HOME IS SAVED FOR THE WIDOW STERNLICHT AND HER BRAVE BOYS

But Her Three Sons Weep Bitterly When Taken in Charge by the Aid Society, Each Protesting that They Knew Something Would Happen to Their Home — "I Know Me Mudder Will Be Worse," Moans One Lad.

The dark, lowering cloud that threatened the earnest little lives of Abe, Izzie and Louis, the three faithful offspring of Mrs. Anna Sternlicht, has found its silver lining through The Evening World calling attention to how these sturdy little chaps battled against starvation and eviction from two tiny, cluttered rooms at No. 55 Lewis street.

Kindly men and women have poured in a flood of benefactions upon these unfortunate children, and The Evening World has paid their rent for another month, so that they may receive their mother and have a really happy time when she is returned to them from Bellevue, where she was taken pitiably ill from starvation and exhaustion

By Emmeline Pendennis.

"They are my bright little stars, and they shine for me, and it makes me very happy when others are good to them." —Mrs. Anna Sternlicht in speaking of her three devoted boys.

Good fortune, if financial aid and offers of all sorts of personal assistance can be called such, smiled upon the

MOTHER OF THE BRAVE BOYS.

Mrs. ANNIE STERNLICHT

three little sons of Sternlicht yesterday, and for many hours Louis, Abe and Izzie gloried in their new-found fame and basked in the light of kindly charity. But nightfall found them weeping bitterly, their six fists rubbed into six tearful eyes in the rooms of the Gerry Society.

Silver Lining Dimmed.

The boys thought to-day that their troubles were near an end. Their mother, Widow Annie Sternlicht, who after ten weeks of severe illness was taken to Bellevue Hospital last Saturday to be operated upon, was reported to be doing well; their landlord, who because of $10, a month's rent, unpaid had served notice of dispossession, had been stayed from accomplishing his purpose before next Monday by the authority of a Magistrate, and beginning with the visit of Evening World representatives Thursday morning the cash in their exchequer had been increased by numerous gifts from some paltry cents to crisp dollars and clinking silver that thirteen-year-old Louis fingered lovingly in his right-hand trousers pocket. And just as they were beginning to forget their long days of hunger and hard work as amateur bread-winners, with the prospect before them of a good supper and at least temporary prosperity, Patrolman Quinn, of the Delancey street station, arrived and escorted the three small boys to the police station on an order issued by the Children's Society. An hour later they were rolling up toward Twenty-third street, crying as if their hearts would break.

Boys Weep at Cruel Fate.

Even if one's home is poor and temporarily motherless, it is no fun leaving it for the great unknown. The three small Sternlichts thought their kidnapping was the last drop in their bitter cup, and it filled them with vague forebodings of evil to come.

"I know me mudder will be worse!" cried Louis, rocking himself in his grief.

"De house will burn down if we leave it!" sobbed Abe.

"I can't spend my pennies," cried seven-year-old Izzie, who had spent the day begging from his big brotner.

And then they all wept louder than before.

At noon Louis, taking young Izzie with him, had started out for a tramp to Bellevue. They had a nice visit with their "mudder," the first since her leaving home, and the tales they told her of their manly little struggle to help themselves and of their new-found friends, was enough to make the mother's heart rejoice, as she confieded to me when I saw her, a few moments after her sons had left her.

Proud of Her Children.

"They are my bright little stars, and they shine for me," said Mrs. Sternlicht (which is to say "star light"), and it makes me very happy when others are good to them. I think so, yes."

And the pale woman, with her hair in the long, black braids, smiled beneficently as she lay with her thin arms on the white counterpane of the cot.

When I reached No. 55 Lewis stree, with an Evening World donation to the unfortunates in the form of rent and ready cash, I found the street outside the door deserted, except for one baby floating boats of watermelon rind in the mud of the gutter. But within the court were gathered fifty women of the neighborhood, explaining to several ministers of mercy from relief societies that Louis, Abe and Izzie had left these parts in company with a man; that they would doubtless not return, but that any conribution to the children's welfare would be gladly received by any or all present.

Happiness Clouded.

When all was normally noisy again the three children returned from a small feast in the company of Lawyer Frederick St. John, of No. 27 William street, who had read The Evening World's story of the Sternlichts' distress and had come to help them out. Izzie was chuckling over his share of the treasure, and Abe was placidly munching hot corn off the cob from a near vender's steaming pail, and Louis, as the representative head of the family, began to talk business with me.

With cheeks flushed red with excitement he burst out in his hoarse little voice with his story of good luck, and we were just planning a trip to "Mister Lutwack, de leaser," to settle the house debt when Officer Quinn's appearance interfered with our plans.

"I vudn't go," said Louis with determination, but after some persuasion he consented, though he little knew why he was made to go.

At the station-house Louis was asked to explain his relations with Simon Sickevitch, a black and bearded shoemaker, who was appointed temporary guardian of the children by the mother in her absence, but who failed to execute his duties.

"I gat im me money ter keep—50 cents—and 'e wouldn't gif it back," cried Louis to the sergeant.

Taken to the Aid Society.

The children were detained in the back room while the bootmaker was sent for. He came, protesting his inability to devote the proper care to his three charges, and the order for the patrol wagon was issued to take the children to the Gerry society.

The poor little motherless chaps, all tired out and nervously overwrought, cried piteously and would not be comforted by all the bribes and consolation any one could think of offering.

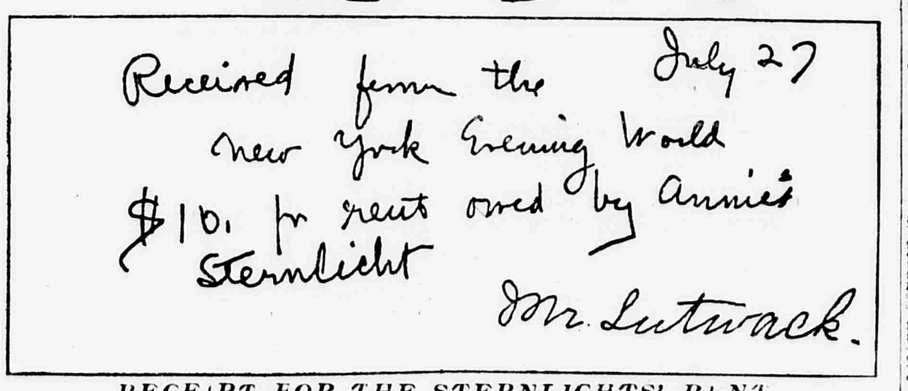
It was a sad little scene, and on the steps of the station-house there was a terrible parting, in which we were literally torn from each other's arms, as heartbroken little Louis, exhausted after weeks of nervous strain, clung to me, crying:

"Save us, lady; save us, save us!"

It was dark when Lutwack came up, trundling his cart with the tubs of unsold pickles. He took the $10 for the Sternlichts' rent, giving me his quaint receipt, and I left the Ghetto, satisfied that one cloud at least no longer eclipsed the serenity of the "starlights."

THEIR LONELY SUPPER

COOKING A MEAL


Received from the New York Evening World July 27
$10. for rent owed by Annie Sternlicht
Mr. Lutwack.

RECEIPT FOR THE STERNLICHTS' RENT.

HER FIGHT FOR GOOD NAME MAY HANG HUSBAND

'Better Father Hanged Than Mother Disgraced," Says Mrs. Sanford, Denying His Defense for Killing of Wright.

(Special to The Evening World.)

ROME, Ga., July 28.—"My honor must be defended at any cost."

With her head held proudly, Mrs. Elizabeth Sanford, the beautiful young wife of Capt. Vincent Sanford, under arrest for the murder of George Wright, has returned, although her action may cost her husband his life.

"There is no one to defend my honor for me," said Mrs. Sanford to-day. "What else could I do but return to Rome, where all the charges were made? I know that my return may send my husband to the gallows and deprive my children of their father, but what chance would my children have in life with a disgraced mother?"

Mrs. Sanford was in Augusta on the night of July 19. Her husband came to Rome and met George Wright by appointment, to kill him. Both the Sanfords and the Wrights were prominent socially.

Sanford, who is in jail here, gave out a statement to-day asserting that he had overwhelming proof of the friendship of Mrs. Sanford and Wright. His trial is set for Aug. 1.

"The charges made against me by my husband are absolutely false," said Mrs. Sanford. "He exaggerated a few trivial matters into mountains. No one knows the terrible strain I have been under since the shooting, but I have decided that the only thing for me to do is to come here to Rome and disprove these stories. When a woman's reputation is at stake she must act."

"He has ruined my home and I have killed him," were the first words spoken by Sanford to a policeman after he had shot Wright. Then he sent a telegram to his wife in Augusta, saying: "Well, I have killed him."

Sanford is a leading citizen of Rome and active in politics. Wright was a local agent of the Southern Railway.

On the day of the shooting Sanford telephoned Wright from Augusta that he was coming to Rome to kill him on sight. When the two met on the street Sanford said: "I suppose you have been expecting this," and Wright replied: "You are laboring under a delusion." Sanford discharged both barrels of his shotgun and Wright fell dead.

Mrs. Wright, who was prostrated by the tragedy, yesterday gave birth to twins and is not expected to live. The babies died in an hour.

TWO BIG AUTOS MEET DISASTER

J. Hartfield's $10,000 Car Blown Up by Explosion and Burned, While a Long Island Train Smashes DeWitt's Machine.

J. Hartfield's $10,000 automobile is lying near Jordan's Hotel, on the City Island road, to-day, a complete wreck. The machine exploded last night while Mr. Hartfield, his wife, two sons, Dimmele and Neuman, and his chauffeur, Edward Farrington, were on their way to New York in it.

The Hartfields were returning to their home, No. 2293 Seventh avenue, after spending the evening at City Island, when Farrington discovered that the gasoline tank was leaking. He got out of the machine and, crawling close, lighted a match. Instantly there was an explosion. The automobile was hurled high in the air with its passengers, and falling it caught fire so quickly that the Hartfields had hardly time to escape with their lives.

Efforts were made to put out the flames, but they burned until only the twisted iron and steel work of the automobile were left.

Another wrecked automobile, belonging to Fred G. De Witt, of the District-Attorney's office of Queens County, lies at Winfield, L. I., it having been struck by a train last night in trying to cross the tracks in front of a Long Island express. In the automobile with Mr. De Witt were District-Attorney Gregg, Dr. L. G. Brimmer, of Long Island City, and another friend.

Mr. De Witt got to the crossing, going at a good rate of speed, just as the flagman began lowering the gate. He attempted to cross the tracks before the gates were down, and would have done so had not the machine broken down on the rails directly in front of the engine. The men saved their lives by jumping and the automobile was tossed aside by the engine.

THINK ROONEY SUICIDE.

Had Taken Place of Another in Jersey Camp and Feared Trouble.

SEA GIRT, N. J., July 28.—It is believed by the National Guard authorities that Martin Rooney, of the Fifth Regiment, whose body was found in the ocean yesterday, committed suicide. A Board of Inquiry appointed by Col. Hine found Rooney was acting as a substitute for William Umbright, who was unable to come to camp. The substitution was easy, as Umbright had served only two drills, and Capt. Frederick Agena, jr., has been with the regiment only two weeks.

WOMAN BRAINS OF SMUGGLING GANG

Too Smart for the Customs Men, She Gets Big Shipments of Tobacco Into Port and Places It All.

Special agents of the Custom-House have uncovered one of the most compact systems of smuggling that has ever come to light in this port. The band which has been engineering the work is stated by James Barnes, of the legal department of the Custom-House, to be headed by a woman, and it is due to her ingenuity that the members have long been abe to escape detection.

The headquarters of the smugglers are in the most lonely part of Bayonne, N. J. The tobacco, which they dispose of to small places on the east side, is brought, according to the Customs officials, into this country by the crews of tank steamers. In all it is estimated that over five hundred bales of Sumatra tobacco have been smuggled into the country in this way.

When the tank steamer Diament, in ballast from Antwerp, docked this week a searching tip was out that she carried the biggest consignment of smuggled Sumatra yet brought into the country. Accordingly, special agents watched night, with the result that shortly after midnight they saw a boat cautiously lowered and twenty-seven bales of Sumatra landed.

The smugglers had a horse and wagon in readiness to transport the stuff, but before they could load the tobacco on the vehicle they saw the customs men. No arrests were made, but the tobacco was confiscated.

The authorities say the gang was directed by a woman, who arranges for the shipment and disposal of the tobacco. They expect to run her down with the other smugglers.

Under the law the master of the Diamant is responsible for the fact that his ship carried such a quantity of contraband. The ship itself may also be held till the payment of a fine equal to the appraised value of the goods, together with the penalty for having landed them.

The fact that the tanks arrive in port with a manifest showing that they carry ballast only makes it extremely difficult for the Customs people to get them.

Jumps Overboard from Scow.

A man who left a letter in Swedish addressed to A. Johnson jumped yesterday off scow No. 12 at the foot of Gold street, Brooklyn. The police have been unable to secure an identification of him. He was thirty-five years old, five feet and ten inches in height and of medium build. He wore dark clothes and was of sallow complexion.

CHLOROFORMED AS CAR PINNED HIM

Doctor Relieved Sufferings of Trolley Victim Who Was Caught Under Wheels and His Legs Crushed.

With the weight of a trolley car resting upon his legs, Robert McDermott, of No. 965 Amsterdam avenue, was pinned down at Forty-ninth street and Third avenue for half an hour to-day. For a time the sufferer begged that the car be lifted from him, and when a score of railroad employees and a number of passengers failed to budge the heavy trucks, he asked that he be chloroformed.

When Dr. Fryer, of Flower Hospital, arrived, McDermott was still conscious and suffering agonies. The physician crawled under the car, held a sponge of chloroform to McDermott's nose for a second and then man tapped into unconsciousness.

A wrecking car was called before McDermott could be released. It was then found that both his legs were hanging by skin, and it was thought he would bleed to death before he could be taken to the hospital. He was lifted into the ambulance and the horse raced to the hospital. There is no hope of saving either of McDermott's legs, and it is almost certain that he will die.

McDermott, who is forty years old, was employed as night bartender in a liquor store at Forty-eighth street and Third avenue. On his way home he attempted to board a fast moving trolley car. He lost his grip on the front of the car and fell under the wheels.

Daniel Melody, motorman of the car, was arrested and taken to West Sixty-eighth street police station.

TWINS THE JOY OF THIS TRAMP

"Pittsburg Walter's" Well Stocked Baby Carriage Tells the Tale of a Happy Hobo Family Abroad.

(Special to The Evening World.)

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., July 28.—Detective Dunn, of the local police force, had an unusual experience yesterday when he was about to arrest "Pittsburg Walter," a professional hobo, who pays periodical visits to New Brunswick.

The man had a baby carriage filled with small bundles containing infants' clothing, milk, nursing bottles and other nursery equipment.

He swore he had bought the goods and that they were intended for his wife and twin babies, a week old.

Investigation proved the tramp's story true in all details. "Pittsburg Walter" is said to have a home in Pittsburg, but he is of a wandering disposition, and his wife accompanies him on his tramping expeditions.

The happy family party were enabled by the convenient blindness of a complaisant brakeman, to board a box car and make their way to Philadelphia.

While in this vicinity the woman and babies found shelter at the tramps' camp in East New Brunswick, near the Pennsylvania Railroad's freight yards.

It Often Happens

THE young woman across the way, who used to run for her car at six-thirty A. M., now leaves the house about eight o'cock. You see—she's a skilled stenographer, and the Sunday World Want Directory found a place for her where the hours of work are easier and the pay better.

WOMEN WAR ON THE TRAFFIC IN GIRL SLAVES

Rescue League Urges Embassies to Protect Victims from Gerdrons.

Mrs. Charlotte Smith returned home from Washington to-day, where she went representing the Women's Rescue League in stating to the French Embassy that it should take up the defense of Berthe Claiche, the young French girl who is in Tombs Prison charged with the murder of Emil Gerdron, the trafficker in "white slaves."

While in Washington Mrs. Smith also called at the German Embassy, urging that Germany take steps to protect young women who come to America from that country from the Gerdrons awaiting their arrival here. Mrs. Smith also called at the office of the Secret Service, where she saw Chief Clerk Moran, who was acting chief in the absence of Chief Wilkie. She wanted the Secret Service agents to join in the crusade against the men who thrive on young and innocent girls.

At both embassies Mrs. Smith met with the most courteous treatment. At the office of the Secret Service agents she received absolutely no encouragement, and she was much annoyed at the indifference which, she said, was displayed by Moran.

At the French Embassy Mrs. Smith was told that the Ambassador had been informed that Miss Claiche was a Belgian, and for that reason no further interest had been taken in her case. Mrs. Smith assured the Ambassador's representative that this was untrue, and she was told to write a letter to M. Des Portes de la Fosse, the Counsellor to the Embassy, telling him every detail of the case.

Speaking of the progress she made Mrs. Smith said:

"I explained to both the German and French representatives that in order to protect their young girls it was necessary that they should take some action abroad as well as in this country—that it should be made a very serious offense for either a German or a French man or woman to be deported on this charge, and that penal servitude of such a drastic kind be imposed as to cause fears of it to prevent men and women from partering away the lives and souls of their nation's womanhood.

"I have written to Cardinal Gibbons on the subject, hoping the Church will help me in the work. I do not seek money, only moral support."

Mrs. Smith will enlist the aid of Commissioner of Immigration Sargent in her crusade.

THE LOOKE BABY GREW HEALTHY AND STRONG

SO. MIDDLEBOROUGH, MASS.—"I began the use of your Lactated Food February 24th last, and have had the best results with my baby. He now weights twenty-five pounds, and is twenty-two inches around his chest. When he was nine weeks old he had the measles, and at six months had whooping-cough, and has pulled through all. Has now six teeth. There could not be any baby more healthy than he, thanks to Lactated Food."—MRS. WILLIAM F. LOOKE.

If breast milk is not agreeing with the baby, nursing must not be kept up. It is not enough to merely select a pure, nourishing food. It must be acceptable to the child's stomach that has been overturned and weakened by irregular feeding and consequent sickness.

The food must be changed to a rich, safe diet of Lactated Food. Parents often make the mistake of employing cow's milk without personal knowledge of its fitness for baby's food. Trouble ensues in many cases. Diarrhoea and cholera infantum often result. Fully one-half of the infant deaths are caused by improper feeding.

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