

BOUND BY OATH TO GUARD FUTURE OF 12-YEAR-OLD GIRL

Group of Elderly Men Unite to Protect Gladys Hoffman from the Family of Her Mother, Who Committed Suicide.

The future of twelve-year-old Gladys Hoffman is to be guarded at all hazards, according to a group of elderly men who have taken charge of the child's affairs and have seen to it that she will be cared for without interference from the family of her mother.

Mrs. Madeline Hoffman, mother of the child, committed suicide Sunday at her home, in Vineland, N. J.

The source of revenue necessary to maintain Mrs. Hoffman's home has long been a mystery to the other residents of Vineland, and only since the woman's death has it become known that a wealthy New Yorker supplied the funds for the establishment.

He has agreed to continue providing for little Gladys, and the secret is now out that the child is his daughter.

A group of elderly and responsible men have come forward to act as guardians of the child, and they have taken an oath to divulge the name of the New Yorker, who is said to be a banker of prominence. Former Surrogate Rastus S. Ransom is the man selected to handle the finances of the child. It is to him that the money for her support will be paid. "Let's forget this matter," said Mr. Ransom today, "and give this little child a chance. She deserves it, as much as any other little girl in the world, perhaps more so. No, there isn't the least bit of mystery about the man in the case becoming known. There are only a few that know it, and all of these are bound upon their honor to keep that name secret. "What we are striving for is to have this child, an unusually bright and attractive little girl, grow up happy and free-minded as any other girl. She doesn't know and never will know the secret. No one feels for this child more than those who are seeking to her comfort and welfare. Will Leave Vineland. It was learned today that very soon the child will be sent away from Vineland, so that she can grow up into womanhood without folks singling her out as a miss of mystery. It isn't very likely that she will forget the death of her mother, for Gladys took firm stands in arranging for the funeral by forbidding the presence of her mother's relatives. "They never liked mamma and they never liked me," said the child when she insisted that none of her mother's people be allowed in the house during the funeral services. The relatives did not attend the funeral. Judge Royal P. Tuller, of Vineland, is one of those familiar with the facts in the case of Gladys Hoffman, but he declares, like Surrogate Ransom, that he never will speak of the matter. "Every one would be discussing this affair and all hear in mind the happiness of this child," is the comment of Judge Tuller on the case. Judge Tuller has ruled that the family of Mrs. Hoffman shall not have the custody of Gladys by reason of the fact that Mrs. Hoffman's brother never showed any disposition to care for his sister, and that Mrs. Frey, a sister of the suicide, was convicted of assaulting Gladys. It is said that the family of Mrs. Hoffman are quite bitter toward the child.

Withholds Suicide's Papers. In addition to Surrogate Ransom and Judge Tuller, Coroner J. B. Halsey is one of those who knows the secret as to the identity of Gladys Hoffman's father. He has refused to turn over to relatives of Mrs. Hoffman the papers left by the suicide, and has bitterly quarreled with her people, and it has been shown that they bear no kindly feeling toward the child, said the Coroner. "I will not allow them to take possession of the papers in the case. I would not under any circumstances reveal the name of the child's father. The little girl is going to have a fair chance."

Settlement of \$200 a Month. It was learned on excellent authority that the sum of \$200 a month had been settled on the girl by her unknown parent and that this is to be spent as thought best by the elderly men that have been chosen to act for her. "I could not get any view of this man," said Mr. Ransom today, "for professional reasons. Second, I wouldn't do so on account of the child. As evi-

MOTHER-IN-LAW'S LIMIT IS LAID DOWN. Magistrate O'Reilly also tells husband to Rebel at Housekeeping Duties Ordered.

William Davis, a big, good-natured cloth cutter, who lives at No. 23 McKibbin street, Williamsburg, had his pretty little black-eyed wife, Beatie, in the Ewen Street Court today on a summons.

"I don't want to give Beatie any trouble," said the husband, "but I'd like a little advice. We've been married five years and we've got a nice little baby. But my wife makes me live her all my wages and she makes me scrub the floors and do a lot of things like that."

"When I kick she threatens to go back to her mother and she'll give me a good thrashing," said Magistrate O'Reilly. "Don't give your wife all the money. (loud cheer.)"

"If your mother-in-law puts in through her own door, she's a becheer. Magistrate O'Reilly also tells husband to Rebel at Housekeeping Duties Ordered.

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Unknown Banker's Child and R. S. Ransom, One of Guardians



Miss Gladys Hoffman

the company, but you've always been a good man on the job—foreman speak of you, and all that—and the company will give you \$300 on the score of sympathy, and you can get a job there when you get well."

"I liked the sympathy, but it didn't seem substantial, so I decided to ask for more money. I got \$400, but I can't go near the bridge any more. Borough Bank Holds His Fortune. "When I got out I gave half of the money to my wife, and we went over to New York and around to Tony Pastor's and a few places. Then she put her money in one bank and I put mine in another—the Borough Bank," he said solemnly.

"The one that busted," said Juve. "Oh, no; it isn't busted," corrected Moore. "Busted is not a pretty word. The link is perfectly solvent. I have had at least fifty cents' worth of literature from it, telling me how and why it is solvent."

Then you can get your money," I said. "I hope I can," said Moore. "I have not got it so far. The President and officials say they didn't get it, but they certainly can't blame me with taking it. I can prove I am innocent."

"My wife has no sense of humor," concluded Moore. "She is quite unreasonable every time that bank is mentioned. All of them were laughing, and I said: 'I have an idea. Why don't you people organize a class in optimism, and teach people who think they are afflicted how to grin and bear it.'"

World Needs Men Like These. They pretended to be very much struck with the notion and joked about how they would be "horrible examples" of how much worse things might be to those people who had imaginary illnesses.

"I have heard a great many teachers of various sorts tell me to live and let live, but these men taught me more of the real thing than any dealer in theories ever do. Simple and brave, they know the line the seamy side of near purple and fine linen would give much to possess."

McGlynn's eyes were sad, and I knew he was thinking of the wife and babies. But young Juve still smiled and said: "I've been up against the world too many times not to know. I've come to the conclusion that it over me a living, and I am going to have it."

"I certainly do see men like these a living, this is the world, because they are the kind it needs now."

"I had read the newspaper account of how they were working on a tower of the bridge and a big iron plate, which was being lowered into place by a crane, slipped and would have fallen on the workmen below if these men had not deflected it against a beam. They stopped the plate, but—"

"I saw my hand cut off," said McGlynn, looking at the bandaged stump with sad eyes. "If a man is 'on the job,'" he went on, "he does what he ought to do; there's no time to think about anything but what is happening."

"Of course, work like that is dangerous. I had a bridge as being cemented with iron and by this time, but Juve would have smilingly reminded me that it was an iron bridge. I thought McGlynn very sad in spite of his brave words, but Juve's smiling face was remarkable. He laughed and made jokes about the things left for men with only one hand. He is an athletic, good-looking young fellow and looked as if he needed two hands to

GETS TEN MONTHS IN JAIL FOR TRYING TO KISS GIRL. (Special to The Evening World.) WILKES-BARRE, Pa., Dec. 12.—For trying to force pretty Ethel Thomas to kiss him, Joseph Belsarow, of this city, must serve ten months in jail. The girl had him arrested and he was convicted of assault and battery. "Now, about my indemnity. A man came over today. I was here and said, 'What! Another?' I exclaimed. 'Oh, yes; there are two more fellows here in another ward who got hurt, but I assure you they are not in our class; they—how would you put it, John?' They were nearer terra firma than we were. Now, that sounded nice," he said, admiringly. "Why, I stayed here three months," boasted Moore; "and these fellows will only be here about a week. Life is an uncertain affair, though."

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GARROTED AND ROBBED AT HIS DOORSTEP, HE SAYS

But Accused Man Declares Victim Had Dined With His Wife and Was Drunk.

That's the Advice of Court to Young Man Mistaken For a Burglar.

"As I am no reincarnated Solomon," said Magistrate Kernochan in Yorkville Police Court today, "I will adjourn this case until 7 o'clock this afternoon."

The case was that of Barton M. Stackhouse, a clerk, accused of holding up and robbing Edwin Johnson, a Hahnemann Hospital nurse, of \$100 in front of the latter's home at No. 502 Park avenue, late last night. Stackhouse after vainly endeavoring to have the case dismissed without putting in a defense, was forced to call his wife to the stand and she admitted striking up an acquaintance with Johnson on the street and drinking with him in saloons until he became incapable of taking care of himself.

Confronted with this testimony, Johnson swore that he never saw Mrs. Stackhouse in his life until she went on the stand in court. He admitted that he had been drinking, but said he had accumulated his supply of intoxicants about Park row and no further uptown as the Stackhouses maintained.

Stackhouse was arrested last night at Sixty-third street and was a victim of Johnson's sextour on complaint of Johnson. The nurse said that as he was standing at the door of his home waiting for the key to come up from the sidewalk, Stackhouse stepped up behind him, garroted his arm and robbed him of a roll of bills.

Mr. Nugent, through his lawyer, Mr. Nugent, tried all sorts of expedients to escape putting in a defense. Nugent wanted the case dismissed on the ground that Johnson was too drunk at the time of the alleged robbery to know anything about it, and that there was no evidence that he ever had the money was not found on Stackhouse, he said.

But Johnson, although admitting that he was unduly loaded at the time of the alleged robbery, maintained that he had not lost sight of Stackhouse until Stackhouse grabbed him until Stackhouse was compelled to take the stand.

Stackhouse appeared to be at Twenty-third street and Third avenue yesterday evening, he said, "when I ran across this man in company with my wife. Neither of them saw me. I followed them to a restaurant where they had dinner. From there I followed them to a number of saloons. Johnson kept getting drunker all the time."

"They went into a place at Twenty-first street and Second avenue and remained a long time. I tried of waiting outside. I went in, but could not find them. As I came out I saw this man getting aboard a northbound Second avenue car."

"I caught the same car and rode with him uptown and followed him when he got off. As he was going into a house in Park avenue I stepped up to him and asked him where my wife was. He replied in a way that caused me to knock him down. I was walking away, when he ran after me and accused me of stealing his money."

When Mrs. Stackhouse was called, she is a good-looking blonde and described herself as a professional nurse. "I was on my way home from a case in Brooklyn," she said, "and was walking through Twenty-third street when this man stepped up to me and asked me to go to a restaurant with him. I didn't see anything wrong in that, so we went to dinner, and after dinner went to several saloons. He kept getting drunker and drunker, and finally went to bed. I left him and he sent me word that he had been arrested."

Johnson followed Mrs. Stackhouse on the stand. He denied Mrs. Stackhouse's story in all its details and also generally. He said that when he felt that he had done his full duty to Park avenue, he got on a car and rode all the way uptown, not stopping at Twenty-third street. He was quite positive that he had never seen the man Stackhouse until she testified to the contrary.

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