

LAST EDITION IN THE MILLS

Nell Nelson Depicts the Lives of Some of New York's Working Women.

Hard Labor, Long Hours and Starvation Wages.

Brave, Generous and Self-Sacrificing in Spite of Terrible Toll and Privation.

A Morning Visit to New York City's Largest Jute Mills.

Careworn Women and Girls Seen in Their Struggle for Bread.

The First of a Series of Stories Showing Women's Labor in the Mills and Factories of This City.

Do you know the mill girl? Not the neat, natty shop girl who chews gum and throws her eyes about as she waits on you in the big store; not that brave, blithe-some and ill-used little factory girl, whose name is legion, but the mill girl whose whole life is spent combing, winding, spooling and weaving the textiles of commercial industry into precious cotton and linen goods and beautiful silks, laces and carpets.

You don't know her? And yet in the vicinity of Eleventh avenue, between Twenty-fifth and Eighty-ninth streets, an army of 16,000 might be marshalled from her ranks any morning or evening in the week.

Let me tell you who she is.

She is the forgotten woman. She is a child of misfortune, a prisoner of poverty, a victim of injustice and a martyr of society. She is born in misery and reared in neglect; she lives without love, ages before her development is completed, and goes through life stunted in body and starved in soul without ever hoping for a better existence or dreaming that she deserves a better fate. She is good, brave, generous and self-sacrificing; she is uneducated, untrained and uncared for; she deserves help because she helps herself; she respects herself and therefore is entitled to the respect that society so cruelly withholds; her struggle is too heroic, her hardships too painful, her deserts too great and her lot too dreary for the woman of New York to thoughtlessly pass her by. Her claim should precede the boasts of the field, the birds of the air, the heathen in our midst, the remote barbarian and the criminal of justice, not because she is a child of freedom, but because she is a weak woman purposely handicapped by nature and woefully forgotten by a commonwealth, the heads and guardians of which must be responsible for the results accruing from this neglect.

THE CHELSEA JUTE MILLS. FROM THE MERCURY OF THE EVENING WORLD I received the following memo for a morning assignment: Go to Chelsea Jute Mills, foot of West Twenty-fifth street, and write about the mill girl, her work, wages, appearance and condition of health. At the above named place and specified time I was at the mill, and started in with the carding-room. I passed in through a door which led into a sort of stock room where the jute is kept. About it was the raw material, which is imported from India in hydraulic pressed bundles, very dirty and with the dust and soil from the fields still in the strands. All along the walls the bags of jute are stacked. The windows are down at the top, out of which growing boys hang,

ONE VICTIM WILL RECOVER. MRS. ROGOZYNSKI NOT FATALLY WOUNDED BY THE SLAYER OF HER HUSBAND.

Mrs. Rogozynski, who murdered her husband, Isaac Jacob, intended to include in his name of ghastly butcheries, was confined in the Government Hospital this morning, and nobody was allowed to see her. She has a bullet hole in her chest, but the physicians think that with careful attention she will be able to go out in a few days.

THE SUICIDE-ASSASSIN WILL BE BURIED IN POTTER'S FIELD.

Mrs. Herman Rogozynski, whom murderer and suicide Isaac Jacob intended to include in his name of ghastly butcheries, was confined in the Government Hospital this morning, and nobody was allowed to see her. She has a bullet hole in her chest, but the physicians think that with careful attention she will be able to go out in a few days.

The body of Herman Rogozynski, her husband, lay in a coffin in his little apartment on the second floor of 54 Ridge street. The coffin was covered with a black cloth, on which was embroidered the name of the organization to which he belonged—the Bessarabia Benevolent Society—and which will conduct the funeral services to-day and bury the murdered man's widow \$1,000. It will be buried this afternoon in the cemetery in Bayside, L. I.

Neighbors passed softly in and out of the room, or gathered in knots in the halls and on the stairs of the big tenement discussing the fatality.

The body of Jacob, the principal in the ghastly tragedy, lay in a soft pine box in the Morgue. An ugly bullet hole in his head showed the manner of his death.

Two stories are told concerning the origin of the deadly enmity which existed between the two men. One is that Jacob was enraged because the Rogozynskis interfered with the courtship existing between the murderer and their niece, Hilda Cohen, while Jacob, in a letter which he left, says that the Rogozynskis and a gang of sharpers cheated him out of all his money, nearly \$7,000 in all.

The tragedy which occurred at daylight yesterday was one of the most bloody affairs in police annals.

Rogozynski was an ice peddler, living with his wife and two sons, Otto and Samuel. Rogozynski kept his horses in a stable almost opposite.

Otto came home about 2 o'clock yesterday morning and he saw his own wife in a scuffle with a man who he suspected was Jacob. At 3 o'clock the figure was seen by another tenant, and about 4 o'clock there was a rap on Rogozynski's door. Rogozynski asked who was there.

Go over to your stable. There is something in the matter, said your horse, answered the man outside, who proved to be Jacob. Rogozynski dressed himself hurriedly and ran across to the stable. A moment later there was a pistol shot followed by a groan and a cry.

"Jacob, you murderer!" The assassin had met his victim inside the stable leading to the stalls, and shot him without uttering a word. Rogozynski was mortally wounded, but he leaped towards the bay-lot, grabbed an axe and was preparing to fall his murderer when his strength left him and he sank to the floor.

Jacob ran out and crossed the street to Rogozynski's house. Otto Rogozynski says that Jacob met his mother at the door of their flat and fired a shot at her, and then that he, Otto, chased her into the street and she was playing a game of hide and seek between barrels and wagons. Jacob threatening to shoot him, until a policeman came into the street and shot him in the back of his head and sent a bullet through his brain.

Jacob had a bad record, and several arrests, and he was known to have had three wives, all of whom are living, and it is said that he recently married another in Macon, Ga. He was living in a street-car and made her acquaintance.

They became engaged to be married, but on learning of his former marriages Rogozynski refused to marry her.

Then Jacob brought suit for \$5,480, which he alleged the Rogozynskis had cheated him out of. The suit was dismissed.

He had a few friends, and unless they offer to bury him he will be interred in Potter's Field.

DEAD ON HOBOKEN FLATS. A woman was found in the vicinity of the Hoboken flats, this morning, who was found drowned, with her head and face buried in the mud and water of the meadow land at the corner of Second and Harrison streets, in Hoboken, yesterday morning.

It is a lonely spot in the outskirts of the town, and a few shacks, tenanted by laboring people, are the only signs of civilization about the locality. The woman's body was found by some boys about 9 o'clock yesterday morning. A thin coating of ice covered the water on the meadow land and had frozen quite up to her body.

MARIE'S TRUNKS ARE THERE. TO DELAWARE FOR A DIVORCE. HEAR, BOSS PLATT!

Good Evidence That the Late Casino Songstress's Aunt Expects Her.

FRANK WORK TELLS THE STORY OF HIS DAUGHTER'S UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 17.—Up to last evening Miss Marie Halton, quondam Casino song-bird and late flame of Diamond Merchant Joseph Lewis, had not appeared at the home of her aunt and her brother Sammy, at 1916 Hicks street, though her half-dozen black trunks with modern European railway labeling were delivered there on Saturday.

An inquiry by a Times reporter at the house developed a sad condition of forgetfulness. Marie's aunt who responded to a knock on the door, disclaiming all knowledge of her celebrated niece, and declaring that she had never heard anything of anybody by the name of Halton.

She volunteered the further information that nobody by that name had ever lived in her house, and with a bang of the door declared that it was nobody's business who owned the trunks that had been left at the house.

Neighbors remembered better, and one of them, who said that Marie was expected in a few days, remarked also that Miss Halton, whose real name is Mary E. Pennington, was a bright girl, and if she were really coming home, had undoubtedly got some of that diamond man's cash.

Brother Sammy, the same who affectionately saw his sister off on the occasion of her departure from New York with Mr. Lewis, is one of the boys down in the Twenty-sixth Ward, and casually was found with a crowd of about twenty other youths making it unpleasant for the residents.

Although not a very handsome or imposing figure, he provided his companions, and yesterday, for the first time for weeks, there was general regret at his non-appearance.

After some discussion it was determined by the boys that it would be a good idea to send Sammy's side partner to 1916 and find out the cause of his absence.

Mr. Work's indignation was attended with some difficulty. Sammy's uncle had placed him in such a position that he was compelled to decline to see all who sent in their cards or appeared in person, and the interview was conducted through a friendly crack in a fence dividing Sammy's residence from that of the uncle.

After the signal had been given several times Sammy appeared and gave this explanation of his seclusion:

"My son-in-law, and it don't look well for a boy to come out on Sunday without a hat."

"I talked too much about Sis when I was out; Sis is coming home, you know. Say, it's tough, ain't it? But you will still get your hat, and it don't look well for a boy to come out on Sunday without a hat."

After the last remark the interview was abruptly terminated by "Sammy" being marched into the house by some one in the street.

"Sis," of course, is the fair Marie.

MORE STRIKERS OUT TO-DAY. Union Men Leaving the Buildings of Morton, Chesley & Co.

Forty-eight names were added this morning to the list of participants in the strike instituted last Wednesday by the United Carpenters and Joiners' Union on the Wilks and Brown buildings on Wall street. Eight non-union carpenters, who were taken on last week when the seventy-five union carpenters quit work on the Wilks building, were induced by the Union men to come out to-day.

These men are now in the building. The other eleven men in the building are the plasterers.

MRS. BURKE-ROCHE SEES FREEDOM FROM HER ERRING HUSBAND.

New York's Monster Protest at Cooper Union To-Night.

THE PEOPLE'S INDIGNANT TO BE EXPRESSED BY BRILLIANT ORATORS.

Arrangements were completed this forenoon by which Thomas C. Platt is to be given a piece of New York's mind to-night. It will be couched in unmistakable terms, and framed in rhetoric that will command attention from the thickest-hailed of the baculus statesmen who have combined to obey the Oswego man's behest to kill the World's Fair for New York.

Loss of citizens of the metropolis, regardless of party affiliations, ignoring partisan differences, anxious only for the good of the city and the promotion of its great business interests, will assemble at Cooper Union, where silver-tongued orators, the flower of both Democracy and Republicanism, will speak from the same platform, and will expose and denounce the manner in which political poison has been injected into the World's Fair plans, and protesting against the strangling of the enterprise to subserve partisan ends.

The Committee of Arrangements held its final meeting yesterday in the Jones building. The following gentlemen were present: Chairman Tappin, Captain Ambrose Snow, G. Waldie Smith, Edward L. Hornerman, John Foote, A. J. De Fries, R. Fulton Cutting. Ethel Root was detained by business and could not be present at the beginning of the meeting.

The Chairman announced that the following speakers had been secured positively:

Chancellor M. Devere, Warner Miller, Abram S. Hewitt, Judge A. W. Tenney, Gen. A. C. Barnes, Ripley E. Wopes, of Brooklyn; Darwin H. James, Deacon S. White, G. Waldie Smith, William Steinway and Samuel Gompers, Mr. Crossman Lyons, of Brooklyn, may also appear.

Mr. Tappin said that he sent a telegram to Senator William M. Everts yesterday, calling his attention to the fact that the meeting was to be held to-night, and earnestly requesting his appearance.

Mr. Frosterie R. Couderc had been asked to speak, but replied that he regretted that another engagement would prevent him. Ethel Root has also declined to speak.

Mr. Leonard J. Moody, of Brooklyn, who has been active in insuring the success of the cause, has been named by a vote added to the Committee of Twelve, and participated in the proceedings this morning.

Mr. Tappin reported that the meeting would be held in the main hall of Cooper Union, and that several overflow meetings would be held.

Several resolutions have been proposed by Sept. Murray to protect the audience against Mr. Platt. Inspector Hyman will have a dozen of his detectives on duty to keep a sharp lookout for thieves.

Japan's Seventy-first Regiment Band will play in the north porch, between 7 and 8 o'clock, and then go to the hall.

James W. Tappin will be the temporary chairman, and he will nominate the permanent officers of the League.

The Reception Committee will be composed of the same gentlemen who met in the Jones building this morning. There will be a large number of non-union carpenters. They have not been selected yet.

Every man in New York who can possibly arrange to do so should make a contribution to the World's Fair Committee as now constituted, by any person or persons, in the interest of any individual, any party or any clique.

The Central Labor Union has appointed a committee to defend the city against the proposed Fair, and to the interests and welfare of the city and country at large.

The Central Labor Union has appointed H. J. Collins, August Delabar, Edward Conklin, Philip Kelly and H. M. Stoffers as a committee to present the resolutions adopted by the Central Labor Union to the State Committee on the subject of the proposed Fair.

NEW YORK'S MONSTER PROTEST AT COOPER UNION TO-NIGHT.

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MAGNETS AFTER EWING. FOREIGN NEWS BY CABLE.

President Day and Mr. Gordon Clested With "Buck" in Cincinnati.

FIVE PEOPLE FATALLY HURT BY A FALLING BALCONY IN A CHURCH.

THE EMPEROR AND HIS SOLDIERS.

THE NEW YORK PLAYERS' CLUB.

WERE THE CLERKS BRIBED?

SERIOUS CHARGES AGAINST JEFFERSON MARKET COURT OFFICIALS.

MR. BURDEN SAYS HE PAID TO SUPPRESS NEWS—THE CLERKS DO IT.

The efforts which James A. Burden, the wealthy iron manufacturer, made to suppress the news concerning the pilferings of his late butler, James Adley, have given him a deal of unpleasant notoriety, and he is very repentant this morning.

Mr. Burden says he bribed three clerks in the Jefferson Market Police Court to keep the news from the reporters, but he says he didn't know that he was doing wrong.

Thirtieth street police officer set alert. Mr. Burden went over to look at it, but the first thing he did when he entered the police station was to look about the reports of the case in yesterday's papers.

"Why I paid the clerk down at Jefferson Market Court cash," Mr. Burden said to Sergeant Finn, "to look the papers in the court safe to let the reporters couldn't get at them."

Mr. Burden did not deny that he used the money when James Adley's name was reported to him in his home, 100 Fifth avenue, this morning.

I never had any intention of bribing the clerks," he said. "I merely wanted the news kept from the reporters until I could capture this man's confederate, for he must have had help to dispose of his stealing."

"How much money did you pay the clerks?" asked the reporter.

"I'd rather not answer that question," he answered. "But you have made a grave charge against the clerks, and full particulars should be given," insisted the reporter.

"I gave them \$5," he answered reluctantly.

"You say them. How many were there?"

"There were three clerks."

"On which side of the Judge did these two clerks sit?"

"They were on the right hand side of the Judge."

"He recalled the identity of the alleged bribed clerks, for they always occupied the same place year in and year out."

"Will you tell me in what manner you offered this money?" asked the reporter.

"They were paid by the reporter, when they had finished. I asked whether the papers could be kept out of the case, so as to keep them from the reporter. They said they would get an answer, so I then asked them whether they had had any lunch. I put in my card for the clerk, so I tossed a crumpled five-dollar bill in front of them and went away. I did not see any of them after that, nor do I know what they did with the money."

"Is that all?" asked the reporter.

"That's just what occurred, upon my honor," he answered.

"Why did you wish to suppress the news?"

"Simply to get back all the property I could get out of the stone, which was left to Mr. Burden by a lady in her will, and it was worth more to her on that account than all the rest of the stuff put into the stone, for I probably valued it at \$5,000. I have been to the butler and tried to get him to tell where it was, but it was no use. I don't want to prosecute him, but I want to get the three clerks to whom Mr. Burden says he paid the five dollars are Bernard H. Malone, W. L. Ormsby and John H. Wilson, who work in the Jefferson Market Police Court. They all strenuously deny that they ever saw or touched it."

"The matter was laid before Judge White by the reporters. He read the slips from the morning paper very carefully and then asked Mr. Burden if he made out the complaint, but he makes nothing any money. The question was put to every clerk in the court, and each denied the receipt of the money."

"Well, if he can buy three clerks for \$5 he's a good man. As for the clerks, we have no use for them if they sell so cheap."

"I wouldn't look at \$5," said Barney Malone, smiling.

"Don't see what I am going to do," said the reporter. "Why don't you let Mr. Burden come to court and point out the man to whom he paid the money? Until he does I can do nothing."

As the lawyers say, the court has entered a general denial, and Mr. Burden will have to come forward and prove his charge.

It is said that he tossed the \$5 bill to the three clerks sitting on the Justice's (Hogan) at that time right hand. If he did, who got the \$5 bill?"

MAY BE CHARGED WITH MURDER.

AN AGED DOCTOR'S ALLEGED MARRIAGE LIKELY TO RESULT IN DEATH.

DR. HENRY G. McLEOD AND WILLIAM B. BATES WERE HELD WITHOUT BAIL TO-DAY BY JUSTICE PATTERSON, IN THE ELMOR MARKET COURT, FOR EXAMINATION ON THE CHARGE OF HAVING PERMITTED AN UNLAWFUL OPERATION ON SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD ANNE STOPS, OF 127 FORTY-FIFTH STREET. THE GIRL IS VERY ILL, AND HER CHANCE OF RECOVERY IS SO SLIM THAT HER AUTOMATIC STATEMENT IS ON FOOT BY THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY TO SECURE CONTROL OF THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO, THIS MORNING.

Before the National Assembly met the National Board of Health held a meeting and directed a set of resolutions to be adopted, which it had submitted to the Legislature, and supports the bill which the New York State Assembly has passed.

WHEELMEN IN COUNCIL.

THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY OF THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN MET AT NOON TO-DAY IN THE GRAND UNION HOTEL.

President Charles B. Lunscomb, in his annual address, suggested that the Assembly should decide whether the matter of procuring better roads should be left to the National Board of the State divisions.

Before the National Assembly met the New York State Division held a meeting and directed a set of resolutions to be adopted, which it had submitted to the Legislature, and supports the bill which the New York State Assembly has passed.

THE STEAMSHIP BANI, FROM PARIS, ARRIVED TO-DAY AND BROUGHT REPORTS OF A SERIOUS DEFECT IN DA FONSECA'S CABINET.

Capt. Thompson said that two of the members resigned on Feb. 3 owing to their inability to agree with the rest of the members on questions of policy. The fact of their resignation has been made public, but he had received his information from reliable sources.

Capt. Thompson further said that exchange had declined a pension from Jan. 22 point 25, and was now at the lowest point yet reached.

The steamship Finanza also arrived from Rio Janeiro and Paris to-day. She left the latter port twelve hours after the Bani. None of her officers or passengers had heard anything of the Cabinet resignations.

Everything was quiet at Rio Janeiro and the other ports visited and there was no dissatisfaction among the people there at any time since the change of government.

COL. ROGERS SAYS HE IS SANE.

A JURY WILL DECIDE THE QUESTION—TURBULENCE IN THE COURT-HOUSE.

Col. Andrew H. Rogers, ex-Deputy Commissioner of Street Cleaning, who was committed to the Ward's Island Insane Asylum because of alleged mental derangement, was in the Supreme Court before Judge Patterson to-day on a writ of habeas corpus upon application by his counsel, Frank Y. S. Oliver, for his discharge from custody on the ground that he is sane.

The officers started away he said: "I hold on. I want some money. My name was to give me money. I was to meet me here this morning. I must have some money."

The physician again became the object of his wrath. His slashed face was placed very close to the doctor's face, and he again made use of some peculiar language. Mr. Oliver at last quieted his client and the jury left the court-house.

YORK & BURLINGTON.—LOOKER PLATT'S. ALL INDUSTRIOUS MEN WHO USE THEM. ALL STRAIGHT.

To-night's mass-meeting of the Cooper Union ought to be the greatest popular protest against Boss dictation. Go early.



MRS. BURKE-ROCHE.

WORLD REPORTER CALLED UPON HIM TO MAKE INQUIRY REGARDING THE PURPOSE OF HIS DAUGHTER, THE BEAUTIFUL AND STAFELY MRS. BURKE-ROCHE, IN TAKING UP HER RESIDENCE AT WILMINGTON, DEL.

Mr. Work's kindly face expressed a suffering not entirely due to the grip that had confined him to his room for a fortnight, as he listened to the reporter's question.

"My daughter Fanny was but twenty when, in 1880, she met James Boothby Burke-Roche, an Irish boy, a young girl, and like too many American girls, was ambitious to make a European marriage. I did all that I could to dissuade her, but she would have none of it. She lived with Burke-Roche, and I made the best of it."

Jolly Frank Work sighed as he paused, and then went on:

"I could not make money fast enough to keep my daughter's husband going. Fanny stood it as long as she could, longer than I would have stood it. She lived with him six years, and then she came home, bringing her children."

"She has been keeping house with her children in Wilmington these five months, visiting me here every few days, but it is not true that she intends to visit Mrs. Cornelia Van Anken and apply to her for a divorce from her husband."

"The laws of Delaware grant a wife an absolute divorce for cruelty, desertion, and non-support. If her father had half dozen other things which could be easily proven against Burke-Roche, and I do not say that my daughter does not intend to ask the Delaware legislature by the regular way, to relieve her of her husband."

Mrs. Burke-Roche has three children, Cynthia, nearly six years old, Edmund Maurice and Francis George, four years old, twins.

James Boothby Burke-Roche is a brother of James Fenway, an Irish peer, belonging to one of the oldest families, and well known in America. He and his American wife lived in London for a long time, but he provided nothing for his family expenses as well as those of the household being paid by Mr. Work. His habits were not of the most proper, and finally Mrs. Burke-Roche left him, coming to New York.

In the Fall of 1887 Victor and Gustav Jetley, dealers in brick-brac, London, placed in the hands of Birmingham & Hirsch, of this city, for collection a