

OUT TODAY

A successful man should read a successful newspaper. If not successful he may do so all the same, and the EVENING JOURNAL is bound to reach the snow-capped Himalayas of success.

NEW YORK JOURNAL

Copyright, 1896, by W. R. Hearst.

NO. 5,065.

NEW YORK, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1896.—12 PAGES.

PRICE ONE CENT.

OUT TODAY

Boy or girl? Guess again! Neither, but in every sense a pineapple. Look for the EVENING JOURNAL at luncheon, read all the news and enjoy the droll meritment of master minds.

THE ELEPHANT AT CONEY GONE.

Destroyed in a Blaze That Lighted the Beach for Miles.

May Be That Two Men Have Lost Their Lives, for They Are Missing.

Woman and Two Children Who Lodged in the Wooden Beast's Interior Bravely Rescued.

ROLLER COAST SLIDE ALSO BURNED.

Sea Beach Palace Was Slightly Damaged. For Sixteen Years the Fallen Elephant Had Stood Erect on Coney Island.

The wooden elephant, of Coney Island, is no more. It was totally destroyed by fire last night.

For sixteen years this remarkable edifice had withstood in Summer heat and trembled in Winter winds that blew in strong and fierce from the ocean. It had known McKane, or he had known it, in the days of his power and the days of his sorrow. Its demise was amid a blaze of light. A few bicyclists on Surf avenue at 10:20 o'clock last night looked up at the huge, round-eyed, broad-shouldered beast of timbers that towered beside the Sea Beach Palace and saw a strange red gleam in the eyes. Then they passed on and forgot it. Two minutes later, from the howdah on the elephant's back, a long tongue of flame leaped skyward. Then there rose a cry that swept from one end of the island to the other and died away in the moan of the surf: "The elephant is on fire!"

It was only the work of seconds after that to turn in the alarm. It seemed hours before the engines came. In the meantime sparks in great clouds were floating upward, and flame and smoke were pouring from the eyes of the huge beast, from the howdah and the windows. The flames at times reached the height of 140 feet.

The alarm brought to the fire the engine and hook and ladder companies from Sheephead Bay and Gravesend Village. They found that the elephant was doomed. Its coat of tin coated the flames, which could only find relief through the howdah and windows. In the red light, a crowd of five hundred persons gathered and watched the spectacle.

The wind was blowing from the southeast, and it sent the sparks flying over the Sea Beach Palace.

At last one corner of the roof began to blaze in spite of the efforts of a dozen employees who were throwing buckets of water upon it.

District Engineer Fitzpatrick decided to lose no time on the elephant, but devoted all the energies of his men toward saving adjacent property. In this he was successful.

The fire was a hot one and did its work rapidly. At 10:30 o'clock the flames were first seen. Twenty minutes later the legs of the great structure began to tremble and there was a creaking and groaning as if it were a real beast in pain. Then with a tremendous crash the great body, now a glowing furnace of tin, fell to the ground.

For an instant all was hidden in the fiery cloud that rose above the fallen hulk. When this cleared away only the dark sky could be seen beyond the empty space occupied for sixteen years by one of the most famous of all the sights on Coney Island. All sorts of rumors spread about the island while the elephant was burning. It was said that two men had been in the building when the fire started and that they had not been seen afterward. Their names, as reported to the police, were John Caglinson, colored, a porter, and Jeremiah Downey, of No. 39 Gwinnett street, Brooklyn. The building was tenanted by two families, who made desperate efforts to escape when the fire broke out. Gropping about in the dense smoke they lost their way and sought refuge in a room on the second tier.

Howard Wilson, a son of the watchman, knowing of their peril, rushed up the stairway in one of the legs. As he reached the second tier a woman was heard screaming for her children.

Wilson caught the woman and hurried downstairs with her. The woman was Mrs. Traug, one of the tenants. The young man returned to the building and on the second tier found the two children, Alice, eight years old, and Henry, six years. They were lying unconscious on the floor. The young man carried them, one on each arm, to the ground, and was cheered as he appeared.

Mrs. Emily Boehig, who lived on the first tier, with her invalid father, was rescued by Walter Shaw, son of the proprietor of the Aerial Slide that was also destroyed. The helpless man was carried to the ground by a number of firemen, who battered down the partitions to reach him.

The base, besides destroying the elephant, burned the circular roller coaster railroad which surrounded it. This was the property of L. D. Shaw and was valued at \$7,500. Shaw was the lessee of the elephant, and the property on which it stood.

The damage to the Sea Beach Palace was slight. The Coney Island Elephant was built in 1880 by William V. Lafferty, of Philadelphia. The cost of construction was \$18,000. It was about 100 feet high and 90 feet long. It was built of heavy timber, with a coating of tin on the property of the Sea Beach Railroad Company. It was a dining pavilion, restaurant and hotel.

The hotel, as a money maker, was a failure, but its fame spread all over the country. The syndicate which owned it contemplated its removal to the railroad company premises, as no rent had been paid for the ground in years. In short for the past few years the big beast had been without an owner.

The police last night were unable to discover the cause of the fire, although there was a rumor that it was incendiary. It is believed that an insurance policy of \$50,000 was the cause of the fire.

ASTRAL BODIES BENT ON THEFT.

Yet a Second Time William McDonald Is Peeking Through the Bars.

His Brother Is a Hypnotic Subject, and That Once Saved William from a Prison Cell.

This Time His Dromio Rests Under Suspicion of Being the Spook.

POLICE ARE GREATLY TROUBLED.

As the Two Look Alike, and Their Astral Bodies Are Also Mates, They Can't Be Sure of Getting the Right Ones.

William McDonald is locked up in the Eldridge Street Police Station. That is, the police think he is William McDonald. They will be more confident of it when they have William McDonald's brother locked in the same cell. For the brothers are as much alike as two peas, as Chang and Eng, as the two Dromios. But even then, locked in a cell, the police cannot be absolutely certain they have William McDonald and his brother, for the brothers are hypnotic subjects, at least one of them is.

Now the astral body, hypnotically projected, is supposed to be the exact image of that man's physical body. There's no proof that it is not. So the police may have the astral bodies of the McDonalds in a cell, and not the McDonalds; or, they may have the astral body of one McDonald and the human body of the other; for, being alike in the flesh, the astral body of one must be exactly like the human body of the other.

This is extremely interesting. It is particularly interesting to William McDonald, who is charged with highway robbery, and who has been acquitted on another charge of highway robbery, because it was proved to the satisfaction of an intelligent jury that he was in a hypnotic sleep in Brooklyn when that highway robbery was committed in New York.

It is very interesting, too, to the police, who are not at the moment prepared to cope with criminal astral bodies.

Mrs. Goldberg, of No. 13 First street, was held up by two men one day last week. The thieves dragged her into an alley and robbed her. William McDonald was arrested and positively identified as one of the highwaymen by Mrs. Goldberg and by a man who saw the robbers as they fled. He was tried before Recorder Goff, and Mark Alter, of No. 23 Chambers street, defended him. It looked mighty black for William McDonald. But then appeared Professor Charles E. Wines, a reputable man, a hypnotist, of No. 44 Lafayette square, Brooklyn. Professor Wines swore that at the moment Mrs. Goldberg was robbed William McDonald lay under his influence in a hypnotic sleep in Brooklyn. More, several men who were at that scientific exhibition of hypnotism swore to the same thing.

"Is it possible that McDonald's astral body held up Mrs. Goldberg?" asked the District Attorney.

Having proved an alibi for William McDonald, the learned prosecutor wanted an alibi for his soul. But the jury acquitted McDonald, telling him in effect to be careful of his astral body, so that it might not acquire bad habits.

A Second Offense.

Christian Reiner was walking on the Bowery last Saturday night. Near Fourth street, two men seized him from behind, forced him into an alley, robbed him and ran away, but not before he got a good look at them, so that he minutely described them to the police. Detectives McCarthy and Pender searched for the thieves along the Bowery.

In the Daisy Hotel, No. 333 Bowery, they found William McDonald—or his astral body—quarrelling with William Alexander, of No. 347 East Fourth street, who had been robbed of a diamond pin and his pocketbook.

William McDonald—or his astral body—was arrested, and one of the other was before Magistrate Brann, in Essex Market Police Court, yesterday. Mark Alter again defended him. Alexander could not swear McDonald—or his other self—robbed him. Reiner did positively swear that McDonald, then present, was one of those who robbed him.

McDonald stared around the court room, his eyes wide open, rubbed his hand across his forehead and faltered:

"Who where am I?"

"In Jersey," retorted a facetious court officer.

"I don't know how I came to be here," said McDonald, drowsily. "I remember nothing about last night." But he was held for trial. Now Mr. Alter solemnly declares he will prove that William McDonald did not rob Reiner. More, that William McDonald was never hypnotized by Professor Wines or any one else. It was William's younger brother who robbed Reiner and it was William's brother who was hypnotized by Professor Wines.

This brother is two years younger than William, but his fast life has aged him until no human being can tell one from the other. This brother, too, does not always call himself McDonald, but often John Burkhard.

An Anxious Search.

So the police are anxiously searching for the other McDonald. But it would seem useless to catch him. His defence will certainly be that his astral body, the wicked partner of the firm, the evil Mr. Hyde of good Dr. Jekyll, robbed Mrs. Goldberg, robbed Christian Reiner, and robbed Reiner and it was William's brother who was hypnotized by Professor Wines. This brother is two years younger than William, but his fast life has aged him until no human being can tell one from the other. This brother, too, does not always call himself McDonald, but often John Burkhard.

DID DOCTORS KILL KLAFSKY?

Friends Say She Died Because of a Needless Operation.

Physicians Pronounced Her Afflicted with Tumor of the Brain.

Trephining Was Resorted to as the Only Means of Possibly Saving Her Life, and Proved Futile.

FOUND THEIR DIAGNOSIS INCORRECT.

Klafsky, While in America, Was Struck by a Falling Piece of Furniture, and Never Recovered from the Effects of the Blow.

Berlin, Sept. 27.—The death of Frau Katharina Klafsky-Lohse, the prima donna, is greatly regretted here, and the circumstances attending her demise are being widely discussed. Her friends are indignant at the medical treatment which she received and declare that she was the victim of the incapacity of the Hamburg physicians who attended her.

The story of the cause of her death has many versions, but the one most generally accepted is that while she was singing in the United States she was struck on the head by a toppling wardrobe, which caused a painful inflammation of the scalp. She never fully recovered from the effects of the mishap and latterly the pain became almost unbearable.

Found No Tumor There.

The Hamburg physicians pronounced her afflicted with tumor of the brain, which could only be removed by the operation of trephining, which the doctors decided to resort to. The operation was performed, with the result that it disproved the tumor theory, but killed the patient. The fact was that her ailment was really of a comparatively trifling nature.

Frau Klafsky's funeral, which took place at Hamburg on Friday, was attended by a large number of her professional and private friends. The body, in accordance with the wish of the deceased lady, was clothed in the white robe of penitence worn by her in the character of Elizabeth in "Fannyhanser." The chorus of Mozart's "Magic Flute" was sung at the grave.

Dr. E. W. Brown, of the house staff of the Hudson Street Hospital, in speaking of Klafsky's death, said last night:

"Trephining is a very common operation and a very old one. It is seldom that there is danger connected with the operation in itself. In cases where trephining is performed on account of a tumor the result is often fatal, but not on account of the trephining itself. Sometimes when trephining has been performed for a tumor which has not been found the tumor has been there, although hidden, and has been the actual cause of death."

Trephining Not Dangerous.

Dr. A. W. Williams, of the Bellevue surgical staff, said: "I do not consider that trephining is at all a dangerous operation. It is very often performed, and we do not, as a rule, anticipate serious results, except in cases where it is performed in consequence of some accident that has injured the skull. The mere opening of the skull and closing it again is deemed far from a dangerous operation. The percentage of deaths in cases where, for example, the skull is trephined on account of supposed tumors that do not really exist, is very small; almost infinitesimal."

SMASHUP IN THE PARK.

Hansom Cab Collides with a Light Wagon, the Driver of Which is Badly Injured.

A bad collision occurred on the East Drive of Central Park in the neighborhood of Eighty-eighth street at a little before 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

A hansom cab, driven by Peter Morris, thirty-seven years old, living at No. 193 West Tenth street, and in which was seated a Miss Houston, of No. 158 Fifth avenue, collided with a light wagon, driven by Henry Klingst, fifty-five years old, of No. 138 West Fifty-third street. Miss Houston escaped without injury and was taken home by a friend, who was passing in a carriage.

Mr. Klingst was thrown from the wagon when the vehicles came together. Park Policeman Mulvey found him unconscious and sent him to the Presbyterian Hospital in a park ambulance. It is believed that he has a fractured skull. At 10 o'clock last night he had not recovered consciousness.

Morris, the driver of the hansom, received contusions of the arm and shoulder, and after having his injuries dressed by an ambulance surgeon, he went home. Mr. Klingst's horse ran away, and was apprehended at Ninety-second street by Policeman Terper. Both vehicles were badly smashed.

RATS TAKE A BABY'S LIFE.

Three Vicious Rodents Attack a Two Months Old Infant Left Alone in Its Crib.

Baltimore, Sept. 27.—Three big rats attacked the two-month-old baby of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Asher, of No. 1150 Low street, last night, and gnawed its face, head and neck to such an extent that the infant died in a short time.

Mr. Asher, who lives over his store, was looking after his business, and Mrs. Asher had gone to market, leaving the baby snugly tucked in its crib in the second story of the dwelling. Hearing the baby crying, the father hurried upstairs, and as he entered the room where the infant was, three large, vicious-looking rats jumped out of the crib and scampered over the horrified father found him in a terrible condition and out bare before a physician could be summoned. The little one died.

R. HOE & CO.
PRINTING PRESS, MACHINE, AND SAW
MANUFACTURERS.

GRAND, SHERIFF, BROOME AND COLUMBIA STS.
OFFICE, 504 GRAND ST.,
NEW-YORK.
ALSO MANSFIELD STREET, BOROUGH ROAD, LONDON

New York, September 22nd, 1896.

W. R. Hearst, Esq.,
New York Journal.

Dear Sir:

We beg to acknowledge the receipt, through Mr. Roesen, of your order for the Two-Revolution Press for your poster and cover work, which shall have careful attention.

You may not be aware of the fact, but the orders received from you during the past year embrace a larger number of machines, with a greater producing capacity, than we have furnished to any one customer during a similar period of time.

Your circulation having, since we received your first order, on October 1st, 1895, increased from fifty thousand (50,000) to four hundred thousand (400,000) daily, we think we have reason to congratulate ourselves upon being able, with the machines already furnished, to so nearly keep up with your requirements. We have, at least, exerted our best efforts to supply your wants, working on your orders nights as well as days, since the date mentioned.

The two "Quadruples," and the six large nine cylinder Combined Black and Color Presses, are so nearly completed that their erection will soon be begun in your pressroom. These last are the largest of their kind, and the most complete printing machines ever made; combining in each one the capacity of our "Sextuple" Perfecting Press and a full Color Printing Press, enabling you to print The Journal in black, and with colored supplements, as required.)

The special Color Press, which will be ready for your use this week, is also, we think, a very notable advance over everything of the kind previously made, enabling you to produce at will, four, eight, or sixteen-page colored supplements, with every page in color; something that has never before been attempted.

When all of these new presses are duly installed in your pressrooms, with those you already have in operation, you will certainly possess not only one of the finest newspaper plants in the world, but a plant which is absolutely unique.

Yours very truly,

A. Hoe & Co.

THE EVENING JOURNAL.

It makes its first appearance. It is the legitimate offspring of the Morning Journal and there is every reason to hope that it will stand unmatched in the newspaper history of the United States. Less than eleven months ago, when it came under its new name, it was a mere child, and now it is a young man of full age. It has grown up in the face of all sorts of difficulties, and has responded quickly enough to the demands of the public. It has met and conquered in the former exist in the latter and are no more formidable. The Evening Journal has perfect confidence that it will do in the other