

JOE, MOTHER AND THE "KIDS" WILL HAVE A HOME.

Mrs. Phillips Takes the Pledge and Rejoins Her Three Children—The Evening World Provides for the Phillips Family.

Little "Joe" Phillips and his mother met this morning for the first time in man, weary, troubled weeks. Clashed in each other's arms, they sobbed in the fulness and joy.

There were tears, too, in the eyes of those who saw the meeting. For the first time the keen realization of the misery that the tearing of these two apart had entailed was apparent. Owing to unexpected difficulties in securing the release of Mrs. Phillips, it was deemed best that Joe should remain in the Protectors until Monday, when a home will have been established for him, his mother and "the kids."

After a tender parting from her mother, the joyful mother went to the institution in which the little girls are sheltered. Her meeting with these was no less affecting than had been that with her brave son. They, too, will be left in the charge of the good sisters until Monday.

Mrs. Phillips was taken by an Evening World reporter to the home of Magistrate Pool early this morning. He had a long talk with her, and expressed himself as convinced that she will hereafter be a good mother.

"She is not the woman I had been led to believe she is," he said. "I am sure she is respectable and industrious."

Evening World Did It. Turning to Mrs. Phillips he said: "It is due to the efforts of The Evening World that you are reunited with your family. You will promise me, I know, that you will justify the faith that newspaper and all of Joe's friends place in you."

"I promise," said the woman, with streaming eyes.

Mrs. Phillips went at once to a priest and took the pledge, as Magistrate Crane had requested. Then she went to the Protectors, and Joe was sent for. He had previously been informed of his mother's release, and when he saw her he had on his own clothing and in his hand he carried the vivid golf cap that was bought for him before he was sent to the Protectors.

A Pathetic Reunion. Joe fairly flew at his mother. They held each other in a strong clasp for a long, long time. Then the mother pushed the boy gently from her, held his shining face in her hands and kissed him time after time.

"Who got you out?" asked Joe, his business instinct coming to the front. "The Evening World," responded the mother.

"I'll never be able to thank The Evening World enough," said Joe. "I'll make them glad they did it, though, before I am much older."

Then followed a long talk about "the kids," the new home and the prospects for the future.

"I'll go to work right away," said Joe, "and maybe the day will come when you won't have to work at all."

Getting the Home Ready. Brother Leontine told Mrs. Phillips that she could have the boy any time, but after a consultation with the reporter it was decided to leave him in the Protectors until the home is ready for the little family.

"Joe," said the mother wistfully, as she clasped him in her arms in farewell, "you wouldn't have left me and gone to the fine home of Mrs. Coe, would you?"

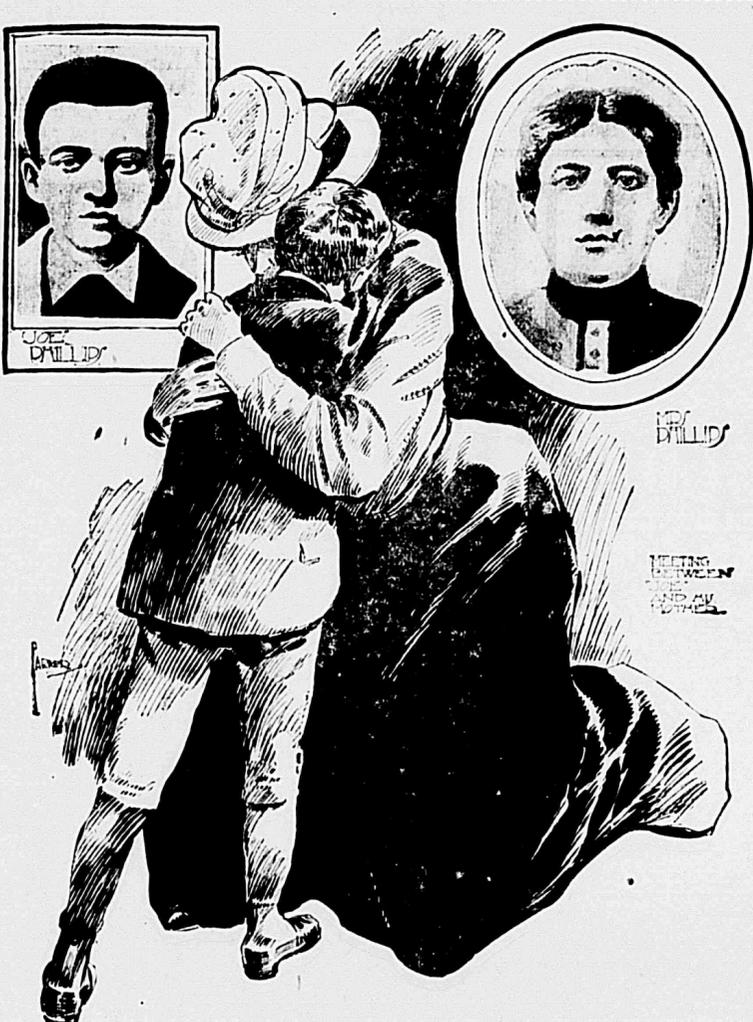
"Mother," replied Joe, standing straight and looking in her eyes, "I wouldn't leave you and the kids for the finest home in New York and all the bicycles they could give me."

Mother Meets Her Girls. "I am sorry to lose the boys," said Brother Leontine to Mrs. Phillips as she started away. "You must be a good mother to him. I believe he will be a great man."

At the Dominican home Mrs. Phillips was almost overcome with joy when she saw her little girls. There was a family weep that threatened to be interminable, but finally the girls began to prattle and the flood-gates of conversation were opened. The mother was compelled to answer hundreds of questions.

It was harder for Mrs. Phillips to part with the girls than it had been to part with "Joe," for they could not understand and were afraid she would not come back. But they were finally satisfied, and Mrs. Phillips set out to fix up a nest for the accommodation of her young.

Kate Phillips, mother of her little "Joe," was released at midday from the woman's prison on Rialto Island on an order sent by the Evening World from Magistrate Crane. Mrs. Phillips was met by a new woman.



JOE AND HIS MOTHER.

Inspired by the devotion of Joe, she resolved to live a new life.

After spending the night at an uptown hotel and being properly clothed this morning at the expense of The Evening World, Mrs. Phillips was taken to a Roman Catholic priest, before whom she signed a solemn pledge never again to touch intoxicating liquor.

Then she and the Evening World reporter started to secure the release of little Joe and his two sisters and to restore the home broken up in April. The Evening World has secured comfortable rooms for the family and paid several months' rent. It will also secure work for Joe.

Under these conditions the family will begin life over again.

Mrs. Phillips would have been released last evening only for an error in the date in the order of Magistrate Crane. It was late last night when this was corrected.

It was almost midnight when, armed with the order, an Evening World reporter arrived at Blackwell's Island. In addition to the Magistrate's release he carried a mandatory order from Commissioner of Corrections Lantry that Mrs. Phillips should be allowed to depart at once.

Both orders were handed to Warden Fox. He sent Matron Slattery to Mrs. Phillips. She was fast asleep in her cell with three other women, having retired at the regulation time, 12 o'clock P. M. Standing outside the cell door Mrs. Slattery called through the grating, "Kate Phillips, get up at once, you are discharged."

Mrs. Phillips, half bewildered, got up. "Discharged?" she said inquiringly. "Who did it?" "The Evening World has done it for the sake of your boy Joe," the matron replied.

"Oh, thank God for my release," Mrs. Phillips said, raising her hands. "Surely the good Lord gave me Joe to be my protector instead of my being his."

Too Excited to Dress. The clothes which Mrs. Phillips had worn taken to prison were then brought her. She was too excited by the news of her release to dress herself, and the matron and one of her assistants had to assist her in getting her clothes. They gave her a willing hand and quickly brought her to the reception room, where she met The Evening World reporter.

In her excitement she started to leave the room immediately. She had only gone a few steps when Mrs. Slattery called to her to stop.

"Mrs. Phillips," the matron said, "you haven't got any shoes on. Mrs. Phillips stopped and looked down. Sure enough, she was in her stocking feet.

"Bless my poor boy's heart," she exclaimed. "I am so overjoyed at the prospect of seeing him again that I do not know what I am doing."

Then she went back and put on her shoes. Mrs. Slattery took the discharged matron to the hand.

"Kate," she said, feelingly, "it is a real pleasure to see you free. You should bless your boy for the freedom gained for you."

A pass was then handed Mrs. Phillips, and, saying good-by to every one, she went to the landing, where she and The Evening World reporter took the launch

to the foot of East Fifty-second street.

There a carriage met them and Mrs. Phillips was taken to an uptown hotel. She went to her room at once, but was very early this morning, anxious to see her boy as soon as possible. She declared she had not slept a wink all night.

After a good breakfast Mrs. Phillips went with an Evening World reporter to a ladies' outfitting store and was provided with an entire new outfit, including skirt, waist, hat and shoes.

Then she announced that she wanted to take the pledge. The reporter took her to a priest and, with tears in her eyes, Mrs. Phillips registered a solemn vow never again to touch intoxicating liquor.

Her delight at her release and the prospect of having her broken-up home re-established knew no bounds.

Mother Sees New Hope. "I cannot find words to express my feelings," she said. "This is also the first time since my husband and I were married that I feel I am going out into the world. There is a lot of things I don't know which The Evening World is making possible."

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BROOKLYN PITTSBURG - - - 7 SPENT \$1,200,000 IN THE TENDERLOIN

Kitson, the Champions' Pitcher, Is an Enigma to Pirates for Seven Innings.

The Batting Order. Brooklyn: Kelley, 1b; Sheppard, 2b; Daily, 3b; McCreey, cf; Davis, rf; Kitson, p. Pittsburgh: Beaumont, cf; Ritchie, 1b; Wagner, 2b; Leach, 3b; Ely, ss; Tannehill, p.

(Special to The Evening World.) PITTSBURG, June 8.—The champions and Pittsburgh have a nice, cool day for their deciding game of the present series this afternoon, a sweet crowd is expected. Ever since the two clubs broke away from the American Association their games have been of the warm variety, and the betting has always ruled at about even money. Last season, when Joe McClinton was on the firing line, the gamblers invariably made Pittsburgh the short end of the betting, but now that the "Iron Man" has jumped the Pirates are the favorites at 10 to 8 odds. That is the ruling price in the betting ring on the grand stand to-day.

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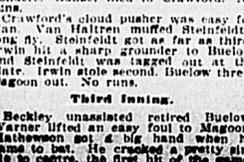
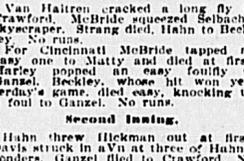
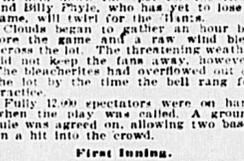
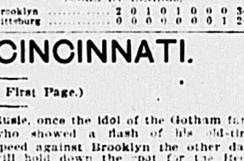
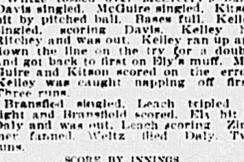
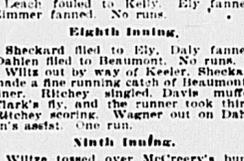
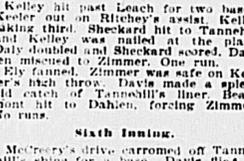
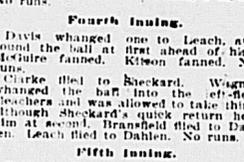
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Stealing Second.



7 SPENT \$1,200,000 IN THE TENDERLOIN

The Riotous Career of "Bud" Ellis Is Ended by His Death.

When they put "Bud" Ellis away in the cemetery at Schenectady to-morrow his grave will be surrounded by persons for whose society he did not care a fig in life. His chosen companions, Broadway rouders and soubrettes, who have helped him spend \$1,200,000 in the past ten years, will be at the seaside listening to music and having a good time.

J. Elmer Ellis, his mother called him, and some knew him as "Bud" Ellis in Schenectady. In the Tenderloin he was "Bud." Between the Fifth Avenue Hotel and Louvre Square he knew as many persons as any man in town, he had a room in his most famous club, the Bohemian, and he had a silver spoon in his mouth and sporting blood in his veins thirty-eight years ago, he grew up in Schenectady. His grandfather was John Ellis, founder of the Ellis Locomotive Works of that town. When the grandfather died the interest in the big plant descended to his son, also John, who was "Bud's" father, and several times a millionaire.

John Ellis died when "Bud" had about 14 years. The bulk of the fortune he inherited from his father, "Bud" drew a large sum of money from the estate, came to New York, engaged a suit of rooms at the Gilsby House and looked around. He went on enlarging his acquaintance

and depleting his bank account until he was penniless when he met Eva Loda, an actress. It was his first great passion and he married her in haste. After the wedding he made a farewell tour of the Tenderloin and the road-houses. To Schenectady he went with his bride, he went into the business world and spent many hours looking over books that he had collected in the Tenderloin. One morning he left on a train for New York, and he never was seen again. His wife divorced him in 1897.

Soon after his marital experience there came into his life a woman known as Mrs. Webb. The two were together a great deal, and lived as nappily as most Tenderloin folk. So far as is known he had him arrested but once. And he had her arrested once.

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NO MEDICINE FOR DYING BOY. MEMORIAL TO 71ST HEROES.

The Health Board May Prosecute Christian Science Doctor.

Regiment Attends Cornerstone Laying at Mount Hope.

The Board of Health threatens to take drastic action against an alleged Christian Science woman doctor who, it is said, attended eight-year-old Francis Fletcher, the son of wealthy parents, who died at his home, No. 102 Lincoln place, Brooklyn, on Wednesday. It is charged that no medicines were used and that the disease was diagnosed as influenza, although the doctor's certificate of death assigned the cause as congestion of the brain.

The boy's father is William Fletcher, a wholesale lace merchant at No. 89 Broadway. His home in Brooklyn is in an aristocratic section. The Christians are alleged to be Christian Scientists. A week ago little Francis was taken ill. At once Christian Scientists flocked to the house. Mrs. Burket, of No. 516 President street, one of the leading members of the Church of Christ Scientist, in Brooklyn, was there almost constantly.

Dr. A. E. Morris, a female physician and a Christian Scientist, attended the boy, and issued the death certificate. Dr. Ingram, another Christian Scientist, was also in attendance at the death. It is said that Dr. Winchell, of Berkeley place, one of Brooklyn