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THE NEW YORK HORROR.

Blood Curdling Scenes at the Awful Wreck on the Elevated Railway.

New York, Sept. 11.—Nothing has stirred the big city so much in a long time as the disaster that occurred this morning on the elevated railroad.

The elevated lines carry 600,000 passengers a day, and it has been the boast of the management that in the twenty-six years of the road's operation there has never been a serious accident.

That such a disaster as today's is possible makes some million sit up and think. Never before has an elevated car fallen from the structure to the street. Because of a misplaced switch or a motorman's misreading of a signal, a train buckled and one of the cars, carrying 100 people, plunged end down to the street below.

Almost before the echo of the crash had died out rescuers were at work at 53rd street and 9th avenue, the scene of the day's horror. Sel-

dom has there been a disaster in New York where the job of succoring the injured and caring for the dead was got under way with less loss of time. And seldom has there been one where more tragedy and suffering, more of what was grimly grotesque and pitifully gruesome, crowded within the short compass of two hours.

It was a few minutes past seven when the doomed car shot off the structure. By nine o'clock the debris had been explored, the streets cleaned and the victims carried off to the morgue or the hospital, according to the nature of their severest wounds.

TANGLED MASS HANGING OVER STREET.

As one neared the spot, the first thing which impressed itself upon the mind was the tangled knot of abandoned cars upon the elevated structure at the fatal corner. Two at

least were skewed around so that their ends projected beyond the cross ties and one of these hung so far over that it seemed ready to drop off and crush the rescue parties underneath. However, employees of the company, who had gone above to make everything shipshape, returning said there was no danger of it coming down.

The second car, the one which had crashed to earth, killing or wounding nearly all its passengers, was reared almost straight up. The lower end had struck the corner of a drug store and then slid off upon the sidewalk right at the base line of the building. The upper end hung precariously upon the outer edge of the track of the Ninth avenue division. The car stood at an angle of possibly ninety-five degrees. But it could no longer by rights be called a car. It had become a mere husk top side down and with its entire bottom ripped out. When the car struck the whole floor was jarred away by the impact of the shock, bringing with it the heavy trucks and all the iron running gear underneath. These, sliding toboggan fashion down through the shell of the car, had done deadly work, for the majority of the passengers had been flung head over heels to the bottom and upon these poor creatures, piled in a stunned heap, the heavy steel wheels and broad beams and axles stopped with the force of catapults.

A FEARFUL WRECK.

Standing directly beneath the up-ended car one looked through what had been the floor space and saw the advertising cards reading upside down and a few broken seats clinging precariously by the braces which had bound them to the sidewalks. A woman's hat was lodged in a broken window frame and there was a shoe, possibly torn from its owner's foot which poked its toe through a crevice in the shattered planking. Everywhere the body of the ripped open car from end to end was marked with great smears and blots of crimson.

A reporter for the Evening Sun reached the corner of 53rd street and Ninth avenue within a very few minutes after the disaster had occurred. Already a ring of several hundred morbid bystanders, mainly residents of the neighborhood, vainly bucked the blue-coated starchy line that had been hurriedly thrown around the upturned car. Inside the circle formed by the reserves there were panting fire engines, hook and ladder trucks and a great clutter of ambulances, patrol wagons and wrecking crew outfits. More of these were coming all the time.

Above the hoarse-respirations of the engines the creak and rattle of iron-shod wheels and hoofs and the clack-click of the jack screws as the wreckers strove to clear away the debris could be heard the cries of at least two of the living still pinned down under the end of the car.

RESCUERS HAD SICKENING TASK.

Policemen, firemen and ambulance surgeons with a few volunteer workers, men of lusty muscles and willing hands who had been let inside the lines were working harder than some of them ever worked before in their lives. Not one of them but what sickened by the things he was seeing and doing, wore a white face, but not a man-jack of them slackened for a moment in his grim labors. For the time being the greatest efforts were directed against the wall. For underneath it could be seen arms and legs and dead faces of pinned-down bodies. A little negro man, free save for an arm and leg which were mashed flat under a great weight, lay there begging first for life and then for death.

Big day laborers threw themselves at the car like madmen. They picked at the planking with crowbars and axes. They swung dozens of them at a time, upon a huge beam of wood which was serving for a lever. They jacked up the iron screws which the wreckers brought, until the muscles of their backs cracked under the strain. Some, losing their heads, fought the car as if it were a thing alive. They kicked out the remaining windows with their boots, pulled and tugged single-handed at iron beams, which would have resisted the efforts of a dozen to budge and tore away shattered planking so that their fingers were torn and raw. One man, blind with fury at the insensate mass which resisted him, booted the window display in the shattered front of the apothecary shop to pieces.

AMBULANCES AND DEAD WAGONS LOADED.

Meanwhile ambulances and dead wagons were going away in a stream freighted with their sorry burdens. Upon the floors of nearly every store in the neighborhood were stretched wounded survivors, waiting for their turn with the surgeons. Fully half a dozen of slightly injured victims were walking aimlessly about, their clothing torn and ruined, and their faces like dough, for pallor. Suddenly a tall chap, who had been well dressed once that morning but was now clothed in red rags, staggered out of a liquor shop. His left arm hung limp and lifeless. He was one scarlet smear from head to foot. It looked as if the biceps had been torn away in a mass, and it was evident from the fashion in which the left hand swung that there were bones broken, too. As he tottered forward half fainting a big policeman caught him in his arms and lifted him bodily into a waiting ambulance from Bellevue Hospital. The ambulance shot out of the crowd with the horse at a gallop, for the practiced eye of the white coated surgeon had told him that this man was fast bleeding to death.

There was another man with a road map of crimson scratches on his cheeks and big purple bruises over his eyes who went milling around a circle for a minute or two like a horse with the blind staggers. He didn't want to go to a hospital, but a policeman overruled his objections, and hailed a wagon that was just pulling out for Roosevelt Hospital. The man with the criss cross of scars on his jaws had to sit in the back because there was no room for him inside.

Stretched flat on the floor of the

ambulance was the figure of a man in blue overalls. His features were crushed until they no longer looked as if they belonged to a human being, but he was still breathing. Alongside of this victim, sitting bolt upright with her head against the back of the driver's seat, was a woman, a scrub woman employed in some big downtown sky scraper, one would have judged from her dress. Her eyes had the glazed, senseless stare of glass eyes in a wax works show, but she seemed to have no hurts except a badly mangled hand. The ambulance surgeon said that she was suffering more from the shock than anything else. He was fearful, however, that her fellow passenger in the blue jumper would never reach the ward alive.

There were plenty of scenes like this. No single onlooker could take in all the pitiable panorama unrolled there.

HEAD WITHOUT A BODY.

When Louis Denson went into the West 47th Street station about noon today looking for the body of his friend, James Cooper, who had been reported as missing in the elevated horror, he did not find him among the row of bodies stretched out waiting identification, so the desk sergeant told a patrolman to let Denson see the most ghastly exhibit of all. From a bag the policeman gingerly brought a humane head, cleanly severed at the neck. Then he showed the visitor a headless trunk. Denson knew the head and he knew the clothing of the body. In life they had belonged to the same man.

"That's poor Jim Cooper, all right," he said, and then went away to tell Jim's widow the worst. Cooper was forty years old, a foreman painter employed by the Fireproof Tenement House Association.

How Cooper was beheaded is likely to remain one of the unsolved mysteries of the horror. Soon after the car went off the track into the street, Policeman O'Rourke found a man's head lying in the cross ties of the elevated structure at a point several yards from where any of the victims were supposed to have been caught and crushed. Later the body was unearthed from beneath the wreckage on the sidewalk below and fully seventy feet from where the head had been picked up. While newspaper men were at the scene of the disaster, clearing up the story of it, a reporter for The Evening Sun met a reporter for The New York City News Association. "I've found a body without a head," said one of them. "I found a head without a body," said the other.



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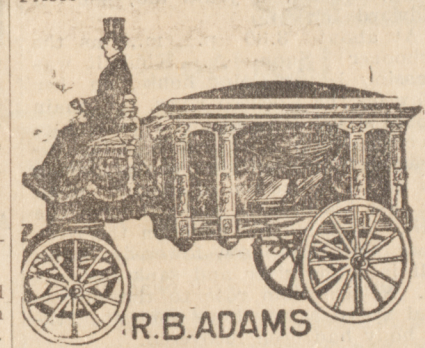
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