

MOTHER AND BABY DEAD

Mrs. Mary Kurtzschenkels and Her Infant Lose Their Lives Through a Fire.

A WOMAN'S FRANTIC FLIGHT

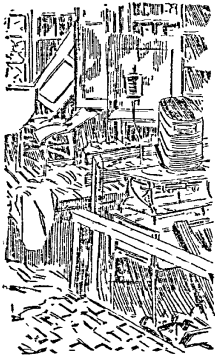
First She Warned Her Sleeping Husband, Then Tried to Save Her Infant.

HEROIC RESCUE OF ANOTHER CHILD

An Exciting Time Following a Gasoline Explosion in a Bakery on North Third Street.

Mary Kurtzschenkels, 28 years old, and her baby, Hilda, 8 months old, lost their lives yesterday afternoon from burns received during a fire at the house, No. 1174 North Third street, while two others owe their existence to-day to the bravery of those who quickly responded when the alarm was sent out.

It was 3.45 o'clock in the afternoon when flames were seen coming from the little bakery of George Kurtzschenkels. Officer Wilson, who was standing at Third and Girard avenue, at once turned in an alarm. Mrs. Johnson, who lives next door to the bakery, smelled smoke and rushed



Where the fire Started.

into the back room of the bakery. She found Mrs. Kurtzschenkels in flames from head to foot, and seizing a piece of carpet, attempted to extinguish the fire. The woman was rushing about the room, screaming with pain, and in a last attempt Mrs. Johnson wound the piece of carpet about her. Mrs. Kurtzschenkels ran from the room as the flames spread and started upstairs to warn her husband and obtain his assistance. So frightened and excited was she that she rushed right through the room adjoining the kitchen, where the fire originated from a gasoline stove.

A FRANTIC WOMAN'S FLIGHT.

In this adjoining room lay her little daughter Hilda, fast asleep in her baby carriage, which stood next a window, not five feet from the now seething furnace. Up the stairs to where her husband was asleep the frantic woman bounded, still wrapped in flame. No sooner had she burst into the room and given a scream of agony than Kurtzschenkels was out of bed and on his feet. He grabbed some clothing and began the fight with the flames that were fast consuming his wife.

Probably remembering the baby so dangerously near the flames below,



Driven Back by the Flames.

she started down the stairs again. Excited, half-blinded, frantic for the life of her child, she seemed not to mind her own condition, and groped about in the scorching flames and stifling smoke to locate her little one. She had nearly reached the baby carriage when, with a roar, the furnace-like fire broke into the room and met her full in the face. She faltered, staggered and gasping for breath tottered backward into the front room trying to reach the door to get air. In the doorway again she tottered and with a moan fell unconscious to the sidewalk.

Her clothing was still ablaze, but willing hands with coats and hats soon beat out the burning garments. She had been horribly burned. Her hair and eyebrows were gone, her neck and face were a livid red and the lower limbs were literally roasted. When an attempt was made to remove her stockings great pieces of burned flesh clung to them, presenting a most sickening sight to the crowd which pressed close about.

Meanwhile word was passed about that the baby was in the house. No sooner was this said than William

Johnson, who lives next door, and Stephen Weiden, who works opposite, attempted to enter the burning house on their hands and knees to rescue little Hilda. The heat and smoke was too much and they were driven back. Soon, however, the firemen had the flames under such control that one of them was able to enter. It was dangerous work, but soon the child, apparently dead, was carried outside and into the saloon on the corner, where her mother already had been taken. The carriage in which the child lay was so near the window opening into the kitchen that she had been badly burned about the face and one arm. The police patrol soon arrived and removed the two sufferers to St. Mary's Hospital.

When Mrs. Kurtzschenkels left the second story room the husband tried to follow, but was beaten back by the fierce heat. Returning he grabbed what few effects he could, smashed the front window and stepped out onto the bulk, from which he was rescued by means of a ladder. He was badly, but not seriously burned and had inhaled the fumes of the fire.

A THRILLING RESCUE.

While all this was going on, which took but a remarkably short time there appeared in the third-story window Georgie, the 4-year-old son, leaning out and waving his arms, pleading to be rescued. Gus Crawford, who is employed across the way, saw the boy and dashed into the Johnson house and in a jiffy appeared at the third-story window. Stepping out onto the gutter spout he carefully edged along toward the little boy, grasped him and returned in safety, amid the cheers of the people below. Relatives took care of the little fellow.

As soon as the fire was over and Georgie was safe, Kurtzschenkels went immediately to St. Mary's Hospital, remaining at the bedside of his wife and child until death relieved them. The baby died at 8 o'clock and the mother half an hour later. Mrs. Kurtzschenkels regained consciousness before death and told her husband how the fire started. She was filling a gasoline stove from a five-gallon can. The can was heavy and slipped and the fluid ran down the front of her dress. There was a fire in the stove and the fumes from the gasoline ignited and ran up her dress. She dropped the can and in a moment the room was in flames. She remembered nothing more.

Kurtzschenkels is well nigh crazed at the fatality.

The loss on the structure and contents was about \$1000.

Eight Servants Probably Drowned.

HELFAST, April 12.—Eight servants in the employ of the Marquis of Londonderry, at his residence, Mount Stewart, Newtownards, County Down, went into a boating excursion yesterday on Lough Strangford. They have not since been heard from, and it is believed that all have been drowned.