

WHERE CAN A GIRL ALONE IN NEW YORK FIND ASSISTANCE?

In Her Third Day's Quest of Shelter and Work in Great City a Young Woman Obtains a Real Offer of Aid.

If a young woman coming to New York to make her way in the world finds herself stranded in the great city, what shall she do? To whom shall she go for assistance, and what kind of assistance will be offered to her? This question has been asked in two articles in The Evening World, and a reporter told of her efforts to obtain shelter and employment. It was pointed out that there should be some institution that is neither a working-girls' home nor a "mission," not a woman's hotel, not an employment agency, but a place where a girl, ordinarily self-supporting but out of work for the time, could be boarded and given practical help in her search for new employment.

Some of the readers of The Evening World probably have had the harrowing experiences described in the articles on this question that have been printed from day to day. They are invited to describe for the benefit of their sisters in distress, just what occurred when they were confronted with this ordeal.

To-day The Evening World reporter continues her description of her efforts to obtain aid and work.

BY EMMELINE PENDENNIS.

My experience at the Young Women's Christian Association and the Charity Organization Society, as described in The Evening World on Monday and Saturday, has proved to me that so long as a girl applicant for help had friends or relatives anywhere in or outside the city the responsibility of providing for her would be shifted to them. She would be "sent home." In starting upon my third quest of shelter and employment, I decided to force whatever institution I victimized to undertake the entire responsibility of my safety and welfare by presenting myself as a young woman unencumbered by family connections.

By wholesale homicide mother, father, sisters and friends slept peacefully in the village churchyard; there survived only one—my aunt and foster-mother, whom fast developing consumption had led to a Sullivan County sanatorium. The whole of her small income was needed for her maintenance there and she would be quite unable to come to my rescue.

She Sees Mrs. Granitis. It was in the person of this last of a dying race that I raised the bell of the Christian League Women's Industrial Club Home. The doors opened, and I was confronted by Mrs. Elizabeth Granitis of Social Purty fame. The world knows Mrs. Granitis. I knew Mrs. Granitis, but as for me, Mrs. Granitis had not that pleasure.

"I'm looking for the Ch-Ch-Christian League Industrial Club Home," I explained. "Step in," said Mrs. Granitis. "This encounter with this partisan of purity and woman's suffrage was unpremeditated. An interview with a woman in the public eye who is unconscious of being interviewed is unusual. It is one of those rare instances when the reporter has the advantage."

Mrs. Granitis led me into her stiff-backed parlor, furnished in the style of forty years ago. I sank dejectedly into a chair and found that the springs beneath its crimson velvet were also stiff-backed.

"Can you help me to find work?" I asked her. "Humph!" said the lady with a grim and searching look through her gold-rimmed spectacles. "Mrs. Granitis impresses one as being a little woman of great force and energy and of old-time New England primness and precision. When she ejaculated 'humph!' the word was fraught with significance."

"I told her briefly that I was homeless; that the publishing company for which I had been reading proof for the past five weeks had failed two days before, leaving three weeks' wages unpaid. I had come to New York from Rochester to take this position, and I had no one in the city; and in answer to her inquiry about friends and relatives at home my face grew even longer, and I told of my dying aunt. Then she tried to bear up and look brave. The plan of sending me home was at least fortified."

"What financial statement can you make?" said Mrs. Granitis. "Cash, 25 cents; liabilities, \$30," I said. "I told her how I owed my landlady that sum, and that I had left her house the day before yesterday, and received an offer for the room I was occupying."

"Who sent you to me?" she asked. "It had fallen even more from grace, the city directory, but I told her the name of the lodging-house. 'You had to pay for your bed there—how much?' 'Fifteen cents; it was a dreadful night.' 'It was good for you,' said the lady, with the tone of the inquisition might have used toward a martyred saint. 'Very good for you, indeed. Hereafter you'll have real sympathy with poor girls. Now what do you expect me to do for you?'"

"Help me find employment," I said. "You'll have to help yourself, young woman. But I'll go with you. I can't tell her of a two days' unsuccessful search for work among the large publishing houses. Then Mrs. Granitis was kindness itself. She offered me shelter—it was then Saturday morning—until Monday, but with the understanding that I should provide for my own meals. She recognized the need of my getting some work to do that would give me money for my board."

"Can you sew?" she asked. "Yes." "Then I was despatched to the

FELL TO STREET FROM BRIDGE IN SEARCH OF CAPT. MORRISON, WHO WENT WITH EARL FITZWILLIAM TO COCOS ISLAND, IS BACK.

Trying to Recover Hat, Young Fireman Returning to Car Plunges Headlong Through Trestle and Fractures Skull.

In a frantic effort to recover his hat, both of which he was riding on a trolley car crossing the Williamsburg Bridge early to-day, Joseph Riley, a fireman attached to Hook and Ladder No. 62, Bedford and Myrtle avenues, Brooklyn, fell through the open trestle between the Manhattan terminal and Manhattan tower, plunging headlong down into Delancey street. He landed in a snowbank and was taken to Gouverneur Hospital suffering from internal injuries and a fractured skull.

The fireman, who is twenty-one years old and of athletic build, seemed bent upon capturing the elusive hat regardless of his peril. He was standing on the back platform of a car of the Nostrand avenue line he had boarded at the Manhattan terminal of the bridge. When the car had arrived midway between the Manhattan terminal and the west tower of the bridge his hat blew off.

Chases Hat Along Roadway.

The wind whirled the hat along the icy roadway and Riley leaped from the car and gave chase. The hat bounded over the ties, skipped several girders and spun around the interlacing iron work. Paying no attention to the ice and sleet on which he slipped several times, the fireman continued his dangerous chase.

Both the conductor and motorman of the car called to him to be careful, but he paid no attention to their alarms. Several passengers got off to call him back, but he never ceased sprinting after the rolling, twisting hat. The car was stopped for him as he had climbed out on the trestle work in a last effort to get the hat. He almost had it in his grasp when a puff of wind blew it up and out beyond the rim of the bridge.

Then the young man started back, picking his way gingerly over the ice-covered ties and ironwork. Every one on the car was watching him breathlessly, as every now and then he would bend almost in two to maintain his balance.

Plunges Sixty Feet to Street.

He was within 100 feet of the car when his feet were seen to shoot out from under him and with a faint cry he shot down through an open space between the iron girders. Two women in the car faintly as they saw him disappear into the canyon-like depths below the car, his cry of terror reaching their ears.

All of the men passengers leaped from the car and looked down into the snow-covered street below, where they could make out the blue uniform of the young fireman stretched out in a snowbank. He had dropped sixty feet, and according to Policeman Bayland, of the bridge squad, who had seen him fall, his body did not turn, but continued head downward until it struck the snowbank.

Skull Fractured; May Die.

Bayland and Policeman Barton hurried to the man's side and found him still conscious. The snow bank into which he had fallen was three feet high and crested with ice. He was cut and bruised about the face and hands, and before an ambulance arrived from Gouverneur Hospital sank into coma. The ambulance surgeon said his skull was fractured and that he would die if he lives at No. 221 Reobling street, Brooklyn.

The car from which the young fireman had gone after his hat waited until the man's body was dug out of the snowbank and taken to the ambulance. Traffic to Brooklyn was held up for half an hour.

POOL-ROOM CHIEF GOES TO EUROPE.

Mahoney, Alleged Head of Syndicate, Avoids Service of Subpoena by Jerome.

District Attorney Jerome issued a statement to-day in which he says that the pool-rooms of New York are practically closed and the few which are operating are mostly of the handbook variety. This follows a discovery by the District Attorney's office that James S. Mahoney alleged to be the head of a pool-room syndicate, has sailed for Europe to avoid a subpoena, which the District Attorney was trying to serve.

23,000 STRIKE IN BELGIUM.

CHARLEROI, Belgium, Feb. 7.—It was announced to-day that 23,000 miners out of 28,442 employed in the coal strikes of this district are now on strike.

MELLOWED BY 10 YEARS REPOSE IN THE WOOD.

CROP OF 1892
Served and Sold Everywhere
It's Pure—That's Sure.
NEW YORK & KENTUCKY CO.,
Sole Proprietor,
212 Fifth Avenue, Cor. 27th St., New York.

SAYS SICKLES SHOULD RESIGN

McCall, Angered by His Hints of an Aldermanic Boogie Syndicate, Declares He Should Name Men or Quit the Board.

Alderman John T. McCall, Tammany leader in the Board of Aldermen, suggested in a speech at the meeting of the Board to-day that it was "up to" Gen. Daniel Sickles to tender his resignation as an Alderman for having criticized his colleagues in a recently printed interview. Gen. Sickles had declared that the Board was controlled by "six or seven" members, and that those members were not honest. He plainly intimated that the legislative powers of the Board, as controlled by the six or seven men, was employed for private gain.

"It," said Alderman McCall, in prefacing his arraignment of Gen. Sickles, "any member of this Board knows any of us is not honest, why doesn't he mention names? Why doesn't the complaining one state openly that this or that member is dishonest and show him up? Why doesn't

MARSHALL FIELD AND CO'S. WAREHOUSE MANAGER Cured of Catarrh of Kidneys by Pe-ru-na.



John T. Sheahan, who has been for seventeen years manager of Marshall Field & Co.'s wholesale warehouse and is Corporal of the 22nd Indiana Avenue, Flat Six, Chicago, Ill., writes the following letter from 3753 Indiana Avenue, Flat Six, Chicago, Ill.: "I caught a cold which seemed to settle in my kidneys and affected them badly. I tried a couple of kidney remedies largely advertised, but they did not help me any. One of my foremen told me of the great help he had received in using Peruna in a similar case and I at once procured some. "It was indeed a blessing to me, as I am on my feet a large part of the day, and trouble, such as I had, affected me seriously, but four bottles of Peruna cured me entirely, and I would not be without it for three months' salary."

Whenever the kidney is affected by catarrh it is known as Bright's Disease. Peruna is the remedy for catarrh wherever located—whether in the kidneys, the head, the lungs or the pelvic organs. Backache is usually the first symptom of kidney trouble. At the appearance of the first symptom, Peruna should be taken. Delays are dangerous, often causing fatal results. Address Dr. S. B. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio, for free medical advice.

Arnold, Constable & Co. FURS ANNOUNCEMENT IS MADE THAT THE SALE OF HIGH GRADE FURS AT HALF PRICE WILL BE CONTINUED ON WEDNESDAY.

WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, SPECIAL SALE
Mohair and Silk Petticoats
MOHAIR PETTICOATS, deep silk ruffe, value \$5.00 3.75
TAFFETA SILK PETTICOATS, black and colors, Values \$7.50 to \$9.00 5.00 to 7.75
FANCY TAFFETA PETTICOATS, value \$8.00 6.00
TAFFETA PETTICOATS, deep flounce, white, black and colors, Value \$9.00 7.25
TAFFETA PETTICOATS, extra size, various styles, black only, Values \$7.50 to \$13.50 5.50 to 9.50

NOTE.—These Petticoats are made from extra quality materials, in 35 and 38 inch lengths, and are exceptional values.

Broadway & 19th Street.

J. Lauchheimer & Co.

86th St. & 3rd Ave.
OFFER
STAMPED LINENS,
in Trays, Scarfs and Squares, Hemstitched and drawn,
at .45, .75 and 1.25.
Values a third to a half more.

he say who the six or seven are who are running the Board? During the past year the members of this Board have been criticized by the same columns and in an ungrateful and unqualified manner. It is plainly up to the complaining member to tender his resignation to the Board of which he is a member and of which he has spoken so slightly."

DRINK AND WANT KILL DERELICT.

Peter Hart, said to be Member of Prominent New York Family, Dies Miserably.

Peter Hart, fifty years old, was found dead on the stairway of a lodging-house at No. 286 Third Avenue early to-day. Hart was connected with a wealthy New York family, but owing to an unfortunate weakness for drink had for five years been estranged from his relatives. He eked out a miserable existence sipping wine and doing odd jobs for the shopkeepers along Third Avenue.

During the past three months he spent most of his time in the saloons in the neighborhood of the lodging-house where his body was found. He had plenty of drink, but little food, and it is supposed that while he was crawling up the stairway to his bed in the lodging-house he fainted from weakness due to exposure, drink and starvation, and that before an early riser among the lodgers descended on his way to work and stumbled across his body.

Hart was an educated man. It is said that several of his sons are business men in New York.

MAN DIES OF POISON. WIFE ENDS HER LIFE.

Bodies of Mr. and Mrs. John Williams Found in Their Room in Brooklyn.

The bodies of John Williams, of No. 216 Van Brunt street, Brooklyn, and his wife were found to-day in their room. Circumstances, according to the police, indicate that the woman poisoned her husband and then killed herself. Catherine McNabb, the landlady of No. 216, accused one of her boarders, Thomas Moran, this morning and told him she thought that something was wrong with Williams. The last that had been seen of him was on Sunday night, when his wife, who had been separated from him for some time, called at the house. She had previously been forbidden the use of his rooms and whenever she called was obliged to see him in the hallway.

Mrs. McNabb had knocked at Williams' door yesterday morning, but received no response. When he failed to respond to-day Mrs. McNabb went for Moran. The two forced open the door.

On the bed Williams and his wife lay by side. Both were fully dressed. At the side of the bed was a pitcher with the dregs of beer still remaining. In a glass which stood near the pitcher was about an inch of the same stale liquor.

The contents of the pitcher and the glass have not yet been analyzed, but the police think that Mrs. Williams placed poison in the beer to kill her husband and then drank some of it herself. An analysis will be made to-day and an autopsy performed upon both bodies.

BILL GIVES REST TO SUBWAY MOTORMEN

Senator Marks Wants to Make a Fifteen-Minute Stop Between Trips Compulsory.

ALBANY, Feb. 7.—Senator Marks today introduced a bill to make it compulsory upon the corporation to permit New York Subway motormen to have fifteen minutes' rest between trips.

ADAMS DRY GOODS CO.

The Prettiest Compliment That Could Possibly Be Paid to the

Patrician (\$3.50) Shoe for Women

ANOTHER store in New York has been advertising a sale of the famous Patrician Shoes for women at a lower price than the established one of \$3.50.



These particular shoes—while good in their day—were ejected from our own stock many months ago because styles had become antiquated and not in keeping with Patrician progress. CUT—LISTEN TO WHAT THIS SELFSAME STORE HAS TO SAY ABOUT PATRICIAN SHOES IN GENERAL:

"The Patrician Shoes are built on the celebrated orthopedic last, insuring comfort and ease to the wearer, and are particularly adapted for those who are on their feet a good deal of the day. They do not 'give' and they do not 'wear out' and they are made of the best quality of leather. They are a walking—a satisfactory constructed shoe. 'Patrician' Epiney, of Lyons, France, is the maker. It is a guarantee of quality, workmanship and style. Try on the Patrician shoe and you will see how easy it fits."

AND AGAIN THEY SAY: "There's more significance in the name 'Patrician' than in the ordinary \$3.50 shoes; they are among the shoes that set the style."

Pretty laudatory comment, we think. But it's fair justice to the Patrician, and we appreciate it. Thanks! We are SOLE AGENTS for the Patrician Shoes in Greater New York, and carry a full assortment of ALL THE NEW STYLES. We have none of the former season styles to offer you—at any price. The Best \$3.50 Shoe in the World.

1,000 Pairs of Nottingham Lace Curtains

In a Sale to-morrow. Thirty different patterns of Nottingham Lace Curtains—Antique, Renaissance, Irish Point and Floral effects, all at ONE DOLLAR THE PAIR.

They are worth every cent of \$1.50—and a good many pairs are worth \$2. Full size and length; the most substantial of all window hangings. ORIENTAL STRIPE CURTAINS—Nicely fringed at top and bottom; sold regularly at \$1.75 the pair. Just a hundred pairs for to-morrow at 89c

Demonstration in Basement: Sanitary Dust Pans.

Take Up Everything. These Sanitary Dust or Cleaning Pans are a decidedly new invention and promise to revolutionize old methods of sweeping and cleaning. They are made so that the edge cannot get out of alignment with the floor or carpet; take up everything, even water; contents cannot be upset or blown out. Pans are made of sheet steel properly enameled, to insure against rust. They are fitted with handles (detachable) and can be used as an ordinary dustpan is used, or with handle to avoid bending over. We demonstrate them in our Basement, and during their demonstration offer them in a special sale at 25 Cents Each.

To-Morrow on 4th Floor. Brass and Iron Beds

BRASS BEDS.	IRON BEDS.
15.00 for Brass Beds, with 14-inch posts and extended bow foot. Sold regularly at \$22.00.	2.50 for beds of white enamel iron; brass vases and cast extended foot; all sizes; sold regularly at \$4.00.
19.50 for Brass Beds, with 2-inch hulk and large vases; 4 feet and 4 feet 6. Sold regularly at \$26.00.	3.85 for beds of white enamel iron; with brass top rail head and foot; heavy cast iron legs. Sold regularly at \$4.00.
26.50 for Brass Beds, with 2-inch hulk and large vases; 4 feet and 4 feet 6 inch sizes. Sold regularly at \$46.00.	6.85 for beds of white enamel iron; with brass top rail, bow foot and brass top rail, with full mattress; all sizes. Sold regularly at \$10.00.
45.00 for Brass Beds, with 2-inch posts; large hulk with canopy scroll and upright lateral. Sold regularly at \$60.00.	9.75 for beds of white enamel iron; continuous posts, with brass scroll designs; 4 feet and 4 feet 6 inches. Sold regularly at \$14.00.
1.65 from \$2.50—Bronze iron frame, woven wire.	MATTRESSES.
2.95 from \$4—Bronze iron frame, with helical springs on each end; woven wire fabric centre.	Combination fibre and hair top and bottom covered in fancy striped ticking 3.50
3.65 from \$5—Extra heavy bronze iron frame, with woven wire cable support on side.	Black mixed hair, covered in fancy striped ticking 4.00
	Black mixed hair, covered in fancy striped ticking; 4 feet by 6 feet 4.00

February Sale of Best 10c Canned Goods 7 1/2c

Corn, Peas, String Beans, Lima Beans
You cannot afford to miss the chance of laying in an entire season's supply of Canned Vegetables to-morrow. Think of buying well-known standard brands (sold at 10c. can in every store in Greater New York) for only 7 1/2c. the can. Case of two dozen for \$1.70; dozen, 88c.
Youth Brand Sugar Corn, C. C. A. Stringless Beans, Silver Key or Seminary Peas, Seminary Lima Beans. All new pack.
TEA. COFFEE. CRACKERS.
Nab's Cocoa Sugar Cakes 19c
Wafers 25c
U.S. Soda Sugar Wafers 8 packs 25c