

THROWN ON THE WORLD.

Young Jenny Nadelman, an Innocent Girl from Poland, Deceived and Deserted by Her Betrothed, Wolf Hollander.

When Her Bad Flight Became Known Her Mother Drives Her Into the Street, Her Friends Look Upon Her with Scorn, but the Good Samaritan Appears in Mrs. Kanner, Wife of the Coward's Cousin, Who Saves the Poor Creature from Death in the Alley— Legal Proceedings that Miscarried Justice.

No sadder tale has been told in these "True Stories of the News" than this one of Jenny Nadelman, a poor Russian girl of nineteen years. A woman reporter discovered her yesterday afternoon resting for a few hours in the only place of shelter she has found since the discovery of her shame. Her hands were folded listlessly upon her knees. She had wept so much that she had no more tears to shed. She had become calm at last after many weeks of sorrow. But it was the calm of despair.

She has a father, a mother, several sisters and brothers. And she had a lover. But one and all have turned their backs on the unfortunate girl. The mother has shut her door upon her child. The father has run

away, leaving the helpless girl to whatever fate may await her. Her kinspeople have all gone their several ways, and not one has stretched out a hand to the sister in her distress. Her friends have all shunned her, like a thing despoiled, and turned aside their faces when they met her in the street. But for the kindness of Louis Kanner and his wife, who live at No. 148 Clinton street, Jenny Nadelman would have been for the past twenty days wandering about the city, an outcast and a beggar.

Jenny's parents live at No. 141 Essex street. They came to this country from Warsaw four years ago. Far better for them in every way if they had never left the old world for the new. There, while they were

not rich, Maurice Nadelman had managed, by industry, to put away a snug little pile of rubles, and didn't the two cozy cottages and the thriving express business which he had built up show how prosperous, in a humble way, he had been? But now not all of his shining rubles, nor all those of the Czar himself, could ever pay the sorry debt his daughter has contracted. Here is a debt of dishonor.

But luckily for honest Maurice Nadelman he doesn't yet know of his child's disgrace. He is an old man now. He was sixty-four when he bade good-by to Poland and came out to the New World, which two of his older children who had come here before him wrote to him was such a wonderful country. And another sad thing, Maurice Nadelman hasn't a single ruble left of all this hard savings of a lifetime, and a lifetime in Poland at that. The family are afraid to tell him of Jenny's sorrow. He is a disappointed man now. That story, which is kindly kept from him, would kill him.

"If he knew it," said Jenny yesterday, "he would kill himself."

But Jenny's mother knows, and she keeps as in a shrine the grand ideas of the old Hebrew laws. In the school in which Maurice Nadelman and his wife were reared the purity of a man or a woman is absolutely demanded. The daughter defiled not alone herself but her family in her transgression. One must spend an afternoon with an interpreter among the narrow circle, bound by the old Hebrew traditions as by a cord, in which Maurice Nadelman and his wife lived—as the World reporter did yesterday—before he can understand the horror with which Jenny's fall was viewed.

When the truth was learned she was ban-

ished from her mother's house as one unclean. She can never go back again. If she does it will be at the earnest solicitations of a half-dozen persons who have interested themselves in the girl's case and have begged the mother to keep her child till the first of next month. Then Nadelman and his wife are going to Baltimore to live with two of their children, who are married and doing well in the City of Monuments. And by that time poor Jenny can be received into one of the refuges which are especially made to receive women in the condition in which she is now.

The name of Jenny's betrayer is Wolf Hollander, an Austrian, an operator, like most of her relatives, in wholesale tailoring establishments. He lives at No. 51 Willard street and is now earning from \$18 to \$20 a week in an establishment in East New York. When he betrayed Jenny under promise of marriage, as she declares, he was employed by Ganz, the clothing manufacturer of Broome street. Perhaps if the girl had been born of the people who swarm in the crowded district between the Bowery and the East River her sin would have been more easily condoned. But she was the child of another people and here was an alien and a more austere civilization.

Wolf gave Jenny a watch and chain, a ring, a smart new dress and his photograph. In the presence of the Rabbi the betrothal was announced and the paper was signed, declaring that he and Jenny, his affianced bride, had plighted their troth. The courtship was a long one. Wolf explained that his family objected to his marriage—first, because Jenny was a Russian subject, while his people were Austrians; next, because she and her were so poor. He told Jenny,

she says, that they were, in reality, man and wife, since they had sworn to their betrothal before the Rabbi and had signed the paper. It is an old, old story.

Jenny is a simple, innocent girl, who believed implicitly in her lover, and believed that the ceremony of betrothal was as substantial as Wolf described it to her. It would have been in Poland, in Syria or in any other Oriental land where the customs of the early world are still revered as carefully as its religion. But Jenny was as innocent as her unborn babe of all that. Did Wolf, the operator, know? He pleaded the coward's excuse. His family would never consent to the union. Wolf could speak English, and in his explanation to the Russian girl he used a great many terms that were as unintelligible as they were high sounding to her ears. About six months ago he began to call less often than usual at the humble household in Essex street, and finally stopped coming altogether.

Jenny in her misery knew not where to turn for advice. It was not very long before she needed the support and advice of Wolf, who could talk English, more than ever. But he never came back to her, though she tried in every way to apprise him of her trouble. She dared not tell her mother, nor did she dare confide her secret to her sisters, Anna and Henrietta, nor to any other of the girls who worked with her at the machine, which went sticking the needle along through the garments, just as her sorrow was pricking her conscience with every throb of her heart. Then came a day when her secret could not be hidden any longer. Her sin had found her out. But before the evil day came, when she

doors of her home were closed against her some acquaintances of Jenny's, who had guessed her sad story and then verified its truth, gave Jenny some advice. The only resort which was left her was the law. That, said Jenny's advisers, was the only way in which she could obtain justice. So Jenny, with no more idea of law than of English, pawned her watch and chain, her ring and her dress. She kept the photograph. That was worth nothing to anybody but herself. She gleaned \$15 on her trinkets. What a treasure above value and above price they had cost her. The money she intrusted to the first lawyer pointed out to her.

Doubtless he never knew the real value of the retainer or he might have bestirred himself with more fervor in his client's case. Wolf Hollander was brought before the Tombs bench on a charge of betrayal under promise of marriage. R. H. Racer was the defendant's counsel. Hollander was held in \$1,000 bail and was put in the Tombs prison for a short time. But he had not been there long when the order of arrest was vacated by consent of the counsel on both sides. Wolf was a free man again.

Jenny couldn't understand that. She loved Wolf just as much as ever and didn't wish any harm to happen to him. Sometimes she became despondent. It was in a fit of apathy that she thought of the silent, flowing water in the river, which you had only to walk down the length of Grand street to see. It was then, fortunately, that Mrs. Kanner, the wife of Wolf's own cousin, found her and rescued her. She believes in Jenny implicitly, and still sides with the girl against her betrayer. After all this some one suggested that

Jenny go to the Department of Charities and Correction and get a second order of arrest for her recreant lover. So Jenny tried that. She was like a stag at bay. She must do something to save herself, her family and her unborn babe from the disgrace which awaited them. Jenny procured her writ all right, but she was never notified of the case when it was called for trial in Special Sessions. Wolf was on hand with his friends, however.

"And two or three of them were not ashamed to say," Mrs. Kanner exclaimed yesterday, in her broken emphatic English, "that this child was impure."

The charge against Hollander was dismissed. No one was present to take care of the girl's interests and this is what happened then immediately. Jenny's mother, seeing her daughter disgraced and without a husband to give her his name, turned her out into the street. Wolf disappeared from the city. The few friends Jenny had after her mother's action scorned the young girl and would do nothing to help her. They were all, like the Nadelmans, immigrants from Poland, who guarded the old traditions which they had brought with them from across the water as scrupulously as a primitive people does its folk lore. And so the poor girl, victim of a coward's heartlessness and a stern old creed, had no recourse but the river where she could find a refuge for her sorrow.

Mrs. Kanner wrote to the firm of Barnett & Cohen, the lawyers of No. 136 Sixth avenue, and after investigating her story they have promised to do what they can to get justice for the girl. A member of the firm has given enough money to her to provide for her modest wants till she can be received into a hospital, and the mother has been persuaded to shelter her child till the 1st of May.

Now that a helping hand has been stretched out to her in her misery, Jenny has one awful fear which haunts her constantly. It is the dread that her father may learn of her shame before she can claim her betrayer as her husband, for she still clings to the belief that he loves her yet in spite of everything. And for weeks before she was driven from home to prevent that discovery she never returned to the house till it was dark and left again for her work as early the next day as it was possible.

Now that the Good Samaritan who has been sheltering the girl can keep her no longer—for Mrs. Kanner has eleven children of her own to provide for—and Jenny must perforce return to her father's roof, her greatest grief is that he may know at last, for Jenny can go out to work no longer.

When her case is reopened in court—if her lawyers can succeed in doing that—besides Mrs. Kanner and her family, Louis Pape and Wolf Bonzel, of No. 16 Forsyth street, and Felix Feltman, the barber of No. 99 Hester street, will swear, as they have already done before a notary, that Hollander came to them and offered them \$50 each to testify against the character of Jenny Nadelman. They believe that she is a pure, good girl and that Wolf is a coward. And so perhaps Jenny may be righted after all, and may yet have an honest name to give her baby when it is born.

"If not," she whispered to Mrs. Kanner the other day, "I shall seek the river again, as I was doing that day when you saved me."