, but when my wife died six years ago I could not keep the boys together. I did not earn money enough to hire a woman that could bring them up properly. The neighbors advised me to find places for them among the farmers around Cross River. Some of them who liked the boys offered to take them. They were kind people, and I knew my boys would be better off if they could get into that kind of homes than they would be in any home I could keep up for them, when they had no mother.

"Now, about Harry. After I gave up trying to keep the boys together I let Harry go to Wilbur Hunt's farm. They have a good many hands there on Hunt's place, and he did not get along with some of the men. He got into the habit of coming to Todd's, where I worked. Mr. Hunt was kind to him and treated him as he did his own children, but he was not at home all the time, and the hired men would plague Harry and make him do work he did not like to do.

HARRY HARD TO MANAGE.

"One day Mr. Hunt came to me and said that Harry was getting so hard to manage that he was afraid he could not bring him up as well as he would like. I told him I would find some other place for him. Mr. Hunt said he hated to let him go, he was such a bright little fellow, but finally I made up my mind to take him to the Home for Children at White Plains.

"I don't believe in binding children out to service. I never whipped Harry in my life, and I would not bind him or any of the boys out to people and give them a chance to whip them. I took Harry to the home at White Plains because I believed they didn't allow their children to be whipped or harshly treated in any way. The home had the best reputation of any of the places of that kind in Westchester County. Mr. Pierce was said to be a very kind, Christian man, who took a great interest in the poor children in his home. I thought Harry would have a good chance for life there, get an education and have his habit of running away corrected.

"I never thought any such terrible thing as whipping with a cat-o'-nine-tails, or putting him in chains, would happen to him in such a place as that. I did not even think to ask Superintendent Pierce if the children were whipped there. I took it for granted they were too kind to use the whip.

"Since Harry was put in the home I have not been in Westchester County much, and did not hear about his running away from the home the first two times until long afterward. I never heard about his being whipped with a cat-o'-nine-tails and fed on bread and water until to-day. I heard that they used chains sometimes, but supposed the chain was one of those light ones, and long enough so that the boys could move around some, if chains were used at all. But I did not think they were used. I thought chains were only used in prisons, on the worst kind of criminals."

"Was any criminal charge ever made against Harry, to influence the magistrate who committed him to the home?" he was asked.

"No, sir, never. Judge Merritt committed him because I was too poor to take care of him at that time. I never made any complaint against my boy. The Judge and I drove down to White Plains with him. I did not talk much with Pierce. Judge Merritt told him all about the boy, and Pierce said he would be well treated. When I went away I thought I could get Harry out again any time I wanted to without going to law about it. Judge Merritt told me that would be all right.

EXPECTED TO TAKE HIM OUT.

"I thought then I could take Harry out in a few months, and maybe get all the children together again. But luck was against me. With what little I have done for George, the one that is with me at South Norwalk, and the small wages I earned most of the time, I could not take him out or pay the home anything to speak of for taking care of him. I have not worried so much about him as I have about the other boys, because I thought he had as good a home as any of them.

"The neighbors in Cross River will tell you whether my boys are bad or not, and all about Harry. He never was bad, and is all right now, unless the kind of treatment he has been getting there has spoiled him. If I had been posted about their cruel ways before, he would have been out of it long ago, if there is a way to get him out. But the only way I had of hearing about him was through Mrs. Ferguson, who wrote every little while to her nephew, Thomas Martin, who lives at South Norwalk. She always said she heard Harry was getting along all right.

"Mrs. Green, who kept Harry about a year, goes down to the home occasionally, and she would tell Mrs. Ferguson how Harry was getting along. She was always interested in Harry, and stood up for him if anybody spoke against him. She would have taken him to her home if the baby had not needed her chief care just after my wife died. Harry has a bright, quick way about him that people liked, even if they did get out of patience with his mischief."

Emanuel M. Friend, of the law firm of Friend, House & Grossman, was seen last night at his home, in Seventh street, and said that his firm had been retained by William H. Weeks for proceedings against the Westchester Temporary Home for Destitute Children. He refused to express any opinion on the case, and said he could not tell whether the suits would be civil or criminal, or whether they would be brought against the institution or Superintendent Pierce individually.

SUMMARY ACTION TO BE TAKEN.

Henry Esser, the new Superintendent of the Poor for Westchester County, who took office January 1, said yesterday that he would take some action in the matter of the Pierce Home without waiting for the proposed joint committee of the County Board of Supervisors and the State Board of Charities. He regards the case of Harry Weeks as too urgent to admit of delay.

In the meantime the strongest evidences of revolting cruelty in the institution are coming to light. Several workmen of Contractor Merritt's crew, who worked last Summer on the new building the home is erecting, have volunteered to make affidavit that Harry Weeks was in chains every day for nearly three months in the Fall. This being true it is the opinion in White Plains that Harry was justified, when he still found the chains on his ankles Christmas morning, in running away from the home.

Joseph Smith, a laborer who lives with his family at White Plains, said yesterday: "The chain that Harry Weeks carried around on his legs while I was at work on the new building was strong enough to lift two tons of stone. He never had it off a single day while we worked there—nearly three months, and the boys used to say he would be crippled for life by their weight if it were not taken off. The chain is about a foot long between the ankles, and the boy could not take a full step. He hardly ever raised his feet from the ground, but shuffled along as though the weight was too much for his little legs.

"The rest of the boys in the Home played around with him, but he was the popular one among the workmen. He carried our drinking water from the well, and he would drag himself across the grounds and along the scaffolds on the building as willingly as if his legs were free. I never saw any other boy in chains there, but I did not think Harry was the worst boy in the lot."

OTHERS HAVE STORIES TO TELL.

Among other witnesses who will testify if called upon to the cruelties practised on children at the Home are William S. Thornton, an engineer in the employ of the Wheeler Condenser Company, at Carteret, N. J., who was at one time an engineer at the Home, and Thomas Brown, who is now a hall boy in an apartment house on East Twenty-eighth street. Thomas Brown is a boy of good character, who was sent to the Westchester Home six years ago because his widowed mother could not support him.

He said yesterday that he had worn the chains and had been flogged with a cat-o'-nine tails on the bare body. It was a common thing, he said, for Pierce to make the boys wear chains for months at a time.

"He punishes the girls severely, too," said Brown. "I have seen him whip babies until they could scarcely stand. If boys were very bad, the chains used on them would be short, so they could scarcely walk. Two boys were often chained together, and sometimes several would be fastened in a string."

William H. Weeks.

The father of the boy chained up and beaten in the Westchester Home for Destitute Children is alive, and appearing at the home demanded the release of his son, but was, however, refused permission to see him.

(Sketched by a Journal staff artist.)

DEVOE FORGOT THE WEATHER.

Jersey's Weather Prophet Enraptured by a New Baby Voice.

Hackensack, N. J., Jan. 2.—Professor Andrew Devoe, the weather prophet, in his printed predictions, announced a blizzard for yesterday and a cold wave for to-day. There was no phase of yesterday's weather that could be tortured into even a suggestion of a blizzard, and to-day the air was almost balmy. But the prophet took no note of the abject failure of his prediction. It is doubtful if he knew that there was any weather at all.

He was in a sort of trance of happiness. There is a baby boy in his family now, whose lusty voice was heard for the first time early this morning.

EARLY FOUGHT TO ESCAPE BROCKWAY.

Preferred Any Other Fate Than Returning to Elmira Reformatory.

Violated His Parole, the Police Said, and Was Committed to the Paddler's Mercy.

Struck the Institution's Agent Before a Magistrate, and Hopes for a Penitentiary Sentence.

HIS TALE OF REVOLTING CRUELTIES.

Says Boys Are Not Reformed, but Are Turned Out Hardened Criminals from the Institution, Which He Fears Contains a Dark Cell for Him.

Edward F. Early, out of the Elmira Reformatory on parole, became so enraged in the Centre Street Court yesterday, when he was recommitted to that institution by Magistrate Deuel, that he assaulted H. B. Brockway, transfer agent for the Reformatory. The greatest excitement prevailed and when the court officers had restored order a complaint of assault was made out against Early.

Early was sent to the Reformatory April 5, 1894, for the larceny of a diamond ring. He professed penitence to Judge Fitzgerald, before whom he was convicted. He was released last May for good behavior. He has been arrested several times when found with thieves and pickpockets, but was not convicted of any offence.

In November he failed to make his regular report to Superintendent Brockway as to his occupation and residence. A communication was sent to Police Headquarters, and Chief Conlin made a report on which Superintendent Brockway decided that Early had violated the conditions of his parole. The detectives of the Central Office were instructed to keep a lookout for Early, and on New Year's Eve Detectives Clark and Butler saw him in the dense crowd about Trinity Church. They say he was with three notorious pickpockets, and the four were arrested. Early was held until yesterday morning.

When arraigned in Centre Street Court, Early said:

"I wont go back to that place. I would rather go any place else, for they will kill me when they get me back there."

Magistrate Deuel said he had no alternative but to commit him to the Reformatory, and that his only hope of release was by habeas corpus proceedings.

The words had hardly been uttered when Early struck Brockway, who is a brother of the superintendent. The transfer agent fell from the bridge, and as he was falling Early kicked him in the stomach. Three policemen jumped upon Early, and with great difficulty handcuffed him. Even while he was helpless he struggled wildly to get at Brockway again.

When Brockway resumed his position beside the prisoner, Early, handcuffed as he was, butted his captor in the mouth with his head. Again Brockway fell in a heap on the floor, partially stunned, while blood flowed from his nose. The policemen grabbed Early and prevented him from doing further harm. Brockway made out a complaint of assault, and Early was committed to the Tombs in default of $500 bail.

Early, in the Tombs, was greatly pleased at the prospect of being sent to some other penal institution than the Reformatory. He said:

"I suppose if I ever get back to Elmira old Brockway will kill me for striking his brother. If I go there they'll put me to work in the iron foundry, where the work is hard enough to kill a young fellow like me. They don't give the boys there enough to eat. All we get is bread and water, and once in a while a little soup.

"If I get back there, Brockway would put me in a dark cell. That is what I am most afraid of. Brockway puts handcuffs on us, then strings us up by the hands so that our feet just touch the ground. The only rest we get in a dark cell is by resting our heads against the wall. I tell you, I'd take chances on anything rather than be in the clutches of Brockway again, and if I go back something is going to happen."

Early shuddered as he recalled experiences in the Reformatory. He said that boys were not reformed there; they were turned out hardened criminals owing to the harsh treatment they received.

"When I got in court," he said, "H. B. Brockway came to me and said he'd have me back in the old place again. After the Judge signed his warrant he started to put the handcuffs on me. They were too small and pained me. I begged him to keep them off, but he only smiled. Then I let out on him. I'm only sorry I didn't hurt him more than I did. After the policemen caught hold of me, Brockway put the cuffs on, and in a low tone said: 'I'll fix you when I get you up above.' I do hope I am convicted of assaulting him, and that I am sent to the Penitentiary, for I hear prisoners are at least treated like human beings there."

If Early elects to be tried by a jury he can be sent to the Court of General Sessions. If convicted, he cannot be recommitted to the Reformatory, as it would be his second offence.

TRAMP GAGGED A WOMAN.

Mrs. Charles Schirmer Overcome by a Ragged Visitor, Who Demanded Money.

Captain Foley, of the Mount Vernon police, has a battalion of police scouring the country under Detective Beckwith in search of a tramp, who yesterday morning visited the residence of Charles Schirmer, at No. 230 North Terrace avenue, Mount Vernon. Mrs. Schirmer was alone in the house with her baby. The tramp demanded money, and on being refused succeeded in gagging her. He then ransacked the house in search of money. Mrs. Meyer, a neighbor, frightened the thief away.

The neighbor found Mrs. Schirmer on the floor unconscious. When she recovered Mrs. Schirmer told of her struggle with the tramp. She had struck him once with a broomstick before he threw her to the floor, and forced a dirty handkerchief into her mouth. She gave a vague description of her assailant, remembering no details of his appearance, save that he was dirty, ragged and white. He got no booty.

Mrs. Meyer summoned the police, and Mr. Schirmer, who had gone to his business, at No. 55 West Sixteenth street, New York City, was called home. Mrs. Schirmer is still suffering from the shock.

ONLY HIS CLOTHES BURIED.

Believed That De Graff Patterson's Body Is on a Dissecting Table.

Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 2.—Mrs. Harvey, the daughter of De Graff Patterson, having complained to the authorities that Undertaker Foutz had failed or neglected to bury her father as he had agreed to do, they yesterday ordered the grave opened. Instead of the remains of her father, she was greeted by the sight only of his clothes, which were rolled up in a bundle and placed in the coffin.

Mrs. Harvey does not believe that the body was buried, but Undertaker Foutz says he has four witnesses that the body was placed in a coffin in his establishment, and the remains properly buried. It is highly probable that the body will be found on a dissecting table in one of the medical colleges