

DRANK TO DREAM SHE WAS RICH.

That Was Maggie Connolly Doyle's Excuse for Her Debauches.

Burial of the Two Babes Who Died from Neglect While Their Parents Were Drinking Themselves Unconscious.

Just as the small hand of the big clock in the Jefferson Market Police Court reached the figure two yesterday afternoon, a little woman in a shabby brown dress, with a somewhat sandy hat perched rakishly on the back of her head, was led into the august presence of the presiding Justice. There was nothing particularly striking about this shopworn little creature, scarcely out of her teens, save her eyes; they seemed to have been stolen from a fawn and set with all possible incongruity above a pair of bleated cheeks in a countenance which but

for the eyes would have been irredeemably bad and vicious. Simultaneously with her appearance in the police court, a little stained-wood coffin was being lifted up to the driver's box of a public hack from the door of a tenement a few blocks away, and a besotted man was stumbling into the vehicle with admonishes to the driver to "take it easy." The coffin on the driver's box contained the remains of a pretty child whose second birthday had gone by last November. The woman who stood trembling in the criminal's dock was the mother of the child. The half-drunken man who with difficulty staggered

into the coach was the husband of the mother. "Remanded without bail until to-morrow," said the Justice to the little woman, and as she crept back upstairs to the prison from which she had been brought, the driver of the hack on the street beyond cut his pair a stinging clip and rattled off merrily in the direction of Calvary Cemetery with her drunken husband and the body of her little child. If there ever was, if there ever can be anything calculated to stop the headstrong vanity and self-will of the poor little daughters of hard-working parents in this big city it should be Maggie Doyle's sad story. She is held to-day on the charge of being criminally responsible for the death of her two children, which was chronicled in THE WORLD yesterday. She has broken the hearts of her parents, both hard-working people, and she is a wreck. Five years ago the Connollys lived on the east side. Maggie was a comely slip of a girl, whose only burden in life was that she had several younger brothers to "mind." Her mother, a stern woman, with unflinching ideas as to the proprieties of life, endeavored to impress upon the daughter the fact that young men with good clothes, who stood idly on the corners of the avenues during working hours, were not worthy of acquaintance. "Look to yourself for a man in your own station," said Mrs. Connolly, and thereafter, as she had a rapidly increasing family of boys to look out for herself, she was able to pay but little attention to the

daughter, and one day Maggie disappeared. She was not then seventeen. Her father, who is a hard-working man, idolized his only daughter. His wages were not large, but they were ample to provide for the wants of his family. The worst fears of the father and mother were realized when the wayward girl was finally recovered, but upon her promises of reform she was forgiven. All the devotion and tenderness of the parents could not, however, reclaim the girl. She ran away from home over and over again, and one day found herself responsible for the maintenance of another life in addition to her own. The mortification of her parents, who were honest people, was hidden in their desire to reclaim the girl. The child—the child who was yesterday buried—was placed in a foundling asylum, and through the kindly offices of the daughter of Bishop Potter the mother was provided with a place in service in the household of an eminent family of Long Island. The self-love and overweening vanity of the girl would not, however, permit her to remain long at work. She knew the power of her big hazel eyes, and finding an impressionable subject in the person of a journeyman baker, double her own age, laid siege to his heart. That he was a drunkard made no difference to the girl. He was an adept at his trade, that she knew, and if he would keep sober but three days in the week his earnings would support her and her child, which was far better than dredging for herself. And so she became Mrs. Doyle, the wife of the baker, and he, consumed of

his young and pretty wife, managed to remain in a sufficient state of sobriety for the first few months of their wedded life to support her in comparative ease. He did not object in the least to the presence of his wife's nameless child, and in his own way he was good to her. But he was old and she was vain, and when a second child came to them five months ago the wayward girl made no attempt to conceal her dissatisfaction at the humdrum lot which fate had inflicted upon her. She chafed at the restraint which the existence of her children entailed. If she could not seek dissipation abroad she would find it at home. Her husband had established her in a few rooms in a Cornelia street tenement, in which her father and mother also lived. It was a great comfort to Mrs. Connolly to feel that her wayward daughter was finally settled in a home of her own, but the satisfaction was not of long duration. The Connollys had lived in the tenement before their daughter and her dissipated husband arrived, and although they gave the couple a cordial welcome they soon discovered that their Maggie promised to give them no more comfort than she had given them in the past. Mrs. Connolly nursed her daughter when the second baby was born and even took the first child in her arms and caressed it, and old man Connolly would stop in at the Doyle's apartments on his way home from work and call Maggie the endearing names he had given her before she tried to break his heart. Gradually, however, these poor old parents, into

whose lives the mere accident of a selection of a home had brought back a daughter whom they had regarded as forever lost, perceived that their child was started on a path the end of which could only mean ruin and desolation. Maggie had become a confirmed drunkard. In vain her poor old mother would point to the two babies and beg her girl to cease drinking for their sakes. "What have I to live for in life without money and as fine a home as the best?" would be the invariable reply of the daughter. "I drink to dream I'm rich," the girl would say, and the poor, hard-working mother could only weep and pray. On the occasion of the christening of the new baby five months ago, both Mr. and Mrs. Doyle became so drunk that the grandmother of the babies was forced to take them to her own rooms for protection. On Halloween poor old Mrs. Connolly made a final attempt to save her daughter. "Come with me, Maggie," said she, "to the good priest at St. Joseph's Church, and there do you take the pledge before him." And the young mother consented. Together the two women went to St. Joseph's, and, kneeling at the altar, Maggie swore that she would never taste another drop of spirits. The grandmother and grandfather, in their rooms above the Doyle's, slept, as may be imagined, more soundly and serenely that night than they had since Maggie first went astray. It was their hope, if not their belief, that Maggie's example would be the means of reforming their son-in-law, and then at least all would be well.

Their peace of mind was of but short duration. In less than a month their daughter had begun a course of drinking unparalleled in its greediness. The home of the Doyle's was no longer a place to which the old people could go. Maggie never climbed the stairs to see her parents, and when they passed her on the stairs she was invariably in a mandrin condition. Solicitude for the little children led her mother to call frequently, but the drunken daughter refused to receive her. Last Wednesday night, however, Mrs. Connolly was aroused by the sudden appearance of her daughter. The girl was staggering with drink and had the youngest baby in her arms. The baby was in convulsions. "I believe it's dyin', mamma," said she. It was the first time Maggie had spoken the word "mamma" in many years. The grandmother took the little one in her arms, but it was dead. Coroner Denton subsequently gave a certificate that the baby had died of marasmus and bronchitis. Instead of sobering the young mother, the death of her child drove her to the extreme of drink, and then was begun in the rooms of the Doyle's on Thursday last a wake which continued without interruption until Saturday afternoon. The grandparents of the dead baby went downstairs to their daughter's room on the first night of the wake, but were compelled to leave through the violence of the orle that was in progress. The baker had brought a number of his friends to "celebrate" the death, and both he and his

wife were soon hopelessly drunk. All day Friday the dissipation was continued, and when on Saturday the undertaker came to remove the baby's body to Calvary its mother was too much intoxicated to accompany it. Her husband, half stupefied with drink, and two friends in still more drunken condition, were the only attendants of the child's remains to the grave. That night the party returned to the tenement and continued the celebration. It is alleged by Mrs. Doyle, who is now in prison, that the men who had accompanied her husband to the cemetery forced her older child to drink whiskey. All during Saturday night a frightful row was in progress in the rooms of the Doyle's, and the parents of Mrs. Doyle on the floor above were afraid to interfere. During Sunday an ominous silence prevailed, and on Sunday evening Mrs. Connolly, being no longer able to endure the suspense, summoned a policeman, who broke into the rooms of her daughter. The scene was heartrending. There lay the young mother, scarcely more than a child herself, stretched insensible from drink on the bed, and by her side the little two-year-old child in the final agonies of death. In vain the grandmother sought to revive the child; it died within a few minutes after her arrival. Maggie's husband was nowhere to be seen, but he turned up yesterday as drunk as a lord to attend the funeral. A Coroner's jury has yet to decide the cause of the little girl's death, and meantime the young mother must remain in jail.