

"glass-put-in tramp." He was forty-eight years old, heavily bearded and wore clothes tattered and torn and kept together with strings. His oldest son was to be married on Sunday. His body was sent to the morgue. His old invalid wife is almost heartbroken.

ing down the ties between the windows of the south wall and building the same twenty inches thick, excepting eight inches from the window box frame which may be sixteen inches thick from the third-story floor-beams to the top. Supt. Brady said yesterday that the case is now in the courts.

Havre as usual. Saturday next at 9 A. M. contrary to rumors that she has met with an accident to her machinery. She has met with no accident and her late arrival was caused only by the inclemency of the weather and a slight repair to her piston.

many years. It is mentioned in Vincent's Manual for 1849. The picture was found among a lot of lumber in the attic of the new Court-House building in a badly damaged condition. It will be restored and hung in the Governors' Room at the City Hall.

is a rich field for Nye, and it will be a fine fund—for the biographer lectures—down to return. The box office of the

## TRUE STORIES OF THE NEWS.

# A WIDOW OF THE POOR.

Death Has Struck Down the Father and Left Her with Nine Children to Face the World.

A Typical Case of Sorrow and Hardship that Is the Sequel of a Line in the Paper, "A Workman Killed by Accident."

When Michael Power, who had been all his life an honest, steady, even-going workman, brought out his wife and seven children four years ago the coming Spring from Liverpool to pitch his humble tent in New York City, he was as proud a father and as happy a husband as you would find in a long day's search.

He had then been in the service of the White Star line people for seventeen years, and the Company had promised him as a recompense for his long, faithful ministrations a sure position on this side at \$60 a month.

Yesterday afternoon a **WORLD** reporter

found his widow sitting in a chair in the top flat of No. 670 Washington street, holding a baby on her knees and weeping silently. Her husband was dead. Her baby was ill. Her rent would be due when the end of the month had come. Two more children had arrived since the family landed in New York, making nine in all at present.

"I cannot help crying," the woman said through her tears, as if in apology. "for I get so frightened sometimes in thinking of the future. We have no money since my good man got killed, and where we are going to get any I don't know."

It was the old, old story—the story which

the poor know so well. Power had been a sturdy, sober fellow, who worked hard for every cent he earned, and worked for it cheerfully. But, fast as ever he laid a penny away, another baby appeared, and every year it was harder and harder to keep a bit of money in the savings bank. He was still strong and willing to labor, however, and pretty soon the children would stop coming. Then, too, the older boys and girls would have grown up very soon and would take a hand in looking out for the "old folks."

But suddenly, swiftly, as the lightning strikes, death struck down the father. It was an accident which killed him. He and his wife had never thought of that. The slender store which had been put by for a rainy day melted like snow when the doctors had been paid and the funeral was over.

And then there remained only the simple household goods which had slowly been collected, debts which even the sale of all their simple possessions would only barely cancel—a widow and nine children.

And that is how it happened yesterday that a **WORLD** man found the woman Michael Power had left helpless behind, sitting almost hopeless, crushed like a reed beneath her sorrow and her misfortune.

### A HELPLESS WOMAN IN HER SORROW.

"And Mike was so good, so true always," she was saying. "Oh, it would break his brave heart to see us now. Twenty-five years we were married, and he never spoke a cross word to me in his life. He never drank, nor had any bad habits, and all we lived for was our children. I try to keep up, but it is pretty hard work sometimes," she almost moaned with a sad smile.

Power was just a little over fifty years of

age when, on the evening of Jan. 23, he kissed his wife and babies good-bye put on his hat and coat and went to his work at the White Star Line docks. He was a night-watchman on the pier. His labor began at 6 o'clock, and he was on patrol till dawn the next day.

"I was glad you know," his widow explained, "when I heard what kind of work he was to have over here, for before that he had been quartermaster on board ship, and he was away from home so much. I thought when he told me about his new place that I would have him with me all day. And I was so pleased. It must have been wrong to wish for a change. For we have had only misfortunes of one kind and another ever since we came out here. And now this last—this last! How can I ever bear it?"

Power got to the dock by 6 o'clock. At 6.20 he climbed upon a ladder to pull down a gate and fell. Only a half-hour before he had kissed his babies at home and said "good-night" to them.

The faithful fellow was picked up with a leg and an arm broken, but it was not thought at the time that the injuries were dangerous. An ambulance was summoned and the watchman was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital. That was Wednesday. Saturday afternoon he died from internal hemorrhages.

"Some one ran over to tell me about the accident," Mrs. Power went on, "and I hastened out at once. I met the ambulance. I told one of my boys to jump on the seat and go up with his father. I followed as quickly as I could. Poor Mike! Poor Mike!"

"When I got to St. Vincent's they told me that he wasn't hurt very bad. But they shut

me out at 10 o'clock. Why wouldn't they I went up twice the next day. I couldn't stay regular visiting days to leave again. The I couldn't stand it; something was wrong.

She took in a room at 10 o'clock. I was afraid of hospitals. People go in and so I said I would take 10 o'clock in the afternoon to want him to go. I never leave the place with me. I was so unhappy.

"Well, at 7 o'clock, Saturday night, Saturday night, my married girl, John and the three school. My husband seemed to know this.

"At noon he was to vomit. The priest and Dr. Foland tried he began to sink 10 o'clock. But, that hospital. We were Dr. Romaine has was a strange physician says she could not stranger. Dr. Foland not yet been settled the family ever since York, and "I felt a low tone," that for he knows us."

"Misfortune! Then there were

Valentine's  
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badly dam-  
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at the City

'The Imported and Domestic American'  
is a rich field for the great and only Bill  
bye, and it will be surprising if the build-  
ing fund—for the benefit of which the gen-  
tleman lectures—does not receive a substan-  
tial return. The seats are now on sale at  
the box office of the theatre.

Miss Edith Ross, the well-known Scottish  
contralto, who is at present with the Royal  
Edinburgh Choir, has returned from a West-  
ern trip. The Choir will soon give enter-  
tainments in this city and Brooklyn.

Papers are being prepared for service on  
Miss Davenport at Col. Sinn's Park Theatre  
in Brooklyn, this week. There will be no  
service on Sara Bernhardt and Marie Pres-  
cott till they actually appear in their ver-  
sions of "Cleopatra."

been Maurice J. Power, William F. Mil-  
chell and Thomas Costigan.  
It is now claimed that it was Charles A.  
Jackson who did the negotiating and that  
he was acting entirely upon his own au-  
thority.

Jan. 23, he  
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work at the  
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till dawn the

me out at 10 o'clock. Oh, that was cruel!  
Why wouldn't they let me stay with him? I  
went up twice the next day. In the morn-  
ing I couldn't stay very long, for it wasn't a  
regular visiting day. At night—well, I had  
to leave again. The next day was Friday.  
I couldn't stand it any longer. I felt that  
something was wrong.

SHE TOOK HIM HOME TO DIE.

"I wanted my husband home. I am  
afraid of hospitals. I have seen so many  
people go in and so few come out again." So  
I said I would take Mike home. That was 5  
o'clock in the afternoon. They didn't seem  
to want him to go. But I told them I would  
never leave the place if he couldn't come  
with me. I was dazed like, I suppose, but I  
was so unhappy.

"Well, at 7 o'clock we got him home.  
He was very sick. We watched by him all  
night. Saturday morning we were all here,  
my married girl, Cornelius, Patrick and  
John and the three boys who are now at  
school. My husband kissed the babies and  
seemed to know that he was going.

"At noon he was very weak and he began  
to vomit. The priest came and Dr. Romaine  
and Dr. Foland tried to keep him up. But  
he began to sink. He died just after 3  
o'clock. But, thank God, it wasn't in that  
hospital. We were all with him."

Dr. Romaine has been paid in full. He  
was a strange physician, and Mrs. Power  
says she could not bear to be in debt to a  
stranger. Dr. Foland's bill, however, has  
not yet been settled. He has attended to  
the family ever since it has been in New  
York, and "I felt," explained the widow in  
a low tone, "that he would bear with us,  
for he knows us."

"UNFORTUNATE NEVER COME SINGLE."

Then there were the bills for the funeral.

That cost \$200 before the poor broken body  
of faithful Mike Power was laid away in  
Calvary. Next the rent came due inside a  
week. That was \$18 more. Little Mamie,  
the youngest child but one, had been ill for  
three months, and just as her father's mis-  
hap occurred she grew worse again.

Then the baby began to pine away and  
grow thin. Yesterday the little thing was  
pale as a white rose and looked as fragile as  
that flower. The other baby, a golden-  
haired, blue-eyed bit of humanity, had just  
begun to grow somewhat better. "It has  
been a hard, hard Winter," added the  
widow, despairingly.

Only the old, old story, which the poor  
know so well, that is all. Mike Power was a  
good, honest husband and father, but he is  
asleep under the earth now. What can the  
family which he left behind do in the  
great struggle for existence?

AND WHAT WILL THE WIDOW DO?

Mrs. Power is glad and willing to work,  
but she herself is weak and ailing. She  
can't do rough work, for she isn't strong  
enough. If she could, how leave her chil-  
dren every day? The little Mamie has not  
completely recovered from the attack of  
bronchitis which nearly laid her in the  
grave above her father two weeks ago, and  
has besides a failure of the heart, which,  
with her long illness, has put a strange, far-  
away look in those great, deep blue eyes of  
hers. The baby is frail as a shadow and as  
delicate as a leaf. Who will care for them?  
Three boys—Michael, Thomas and Daniel—  
go to school every day in Leroy street.  
Their added years only amount to twenty-  
one.

Cornelius, the oldest boy, is eighteen. He  
has a position at No. 69 Wall street, and so  
has John, who is fourteen. Between them

they only get \$8 a week. Patrick, the  
second son, is working in a restaurant in  
West street. He gets \$3 more. The oldest  
daughter was married less than a year ago,  
and leaves her home in Greenpoint almost  
every day to come and look after the flat  
while her mother is searching for cheaper  
rooms or taking the babies to the doctor's.  
She, too, is very poor, and cannot help her  
mother except by coming over to see her  
every day.

SHE WANTS TO KEEP HER BOYS AT SCHOOL.

"And yet I want so much to keep the  
three boys at school as long as I can," the  
mother of the three boys told THE WORLD  
man. "God knows they will have to leave  
it soon enough. Oh, if I could only work  
myself. But it takes all my time to cook  
the meals, wash and iron and mend to keep  
the children clean and in order. The boys  
who are out at work can't do much for the  
rest of us, for they have to eat and keep  
themselves respectable. But they try, poor  
lads."

Michael Power's wife is poor, but she is a  
little proud with it, too. She doesn't want  
money. She has never had to ask for it yet.  
But what she would like would be to find  
some good, substantial employment for her  
older children and a neat, decent little flat  
where she may settle her family. The one  
she lives in now she can keep no longer.  
There are only three families in the house  
in Washington street, which belongs to the  
big brewery beside it, and she dreads life in  
a big rookery. For two weeks now she has  
taken her two babies, one on her arm and  
one by the hand, when her married  
daughter could not come over, or when  
there was no one to leave them with, and  
has tramped about the west side looking  
for five quiet rooms which would not cost

her over \$10 a month. Day after day she  
has returned disappointed in her quest.

The day before yesterday she went to the  
office of the White Star Steamship Com-  
pany. She did not ask for money. She is  
too proud, perhaps, for that. "But I  
thought," she said, "that Mr. Ismay might  
be able to give work to Cornelius and John,  
because their father had worked so long for  
the line. My husband must have been a  
good man to have kept one place for twenty-  
one years, wasn't he, don't you think?"

The steamship people told her they would  
see about aiding her. But first they would  
have to communicate with the home office  
in Liverpool.

"I hope they can do something," said  
poor, unfortunate Michael Power's widow,  
stroking the flaxen hair of her baby the  
while. "I think I might get along as it is  
if I could find a few rooms in some house  
where it wouldn't cost me more than \$10 a  
month. You see we have never lived in a  
tenement-house, and I dread to take so  
many children to one and see them grow up  
in that way. Some of the neighbors have  
advised me to put three or four of the boys  
away. But I can't do that. I can't bear to  
do that," the woman moaned. "Yet if they  
were starving—I suppose I should have to.  
But I must keep them all together some-  
where!" she added, with almost a fierce  
burst of despair. "Oh, if my husband had  
not died!"

Does any one know of four or five neat,  
quiet rooms at a rent that does not exceed  
\$10 or \$12, where this deserving, respect-  
able widow may find shelter till things  
brighten for her?

"I shall try and be brave," were her last  
words to THE WORLD man as he left her  
yesterday; "but sometimes I am afraid."