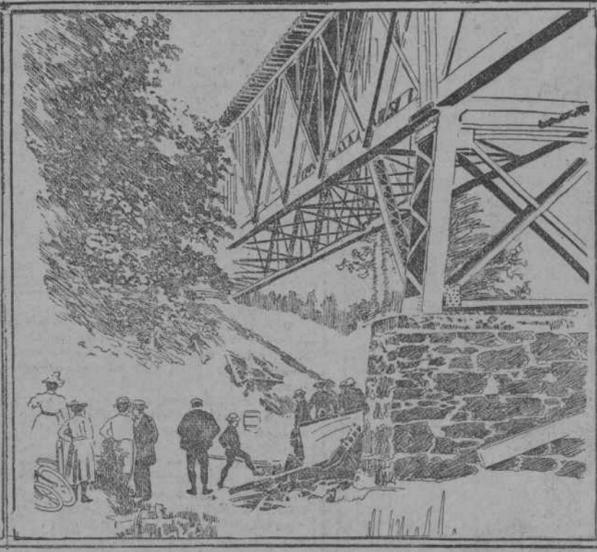


THE DAY'S MISHAPS SHOW PERILS OF ALL.



SCENES AND SURROUNDINGS OF THE TROLLEY DISASTERS AT THE HIGH BRIDGE BEYOND STRATFORD, CONN., WHICH COST THIRTY LIVES. (PICTURES TAKEN BY JOURNAL PHOTOGRAPHERS.)

MOTORMAN TO ANSWER FOR LIVES OF THIRTY PERSONS.

Mourning Bridgeport and Stratford Look to Young Hamilton to Explain How, if He Tried to Save His Passengers, He Still Lives; Also, Why His Car Was Not Stopped in the Last Hundred Feet Before the Fatal Plunge.

GEORGE HAMILTON, the motorman of the car that jumped the trestle of the Mill River bridge, near Bridgeport, Conn., Sunday afternoon, when thirty lives were lost, was placed under arrest yesterday afternoon by the Bridgeport police. He is charged with manslaughter.

The people of Bridgeport and Stratford have turned their eyes away from the horror for the moment, and are now fixing their scrutiny upon young Hamilton. It is not often that one man is charged with the responsibility for thirty deaths; so when the luckless motorman was driven in a survey from Bridgeport Hospital to Police Headquarters he was the subject of ominous attention. There were no jeers, no riotous behavior. There was that silence in the streets which says: "Wait!"

For it is not yet proved that Hamilton caused the slaughter of men and women and children. The trolley company concerned, through its representative, has already charged Hamilton with the crime; but the people are waiting on the Coroner, for they know that many damage suits will be urged against the trolley company. See the evidence so far in Hamilton.

Hamilton came out of the hospital yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Having at the side of Detective George Arnold, his official escort. That he should come out at all was surprising. He had jumped the trestle over the top of the bridge to the ground. His left leg was scratched, the skin had been peeled from his nose and forehead, and his hair had been torn. Yet he went down with twenty-nine persons who quickly perished.

The Motorman's Story.

He said:

"I was not running fast. I don't know what made the car leave the track. I believe I put on the brake and reversed the current. When the car pitched over I was thrown out. I fell. I was struck senseless. I did not know anything until I woke up in the hospital. I don't know what saved me. Perhaps it was the soft landing. I don't know how I got away. It had stopped for the conductor to place a switch three hundred feet to the side of the bridge. I could not have seen the switch when I struck the bridge. I did what I could."

Secretary Falge, of the trolley company, says his counsel is satisfied that Hamilton is innocent. "The bridge structure was and is perfect. It is intact. It is provided with guard rails. It is of the type which has proved itself safe. It shows no damage from the accident. The motorman has been instructed to run slowly on the bridge. Expecting the heavy traffic of last Sunday, the company had seven inspectors along the line. Every precaution was taken to prevent an accident. President Radel spent \$45,000 more than he originally intended in taking out all possible dangerous curves in the grade, such as is used on the New York elevated railroads.

Wheel Sears Tell a Tale.

The wheels left by the flanges of the car wheels told the story.

The bridge is 632 feet long, divided into four spans. It is of an average of forty feet from the soft, marshy land beneath it. Between the rails it is floored with special planks, the flanges of the wheels being held twenty feet from the west end of the bridge.

The car jumped at this point, and the right hand wheels rode the guard timber and the left hand wheels passed over the plank flooring for a hundred feet. It was here that the passengers suffered the most. The car was within this hundred feet that the motorman Hamilton made his fatal error. He tried to stop the car. Lee Peck and Miss Frances Peck, whose home is within a hundred feet of the bridge, heard a brief outcry, as if the time was but short for the realization of the danger. They and all others who have examined the scars on the bridge think it strange that if Hamilton had been tugging at the brake handle and reverse lever, he could not have stopped the car within this hundred feet, provided the speed was not a furious one.

But the moment must have been so exceedingly great that the car, having (possibly) heard a brief outcry, as if the time was but short for the realization of the danger, they and all others who have examined the scars on the bridge think it strange that if Hamilton had been tugging at the brake handle and reverse lever, he could not have stopped the car within this hundred feet, provided the speed was not a furious one.

But to leave theory, all the survivors who have yet spoken of the accident have declared that the car was running down the grade to the bridge at a frightful rate of speed.

The Inquest is Begun.

So the law has decided that Hamilton must explain; that he must explain, indeed, why he is left to explain.

Coroner Duten empaneled a jury yesterday, and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, in company with representatives of the trolley company, boarded a special car and inspected the scene of the disaster. On the way out, as a matter of formality, the jury

Corrected List of Dead.

- ANDERSON, VICTOR, coachman, 85 Park place, Bridgeport.
 - BLEW, MRS. FRANK, Gibson, Neb., visiting at Stratford.
 - BLEW, MADEL, three years old, daughter of Mrs. Frank Blew.
 - BLEW, MELVIN, five years old, son of Mrs. Frank Blew.
 - BRADLEY, ELIAS E., Stratford.
 - BRADLEY, MRS. ELIAS E., Stratford.
 - BRENNEN, MRS. ELLEN, No. 232 Ogden street, Bridgeport.
 - BALDWIN, HOWARD R. P., Stratford.
 - CARBOLL, JOHN J., conductor of car, of Bridgeport.
 - COGGSWELL, HENRY C., sixty-eight years old, No. 574 Washington avenue, Bridgeport.
 - DORIS, IRVING, No. 18 Franklin street, Bridgeport.
 - FLYNN, JOHN E., thirty-six years old, No. 318 Housatonic avenue, Bridgeport.
 - GALVIN, MICHAEL, twenty-eight years old, Ansonia.
 - GALVIN, DANIEL, twenty-six years old, brother of the above.
 - HARVEY, WILLIAM H., fifty-nine years old, No. 112 Madison avenue, Bridgeport.
 - HARVEY, HANNAH S., forty-nine years old, wife of the above.
 - HOLMES, MRS. FLORENCE, nineteen years old, No. 247 Helen street, Bridgeport.
 - HOTCHKISS, JOSEPH, sixty-two years old, No. 161 Prospect street, Bridgeport.
 - M'DERMOTT, PATRICK, No. 529 Pembroke street, Bridgeport.
 - M'DERMOTT, ANNIE, No. 529 Pembroke street, Bridgeport.
 - OSBORNE, WILLIAM, twenty-one years old, Stratford.
 - PITT, SIDNEY A., twenty-five years old, No. 162 Grove street, Bridgeport.
 - PITT, SIDNEY A., JR., infant son of the above, No. 162 Grove st., Bridgeport.
 - RUGG, MRS. JOSEPH H., Stratford.
 - RUGG, ETHEL, eleven years old, daughter of the above, Stratford.
 - HING, PETER, fifty-seven years old, No. 45 Seymour street, Bridgeport.
 - HING, MISS BESSIE, twenty-one years old, No. 25 Revere street, Bridgeport.
 - WELLS, OSMER B., sixty-five years old, No. 268 Worth avenue, Bridgeport.
 - UNKNOWN MAN.
 - AN UNKNOWN MAN, fifty years of age, said to be James Callahan, of Bridgeport.
- Dangerously Hurt.**
- FARRELL, MISS MARGUERITE, of Fort Hamilton, N. Y.
 - HELLENKUS, FRED, Shelton.

"BRUISED HEART" KILLS BOY AT PLAY.

The hearing of evidence will be taken up in Bridgeport today when Hamilton, members of the Peck family and other witnesses will be examined.

In the mean time Hamilton was allowed the privileges of the halls at Police Headquarters. He complained of pain from his bruises and his friends made efforts, which were futile, to obtain bail.

The eight boys seriously injured were taken to Bridgeport Hospital. Superintendent Jones said late yesterday that he was anxious about the condition of only two of the patients. One of them was young Miss Marguerite Farrell, of Fort Hamilton, N. Y. She is twenty years of age and of vigorous nature. Otherwise she might not have withstood the initial shock. She is a daughter of James P. Farrell, well known in Bay Ridge. It became necessary to amputate the young woman's right leg below the knee. All during yesterday, although she was making a desperate fight for her life, her condition was critical.

The condition of Frederick Hillerks, seventeen years of age, of Shelton, Conn., was also regarded as precarious yesterday. He suffered from internal injuries of a serious nature.

The other six in the hospital are doing well, and Dr. Jones believes they will recover.

Fate's Freakish Choice.

Among those who were injured was Mrs. Sidney A. Pitt, of No. 162 Grove street, Bridgeport. She has been in Bridgeport Hospital since the accident. She was a passenger in fatal car No. 2 with her husband and her infant son. She was picked up from the marshy soil in an attitude of sleep. It was hard to convince those who bore him to a nearby house that he was not unconscious but dead. Neither has the unfortunate woman been told that her husband was among those whose life was crushed out by the impact of the heavy trolley trucks.

The curious selection of fate in dealing death was strangely shown in one pleasure party aboard the car. It was composed of six persons. Mrs. Frank Blew, her two small children, Mabel and Melvin, and Mrs. Blew's sister, Mrs. J. H. Rugg, and her eleven-year-old daughter, Ethel, and her two-year-old baby boy.

Only the infant survived. The child was found crying on its dead mother's bosom, Mrs. Rugg lay deep in the black mud of the swampy land.

When Frank Blew, the husband, called at the Stratford Town Hall to see his children and relatives the onlookers were moved to weep in sympathy with the afflicted man.

The bodies of the victims have been moved to their homes and Bridgeport, where the majority of them resided, will be turned to-day into a city of mourning, when many of the funerals will take place.

Motorman Hamilton was arraigned last night before Justice Peck, in Bridgeport, and pleaded not guilty to a charge of manslaughter. He was let go under \$2,000 bail.

"Minor" Fatalities Read a Grim Lesson of the Varied Perils of Every Day Life.

DEATH, as this chronicle shows, is not so far to seek. The men whose business it is to assort the news of a day keep a splendid, among the many on their desks, for what are known as "minor fatalities." To the busy world, which, in its chase after a livelihood or wealth, has only time to read quickly of the great events of a day, these little stories of the deaths of people it never heard of are "minor." Hearts, of course, are broken by every one of them, but the millions of "other people" never give them a second thought.

A very few of the "minor fatalities" of yesterday, accidents which befel within the immediate field of the New York newsgatherer, merit a thoughtful reading. There is a lesson in them greater than in many horrors which engross public attention for days.

This news will show you that you need not enlist in the army and go out to the fierce fighting and deadly fevers of the Philippines to court death. The peril of those who go down to the sea in ships or explore the mystery of the Arctic, or plunge into unknown forests among savage tribes and wild beasts need not be avoided by the man who prizes life.

Just take a ride on your bicycle, plunge into the cool water for comfort's sake, wait on a crowded platform for a train, cross the trolley track, run, walk—stay, if you are fearful, inside your own house. You are not safe. Death is waiting for you. If you doubt it, read these things which happened yesterday. They are only a few in proportion to the multitude which might be recorded.

SHOAL WATER DIVE BROKE HEIR'S NECK.

Millionaire E. E. Duryea's Son Walter May Die of an Injury Very Like That Which Cost Mrs. William C. Whitney's Life.

WALTER B. DURYEA, the only son of a millionaire, hazarded a dive into shallow water at Oyster Bay yesterday and was diving into a fair depth of water—was evident from the angle at which he launched himself. He shot down almost perpendicularly.

Instead of skimming under the surface and then rising again, he collapsed in a foetus position, with a convulsive movement of his head and face downward. His friends lifted him out almost immediately, and it was seen that his head had been forced backward on his shoulders. His features were disfigured with mud and sand. His chin had dropped. His eyes were wide open, but sightless.

He was carried into the Casino, and a doctor was at his side in a minute or two. It was soon established by scientific tests that he was paralyzed from the neck down. He recovered consciousness after half an hour, and was able to speak, but his limbs, move his eyelids. But he could not lift an arm or a finger, or bend a knee.

The seat of the injury was one of the vertebrae of the neck. A broken fragment of it was probably pressing on the spinal column, shutting off the impulses of the brain from all that part of the system which lay beneath. This was what happened in the case of Mrs. Whitney, who was swept from her horse when her face struck the coping of a low bridge. Her right thigh and right foot were crushed, and to the injured man's sisters at the Glen Cove home. All hastened to his bedside, and last night they were in momentary expectation of his death.

Mr. Duryea, who was thirty years of age, drove from Glen Cove to Oyster Bay with a few friends, and they all put on bathing suits at the Casino. The tide was unusually low, and the young man evidently failed to take this into account.

It did not occur to anybody to warn him, for he was an excellent swimmer. In the prime of his vigor, the water was only three feet deep, but an adept diver who was prepared for it would not hesitate at such a dive. That Duryea was not prepared for it—that he thought he

YOUNG GIRL FELL BEFORE AN "L" TRAIN.

Mary Robinson, a Russian, Fatally Injured, Denies to Her Brothers That She Intended to Kill Herself.

A YOUNG girl—her name was Mary Robinson, which seems singular in view of the fact that she was a Russian—was waiting on the downtown platform of the Second Avenue elevated road at Eighth-sixth street at 9 o'clock yesterday morning.

As a train whirled into the station, heavily laden with people hastening to business, the girl took a step or two, changing her position as to get near to where she thought a car would halt. The noise, the hurry among those who crowded about her, disturbed her pose. Before a hand could be reached out to save her she pitched headlong from the platform.

The freeman, in the second that intervened before the engine was upon her, sprang to the front in a vain hope that he might snatch her from the rails. Then the pilot crashed against her huddled figure, and with a scream she disappeared under the flying wheels.

The people on the platform, sick at the sight, turned away, but they could not deaden their ears to the girl's shrieks of agony. The mercy of unconsciousness was denied her.

There was a knot of school children present, in care of a matron, bound for a day at the beach, and their screams mingled with the injured girl's.

Members of Hook and Ladder Company No. 18 assisted in lifting the weight of the engine from the girl's body, and she was carried into the waiting room until an ambulance came. Her senses did not leave her. She kept repeating in a faint voice between her pitiful moans some intelligible words.

At the Presbyterian Hospital she said that her brother, Max Robinson, lived at No. 20 Avenue A. Dr. Mossy found that her right thigh and right foot were crushed and the bones of the left thigh and leg were broken. The right leg would have been amputated, but the patient's vitality was too low to permit the operation. The physicians devoted their energies to keeping her alive until her friends could see her.

Engineer Wandrus and fireman Stewart, of the train, were arrested and taken to the Harlem Police Court. Two passengers, Joseph Press and Morris Ober, told the Court they had seen the woman fall. There could be no escape for her. The engineer said that when he first saw the woman she was on the track, and although he used every effort to stop his train, she was too close to him. The men were discharged.

At the hospital the patient would not admit, when her brothers Max and Sol questioned her, that it was anything but an accident. She could not explain how she fell. She had been spending the night at the home of another brother, Dr. J. William Robinson, at No. 439 East Eighty-seventh street, and was riding down town to her work in Wellmann's millinery shop at No. 152 Mercer street.

Her brothers say that Mary came from Kiev, Russia, only seven weeks ago, having been sent for by her betrothed, Simeon Katz, upholsterer. She got work at Wellmann's, which she intended to continue after her marriage.

"There was no quarrel between her and Sam," said Max Robinson's wife, who is also a milliner. "She only wanted to enjoy her freedom a while before her marriage. She is only eighteen years old. There was no motive for any attempt at suicide. She just stumbled and fell."

At the hospital last evening it was said that the girl could not live.

14 HURT BY TROLLEY MEN'S CARELESSNESS.

Green Brooklyn Motorman Left His Post to Fix His Shoe, and an Oiler Ran His Crowded Car Into Another at High Speed.

FOURTEEN persons were injured in another trolley wreck in Brooklyn yesterday. The accident was one which might happen any time to almost any trolley car. It was due to the carelessness of two employees of the Rapid Transit Company.

Albert Hugel, a green motorman, was put in charge of car No. 1015, of the Flatbush Avenue line, bound for Bergen Beach, at 10:55 a. m.

William Hinigan, an oiler, whose experience with motors was limited to running cars in and out of the sheds, was seated on the front seat.

The car was crowded. When it reached Flatbush Avenue and Avenue K the motorman surrendered the motor handles to Hinigan and sat down on the front seat to take some gravel out of his shoe.

The Oiler is Confused.

Hinigan turned on the current and the car shot ahead. The sudden rush forward confused him. He lost his head and was unable to shut off the current. Before the motorman could abandon his shoe-fixing and reach the handles the car bumped into Nostrand Avenue car No. 4043, which was just ahead.

The force of the collision threw some of the passengers out onto the pavement and others were pitched over the backs of seats.

Those injured were:

- BUCHANAN, WILLIAM, 26 years, 287 Amsterdam Avenue, Manhattan, hip crushed.
- BLUME, KATHERINE, 63 years, 371 Wythe Avenue.
- BYRNE, KATIE, 28 years, 68 Cambridge place.
- DOUGLASS, MATTIE, 24 years, of Bergen Beach, spine bruised.
- DURBIN, JOHN, 25 years, 251 Nostrand Avenue, motorman of the Nostrand Avenue car.
- JOCELYN, ANNIE, 25 years, 1237 Broadway, Brooklyn.
- MILLARD, JOHN, 35 years, 39 Troy Avenue, bruises on face and body.
- MULLBRICK, FELIX, 45 years, 27 Robinson Avenue, conductor on car No. 1015.
- RAPPELTY, ANNIE, 30 years, 68 Cambridge place.
- SHELDON, CHARLES, 23 years, 1587 Bedford Avenue, conductor on Nostrand Avenue car.
- WILLIAMS, JOSEPH, 33 years, 80 Ten Eyck street.

Three others who were injured refused to give their names, and Motorman Hugel, who lives at No. 995 Flatbush Avenue, was himself slightly injured.

Hugel was arrested by Roundsman Davis, of the Flatbush precinct, who witnessed the accident. The motorman was held by Magistrate Streets, in the Grant

Street Court, and the company furnished \$2,500 bail for his appearance for trial, on August 15.

Lieutenant McLeer Injured by Trolley.

Lieutenant Cook McLeer, of Troop C, attempted to catch a car of the Putnam Avenue line, in front of his home, at No. 473 Halsey street, at 9 a. m. The motorman did not slow down, and McLeer was thrown violently to the pavement.

He went back into his house with a dislocated shoulder, a sprained wrist and bruises on his face. He was attended by Dr. Cogswell, who lives next door.

There is a trolley station opposite McLeer's house, but one car ran by without halting, and Mr. McLeer tried to jump on the next one, which was trying to run past him.

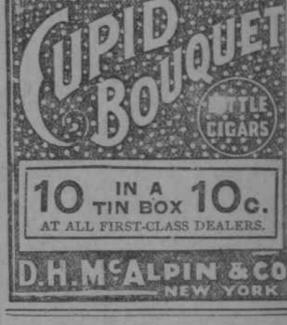
The motorman of the car did not stop to see what damage had been done, and McLeer did not get the number of the car.



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