

The Journal Aids Suffering Poor.

Families on the Verge of Starvation on the East Side of the City.

Relief Extended to Aged Men, Women and Little Children Without Food or Fire.

Subsisting on Scraps Bestowed by Poverty Stricken Neighbors and Crowding to Keep Warm.

TURNED OUT BY A CRUEL LANDLORD.

Sad Scenes of Suffering in Crowded Tenements to Which the Visitors Carried Help and Joy Last Evening.

Few of the good people who gathered about their family hearthstones last night even dreamed of the misery that existed in many of the wards of the city. While coal and wood fires were sending out their warm gleams in the homes of luxury on Murray Hill in more than one bare room along Division, Jefferson, Hamilton, Cherry and other streets, women and children were huddled together in the doubtful experiment of gaining warmth from animal heat. In one instance, on the first named street, a poor woman, unable to speak a word of the language of the land in which she found her misery, stood hatless and cloakless, surveying the poverty of household belongings which a few moments before had been ruthlessly carried out of her one small room and placed upon the sidewalk by a heartless landlord. And as she looked at it she tried to shelter with her thin skirts the two

could not pay for the month that Christmas came in. Two dollars was the pitiful sum demanded by the landlord, and when he went to her yesterday and it was not forthcoming, she was promptly served, and the woman found herself with her few little ones and her few belongings out in the street at 1:30 o'clock at night. The clothing of the three was less substantial than that worn by many of the poor, but it was not much more than that of a January afternoon, and to make her dress keeper she could not speak a word of English. A policeman came along soon after, and hearing of her case took the three to the police station, where the little children were owned were left unattended on the sidewalk. At the station house she was charged with the custody of the children, and Sarah was turned over to the Gerry Society.

The journal came to the woman's aid just then with \$10, and she fell upon her knees and kissed the hand that proffered the money. But success came too late to save her from the indignities of a police court arraignment, for she was under arrest and must appear in the Essex Market Court to-morrow.

GREAT DEGREE OF WANT. Another sad case was found at the home of Joseph Breckman, at No. 165 West Eleventh street, where the four-month-old daughter of the squalid household died of starvation. These few instances, together with the more numerous cases of children who will serve to show the great degree of want existing. It can be further evidenced, however, by the fact that Superintendent Blake, of the Outdoor Poor Department of the city government, received no less than 600 applications yesterday for free coal under the rules of the department. The needs of each applicant must be personally investigated before aid is given, so it can be seen that but comparatively little of this alarming distress was relieved before the bitterness of last night's cold set in.

AN EAST SIDE PICTURE FROM LIFE. One of the familiar figures to pedestrians on their way to the Park place station of the Sixth Avenue "L" road is a thin, little woman, who sits on the steps of a store on Park place, holding a shivering child in her arms and trying to sell matches. She is Mrs. Fanny Konovsky, and her story is a sad one. She lives on the top floor of No. 183 Division street, where the reporter found her last night in darkness, with a feeble fire in the stove and the lurid innocent of a scrap of coal under the rules of the department. She managed to live somehow since Mrs. Konovsky's husband deserted her six years ago, and she has been struggling since then she has been dragging out a weary existence trying to keep her family alive by begging alms and selling matches. Every day she goes out with a tiny basket and picks up here and there

she was kept from actual starvation by the slender earnings of the oldest boy, who turned over a dollar a week to feed the family, but he could not beget and suffered in silence. When the visitor told Lipsky to put on his hat and coat, to go out to recruit for the cupboard, he could not understand at first and had to be urged down stairs. The order which was given to Mrs. Konovsky was duplicated for Lipsky, and he staggered home under the weight of good things which meant life and health and a reprieve of a week from starvation.

When Lipsky got to the front door of his house he dropped his parcels, and with tears streaming down his haggard cheeks he wrapped the contents of the parcels, and seizing the reporter's hand, attempted to kiss it, while he poured forth an Oriental expression of his gratitude. The curious neighbors looked on and wondered.

NO FIRE, NO FOOD, MOTHER DYING. Another case of distressing need was discovered in a little coop of a room on the top floor of No. 181 Division street, where Mrs. Annie Linhart, a widow, and her three children lived. Mrs. Linhart was found in bed, and she slowly dying of consumption, partly because she had no means to buy proper food and medicine, and partly because the open door struck her enfeebled face, and could scarcely be kept closed. The children, two boys and a girl, aged fourteen, eleven and nine years respectively. The children have been kept in the incipient stages of consumption.

There was no fire, for there was no fuel, and the hungry children could not do so well the fact that she lacked even the plainest food. Meat, coal and broth, besides a plentiful supply of groceries were sent to Mrs. Linhart's room, and for a brief moment her thin face flushed with emotion and joy. The children were thankful that the lips could only whisper. Becky Lev, a widow, forty-eight years old, was found living in a tiny room on No. 2 Jefferson street. She had no means of support for weeks, and the terrible cold of the past two days has told on her ill-conditioned constitution. She has been an object of charity for several weeks, receiving pitances of food and coal from neighbors almost daily. She has been suffering from pleurisy, which was added to her other discomforts, and when told that her husband had been killed, she broke down and cried. A neighbor volunteered to go with the reporter to get Mrs. Lev's things, and when she returned with necessities enough to last two weeks.

WITHOUT FOOD FOR TWO DAYS. Fannie Rosenheim lives at No. 102 Division street. Her husband was a peddler, but the rough weather has broken down his feeble constitution and he is in bed and unable to work. They have one child six years old. Mrs. Rosenheim twenty-eight years old. Since her husband has been ill she has honestly tried to get something to do, but there was no field for her, and they had nothing to do but sit by the fireless stove and watch the stock of food lessen day by day, try as they tried to economize, and subsist on next to nothing. Their meagre supply gave out two days ago, and for forty-eight hours the sick husband and the dependent child had a delicate child had fasted for two days, and she had not tasted food, nor felt the warmth of a fire. Mrs. Rosenheim could scarcely believe that a stranger would do for charity what others had refused to do. She threw her shawl over her head and went to the nearest grocery, where a large basket was packed with whatever she could get. Five bushels of coal were sent to her house, and she trudged up the stairs to her ill-smelling room with enough fuel to keep the wolf from the door until the warmer weather comes and she can make another effort to get work.

AN OLD LADY'S SUFFERING. Mrs. Teba Solomon, eighty-six years old, of No. 2 Jefferson street, was another case of distress relieved. Mrs. Solomon was found on the second floor of the house in the top floor of No. 183 Division street. She was in bed covered over by the feather bed she had clung to through all the days of her life. She had been ill for more than herself had built a fire in the cooking stove. A neighbor who had bought a lot of coal late in the afternoon had sent her a scuttles full.

Mrs. Solomon had had nothing to eat for several days except what the other tenants in the house had given her. When she was

make a small fire. This, however, had been put and a handful was quickly burned out. The children had been put to bed with their clothes on, so that they might be warm. Smith and his wife were discussing where they might be able to borrow some coal when called upon. The neighbors in the house had no coal to lend, being almost as badly off as themselves.

"I never asked charity before," said the husband, "and would not take it now, but you see the state things are in. We owe six months' rent, and God only knows what would become of us if the landlord was not the best on earth. But he knows I'll pay up when I get it." Smith was told to put on his hat; he had on his overcoat. He was taken to a neighboring store and given a supply of groceries and coal for two weeks.

"Who am I to thank for this goodness, 'cause it's more than that to me and mine?" asked the man, with tears in his eyes. He was told it was a present from the Journal.

CHILDREN STARVING AND FREEZING. While the Smith case was attended to by Mrs. Margaret Colbourn, a woman sixty years old, living in the front tenement on Hamilton street, who had heard of the relief of the Smith and Mangel families, came into the combination coal and grocery store where coal was purchased and asked for aid.

"I have had neither fire nor food all day," said Mrs. Colbourn. "My three grandchildren, whom I am supporting are starving and freezing. The eldest, my daughter is dead and their mother, my daughter, is out looking for something to do now. My son supported me while he lived, and I'm trying to do for his little ones, now that he's gone. He was a good son, and his old mother never was cold or hungry while he lived. He died seven months ago at the age of thirty. The doctor said he was in bed and the doctors said worry drove him crazy."

Mrs. Colbourn was asked what she needed, and made out an order including groceries and coal. A sack of flour was included in the order.

"Now may I have some yeast? I forgot it on my order."

Yeast is worth two cents a cake, yet the woman was so poor she had not even the price of a postage stamp. This difficulty had not been foreseen before, and the reporter secured a call for an ambulance and ordered her transferred to Flower Hospital. The servants said she had abused them and slammed them up against the walls and occasionally threw pieces of brick-a-brac at them.

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The house on Forty-eighth street is really deserted, with only a maid in charge. Miss Eytzinge is now lying in what may prove her deathbed, emaciated, and with a feeble, but friendly, smile. She is only thirty-five years old.

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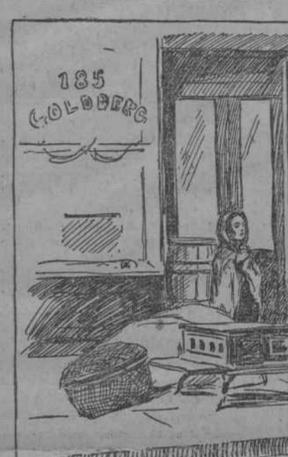
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SAD SCENES OF MISERY.

In another house, on Jefferson street, an old woman of eighty-six years, knowing not where her two married daughters are, lay helpless in her bed, wearing her thin hands over a lamp, and munching upon a milk-soaked biscuit, which a neighbor, nearly as poor as herself, had generously brought her. One block away in one bare, treeless room, was a widow, a consumptive, nursing two sick children, while her brave little daughter of ten years strove to attend to the wants of the three. In the very next house there was a woman trying to support her two children, a five-year-old daughter, and her baby of four months.

It did not take a Diogenes lantern to find all this suffering. A walk through a quarter, or perhaps half, of the city streets would have shown a sad and full of grief. It is not because organized charity is wanting in this big city, New York is filled with generous hearts and willing hands, but it is at such times as this that charity is utterly unable to cope with the wants of the many. It may be that the same providence and thoughtful kindness of the inevitable to-morrow is responsible for the majority of instances of poverty, misfortune and sickness are the causes which bring about the pathetic condition of New York's poor during the intensely cold weather.

THE JOURNAL EXTENDS AID. It is very little-lamentably little—that any one person, or any association of persons, can do to relieve this suffering. The mother of all the poor, the municipality, finds herself baffled year after year, and it was with a full realization of the helplessness of the task that the Journal dispatched a number of emissaries to the homes of the poor last evening to not only bring to the public a knowledge of the saddest within its midst, but to bring some warmth and comfort to such deserving unfortunates as were found. Comparatively few streets were visited, but in those few streets enough sorrow was found to be discovered to soften the heart of the most callous. Many bushels of coal were given away by the Journal, and many a pound of foodstuffs, and yet this probably did no more in relieving the actual suffering of the city than the scooping up of a few pails of water would relieve a floor on the lower Mississippi.

Yet, in a way, it did much. It brought a few rays of sunshine into a score or more of homes, to which sunshine was a stranger, and it brought tears of thankfulness to many an eye which had hitherto been too miserable to weep. And perhaps it has been hunger and cold away from fifty or more people, and will tide them through the present severe weather, which prophets say is to intensify in its severity to last long.

HARD-HEARTED LANDLORD. Perhaps the most pathetic case discovered last evening was the one to which brief reference has been made above—the case of the evicted woman and her two babies. With a sergeant of police brings his fist down upon the face of a miserly landlord and swears a mighty oath, at the same time affirming that the landlord who evicted her is a brute, the case must indeed be an unusual one, for police sergeants become so used to human suffering that one sad case, more or less, seldom moves them from the even tenor of their way. But the sergeant in charge of the Madison Street Station was indignant when he learned of the case, for police sergeants become so used to human suffering that one sad case, more or less, seldom moves them from the even tenor of their way. But the sergeant in charge of the Madison Street Station was indignant when he learned of the case, for police sergeants become so used to human suffering that one sad case, more or less, seldom moves them from the even tenor of their way.

Seven months ago some one in her native land told her that America was a land of plenty, and like many another of her deluded countrywomen she came here. When she landed at Ellis Island she had a little money, but that has long since gone, and last November found herself and her babies quartered in a miserable room on the top floor of No. 185 Division street. She paid the rent for that month, but



Scenes of Misery on the East Side.

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Mrs. Silverman and her children turned out into the street to starve and freeze by a heartless landlord. An aged woman without the necessities of life found lying at the point of death.

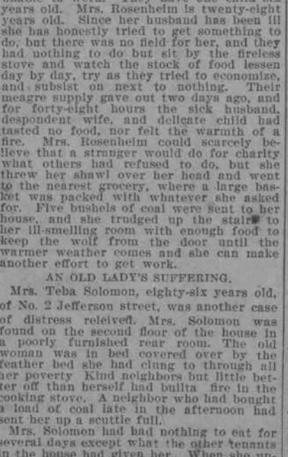
A bit of coal or a bite of something to eat, and she has gone without food as often as she has had it in the past six months.

When the reporter entered her room her children were huddled around her before the fire trying to keep warm. Mrs. Konovsky rose with a start and exclaimed she began to cry piteously. When she was reassured and the purpose of the visit explained, she grew calmer, and said a few weeks ago her youngest child, a baby six months old, was taken to the hospital and she thought she would never see her again with news of its death. Even with the prospect of food and fuel for a week, the poor creature could not compose herself, but trembled and wrung her hands and cried for her baby.

Mrs. Konovsky accompanied the visitor to the nearest kitchen, where five pounds of sausage were put into her basket. A grocery was visited next, and an order for one pound of rice, one pound of five cans of condensed milk, four one-pound packages of oatmeal, two pounds of coffee, one pound of sugar, one pound of sugar and four loaves of bread. An order was given to a coal man, and ten bushels of coal was carried up. A gallon of oil was purchased at the grocery's, and the dingy lamp, which had not been lit for weeks, was cleaned and trimmed, and the room was soon cheerful with a crackling fire and the light from the lamp.

The children gathered around a little mother, whose face beamed with gratitude while she unfolded the contents of the big basket. There was coffee, strong and black, brewing on the stove, sausage boiling in the pot, and flour cakes sizzling on the griddle, and in fifteen minutes out of the suffering families in New York City was changed to the most extraordinarily joyful.

REPORT ON THE VISIT OF STARVATION. M. Lipsky is a journeyman tailor, who has been out of work for several weeks on account of the strike. He lives with his wife and six children on the second floor of No. 101 Division street, next to Mrs. Konovsky. He was found last night, with every evidence of want and misery in his surroundings. He had no food, and no coal, and no fire. Lipsky pointed sorrowfully toward a dirty crust of bread and a few pieces of macaroni, which was to be his dinner for the day. He had no money to buy more, and finally even that failed and for weeks he has been unable to earn a penny. The fam-



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Scenes of Misery on the East Side.

derstod that she was to receive fuel and food sufficient to last her for some little time the old lady burst into tears and cried like a child. A physician called several days ago to see the bed-ridden creature declared that unless she had proper nourishment she would die. Since then the neighbors, none of whom were in good circumstances, have been saving the bones from their meat and making her broth.

Like Mrs. Colbourn she, too, had heard of the relief of the families in the rear of the house, and she had been promising to work along the rocks, but had been unable to secure anything, and but a few hours before had returned home. During the day a neighbor had called and offered to help her, but she had refused to accept of it. She had a bundle of coal to keep the baby from freezing to death. This had been used, and last night the stove was cold as an ice box. All the bedclothes in the house had been given to her, but she had not a scrap of anything to eat. It was after 9 o'clock when a neighbor who knew her circumstances told her that Mrs. Colbourn and Smith, and the doctor, had been to her room, and that she was to be relieved. She had a bundle of coal to keep the baby from freezing to death. This had been used, and last night the stove was cold as an ice box. All the bedclothes in the house had been given to her, but she had not a scrap of anything to eat. 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