

LONG BEACH HOTEL BURNS AT DAWN

**1,400 Guests Flee in Panic as
Big Summer Resort
Is Destroyed.**

SERVANTS CAUGHT LOOTING

**Many Waiters Held in Improvised
Court—Senator McCarren a Res-
cuer—Hotel to be Rebuilt.**

The Long Beach Hotel, for more than a quarter of a century among the largest hostelries on the Atlantic Coast, was burned to the ground at 5 o'clock yesterday morning. The fire destroyed also one of the adjoining cottages, the hotel dormitory, the chapel of the Long Beach colony, a newly erected power plant, and two strings of Long Island Railroad cars standing on a siding back of the hotel. The loss was estimated at \$500,000. There was little or no insurance on the hotel.

That none of the 1,400 guests and employes met death was due solely to the fact that an easterly wind confined the fire to one corner of the structure until every one escaped. Then, the wind shifting to the south and freshening a bit, the flames in less time than it takes to tell it swept down the twelve-hundred-foot front of the great building, jumped across to Cottage No. 1, and thence to the church and the power plant. A second shift of the wind was all that saved the twenty-one cottages dotting a half mile of boardwalk eastward from the hotel. The origin of the fire is unknown.

Employes Held for Looting.

In the two hours that sufficed for the fire to do its work there was much excitement. Half a dozen of the guests and employes were hurt more or less seriously by jumping or by being hit by flying trunks thrown from their rooms by panic-stricken guests. As many more of the colored servants of the hotel and one Greek dishwasher were arrested for looting, arraigned in an improvised court in the little baggage room of the station, and held. Senator Patrick H. McCarren, and his co-investor in the Long Beach Development Company, ex-Senator Reynolds, distinguished themselves by leading the rescue work. They were among the last to leave the smoke-filled corridors when it became certain that the hotel was doomed.

It was 5:10 o'clock when a night watchman saw flames coming from a room in the fourth story of the west end of the hotel. He ran to the office of the Development Company near by and roused O. D. Camp. By the time Camp got to the hotel, the fire had a good start, but not a guest was aware of the danger. Camp ran to the fourth floor and got out the fire hose, but the water didn't come. Then he grabbed an axe and ran down the hall, smashing in the panels of the doors on either side. No further warning was needed.

But with the wind from the east the fire did no more than eat its way into the roof and back toward the rear of the hotel. Meantime guests and employes were preparing for flight. Senator McCarren and Senator Reynolds had rooms in the centre of the house. Without stopping to pack their personal belongings, they ran to warn other guests of the danger.

Early in the fire, Sophie Kimball, a maid employed by one of the guests, lost her head and jumped from a third-story window. She escaped with a broken leg and possible internal injuries. M. W. Davanny, a marble dealer of this city, was pinned in by the flames in the west corner of the hotel. He jumped and his arm was broken and his spine hurt. Dr. B. D. Bogert, one of the guests, established an emergency hospital on the sand near the beach, with the Kimball girl and Mr. Davanny as his first patients.

Injured in Improvised Hospital.

They were not alone for long. The failure of the fire to spread immediately into the central part of the hotel put false hope into the guests, who were beyond its immediate reach. It was about half an hour after Camp raised his first alarm that the wind veered around to the south. If any one asked a Long Beach resident yesterday afternoon how fast the flames traveled then, there was but one answer: "Faster than you can run." Frank Smith of Ocean Grove, Albert Golden of Freeport, Superintendent of Construction in the hotel, and Percy Williams, a colored waiter, were working like beavers trying to clear away a mass of baggage that had piled up in the lower hallway when trunks were thrown from the floor above fell upon them. Smith suffered a dislocated shoulder and a broken rib, and Golden a sprained neck and left hand. Williams was injured internally.

When the fire spread to the main part of the hotel William Sprague, one of the guests, was at work in his room with a negro porter getting a trunk ready to take down. There was a belch of smoke through the hall and into the open doorway. The porter ran. Sprague picked up his revolver from the dresser.

"You and that trunk will go out of here together," he said. The porter changed his mind about hurrying and Sprague saved his trunk.

He was luckier than many of the guests. Although there had been ample time to open the big office safe and take several thousand dollars in money and many thousand dollars worth of valuables to a place of safety, the guests who kept their jewelry with them in their rooms saved little of it. Many of the negro waiters were found looting the rooms of the guests after they had fled.

George R. Cartwright, who lives at the Hotel Cumberland when he is in New York, was packing up his wife's belongings. He laid a case containing several thousand dollars' worth of jewels on a couch for a moment. When he looked for it it was gone. Late in the afternoon Mary Gallagher, a servant, brought the case to the improvised Police Headquarters, saying that she had found it in the sand. A Central Office man, whom Mr. Cartwright had brought from Manhattan, identified it, and the servant was well rewarded for her honesty.

But this was an exceptional experience. In front of the hotel and at both ends trunks and suit cases had been piled

up high to make an eventual bonfire when things got hot enough. Every now and then a colored man would be seen sneaking away with something in his hands until the firemen from Rockville, Lynbrook, and Freeport, with such of the cottagers as were not busy with other things, organized themselves into a Vigilance Committee and went after the marauders.

There were about twelve arrests in the course of the day, but that number, according to all accounts, did not begin to represent the number of looters, for the reason that in the first two or three hours of the fire small attention was paid to anything but the flames.

It was a foregone conclusion from the time the flames reached the east wing of the hotel that the chapel, the dormitory, and the power house would go. Already a string of freight cars and the parlor and passenger cars that were to be run up to town: s the Long Beach "Special" later in the day, had been reduced to a twisted mass of scrap iron. At Cottage No. 1, occupied by A. R. Chapman of Brooklyn, a strong fight was made, but the odds were too great, and two minutes after the east end of the hotel was ablaze the flames jumped across the forty-foot space to the cottage and it was destroyed.

Then the firemen, who had tapped a salt water main, turned their attention to Cottage No. 2. Supplementing the stream that they could contribute, a bucket brigade was formed, for once past Cottage No. 2 there was small hope that the fire would stop until it had cleaned out the whole row. Then came the second shift of the wind that saved the day. At 7 o'clock Long Beach was able to eat such breakfast as it could find with a certainty of the fire having been checked.

Injured Sent to Long Island City.

On early trains the injured were sent to Long Island City hospitals, and one or two to Bellevue. The Long Island Railroad ran a special train of ten cars to Long Beach soon after 8 o'clock and brought in a number of "refugees," in clothes ranging for women from a gray blanket and white parasol to a bath robe and a pair of gaiters worn by an elderly man.

One curious incident of the fire was that all morning long, from passengers on the Sandy Hook boats, incoming from the Jersey coast resorts, came rumors of a ship afire at sea. They were sure there was a ship afire because they could see the smoke and smell the burning from afar, though they could not see the ship. But it was merely the smoke from the burning hotel drifting seaward and all ships made port in safety.

On a report that several persons had been burned to death Justice of the Peace A. B. Wallace of Freeport came over to perform his joint duties of Coroner and Judge. He was kept busy with the loot cases. He began by swearing in all the available guests as special deputies for the occasion. In the course of the day there were brought before him the following, among others:

JOHN GILLMAN, colored, of 102 West Fifty-third Street, Manhattan; found with a suitcase containing a Tuxedo suit.

CORNELIUS VAN LEWIS, colored, a waiter, of 249 West Fifty-ninth Street, Manhattan; found with a pair of gold eyeglasses, a gold watch chain, a jeweled lognette, a silver jewel case, a silk shawl, and some small silver articles in his pockets.

JOHN B. LADSON, colored, a waiter, of 340 West Thirty-seventh Street, Manhattan; Ladson had "saved" an amethyst-mounted gold bracelet, a diamond horseshoe pin, two gold-mounted women's belts, a silver bonbon box, a pearl and turquoise breastpin, some gold cuff buttons, and minor bits of jewelry, and had in his pockets in addition nineteen rawn tickets.

ENOCH V. HAWKINS, colored, who had a dress-suit case in his possession, containing a variety of men's clothing; Hawkins said he got it from Ladson, and established an alibi.

JERRY WHITE, colored, a waiter, found with a watch belonging to Miss Margaret Van Dillenberger of the Ansonia; White tried to drop several other articles of jewelry behind a trunk in the station, but the Long Island sleuths were too sharp for him.

SIMOLE NIKOLE, a Greek, employed as a dish washer; he had letters and papers belonging to Adolph Blum of the Progress Club in this city.

All these prisoners with the exception of Hawkins were held for examination this morning in the Lynbrook Court, and Justice Wallace announced that all the jewelry taken from them and such other jewelry as might be found would be on exhibition at that time for identification.

At a late hour last night Sheriff Gildersleeve of Freeport was patrolling Long Beach with a force of deputies and arresting all those who could not satisfactorily account for themselves.

Hotel to be Rebuilt.

It is probable, although no official announcement came last night, that the Long Beach Hotel will be rebuilt as soon as possible. The Long Beach Development Company, which bought the old one a year or two ago after a receivership, had been making plans for moving it nearer the water front and substantially remodeling it, and the fire paves the way for accomplishing these plans on new lines. So far as the hotel proper is concerned, the loss is entirely a matter of estimate, for, although the property cost \$1,000,000 in 1890, it is doubtful if the old structure would have brought \$100,000 until the Development Company took hold of it. Between \$50,000 and \$100,000 was paid out on the power plant and \$10,000 or more in furnishings and interior decorations. So far as could be learned yesterday there was but \$50,000 of insurance on the hotel.

Unofficial estimates put the loss at from \$100,000 to \$200,000, as there were 875 guests in the hotel at the time of the fire. Manager Quinn has had hard luck in the matter of fires, for it was under his management that the Allenhurst Inn, one of the best-known Summer places on the Jersey Coast, burned up in 1901.

Senator Reynolds said last night that the company would begin the erection of a new \$1,500,000 hotel at Long Beach next week. It will be built of steel, brick, and reinforced concrete. It is expected that it will be completed next June. Lumber was sent to Long Beach yesterday for the erection of a new boardwalk.

Among the guests of the Long Beach Hotel were:

Robert B. Cartwright, President of the McAdam & Cartwright Elevator Company, and Mrs. Cartwright; Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Guilford, Arnold Kohn, a banker of 18 East Ninety-fifth Street, and family; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kohn of the same address, ex-Judge Dittenhoefer and daughters; Dr. J. E. Stubbert and family, Dudley Eldridge, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Eldridge, John De Saulles, the ex-Yale football player; Audrey Clark and family of Brooklyn, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Simpson, Arnold Blume, Dr. W. H. Bogert and family, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Ellis of Montclair, Mr. and Mrs. Remson Johnson of Brooklyn, Wright Barclay, a real estate man of 299 Broadway, and Mr. and Mrs. I. V. Sprague.