STARVED TO DEATH

Mother and Daughter Perishing Together

Too Proud to Write to Wealthy Relations for Aid—Daughter Tells the Story.

Sitting bolt upright in her bedroom chair, reduced to a shadow, with starvation plainly written in every feature, Mrs. Sarah Schumacher was found dead Friday night at her home, 1535 Cole street.

In the room below was the woman's daughter, Rachel, half-crazed with sickness and lack of nourishment. For 24 hours the corpse is supposed to have kept silent guard over the upper apartments, while the daughter roamed about downstairs afraid to open the door leading to her mother's room.

She was the only living creature in the building, except a dog, which howled mournfully at intervals. With the exception of a few mouldy crumbs of bread there was nothing to eat in the house.

The two women, according to the statements of the daughter, had not eaten a substantial meal for seven days. A few crusts of stale bread had been their only food since Sunday, when the last slender portion of meat was consumed. The only money in the house was three cents.

Mrs. Schumacher was the wife of the late George Schumacher, proprietor of the Baltimore Truck Company, and, according to the statements of Rachel Schumacher, a brother of Julian Schumacher, formerly senior member of the Lippencott Publishing Company.

Since the death of Mrs. Schumacher's husband, about ten years ago, the two women have struggled against poverty until they could fight the battle no longer. Pride kept them from appealing to their wealthy relatives for help. A sense of dignity prevented them from calling upon the charity organizations until too late to save Mrs. Schumacher from death. That starvation was the actual cause of the old lady's demise Coroner C. Frank Jones, of the Southwestern district, does not doubt.

The terrible plight of the two women was brought to the attention of the police Friday evening about 6 o'clock, when a neighbor spoke to Patrolman George A. Frederick, of the Southwestern district. The policeman tried the front door, to find it locked. Rapping loudly, a weak voice from inside inquired who was there. The officer proclaimed his identity and the door was, after a few minutes' delay, opened. As he entered the tottering form of Miss Rachel Schumacher staggered backward and dropped upon a bed in the living room. She was so weak that she could scarcely speak. Finally, she pointed toward the upper floor.

The officer mounted the steps. The front bedroom door was closed. He pushed it open and entered. In a chair before the partly opened front window sat the body of Mrs. Schumacher, attired only in her nightdress. The head was thrown slightly back and one hand was outstretched, as though her last act had been to attempt drawing the blinds. The body was rigid and the outstretched hand rested on the window sill. Although the shutters were partly closed it is very strange that the neighbors living on the opposite side of the street did not see the body. Leaving the corpse as he had found it, Patrolman Frederick went downstairs and told Miss Schumacher that her mother was deas. The news seemed to make no impression on the daughter, as she was evidently suffering from temporary mental coma. The o--cer reported to Lieutenant Polton, at the Southwestern Station, and Coroner C. Frank Jones was notified.

This was between 6 and 7 o'clock. Dr. Jones was at work on another case in Northwest Baltimore and did not arrive at the house until 10 o'clock at night. During this time Miss Schumacher sat alone in the house.

When seen by a reporter for the "Sun," Miss Schumacher told a heartrending story of suffering. During the recital she had to be shaken gently several times to arouse her, as she seemed to have lapses of unconsciousness. She said:

"Ten years ago my father died, leaving my brother George, who lives at Urbana, Va., a sister who is now insane at Mount Hope Asylum, and myself. He left a little money and a small farm. We rented this farm and have lived here ever since. After a few years the money was spent, and with the exception of a small pension of $6 a month, we had no income. The farm was mortgaged to Mr. Julian Schumacher, of the Lippencott Publishing Company. After a time that money, too, was gone. I went to work in a shirt factory, and for several years more we two managed to keep body and soul together and pay our rent. My uncle's son, who lives in Philadelphia, and, like his father, is wealthy, sometimes sent us a little money. A few months ago my health broke down and I was compelled to stop work at the shirt factory. About two months ago the last pension money came and was spent paying grocery bills and rent. One month ago my cousin sent us $15. The last of that was spent two weeks ago, and our credit was gone from the grocerymen. My mother, who is about 70 years old, was not able to work, and I was so sick I could not go out of the house. About a week ago the last food was eaten. We have never associated with any of the neighbors not even having a speaking acquaintance with any of them. We knew not what to do. We were too proud to write for aid to our father's rich relatives. We began to despair. We could see ourselves growing weak and thin.

"Yesterday my mother went to her bed. Last night about six o'clock I lay down and for a while could hear my mother feebly coughing. After a while the coughing stopped. I became uneasy and lay awake all night trying not to think my mother was dead. I was afraid to go to her room, for I am afraid of death. I was afraid to go out in the street, for I am afraid of the neighbors. I am afraid they will know we have nothing to eat. Oh, and I am afraid of everything—I am afraid of you!"

Here Miss Schumacher became so drowsy that she could not be aroused. The woman, as she sat in a chair with her head reclining on her arms upon the table, was the picture of destitution and despair. Her hands were so emaciated that the knuckles stood out like large beads. She kept continually sucking her lips in a convulsive manner, and her eyes had the light of madness in them. Every little while she would glance wildly at the door leading upstairs to her dead mother's room.

Coroner Jones, after thoroughly investigating the case, said that death was no doubt due to starvation, and that Miss Schumacher's condition is very serious. "There is great danger," said Dr. Jones, "that the young woman's mind may be impaired by the terrible ordeal she has gone through." Dr. Jones bought some food, and medicine was also left for Miss Schumacher. He likewise notified Mr. Robert Brooks, of the undertaking firm of Robert Brooks & Son, Calhoun and Hollins streets, of Mrs. Schumacher's death. Mr. Brooks said late Friday night he would take charge of the body. Lieutenant Polton instructed Patrolman Frederick to keep near the house during the remainder of the night, in case Miss Schumacher needed assistance.—Baltimore Sun.

GIVE UP HOPE

Little Chance of Superintendent Egan Being Seen Again.

Butte, Mont., Nov. 9.—A special to the Miner from Kalispel, Mont., says:

There have been no new developments in the Egan search. The reward of $1,000 has attracted more men into the district, but no Egan. Another party left Columbia Falls this morning for Hungry Horse creek and will be out several days. It is now almost impossible to get through the country except on snowshoes, and parties who have gone into the South Fork country have been compelled to use them.

There are now two parties out, whose return is anxiously awaited. One went up to the cabin on Pyramid Peak and another into the South Fork country. It will be at least three days before they can make their report. Dr. Houston spent part of the day here, returning to Boston tonight. He has given up all hope of Egan being alive. Houston said that the last words of Egan were: "I am going off here and look around." As he made the above remark Egan pointed east and almost directly away from the railroad. Houston said regarding the time after leaving the car:

"We stood on the track and examined the compass. Mr. Egan remarked that Benton was almost due north, and thinking that he knew the locality, we did not question his judgment. Mr. Egan wore extremely heavy pants and vest, my oiled canvas hunting coat, roll felt hat and rifle. He had at least twenty cartridges."

Parties Responsible.

Eew York, Nov. 10. — "Political Corruption" was the subject of an address before the People's institute at Cooper Union by Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, of Portland, Oregon.

"The most prolific source of political corruption," he said, "is the spirit of blind, bigoted partisanship." Men think today that parties are ends in themselves. They are only means to the end which is the country's good.

"Political corruption could not last an hour if the so-called respectable classes did not tolerate and support it.

"Let us have an end to this Irish-American, German-American, or Zulu-American. We are all Americans. I am an American. In my religion and moral teachings I am a Jew, but I would not vote for a Jew unless he were three times as good as his opponent, for fear that he might discredit that religion."

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YOUNGSTERS INDIGNANT

Their Rink is a Mess of Blisters

Will Have to be Flooded Several Times Before a Good Surface is Secured.

The youngsters of the public school are on the eve of holding an indignation meeting. They consider they have a grievance, but against whom or what they desire to register their kick they are undecided. The rink at the corner of Fifth avenue and Princess street, which was provided for the children through the munificence of Acting Commissioner Major Wood and Mayor Macaulay, was flooded Friday afternoon and the future bulworks of the nation viewed with joy the prospect of soon having a skating surface all their very own, but they did not take into consideration the uneveness and porosity of the ground, and the probabilities of several baptisms of water being required before a solid, level stretch of ice would be formed, so when they came to use the rink on Saturday and found the ice a gently undulating plane with blisters from an inch to a yard in diameter all over it, through which their skates cut at the first impact, they were highly indignant. Whether it was the weather, the fire department or what not had played them such a scurvy trick they did not know, but a number proceeded to make the best of it. A little strip of fairly good ice scarce ten feet wide was found on one side, and there the greatest game in the annals of hockey was played. The boys had regular hockey sticks, some considerably the worse for wear, a regulation puck and two stones at either end served as goal posts. Never was a league game for the championship played with more vim and desperation. A big chunk of a lad, a head taller than any of the others, acted as referee and his size compelled respect for his decisions.

Talk about fierce scrimmages, heavy checking and long shots. Some times the puck would lose itself in the rough ice and then there would be a scramble exciting in the extreme. The wall of the miniature rink being but six inches high, if a skater's momentum in approaching it was so great he could not stop he would merely jump over the board to the sidewalk and glide across into the gutter where he would land in the soft snow all in a heap. What the score was in that memorable Saturday game could not be learned, as the youngsters neglected the usual formality of appointing a scorekeeper.

Before the rink is in good condition it will be necessary to flood it again and probably twice more. Then the surface will have become even and the youth of the city can enjoy their favorite sport to their heart's content.

KAISER NOT COSTER

Story of a Mexican Dog Which Has no Whiskers.

Kaiser is one of the best known dogs in the republic of Mexico, and the writer, from personal and intimate acquaintance, offers his assurance that the dog is worthy of his notoriety.

I met Kaiser a month ago in a mining camp in Michoacan. It was early morning, shortly after 6 o'clock but the dog was on the watch for strangers. When we passed through the gates that led into the property of the company the dog appeared, ready to dispute our entrance, but after sniffing under the necks of our horses for a few seconds he appeared content, and when we were hailed a moment later by the superintendent of the mine, and dismounted in front of that gentleman's house, Kaiser joined his master in giving us a vigorous welcome.

From that moment and until I left the camp the friendship between the dog and myself steadily increased.

The breed of the dog is not easy to state accurately. He has the head and markings of a fox terrier, but in size is as big as many well-bred pointers. Kaiser is white, with liver-colored markings, and for his size is an extremely powerful dog.

He first saw the light in Chihuahua. When he reached years of discretion, which happened before he was twelve months old, he began to grow in popular favor. His owner, Joseph Collinson, was then residing at the principal hotel in that city. When Kaiser was able to take care of himself, he made up his mind that his mission in th s world was to take care of all the people he knew, especially of all who made their home in the hotel.

To prove that he had a mission, he was accustomed to watch at the entrance of the hotel, and when a carriage drove up and a party of ladies started on a shopping tour, Kaiser would enter the carriage with them. If there was not room inside, he would take a seat beside the coachman on the box. When the ladies entered a store, he would take possession of the inside of the carriage and guard with hawk-like eyes the packages which they would from time to time place in his care.

He knew every guest in the hotel and had a pleasant greeting for each as he or she appeared in the patio every morning.

Woe betide the dog that should in an unthinking moment attempt to enter the portals that were guarded by Kaiser.

The claims made by Kaiser's friends for the dog's fame are well founded. His master is an intimate friend of Miguel Ahumada, the governor of the state of Chihdahua, and was a frequent visitor at the home of that gentleman, and Kaiser often accompanied his master on these visits with the result that he and the governor of the state became friends.

One day the governor remarked to Mr. Collinson: "I know that you are too much attached to your dog to part with him so I shall not ask you to give him to me, but I wish you would have him photographed and give me a copy." The request was complied with. Two years ago Mr. Collinson left Chihuahua to visit this state, and Kaiser was left to the care of the landlady of the hotel in which he was such a favorite. He did not relish being left alone, and every day when the coach went to the depot, the dog was a passenger. As soon as the train arrived he used to run up and down the platform eyeing every new arrival, evidently on the watch for his master. When Mr. Collinson settled in Michoacan he sent for his dog, and Kaiser made his first railway journey from the city of Chihuahua to Morelia the capital of Michoacan.

At the mining camp where his present home is, Kaiser is a general favorite. Some of his friends call him a "boar hound," because he keeps the camp clear of hogs and pigs; other friends name him the "bird dog," for he will point a quail as quickly as the best trained setter. Then his love for the water, and the clever way in which he retrieves a duck that has been shot, has won for him the name of the "water spaniel." Take him all in all Kaiser deserves his fame; he is brimful of sound dog sense, he has a keen nose, and shows a great preference for the English over the Spanish language.

In a rough and tumble fight he is a terror to all the mongrel dogs near the camp. What many poor people would declare to be a small fortune would not buy him.

"How do you get the reputation of being so much richer than you are?" asked the intimate friend.

"Very easily. I wear my old clothes as long as possible and never admit that I have any money that I could lend. People take it for granted that I must be prosperous."

Baldwin apples at a price so all families can afford to have a box—Barrett's, 'phone No. 1.

BARREL EXPLODED

Little Raymond Was Sitting on It at the Time.

When Raymond Traynor recovers from his injuries which he received in a novel manner yesterday the indications are that he will steer clear of any object that resembles a whisky barrel. In the meantime Frank Starr a companion will have learned that it is no joke to stick a lighted match into the bunghple of a barrel, loaded or otherwise. Both figured in an explosion yesterday which deprived Starr of his eyebrows and resulted in Traynor being blown up in the air.

Raymond Traynor, aged 10, whose home is at Sixth and Monroe streets, was sitting on the top of an empty whisky barrel, which reposed in front of the store of Daniel W. Lynch, at Fourth and Monroe streets. Frank Starr, a companion, aged 7 years, whose residence is at No. 407 Montgomery street, saw him sitting on the barrel and immediately began to speculate as to what would occur in case a lighted match was applied to the bunghole in the barrel. He made an examination and found that it was empty which led him to believe that nothing dreadful would happen. Finally his curiosity got the better of him and he determined at all hazards to apply a match, which he managed to do when Traynor was looking in another direction.

His curiosity was soon appeased, for there was a sudden "puff" and Starr ran away with the greater part of his eyebrows missing. A moment later there was a loud report and Traynor shot skyward. Meanwhile there was a strong smell of burning whisky and an avalanche of barrel staves and hoops. The fumes of whisky had caused the explosion and the barrel was converted into kindling wood.

An awning post checked Traynor's upward flight, and he saw a brilliant display of pyrotechnich when the stop took place. His head was cut, but he was not badly injured. A large crowd collected on the scene, thinking a house had blown up. Both boys went to their homes, where their wounds were dressed. — Wilmington News.

Pirates Are Bold

New York, Nov. 24.—Coal shippers of Port Reading, Perth Amboy, Port Johnson and Elizabethport have organized a vigilance committee to protect their cargoes of coal in transit by water to New York. Enormous amounts of coal are lost yearly by shippers, owing to the depredations of the pirates, who have become so bold that they sell their stolen goods openly here. Hereafter each barge will have an armed guard, whose orders will be to shoot anyone approaching his barge and who fails to answer a challenge.

Try Blue Grass Butter, 2½ lb. rolls, $1.00—N. A. T. & T. Co.

TORN-UP LICENSE

How the Young People Managed to Get a Duplicate.

C. Ross Haynes, aged 23, and Miss Neta S. Ewing, aged 17, secured a marriage license from Deputy Clerk W. A. J. Moore, August 20. It seems that the young lady's mother and uncle objected to her marriage because she is so young and the uncle managed to get hold of the license and tore it to pieces.

This greatly angered the young people but did not in the least lessen their desire to plight their troth, so yesterday the young lady appeared at the clerk's office and demanded another license or a duplicate. She told her story to Deputy moore and pleaded with him to give them another license. She said that they had tried to get married without a license and had gone to Squire Fitzgerald's office for that purpose, but Squire Fitzgerald refused to perform the ceremony without the production of the license.

"You have got to give me another license. We bought and paid for the other one, and we are entitled to marry, I'll kill myself if you don't give me a license. I'll take morphine or chloroform or something that will kill me. I am going to marry Ross or die," declared the young woman, and she said it in such a way as to make the clerk think she intended to make good her words. She handed the clerk a note from her affianced and this note is now attached to the page whereon the original license is recorded. She confessed that the handwriting is hers, but said it was written at the wish of her future lord. This note is as follows:—

"Mr. Cooper—This is written by me, Ross C. Haynes asking you to give me a privilege to marry the girl that I got license to marry as the license was bought by me Ross C. Haynes to Neta S. Ewing as the license were torn. I ask you to let me have a paper that will permit me and her to marry and oblige Rosco Haynes. Send by bearer of note, Neta S. Ewing."

Rather than have to be responsible for a suicide, Deputy Moore issued a duplicate license, and made happy the heart of Miss Ewing, and that of her lover, who have probably been married by this time.—Knoxville Journal.

Begin Track Laying.

Phoenix, Ariz., Nov. 10.—A construction train of fourteen cars and 225 men arrived here this morning to begin tracklaying on the Phoenix & Eastern Railroad. The grade is now finished for several miles and the graders will be able to keep ahead of track gangs, at least as far as Temple.

British Ships Go South

Halifax, N. S., Nov. 10.—The flagship Arianne and other ships of the British North Atlantic squadron, sail for the south today.

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