

matched in doorways and areas of deserted houses.

Chapter I.

Promised that He Would Never Leave His Sister.

Less than fifteen years ago the McCarthys lived in Montgomery street, in comfortable circumstances. Michael McCarthy, the father, was a clerk in the office of Lawyer John Magee. He kept all worry and hardship carefully away from his wife until suddenly he brought the worst of calamities upon her by his death. He left her with a small supply of money and two little children, who had been named Charles and Mamie.

To educate her children properly and to eke out her slender means, Mrs. McCarthy took up dressmaking. As time went on Charles was able to help his mother. He grew into a big stalwart fellow, full of ambition and energy. At sixteen he was working in a gas manufacturing plant. His chief desire and his mother's was to keep all trouble from pretty little Mamie. Life was to be made easy for her no matter what might come to the other two. They had known what poverty was for some years, but beyond the struggle of competition with her schoolmates, Mamie's life was laid in pleasantness. The first real sorrow she knew was the death of her mother, fifteen months ago.

"Never lose sight of your sister, Charlie, until she is married," were the last words that Mrs. McCarthy spoke. They sank deep into the heart of the girl's brother, and he has struggled to be faithful to his trust.

Chapter II.

She Became His Dear Little House-keeper.

After the mother's death the boy and girl moved to No. 58 Gouverneur street.



Mamie was a little over fifteen, tall, slight, with black hair and large black eyes—a sweet, demure, dependent, clinging creature, made to be petted and loved. She entered with a pride that almost drowned her sorrow into the role of housekeeper. She planned to save out of the allowance her brother was able to earn. She made out bills of fare fittingly remarkable for the amount of money she was to receive. She was a shining star at her work, says her brother, and in her spare hours she used to read.

The girl's interest in little with the girls in the neighborhood, although, from the way every one speaks of her, it is evident that she made friends as easily as any amiable, pretty young girl makes. She trusted herself with the plans and her housekeeping until the Christmas of 1896. "One Christmas was happy," said Charles McCarthy, "but the New Year brought us plenty of misery."

It was not long until the factory cut down his force of workers, and McCarthy was thrown out. The boy was brave; he was also steady. He had always managed to get work. There was no reason that he could see in the beginning why he should doubt the future. His sister encouraged him. She prepared meals that rivalled the others, not for their excellence, but for their goodness.

Chapter III.

All Their Household Goods Went for Something to Eat.

Bar and more bare grew the rooms at No. 58 Gouverneur street. There had been some clothing, a bed, but nothing to represent food. A ragged heap of it went for twenty-five cents. Tables, chairs, bedding, the bed itself followed. The efforts to find the last, but what was the use of a store when there was nothing to cook on it?

Three weeks ago the landlord of the Gouverneur street tenement evicted the McCarthy tenants because they couldn't pay their rent.



A Sea Rover of To-day.

On the third night Mamie McCarthy shared her brother's wanderings in the streets. They slept on benches and in deserted doorways. Sometimes it rained; in fact, it rained more often than it was clear, and their clothes hung on them, pitifully damp and chill. This was bad for Mamie, and her food was worse. For the most part the brother and sister dug it with their own hands out of ash barrels and gutters.

Night after night they were driven from one poor place of shelter to another. Once they found a dark hallway. It was a haven, and in it the girl slept peacefully, resting her head upon her brother's coat. One day the girl's dinner was a banana, the gift of a kind-hearted Italian pedler. Later from some saloon a plate of greasy soup was swallowed between them.

A royal feast, that remains to-day in the mind of Charles McCarthy, consisted of two sandwiches and a glass of milk. It was the last meal he can remember till the Carters gave him and his sister shelter. On Wednesday, July 28, it poured rain. It wasn't an unpleasant rain, even for those indoors, but Mamie and her brother walked in it and out in it and soaked in it. They spent the night in it.

Chapter IV. Good Luck That Came Too Late to Save the Girl. A week ago last Wednesday Charles McCarthy had a bit of luck. He told Mamie of it, an hour after it came to him, with tears of joy in his eyes. He had met Mr.



Mamie McCarthy and Her Brother, Worn Out and Starving.

Although after weeks of slow starvation in New York this orphaned young woman and her brother found friends who offered them a humble shelter and food in Brooklyn, the girl's stomach was unable to receive the nourishment and she died in agony. The Journal will prevent her being buried in a pauper's grave.

Carters, an old friend of his mother, who had loaned him \$5. With it he procured a little room on the top floor of the tenement at No. 200 Madison street. It was a shelter for Mamie. To Jacob Sirkon, the landlord, he paid \$4 rent for the month. In this cheerless room the brother and sister lived for a few days. Mamie was never seen by the other tenants. They lived as before on what scraps they could find until suddenly luck came to them again. They received an invitation to visit the Carters, at No. 307 Columbia street, Brooklyn.

Mr. Carter, called for them himself and paid the fare of the brother and sister across the Bridge to his poorly furnished one-story frame home. Before the night accepted the invitation, it was noted that she hesitated. At last she confessed to Mr. Carter's little daughter that she had no wish to go on it. This was the reason that she had other tenants in Madison street had advised her of her experience.

On Saturday, pale and sad, Mamie McCarthy arrived at the Carters' humble little home. To-morrow she will have it to a bare little coffin.

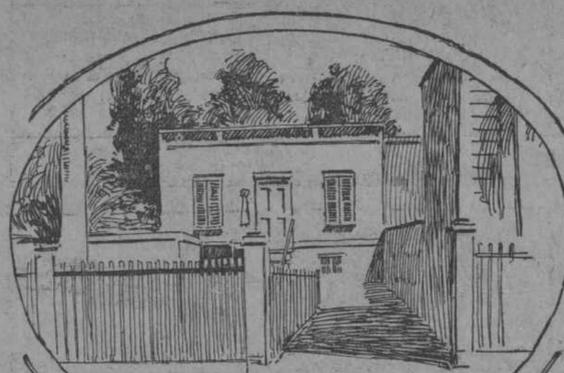
On Saturday night, the first time in weeks, the starving, delicate girl had white, cold, and shivering lips. Charles McCarthy, who had called a decent man, only a few hours after she fell violently ill. Nothing had been said of hunger until a doctor was summoned to diagnose the case. A few minutes, and he pronounced the dread, the almost hopeless word, "starvation."

In the coroner's certificate, Mamie McCarthy's death is attributed to acute pneumonia, aggravated by privation, exposure and a lack of proper nourishment. Her character was above reproach.

All day long yesterday, in a shrouded coat and cordless shirt, Charles McCarthy sat regarding the little abode where his sister died. It seemed a mockery to offer him consolation, till suddenly he cried out: "It will kill me! Yet, what shall I do?" he asked pitifully.

Some one told the boy that the New York Journal had offered to pay his sister's funeral expenses. He broke down completely at the news. "Now, thank God," he cried, while the great tears coursed down his cheeks, "the funeral will take place to-day at the Cross Cemetery, Flatbush, at 3 o'clock."

MINERS SUPPLIES GIVE OUT. Continued from First Page. Alaska the Richest Part of the Globe. I also find that Alaska is by far the richest part of the globe, having more gold and silver to the man, woman and child, much more, than any other political division of the earth. And, as Horace Greeley once said of Nevada, "His mountains should be a great place for gold and silver, as they do not look as if they could be used for



HOUSE IN WHICH MAMIE MCCARTHY DIED

sidewalk I sank almost to my knees in rich soil and moist mosses. I threw out my hands and caught a clump of bushes and for my hand stinging from nettles. The nettles were higher than my head, although not a hundred yards up the steep of stone, all the fire wood lay in banks of snow, some that had laid there, maybe, a thousand years. Any one who knows anything about soil can see how rich it must be here in Alaska to send up such rank vegetation here right on the edge of the snow. I have seen a great many wild flowers, also some ones, along here from the doorways of officers and Indians alike.

Indians Like Chinamen. As for the Indians, they look something like Chinamen, especially the women, particularly about their eyes. They are short, fat, but far from repulsive to look upon. They are very clean, and said to be to some extent Christians both in practice and profession. Their towns are quite as orderly as those of the white men; their houses look the same, and but for the totem poles you would not know the difference. They are the most peaceful of all Indians, and by far the most industrious and civilized I have ever encountered. For example, some of Father Duncan's famous community on Annette Island became dissatisfied with the management of affairs last year and went apart by themselves and built a saw mill, and without a hand or word of help from any white man. They operate the mill entirely, sell lumber, send in bills, collect them and go right along. It is said they are getting rich. I have not found any of them in skins as in the picture books. They are dressed, and well dressed, too, just like white people either in Boston or New Orleans. Some of the children are barefooted, but as a rule the youngest of them have shoes. I have not yet seen a pair of moccasins or a skin of any sort. Nor have we as yet encountered a single beggar.

TUBS INDORSE WARING. A Grateful Washerwoman Sounds the Praises of the Street Cleaning Commissioner. Commissioner Waring was very proud yesterday. And with reason, for he learned that even the washerwomen are praising the streets he keeps so clean. Colonel Waring made public this extract from a letter he had received from a washerwoman. It is complained to my washerwoman about some linen that was not just as it ought to be. She said, "If you had lived in New York before you got to this country, you would not get so picky as just once something is not as white as snow."

CORONER STOPS FUNERAL. Detains the Corpse and Starts an Inquiry into a Carefully Suppressed Fatality. Atlantic City, N. J., Aug. 6.—A decided sensation was caused here to-day when Coroner McLaughlin held up a funeral cortege that was on its way to the train, forced the return of the corpse and incidentally brought to light an accident that occurred two days ago at the city, a leading hotel, news of which had been carefully suppressed.

REAL ESTATE BOOMING. Usually summer time means death to real estate speculation. Not so this season. A "want" (10 words—30 cents) in the Journal's "Want" Supplement to-morrow will show you where business is to be found.

RECKLESS DRIVER IS NOW IN JAIL.

Journal's Crusade Against Bicycle Haters Bears Fruit.

\$50 FINE FOR HEALEY.

Ran Down Mrs. Berry Last Tuesday, Was Tried in Special Sessions Yesterday.

To the Cycling Public. Report any accident to a cyclist resulting from the recklessness or malice of a driver to THOMAS G. FENNELL, The Journal's Bicycle Attorney, Room 70, Tribune Building, N. B.—Bring names and addresses of eyewitnesses.

In inflicting this punishment, we hope it will operate to restrain reckless driving. It is not because



Mrs. Elizabeth Berry. For recklessly running down Mrs. Elizabeth Berry, a bicyclist, Thomas Healey, an expressman, was fined \$50 in Special Sessions yesterday. In default, he went to jail for twenty days.

you are so much more criminal than others, but you have been tried and convicted. If it becomes necessary, this Court will lock such violators up when they infringe so grossly on the rights of others on the streets. Expressmen have no exclusive right to the streets, and we shall impose heavier fines if we find it necessary. Justice Hindsdale in sentencing Driver Healey to \$50 fine, or in default of that to twenty days in jail.

Through the persistent efforts of the Journal and the resolute determination of Police Magistrate Wentworth and Justice Hindsdale and Jerome, of the United States Court of Special Sessions, to punish the reckless drivers who menace cyclists in Greater New York, a long step forward was taken yesterday, when the first conviction for reckless driving was secured.

William Healey, the defendant, lives at No. 508 East Thirty-sixth street. He is only twenty-three years old and drives an express wagon for a living. The charge, a technical one of assault, was brought by Mrs. Elizabeth Berry, of No. 306 East Seventy-eighth street. She told the following story in court yesterday:

"I was riding quietly through East Sixty-fourth street last Tuesday night about 9 o'clock. Just as I reached Second avenue and was about to cross I saw this man Healey coming along at a furious pace from the northern side. I sought to avoid him by turning to one side, but he didn't seem to try to check his horses or change his course. In an instant I was thrown down and my wheel smashed. A gash was cut between my eyes, my nose was fractured and I sustained other bruises. Then I was led into a neighboring drug store, and when this man was caught and brought back I identified him."

Policeman Fullerton, who arrested Healey, testified that he did not wait an instant to see how badly his victim was hurt, but made strenuous efforts to escape, breaking away from the officers three times and slipping out of the rear door of the drug store when brought back, and running up three flights of stairs in the tenement house next door. Fullerton cautioned Healey about his reckless speed before Mrs. Berry was run down.

Healey swore that Mrs. Berry ran into his wagon and that the occurrence was caused by her own carelessness. His explanation of the affair was satisfactory to the majority of the court. Justice Hayes, however, was not inclined to view Healey's offense as rigidly as Justices Jerome and Hindsdale. After hearing attentively to all that Healey had to say in extenuation of his act, Justice Hindsdale said, in sentencing him to pay a fine of \$50, or in

default of payment to pass twenty days in jail.

Other Drivers Are Warned. "In inflicting this punishment on you, Healey, we hope it will operate to restrain reckless driving. It is not because you are so much more criminal than others, but you have been tried and convicted. If it becomes necessary, this court will lock such violators up when they infringe so grossly on the rights of others on the streets. Expressmen have no exclusive right to the streets, and we shall impose heavier sentences if we find it necessary." Healey had been held in \$500 bail for trial in Special Sessions at Police Magistrate Wentworth at the Yorkville Court, as soon as Mrs. Berry, who had limped into court, told her story, corroborated by Policeman Fullerton, the next morning. Healey was not able to pay the \$50 fine, and went to jail to begin his twenty days' sentence in lieu of it. Mrs. Berry may be discharged for life. Several articles were required to sew up the gash, which extended from her forehead along the bridge of her nose.

Judges Are in Earnest. When seen last night, Justice Hindsdale said: "There has been too much reckless driving. The drivers of trucks and other vehicles seem to think that pedestrians and wheelmen have no privileges which they are bound to respect. There is a great deal of reckless driving in the city, and a stop must be put to it. Drivers generally, it seems to me, think that they can do as they please. These thoughts must be checked."

Judge Jerome said: "We had to give the extreme penalty, as the evidence clearly shows that the accident was caused by gross negligence. The charge was assault and not reckless driving. There have been many such cases, and the quicker these drivers can be brought to learn that pedestrians and wheelmen have some rights which they are bound to respect the safer the country will be for the public." Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 6.—P. S. Collins, secretary treasurer of the Pennsylvania Division of the L. A. W., and who is mentioned in Justice B. B. Potter's recent article of the League, said of the Healey case to-night: "I should think the sentence imposed is entirely too light. If I had been called to decide upon the fine, I should have said \$50; that isn't enough by any means." Arthur H. Macovee, publisher of American Cycling, said: "Every magistrate and judge in the country could follow the good example with credit to himself and to his constituents."

The opinion of George D. Gildson, former chairman of the Racing Board, was: "If the act was deliberately done, the man ought to be compelled to go to jail. Thomas Hare, president of the Associated Cyclists of Philadelphia, said: "I believe the decision is a perfectly just one. The fine does not appear to me to be a bit too much."

BATES'S SEVEN WIVES.

One of Them Has a Divorce, but the Others Are Filing Claims on Him in His Cell at Chicago.

Chicago, Aug. 6.—Another warrant charging bigamy has been served on David Ellsworth Bates, in a cell at the police station. It was sworn out by James L. McCarthy, who said he was the father of Mrs. Bates No. 3. The police say Bates married at least seven women, all of whom are living, and only one of them divorced. The following women have so far filed with the police their claims to Bates as a husband: Mrs. Bates, formerly Miss Julia McCarthy, married in Chicago three years ago; recognized by the prisoner as his true wife, and dwelling at No. 840 West Sixty-first street.

Mrs. Bates, formerly Miss Nettie Swan, married February 25, 1897, in Chicago, and residing at No. 630 High street.

Mrs. Bates, formerly Miss Nellie Howard, of Kalamazoo, Mich., married in 1885, and divorced two years later.

Mrs. Bates, formerly Miss Oda Calderwood, of Galena, Ill., who dwelt at No. 540 Dearborn street, where she gave birth to a boy, Her home is not known to the police.

Mrs. Bates, whose identity is a mystery, but known to have dwelt in the East on Milwaukee street, where a child was born.

A Wisconsin sheriff believes that Bates is really Austin G. Cronin, who is under indictment at Waunakee, Wis., for the abduction of pretty fifteen-year-old Olive Vosburgh, some months ago. He has been charged with the crime. It is suggested by the police that this girl may have been the seventh wife.

BIKE HATERS IN A CAB.

One was a Young Woman, who Said After Running Down Two Wheels, "He Bowled Them Over."

Half a dozen members of the St. George Wheelmen were riding along Eighth avenue last evening and slowed up at a "bad spot" near Fifty-eighth street. Behind them was handsome cab No. 1642, driven at a furious rate, which did not slow up, and as a result the cyclists had a hard time getting out of harm's way. One of them, Thomas Murray, of No. 3541 Third avenue, was knocked to the street, and the cab passing over his wheel wrecked it. Thomas Roberts, of No. 300 West One Hundred and Twentieth street, was also tumbled from his bicycle.

Although the wheelmen shouted at the driver, he laughed as he whipped up his horses, and drove rapidly into Central Park. Three of the cyclists came up with the cab. They caught the bride of the horse and told the cabman he would be held until a policeman arrived. Then they took the cab number.

In the vehicle was a man in evening dress and a young woman. The latter, getting out of the cab was stopped and said: "Well, we bowled them over, didn't we?"

The man in the cab was indignant. He got out and addressing the wheelmen, said: "What do you mean by stopping a gentleman? Don't you know that we have the right of way?"

The wheelmen did not know that, but after a wait of fifteen minutes, and no policeman in sight, the cabman was allowed to go on.

Murray, however, will visit the Mayor's office this morning to find out who owns the cab. He will then sue the owner.

Stenist Not Badly Damaged.

Rat Harbor, Me., Aug. 6.—Colonel Stenist's race Steats, which ran on the rocks at Grand stone Lodge and which was raised today by the weather, was not badly damaged. As the weather conditions were very favorable, she was not much damaged.

EDITH HOOPER CAN'T BE SEEN.

Superintendent of the Home Sends Her Away Secretly.

NEWS OF HER MOTHER.

Not Permitted to Discuss a Letter Sent to the Journal on Her Behalf.

Up to last night Edith L. Hooper, the young woman who was recently confined in the insane pavilion at Bellevue Hospital, and who attained considerable notoriety at the time by declaring herself to be Grace Stevenson, the missing daughter of a Boston millionaire, was an inmate of the Home which is conducted under the auspices of the New York Rescue Band at No. 127 West Fourth street. Then she was sent out of town, so that it might be said that she was not there, and thus avoid seeing a Journal reporter.

It took exactly six hours to decide finally that she should see nobody, and during this



Miss Edith Hooper Sought by Her Mother.

time, after consultation with her and the head matron and others in authority, Mr. H. A. Gould, the superintendent, said she had been sent away.

A letter was received by the Journal yesterday from Mrs. M. D. Weston, of Chicago, who claims to be Miss Hooper's mother, asking the Journal to find her daughter, and to publish Miss Hooper's story, in the hope that it might aid the search. The girl was discharged from Bellevue as an "improving" patient, the doctors declaring after nine days of close observation that she was not insane. They told her so and informed her that she was seeking notoriety.

"She left the hospital. Nobody knew where she went, perhaps nobody cared, and she disappeared as completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed her up. With the mother's letter a Journal reporter started out to find her yesterday, and after a long search located her at "The Home."

Yes, Miss Hooper was at home, said a young woman who opened the door and ushered the reporter into a cozy, prettily furnished parlor.

Miss Smith, one of the matrons, was notified and answered the request to see Miss Hooper.

"I really think it would be better for Edith that she should see nobody," said Miss Smith, after receiving all the desired information.

She had been told of the letter from Edith's mother, of the woman's appeal to find her daughter, and her desire to provide for her.

"Edith is a very good girl and she has secured a situation where she will go next week, but, of course, if this lady is her mother it might be better for Edith to be with her," said Miss Smith.

"I will ask her whether she will see you," Miss Smith had hardly spoken the words when she changed her mind. "I don't really know whether it would be best for her to see you. Suppose you come back to-night and ask Mr. Gould?"

Miss Smith had already stated that Miss Hooper had seen visitors since she left the hospital, so the plea of illness was not offered as an excuse for her refusal to let the girl decide for herself whether she would receive the reporter and learn of her alleged mother's wishes.

"Will you not let Miss Hooper decide for herself?" Miss Smith was asked, and suggested that the reporter should telephone Mr. Gould.

Mr. Gould was told the object of the desired interview over the telephone, but would not grant the desired permission. He requested the reporter to confer with him at Cadillac Hotel, Broadway and Forty-third street, at 7:15 p. m.

Mr. Gould, when seen, refused at first to consent. He explained that he did not wish it known that Miss Hooper was at the Home, because of the character of the visits who seek its shelter. He said he did not place much faith in the letter.