

LIVES THAT HUNG BY A THREAD.

Their Sudden Peril from the Flames, Imprisoned on Upper Floors, and Their Thrilling Escapes by Rope and Ladder, Related by Themselves and by Eye-Witnesses.

MISS M'KINLEY'S ATTEMPT TO RESCUE

She Bravely Sought to Go Back to Her Mother to Save Her. PREVENTED BY A FIREMAN. Then She Summoned Her Father and Resumed the Search with Success.

Miss Mabel, daughter of Abner McKinley, exhibited a calmness and a spirit of self-sacrifice that have made her one of the heroines of the disaster.

The McKinleys are old residents of the Windsor. Visiting them was Miss Helen McKinley. Their apartments were on the ground floor, but so well secluded from the general life of the hotel that the three ladies heard none of the tumult of the fleeing guests until the fire had gained great headway.

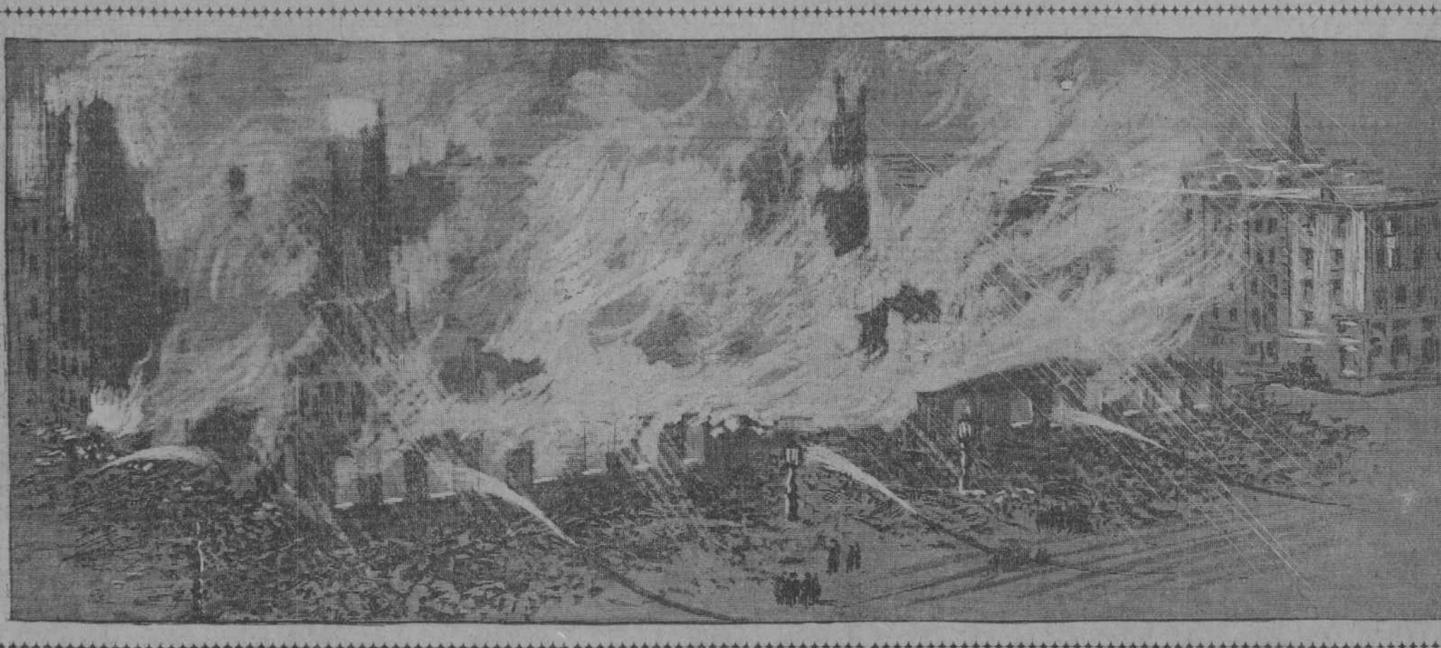
Miss Mabel McKinley's experience was in one feature very like that of young Charles Leland, who, as told in yesterday's Journal, made repeated efforts to re-enter the hotel in aid of his mother and sisters. He was restrained by a policeman, and then went around to the Forty-seventh street side in time to help lower his mother to the ground from a sixty-story window.

While the first rush of guests from the burning hotel was in progress Miss McKinley was dressing to go out to an afternoon entertainment. Her mother and aunt were in another room and she knew that they had not escaped, she endeavored to return to the family apartments by the main lobby. She was prevented by a fireman who conducted her back to the street.

There she still sought among the wounded for the missing ones until her courage failed, when she drove to the Hotel Grenoble and summoned her father by telephone from his Broad street office.

Reaching the street, Miss McKinley was much alarmed to discover that no one had seen her mother or her aunt. Finding then that they had not escaped, she endeavored to return to the family apartments by the main lobby. She was prevented by a fireman who conducted her back to the street.

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THE HOTEL RUINS AS THEY APPEARED AT 10 O'CLOCK YESTERDAY MORNING.

At the time this picture was sketched the light snow which had been falling during the morning had just changed into rain. The hotel was but a mass of hot bricks and smouldering timbers. As the rain fell it became converted into a thick mist of steam, which made it impossible to see beyond the parts of the outer walls of the building which were still standing. All day long several streams of water were turned on the smoking ruins, and in the early afternoon two hundred workmen began digging into the ruins in the streets, looking for dead bodies. Inside the walls it was so hot yesterday that it was impossible to make any search into the ruins.

A SON WHO RISKED HIS LIFE TO SAVE HIS AUNT.

George Fuller Saved His Mother Then Went Back for His Aunt. THEY WERE INVALIDS. GOT DOWN IN SAFETY.

Mrs. Bradley is still missing, but Her Daughter Will Not Give Up Hope.

Mrs. Fuller, of Pittsburg, an invalid, had apartments on the fourth floor. On the sixth floor were the apartments of Mrs. Bradley and her unmarried daughter, Mrs. Bradley and Mrs. Fuller are sisters of Mrs. Thomas Carnegie. Mrs. Bradley is missing.

One of the saddest sights at the Manhattan Hotel yesterday, where there was a constant hurrying to and fro of messengers in the employ of guests seeking news of missing relatives, was the presence in the lobby of Miss Bradley, with her eyes fixed always on the door, awaiting tidings of her mother.

Mrs. Fuller and Mrs. Bradley were patients of Dr. Carlton Simons, who gave the following account yesterday of the efforts of young George Fuller to reach his mother's and then his aunt's apartments:

"About the time the fire broke out I was due to make a professional call on Mrs. Fuller. When I reached the hotel people were jumping from the windows. Mrs. Fuller's rooms being on the Forty-seventh street side, I ran around there. George Fuller, who was in the main lobby when the fire started, was on the fire-escape making efforts to get beyond the second floor, where there was an obstruction. I went to help him, but we were unable to proceed further until firemen came with ladders.

"The moment it was possible to do so George Fuller ran up a ladder and into a window on the fourth floor. When he opened the window and entered the smoke poured out in a volume. He went to his mother's apartments and in few minutes reappeared at the window with her and her nurse. Mrs. Conroy, with the help of firemen he got them safely down the ladders to the street.

"As soon as his mother was safe George Fuller went back up the ladder to the sixth floor and made a desperate effort to rescue his aunt, Mrs. Bradley. He ran through the corridor, but was stopped by the strong draught which swept the flames fiercely in the direction from whence he came. Before reaching Mrs. Bradley's door he was forced to retreat. He returned by way of the fire escape, only shortly before the fourth floor fell.

"Miss Bradley was not in the hotel when the fire started. She reached the scene in time to search among the wounded before they were carried to the hospital. Not finding her mother among them, she waited about the ruins till night and then went to Mrs. Fuller, and manifested great anxiety. Last night she still hoped that her mother was alive.

COOL HEADS SAVED THESE FOUR WOMEN.

Mrs. Murray, Miss Wise and the Mackays Took to the Fire Escape. THEY WERE INVALIDS. GOT DOWN IN SAFETY.

Among the coolest women in the hotel when the fire was discovered were Mrs. Donald Mackay, her daughter Jennie, her sister Miss Wise, and Mrs. Logan C. Murray. To their remarkable presence of mind they probably owe their lives.

A Gordon Murray is a lawyer, with offices in the Equitable Building. His mother, who lives in Louisville, Ky., was a guest at the Windsor. She is in ill health. Just before the fire started she went to the room of Mrs. Mackay, Miss Wise and Miss Mackay were also there. In a few minutes the latter remarked that she thought the hotel was on fire. Opening the door to the room, they were horrified to see the hall in flames. There was no escape by the door.

Without a moment's hesitation and with splendid coolness the four women ran to the fire escapes and began to climb down, finally reaching the ground in safety.

Meanwhile Mrs. Murray had learned that the hotel was on fire. She is in ill health. Just before the fire started she went to the room of Mrs. Mackay, Miss Wise and Miss Mackay were also there. In a few minutes the latter remarked that she thought the hotel was on fire. Opening the door to the room, they were horrified to see the hall in flames. There was no escape by the door.

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HERO PHYSICIAN HIMSELF A VICTIM.

How Dr. McPhatter Strove to Save Mrs. Price and Mrs. Henry. LOWERED THEM BY A ROPE BATTERED DOWN A DOOR, and in the Midst of Smoke and Flames Tried to Land Them in Safety.

Dr. Nell McPhatter, the Edinburgh physician, hero and victim of the Windsor Hotel fire, was removed yesterday from Flower Street to the Post Graduate at Twenty-third and Second avenue. His legs are broken, and his hands are terribly lacerated from the rope by which he tried to descend. He is suffering, too, from internal injuries, and his condition last night caused much alarm.

Mrs. Henry, widow of the late Dr. Maurice Henry, one of the women he so heroically tried to save, died in Roosevelt Hospital yesterday morning.

Mrs. Alice W. Price, whom Dr. McPhatter lowered down a rope, is at Bellevue, and will recover.

Mrs. Price had an appointment with Dr. McPhatter and Mrs. Henry to go shopping. She was dressed and had with her \$1,000. She was walking along the hallway, when two chambermaids coming from the opposite direction, crying "Fire," Mrs. Price saw no sign of fire and caught them both and made them stand still.

Mrs. Price's story.

Just then the smoke rolled up from the rear of the hall and through the stairway. Mrs. Price retained her calmness and said to the women in a voice that gave them courage:

"Be so excited. I am in as much danger as you. Now take your time and let us see what can be done. There is no danger."

Her words quieted the women, and together they continued down to a window.

"The halls were filling with smoke," said Mrs. Price. "A thousand things ran through my head at once, and among them was my appointment with Mrs. Henry and Dr. McPhatter. I hurried through the hall, and I saw that I met the doctor and Mrs. Henry. Mrs. Henry and I clung to the doctor's arm, and together we felt our way along the walls. We stuffed handkerchiefs in our mouths on the doctor's advice. Suddenly a flame sprang up at the end of the hall and threatened to roll up to us.

Dr. McPhatter pulled himself from us, stepped back a few paces, and then with all his might threw himself against a door. The woodwork resisted, but the lock broke. He just grabbed us, dragged us in the room, closed the door and hurried to the window. Dr. McPhatter followed me, and before I knew it he had tied one of the ropes around my waist and told me to cling to the other rope which he had thrown over the ledge. Knot Slipped and She Dropped.

"The rope burned my hands, I thought it would eat into the bone. I could stand it no longer. I don't remember anything else. I must have fainted and the rope around my waist gave way and I fell."

The doctor was at the window watching Mrs. Price's descent. But the smoke soon enveloped her. He played out the rope, hand over hand.

"Thank God! she must be safe," said Mrs. Henry, when the doctor suddenly fell back on the floor and the rope coiled back on him. His knot has loosened and Mrs. Price had dropped. She was almost down, and the fall for her was not a high one, for her room was on the lower part of the way from the fourth story.

Dr. McPhatter got up quickly and made another effort at tying a knot to guide Mrs. Henry down the rope. She clung over the ledge and caught the dangling rope as the doctor ordered. But her fall was awful. She let go the rope at the story below for her hands were torn. The sudden fall of her body jerked the rope from the doctor's hands and she fell to the street.

After the two women had been lowered the doctor started down the rope. But his hands could not stand the burning, and he, too, fell.

All three were carried to different hospitals—Bellevue, Roosevelt and Flower—neither knowing the fate of the others. Mrs. Price's back is sprained, her hands are badly torn and her right leg is lacerated and broken. Mrs. Price is a sister-in-law of Governor Allen D. Chandler, of Georgia. Her home is in Macon, Ga. She is thirty-two years old. She is now in ward 11 at Bellevue.

Mrs. Henry had been married three times. Her first husband was Judge Ernie C. Livermore, of Cambridge, Mass., and her second husband was Harrison Maynard, of Boston.

PLUCKY GIRL SAW ANOTHER KILLED.

Realized When She Reached the Ground That Her Nerve Had Saved Her. FIREMAN RUCH TESTIFIES TO THE COOLNESS OF MRS. WICKELMAN'S MAID.

The story told by fireman Howard C. Ruch, of Engine Company No. 65, is simple enough as he narrated it, but conveys a deal of action. "When we pulled up at Forty-sixth street," he said, "I jumped off. The women were already beginning to leap out of the windows, and we all got to work in a hurry. I got a scaling ladder and started for the fourth story on the Fifth avenue side, near Forty-sixth street.

"A woman was sitting on the window sill there, with her feet resting on the lintel. She wore a nurse's or maid's cap. When I first caught sight of her she seemed to be making ready to jump. I shouted to her, as I climbed over the railing around the grass plot, to stay where she was. She was a good, game woman, and no mistake. As I went up I opened the sashes. The rooms were all full of smoke.

"When I got up to where the woman was she was standing up on the sill. She was the level-headed woman you could want to see. She coolly made room for me on the sill to readjust the ladder, and added me greatly in bringing her down. She told me she was Mrs. Wickelman's maid.

"Just as I got her out on the grass plot a woman jumped from a window and struck one of the big urns which stood along the open space there. She struck on her head and was smashed in an awful manner. I think the young woman I had just helped down must have understood then that her comrade's nerve had saved her from a like fate. She just gasped and turned white."

Some Points Named.

"There were several good points about that dinner," said Hallett to Hildan, as the two rose from the table.

"True; among them may be mentioned the Blue Points."—Fitzburg Chronicle.

LELAND FAMILY HAS OWNED TWENTY-EIGHT HOTELS.

This is a list of the hotels with which the Leland family has been identified:

- Clinton Hotel, Rockman st., N. Y. (Warren F. Leland and uncles, Charles prior to 1852; Warren F. Leland, Simon Warren.)
- Metropolitan Hotel, New York, 1852. (Warren F. Leland, Charles Leland, Simon Warren.)
- Delavan, Albany. (Warren F. Leland, Charles E. Leland.)
- Windsor Hotel, New York. (Warren F. Leland, Simon Leland, Fred Leland.)
- Forest City House, Cleveland, O. (Alvera Cobb Estate, Warren F. Leland.)
- Garden House, Chicago. (Warren F. Leland.)
- Chicago Beach Hotel. (Warren F. Leland.)
- Leland House, Chicago. (Warren F. Leland.)
- Windsor Hotel, Jacksonville, Fla. (Warren F. Leland.)
- Ocean House, Newport, R. I. (Warren F. Leland, Warren Leland, Jr.)
- Leland House, Syracuse. (Warren F. Leland, Warren Leland, Jr.)
- Leland Hotel, Springfield, Ill. (Warren F. Leland.)
- Clarendon Hotel, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. (Warren F. Leland, Charles E. Leland, Horace Leland.)
- Hotel Grenoble, New York. (Warren Leland, Jr.)
- Ingraham Hotel, Chicago, 1880. (Warren Leland, Jr.)
- Columan House, New York. (Warren Leland, Jr.)
- Palace Hotel, San Francisco. (Warren Leland, Jr.)
- Hotel Ogden, Piquette, Ga. (Warren Leland, Jr.)
- Hotel Arden, Piquette, Ga. (Warren Leland, Jr.)
- Feunick Hall, Saratoga, Conn. (Warren Leland, Jr.)
- Grand Union Hotel, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. (Warren Leland, Jr.)
- Admiral Hotel, Adirondack Park. (Charles E. Leland.)
- Wood's Fair Inn, Chicago. (Charles E. Leland.)
- Atlantic City Hotel. (Charles E. Leland.)
- Hotel Rossmore (now Hotel Metropolitan), New York. (Charles E. Leland.)
- Sturtevant House, New York. (The late George S. Leland, Lewis Leland, Jerome Leland.)
- Occidental Hotel, San Francisco. (The late Lewis Leland, Jerome Leland.)
- Columbian Hotel, Chicago. (The late Jerome Leland.)

A WEI TOWEL SAVED COLONEL JOHN H. HIGBEE.

Wrapping It About His Face, He Passed Through Flames to a Fire Escape.

Colonel John H. Higbee, of the United States Marine Corps, a permanent guest of the Windsor, was confined to his bed in a room on the fourth floor, which fronted on the central court. He heard no alarm until the corridor was full of smoke and flame. Lumping to the door he opened it with difficulty, the heat having warped the wood. Wrapping a wet towel about his face he went out into the hall and groped his way to the Forty-seventh street side.

The heat was so intense that Colonel Higbee sought chance to escape through the court, but saw that flames were burning into it from all sides. Almost unscathed he finally reached the fire escape and was helped down by Alderman John T. McFadden and Policemen McGinty.

Colonel Higbee was attacked only in his legs. He suffered much from smoke and heat and from bruises sustained in getting down the fire escape. He was taken to the residence of his sister, No. 4 Irving place. She is the wife of Captain T. F. Kane, U. S. N.

BRENNAN, TESSIER, FINCK AND SWEENEY, HEROES.

How Fast the Woman Who Jumped from the Top Story Fell.

This diagram illustrates the time it took a woman who jumped from the top story of the Windsor Hotel to strike the ground. The building was 102 feet high. A woman jumping from a seventh floor window would fall fifteen feet the first second, forty-five feet the second, and within a fraction of another second she would strike the ground. When she struck the ground her body would be going at a velocity of fifty-two feet per second, or about fifty miles per hour, the rate of the very fast express trains. Persons falling from lower floors would go down at a rate corresponding to their distance from the ground.

Lieutenant Patrick J. Brennan, of truck No. 4, and with Firemen Frank J. Tessier, Otto Fine, and Edward S. Sweeney, of the same company, rescued Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Wells and their daughter from the sixth floor, in an all round athletic and thorough fireman in every respect. For years he has carried off prize after prize at the combination games of the Police and Fire departments.

Brennan, Tessier, Finck and Sweeney, with their flimsy scaling ladders, formed a human ladder for four stories and passed Mr. Wells, his wife and daughter from one to the other in safety to the street.

Tessier had the most perilous position. He had straddled the window and remained there with the flames leaping all around him until he had passed Miss Wells to Lieutenant Brennan. He then clinging to the scaling ladder with the flames shooting out of the windows above and below him held his companions shrouded to him that they were all safe, after which he began to descend. He had no time to save the ladder. He had hardly reached the street when the walls fell, carrying the ladders with them.

Tessier had a day off yesterday and went to the scene of the fire to find the ladder. "There was nothing left but tooth picks," was the report he made to his superiors.

GLAD TO ESCAPE WITH HIS LIFE ALONE.

W. H. Chapman, of Norwich, Conn., Lost \$5,000 in the Windsor Blaze.

W. H. Chapman, of Norwich, Conn., lost a large amount of personal property in the burning building. He is seventy years old. Mr. Chapman described his escape as follows:

"I occupied room No. 823, and had been being in the Windsor since it opened in 1873. When the alarm was turned in yesterday I was in the hotel barber shop on the ground floor. In my room I had about \$5,000 worth of clothing, jewelry, pictures and other personal property.

"My first act after learning of the fire was to start upstairs. I wanted to save something, anyway. The flames and smoke drove me back, however, and I could not get beyond the hundredth floor. I ran back to the street, and have nothing to show for my escape except my life."

ALL NIGHT TRAINS will be run on 9th Avenue Elevated line, commencing Saturday, April 1st.

WRONG DIAGNOSIS.

"What appears to be the matter with your father?" inquired the doctor, as he bent over his patient.

"He's got the pumbago," replied the boy. "I think that's what ma says it is."

"Pain in the small of the back, I presume," said the doctor.

"No, sir, he ain't got no small of the back. My paw weighs 284 pounds."—Chicago Tribune.

CUPID'S CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE.

"Gallagher is bound to find a wife."

"What has he done?"

"Barricaded an obituary proposal."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

ABNER M'KINLEY SAYS LELAND IS A HERO.

Certain thoughtless critics of the conduct of Warren F. Leland, proprietor of the Windsor Hotel, during the fire are rebuked from a source which no one can ignore—his late patrons. Though many of them have lost near relatives and all have been put to serious pecuniary loss and much discomfort, they are unanimous in declaring that Mr. Leland's name belongs high up in the list of heroes of the catastrophe.

Numerous personal requests were made to the Journal by survivors of the disaster, begging that one of the oldest and most famous hotel keepers in the world be properly represented in this manner to the public whose comfort has been his care for so many years. Abner McKinley was especially emphatic in his tribute to the desolate and grieving proprietor of the Windsor. He said: "No one was more courageous than Mr. Leland. No one manifested greater energy and foresight than he. While he must have known that his wife and daughters could only escape by a miracle, he never faltered in his duty. His first act was to see that the fire-fighting and life-saving machinery of the great establishment was properly set in motion, that electrical connections and mechanism were in such shape that the lives of the firemen would not be endangered by that means, and that his employees were at their posts.

"When he could remain in the building no longer he went out and sought for his loved ones among the rescued. He accompanied his wife to the hospital, but would not permit himself to remain there, though she was dying. He has lost a daughter also. He bears a burden greater perhaps than that of any other victim, and he bears it most bravely. It is a wonder that he is not prostrated. I left him but two days. His mind is perfectly clear, and his greatest regret is that he is physically unable to be about attending to the wants of his patrons."

Don't let the child with him and his mother. The only safe, agreeable laxative for little ones is Cassell's Candy Laxative. All druggists.

REPORT OF SPEECH LOST.

"I do not see," he said, "why you treat me with such unexpected coldness."

The young girl arose from her seat and put her hand between the curtains that divided the parlor and bedroom from the library and dining room.

"Jane," she shrilly cried, "give the far once a snake an 'cluck in 's more coal.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

GOOD FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Don't let the child with him and his mother. The only safe, agreeable laxative for little ones is Cassell's Candy Laxative. All druggists.

GAME DOWN A ROPPE IN CIRCUS STYLE.

Nellie Thomas's Childish Pranks Taught Her What to Do. SHE SLID SIX STORIES. Landed Safely in the Street, While Others Burned Their Hands and Fell to Death.

When Nellie Thomas, the Assistant house-keeper of the Windsor, found herself penned up on the seventh floor of the burning building with nothing but a rope by which to make her escape, she recalled her childhood days when she and her younger brother used to imitate the circus folk who came to their town. Once they saw a little circus in the old barn, and Nellie, who had become quite proficient in the trick of rope sliding, descended from the eaves of the barn to the ground on a big coarse rope, made up of small pieces and joined in great clumsy knots.

But those descents were not more than fifteen feet, and then, too, Nellie wore short skirts and found it easy to twine the rope about her leg. Many a time in her practice had she blistered her hands. She learned that the work must all be done with the feet and legs. Those childish pranks were the means of saving her life. Of all the men and women who sought safety by way of the ropes probably not one but Nellie Thomas knew how to use them.

While walking along the hall on the sixth floor she seemed suddenly to be enveloped in smoke and flames burst out at both ends of the passage. She had no pass key with her. She hurried one of the doors with her, and it swung open. She threw herself against it once, twice, three times, when the lock broke and the door swung open. She looked out the window, but could see nothing through the smoke.

She seized the coil of rope and threw it out the window, climbed upon the window ledge ready to descend. She caught up her skirts, twisted the rope around her leg and was about to descend when the fireman, Rosenthal at the window below caught the rope and prepared to lower herself.

"Wind your leg about the rope and hold your skirts in your hand, or you will tear your flesh," cried Nellie Thomas. But the excited woman paid no heed to her. She slid down half the rope, and she looked over her shoulder, breaking her ankle and injuring herself internally.

The rope swung back and forth, hitting the walls of the building. But Nellie Thomas started down. The swinging rope increased its motion with her weight and pounded her against the wall all the way to the bottom. A flame flashed out as she passed the third floor. It ignited her skirt. She landed with a thud and unhurt save for some painful burns.

KENNEDY WAS BOUND TO RESCUE SOMEBODY.

Fireman William J. Kennedy, of Engine Company No. 23, at Broadway and Fifty-eighth street, rescued a woman who said she was Mrs. Brand, under peculiar circumstances.

When Kennedy's company arrived at the fire, the attention of the foreman was called to a man on the roof on the Forty-seventh street side. He was waving his hands frantically above his head and two or three times approached the edge as though undecided whether to jump or wait for the ladders to be adjusted. Kennedy was directed by the foreman to go to the roof and save the man. He went up with the scaling ladders and was between the sixth floor and the roof when the man jumped. The crowd in the street shouted to Kennedy to return, but he continued the ascent to the roof and finding that no other persons were there, started for the street.

While passing the fifth floor, he saw Mrs. Brand, panic-stricken and hysterical, running about her room. The crowd of spectators saw the fireman disappear in the room, and when he reappeared the woman was in his arms. She was carried in safety to the street and was taken into the Gault house.

Bargain Counter Duke.

"I hear that your daughter has broken off her engagement with the Count. Is it true?"

"Yes, she ran across a chance to get a Duke at the same figure."—Chicago News.

NO LOSS, AFTER ALL.

Dressmaker says she is not satisfied with the dress, madam? I fear, then, I shall have no more of your work.

Customer—No, but I'll recommend you to my friends.—Melbourne Weekly Times.