

THREE MEN DEAD, EIGHT INJURED

Thrilling Scenes at a Fire in the Advertiser And Record Building.



AT THE ADVERTISER BUILDING FIRE.

VICTIMS OF THE FIRE.

Two Proofreaders and an Operator Dead—
Eight Severely Injured.

THE DEAD.

- HUDSON CRAFT, proofreader, 53 years old, married; lived at 71 School st, Cambridge.
- JAMES E. RICHARDSON, proofreader, 55 years old, widower; lived at 59 Fowler st, Dorchester.
- WALTER E. LUSCOMB, linotype operator, 33 years old, married; boarded at 37 Endicott st, Salem.

THE INJURED.

- JAMES H. HOLT, apprentice, 18 years old, lives at Medford; right arm and hands burned. Emergency hospital.
- WILLIAM HAYBALL, compositor, 35 years old, married, lives at 64 Farrington st, Orient Heights. Internal injuries and fracture caused by jumping. Massachusetts general hospital.
- JOHN BAGLEY, 24, member protective 2, severe injuries. Emergency hospital.
- CHARLES A. WYMAN, compositor, bruises; West Medford.
- B. D. FOWLE, compositor, bruises; Auburndale.
- IRVING W. WIGGIN, foreman, burns and sprains; 28 Hollis st.
- JAMES H. HANLON, ladder 8, hands badly cut by falling glass; Charlestown.
- JOHN REYNOLDS, fireman, foot crushed; Charlestown.

Men at Work in the Composing Room Had a Fearful Race With The Flames---Loss \$150,000.

St. Patrick's Day

Three men lost their lives, eight were injured, and a property loss estimated at \$150,000 was caused last night in the seven-story marble front building, 248 Washington st, and running through to Devonshire st, on which it was numbered 69.

The greater part of the building was occupied by the Advertiser and Record, but there were a number of business offices in it, as well.

The first alarm was rung in from box 36, at the old state house, at 9:22; a second followed at 9:31, and a third at 9:33. The all-out signal was given at 12:30 this morning.

Aside from the loss of life which was, of course, the most deplorable feature of the whole affair, it was the most exciting and thrilling fire Boston has known in a number of years, for 19 other men who were in the building had most thrilling escapes from death, most of which were seen by a vast and frenzied crowd of people, helpless and shouting wildly, in Washington and Devonshire sts.

It was an extraordinary fire, with respect to the rapidity with which it spread, and for the further reason that the owner of the newspaper, which was burned out and who was the heaviest loser of all, did not carry a cent of insurance.

Hon W. E. Barrett, publisher of the Advertiser and Record, said when the fire was over that his loss would be as much as \$100,000, and that he did not have a bit of insurance, never had carried a dollar's worth, and that although he had lost a large amount of money he did not regret his policy, established years ago, of carrying his own insurance.

Mr. Barrett, who is acquainted with all the other tenants of the building, and who should be a capable judge of their probable losses, estimated the total losses to the other tenants at \$35,000, and the damage to the building at \$25,000 more.

About all the tenants other than Mr

Barrett carried insurance, and the Massachusetts real estate company, which owns the structure, is fully covered.

Before the fire was over the Globe had offered the Advertiser and Record the use of its facilities, and the editors, reporters and printers who had barely escaped with their lives from the fire were settling down to their usual occupations next door in the Globe office before the firemen had begun to leave.

Where It Started.

The fire which cleaned out the building started shortly after 9 o'clock in a little office used by the foreman of the pressroom. This office, merely a box-like little place, was tucked away under the spiral stairway, and so far as could be found out last night no one had been in it during the evening. It was too early for the pressroom men to be around, and no one else was supposed to go in there.

A little after 9 o'clock, Edmund Fogarty, the assistant engineer, started down the stairs leading to the basement in which were the presses, and smelled smoke. He hurried his steps, and just as he got to the foot of the stairs a flash of flame burst out of the foreman's little office and Fogarty started on a run upstairs. The flames spread so rapidly that he was barely able to reach the main floor and get out into the street.

Very close to this little office was the freight elevator which was used for lowering the stereotype plates to the press room from the upper floor of the building, where they were prepared, and from the first floor the passenger elevator ran quite close to the one used for freight.

These elevator wells furnished a perfect flue for the flames to climb, which they did rapidly, cutting off the escape by either elevators or stairs of the four men who were at that hour in the editorial rooms and the 18 who were in the composing room.

Just about the time that Fogarty discovered the fire in the basement, George

Washington Rivers, the night watchman of the building, started alone in the elevator to descend to the street floor. He noticed the smoke when he reached the fourth floor and shouted a warning, but kept on going down. In the brief time it took the elevator to drop one story, or by the time it had reached the third floor, the smoke was followed by flames, which blazed against the elevator bottom, and Rivers stopped at the third and jumped out, followed by a sheet of flame, which seemed to him to envelop the elevator, and to be right on top of him as he fled.

He made a dash for the stairs, and found that below the third floor the flames had spread from the elevator shafts and were attacking the stairs fiercely.

Panic on Upper Floors.

Rivers took his only chance for life and made a dash through the flames and smoke, his hands over his face to protect it. He was strangling and near-

ly unconscious when he reached the street.

In the meantime there was a panic on the upper floors of the newspaper office, where the warning shouts of Rivers had been heard and where his warning had been speedily, almost instantaneously, followed by choking clouds of hot, thick smoke, which rolled up the stairways and the elevator shafts upon the men.

The night editor, Frank W. Blair, who had started to run down the stairs to the street, and who had been headed off by the flames in front of him, and whose retreat was cut off by the fire above, broke out a window to which he managed to climb, crawled down a fire escape and went to a roof, while the other editors and the printers above, 21 of them altogether, sought to escape by the roof.

From the composing room, which was on the upper floor, a steep ladder led to a scuttle hole in the roof, and in the blinding, bewildering smoke which filled the composing room the men imprisoned groped their way toward it.

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