

Whatever You Do,

Do it right. If you want help at home or in business, the right way to secure it is by putting a "Want" in The Journal.

THE JOURNAL.

No Empty Chairs

At the table is the delight of the boarding-house mistress. Brightly worded "Want" ads. in The Journal keep them filled all the time.

PAGES 9 TO 16.

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1896.—SIXTEEN PAGES.

PAGES 9 TO 16.

CYCLISTS CONDEMN CARELESS DRIVERS.

Miss Schumacher's Terrible Death May Arouse Them to Some Action.

Truckman Kentz Says It Was Not His Fault and That the Girl Mistook the Distance.

MANY OTHER ACCIDENTS RECALLED.

Wheelmen Write to the Journal Urging That Something Be Done by the Police to Stop Sharp Turns at High Speed.

Dr. Huber, of the Coroner's office, visited Manhattan Hospital yesterday, and viewed the body of Miss Theodosia Schumacher, the young stenographer who was run down on her wheel and killed at One Hundred and Sixth street and Manhattan Avenue Thursday afternoon.

Albert Kentz, the driver of the fatal beer bottler's wagon was arraigned in the Harlem Court yesterday and held to await the Coroner's action.

"If she had not lost her head," he said, "she could easily have turned to the left, and would have had plenty of room to pass. I did my best to stop, but she ran right into me."

Bicyclists discussed the girl's terrible death in all their resorts yesterday, and some action by clubs looking to legislation is expected. Other deaths caused by trucks were recalled, and many instances of drivers' carelessness. Many letters were received by the Journal on the subject, from which the following were selected:

Police Should Act. To the Editor of the Journal:

Whether the young woman who was run down and killed yesterday in One Hundred and Sixth street was the cause of her own death is not clear from the accounts, but one thing is clear to all who ride a wheel in this city, and that is the utterly reckless manner in which truckmen turn corners.

The police have established a corps of policemen to regulate the speed of bicyclists. They would do much better now if they would instruct the truckmen to see that they observe the ordinary rules of the road.

BICYCLE RIDER.

Truckmen's Sins. To the Editor of the Journal:

How many bicyclists are going to be killed by truckmen who turn out of their direct road to water their horses at a curb trough or to get into a side street before the police and courts awake to the necessity of doing something for our protection? Do you remember how strong Center was killed by a truckman who turned his horses without warning to the wheelman? Do you remember the lady killed under a horse's hoofs on Fifth Avenue last Fall because a beer wagon driver did not look behind before turning toward a water trough? Miss Schumacher's death is too recent to be forgotten, and if the opportunity is taken to secure some reform she will not have died in vain. Can you not help us?

Put Bells on Trucks. To the Editor of the Journal:

Every cyclist has a bell on his machine, which he sounds warningly on approaching a crossing. No other sort of vehicle—leaving out of the question fire and police wagons and street cars—is so provided. Trucks and cabs are driven at a high, steady pace, without warning of any sort to pedestrians, and turned about corners without regard for wheelmen whose lives may be imperiled. They do not regard any rights but those of a bigger driver, with stronger wheels than their own. If you will insist on an ordinance compelling drivers to carry a whistle or bell, give warning and slow up when they turn corners, you will do much to prevent such "accidents" as that in which Miss Schumacher lost her life on One Hundred and Sixth street Thursday.

Miss Blythe's Escape. To the Editor of the Journal:

The shocking death of Miss Theodosia Schumacher has brought to my mind many narrow escapes I have had while riding a bicycle on the comparatively quiet streets in the upper part of the city. I met a truck near Ninety-third street, on the Boulevard, Monday night. The driver was talking to boys and did not notice that he was passing the street he wanted to turn into until he was a truck length by it. Then he turned sharply. One horse touched my shoulder, and the wagon tongue hit my hand wheel lightly as I sprouted out of harm's way, but I missed Miss Schumacher's fate by such a narrow margin that it makes me cold to think of the experience now. Yet, I have caused that truckman's arrest nothing would have been done to him, because it had not maimed me. Nothing will be done to the man who killed Miss Schumacher. We are told that it was only a sad accident and no one was to blame. Is that true?

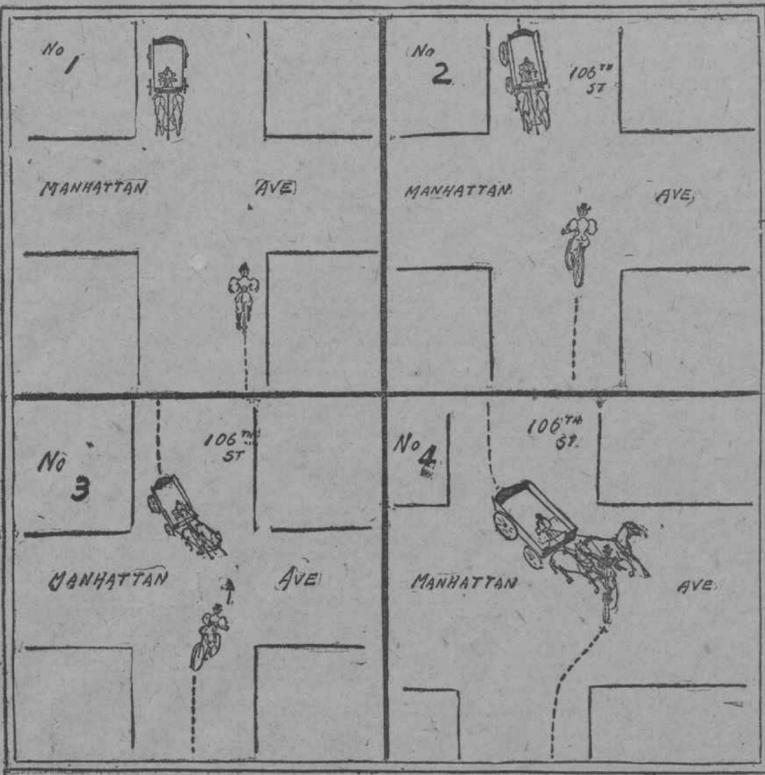
FANNY F. BLYTHE.

How the Rider Fares. To the Editor of the Journal:

I read with deep regret the account in to-day's Journal of a lady cyclist's death from accident. Judging from my own experience and what I have noted concerning the experiences of others, the average busy New Yorker, in full possession of all faculties, who is compelled in the transaction of his daily affairs to move quickly from place to place on foot or wheel within the city limits has, under existing conditions, at least two or three narrow escapes from death or maiming, or both, during each week.

This is true, approximately, of all who walk or ride along any of the thoroughfares by day or night, for business or pleasure. Pedestrians who are hard of hearing or defective in vision more than in still greater peril of their lives.

And why? Because wagon drivers, carriage drivers and omnibus are permitted, in defiance of public sentiment and any ordinances that may be on the statute books, to swing around corners at any pace and in any form that suits them. If they prefer a curve, they take a curve. If an angle suits them better, they make a short turn. If a person on foot or a cyclist who objects to being maimed or massacred negotiates with one of these mounted lords of the creation on a



HOW MISS THEODOSIA SCHUMACHER WAS KILLED.

As Truck Driver Albert Kentz described the accident, she was riding west on One Hundred and Sixth street from Central Park, and he was driving east; he turned at Manhattan Avenue to go north; she tried to wheel around in front of his team, collided with the right horse, fell, and before Kentz could check the horses the front and rear wheels of the wagon had passed over her body.

wagon or a coach the atmosphere for half a block becomes highly colored with up-to-date explosives of the choicest variety, and, after being soundly cursed, the remonstrant is sent to the hottest kind of climate in direct, unequivocal terms.

I am quite sure that if the list of victims killed and injured at street crossings in New York City by reckless drivers during the past year were published it would startle the community at large, cause the senior Police Commissioner to show his teeth to some purpose and incite His Honor, the Mayor, to put his best foot forward in the interest of those who gave him the opportunity to raise the national flag over the City Hall.

Probably if these two gentlemen were to use their influence in the right direction they might persuade our policemen to do their duty in this matter and lead our tender-hearted Magistrates to realize that it is a crime to violate a city ordinance where the lives of citizens are imperiled, and that it is not a crime to send a criminal to prison without the option of a fine when the public weal calls for exemplary punishment.

CITIZEN.

HONORED BY CYCLISTS. Sponsor of the Bicycle Baggage Bill the Guest at a Big Wheelmen's Dinner.

Wheelmen to the number of several hundred, last night did honor to the Hon. William W. Armstrong, of Rochester, at the Hotel Savoy. The affair was under the direction of the New York State Division, L. A. W., and a committee, of which Dr. Ottolenghi was chairman, very capably looked after the arrangements.

The Armstrong Bicycle Baggage bill, which compels the railroads to carry bicycles as they do any other piece of baggage, was a piece of legislation of which any man might well feel proud, and it was thought fitting that the State Division should give public recognition to the one who was of such inestimable help to Chief Consul Potter and the division officials in obtaining the passage of the much discussed measure.

It was about 8:30 when Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Potter entered the banquet hall, and in their wake came the other speakers of the evening. Four long tables were tastefully arranged lengthwise in the hall, with one at the end for those who were to contribute intellectual enjoyment after the inner man had been satisfied. The presence of many of the fair sex added to the beauty of the scene, and with exquisite music, nothing was lacking.

It was well after 10 o'clock before George R. Eldwell, the toastmaster, arose. Assemblyman Armstrong received a most enthusiastic and warm greeting, when introduced, and Mr. Potter was not forgotten when his turn came.

Following is a list of those who responded to toasts: "Bill of Ours," Hon. W. W. Armstrong. "Castles in the Air," Hon. Lawson N. Fuller. "The Wheelmen of '87," Hon. Jacob A. Cantor. "Wheelmen in Politics," Sterling Elliott, Press L. W. "Old-Time Cycling," Dr. G. E. Blackham. "Cycling in the West," A. C. Morrison, Vice-President L. A. W. "The Bye and Bye of Cycling," William George Oppenheim. "Good Roads," Isaac B. Potter. "Our Public Streets," Cpl. Waring.

BERATED BEFORE PUPILS. Herate Mother Accuses a School Teacher of Alienating the Affections of a Married Son.

Camden, N. J., May 1.—For several years George Starn, a prosperous farmer of Peasaken, near here, was one of the trustees of the Collins Tract School, and one of the teachers was Miss Hannah Dover, a young woman born and raised on an adjoining farm. Several months ago the Starn family moved to this city, and on Tuesday last, just at the hour for closing the school, a well-dressed, middle-aged woman drove up to the school and inquired for Miss Dover. The visitor was soon in her presence, and announced that she was Mrs. Jane Ann Starn, the mother of the ex-school trustee. Then she began to vigorously upbraid Miss Dover, accusing her of having broken up her son's home. Miss Dover asked her to leave the room, but she refused, and finally forced the teacher from the platform. Turning to the children, she advised them to tell their parents that Miss Dover had continued to receive the attentions of a man she knew to be married in the face of repeated warnings. Miss Dover's friends declare that there is no truth in the charges. They say that she was a little girl when she first knew Mr. Starn as a neighbor, and that he was instrumental in getting her the position as teacher.

Starn is now said to be in Chicago, and his wife said to-day that she does not know when he will return. She said that her husband had always been good to her and the children, and she had always, until recently, had the highest regard for the school teacher, whom she had known for years. But now she was forced to believe that the gossip which has been going on for some time was in great measure true.

ONE STRIKE OFF, ANOTHER ON. Tin and Sheet Iron Workers Quit Work on the Siegel-Cooper Building.

The strike on the Syndicate building, Liberty and Nassau streets, was reported as settled yesterday by the Board of Walking Delegates. The terms of settlement were not given out.

Another strike was begun at the Siegel-Cooper building, Eighteenth street and Sixth Avenue. The tin and sheet iron workers and cornice makers quit work, as the contractor has not yet fulfilled union conditions. The other trades will go out if a conference, which is to be held to-day, is not satisfactory.

Gordy Beat His Sweetheart to Death and Then Used an Express Train to Hide His Deed.

Berlin, Md., May 1.—The colored camp meeting ground at this place was the scene of a most brutal murder last evening. John Gordy beat his sweetheart, Dolly Timmons,

to death because he believed her unfaithful and then placed her body across the railroad tracks just before the midnight express passed.

The girl's body when picked up was horribly mangled. Some persons returning home last night heard the woman screaming: "Oh, John, I pray you, don't kill me," but they paid no attention to it.

Up to this time Gordy has not been found. If Gordy is caught he will probably be lynched.

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ONLY ONE MORE HOME WRECKED BY POVERTY.

But to Mrs. Hogan It Means the Failure of a Task to Which She Was Devoted.

Exhausted by Years of Toil, She Allows Her Children to Be Taken from Her.

SHE HERSELF IS SLOWLY DYING.

Broken in Spirit and Health, the Young Woman Gives Up the Unequal Fight with the World.

There was mourning in the rear tenement and the court yards back of the Desbrosses street ferry yesterday. The children went about asking where "those men," armed with the mysterious power and authority of the Gerry Society, had taken their little playmates, Mamie and Frankie Hogan. The matrons kept their children close to them as they talked of the sad lot of young Mrs. Hogan. Family feeling was strong and close among the denizens of the narrow rookeries because one little family after a desperate struggle to maintain itself had been forced to yield to grim circumstances and to break up its home.

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somebody's infant food. There was a kerosene lamp and such articles as are sometimes given away with pound packages of tea. For occasionally, when times were good, young Mrs. Hogan was able to buy a pound of tea all at once. And here she lived happily enough with the children. Yesterday the poor rooms were being dismantled, and "old" Mrs. Hogan, as the younger woman's mother-in-law is called, superintended the job, talking of her sorrows with toothless volubility. She lives around the corner in comparative luxury, having two rooms quite to herself.

Young Mrs. Hogan's efforts to keep the small home were pitiful. "She did everything a woman could do," as the neighbors

say. She was caretaker for empty houses, she went out washing and took in washing, she did scrubbing, she worked for the proprietor of the cigar store on the corner. She managed, by that remarkable power of utilizing space which the dwellers in crowded tenements come to have, to keep a boarder. He was the barkeeper from a neighboring saloon, and he contributed a small sum to the hard-working widow's income.

But young Mrs. Hogan had not the strength to do all the work she had set herself to do. Always delicate, the strain of unremitting labor began to tell upon her. Two months ago she was confined to her bed. Two weeks ago the doctor told her that both her lungs were affected with tuberculosis, and the neighbors told one another that "the poor dear's lungs were gone."

The days of washing and ironing, of scrubbing, of caring for empty houses, of working for the tobacconist, of preparing meals for the boarder, and of all the manifold forms of paying industry in which young Mrs. Hogan had indulged in which over. The neighbors cared for her as best they could. The thin, sharp-featured old grandmother from around the corner looked after the children in a half-jocular way. The good women from St. Francis Xavier's Church came with broth and such words of cheer as seemed appropriate. But broth and jelly and conversation cannot pay rent, and young Mrs. Hogan finally sobbed out a miserable acquiescence to put the children "away" and to go herself to the hospital. And old Mrs. Hogan, protesting all the while her love for her "poor boy's child," saw no other way out of the difficulty but to let the little family be separated.

"And, sure, I know they'll be having better care than I could give them," she said yesterday, as she talked with the agents of the Gerry Society. "I'm an old woman, and if I was sick they'd run wild around the streets. I couldn't be always watching them. But, sure, I'll go and see them as soon as they're settled."

That is how it happens that young Mrs. Hogan finally acknowledged herself overcome by poverty and illness. That is how it happens that there is one "home" less in Desbrosses street and one more tired-out woman waiting for death in the free ward of St. Vincent's Hospital; while two pretty little girls are wearing an unfamiliar uniform in the House of Mercy and learning what it is to be homeless and motherless.

Little Mamie Hogan told the whole story with childish brevity yesterday morning in the Centre Street Police Court when she said:

"Mamma got sick working. She scrub