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NEW YORK, SUNDAY, JANUARY 14, 1894.

NELLIE BLY AMONG THE STARVING.

A Startling Picture of Some of the Scenes of Poverty and Suffering in This Great City.

WAITING FOR DEATH.

Fathers, Mothers and Little Children Without Food in the Big East-Side Tenement-Houses.

NO PROSPECT OF EMPLOYMENT.

Many of the Unemployed Now Too Weak from Hunger to Pursue Their Hopeless Search for Work.

LIFE IN A LOAF OF BREAD.

But Hundreds of Families Too Poor to Buy Newspapers to Learn of The World's Free Bread Fund.

"And now abideth Faith, Hope, Charity, these three; but the greatest of these is CHARITY."—I. Corinthians, chapter xiii., verse 13.

I figured that much experience in charity work had made me, at the very least, indifferent. I was not indifferent when I found Mrs. Batterson and her husband and two children starving. Instead I thanked heaven that I had found them before it was too late.

Way down in Cherry street, in a little tumbled-down old house that wouldn't make a good-sized bonfire Mrs. Batterson has existed for three months. Existed, not lived, for if the floors were dirty, which they decidedly are not, you would think the two miserable rooms that constitute Mrs. Batterson's home were uninhabited.

I went through the upper floors first and I asked the women in the hall if there was any one in the house in absolute need of food. Not that they knew of, they said, unless, maybe, the woman on the first floor. They didn't know her name; she had only lived there a few months, and she hadn't mixed with any one. She was very quiet, and the neighbors hadn't seen any food being taken in except just after little trips had been made with a bundle under the arm or a chair or table across the shoulder.

That promised well. Real deserving misery does not stand out in the streets shouting its misery broadcast.

I knocked on Mrs. Batterson's door, opening it at the same time.

A woman and girl were the only persons in the room, and they seemed less at home than I was.

For a few moments they stood gazing inquiringly at me, and I looked at them and their surroundings.

This is what I saw, item for item, and it was absolutely all within the two miserable rooms:

One board table (scrubbed spotlessly clean).

Two chairs (both broken),

One little stove (very clean—handful of fire),

One old wood trunk.

Old mattress, with bolster and worn patchwork quilt.

Two aprons hanging on the door.

Half dozen pieces of dishware, frying-pan and tea-kettle.

Old willow basket, without handle.

Half slice of bread on table.

That was all, absolutely all, with the exception of the woman and girl, who stood looking inquiringly at me.

The woman was clean, but clad in the poorest of garments. A little thin waist, a worn-out skirt, a tiny three-cornered shoulder shawl and some sort of cloth slippers.

The girl was more miserably clad than her mother. Her waist was little else than two ragged sleeves, held together by shoulder seams, and her poor shoes not only gaped at the toe, but everywhere else.

The mother, still in wonder, asked me to be seated, and I confided myself carefully to one of the broken chairs. The little girl sat down on the trunk, but the mother stood, holding the corners of the shawl tight around her.

"Where is your husband?" I asked, by the way of introduction.

"He is out looking for work," she said, simply, looking more mystified than ever.

"What did he eat before he went out?" I asked, as if that was the full object of my visit.

The woman looked at me, and a slow, dusky red crept into her face, but her eyes did not falter or move from mine. I waited, and I thought once she did not mean to reply, but at last she said, simply:

"Nothing."

"What did he eat last night?" I went on coldly.

"Nothing," she replied again.

"Well, yesterday morning, then?" I added with a show of impatience.

Her eyes do not move from mine, but tears that do not fall fill them. Her lips quiver pitifully, and she bites them. "He had nothing yesterday morning either," she replied, as steadily as she could, and then walked to the window to hide from me the emotion she was unable to show.

"[illegible] very hungry?" I ask, having given her a few moments to recover.

At this she turns to look at me again, and a bitter smile flits across her lips that a moment since were quivering with the heartache she would not show.

"I have been hungrier," she said, quietly. "But I don't mind hunger so much as I did. I'm used to it now."

Think of it! Used to hunger!

And bread only five cents a loaf!

"What did you have to eat to-day?" I asked the girl.

"I had a slice of bread," she said quickly. "A woman gave me half a loaf of stale bread a little while ago. That is a piece of it," pointing to the slice on the table. "That's for my little brother."

"Why aren't you working?"

"I can't get work. All the shops are filled and I haven't any clothes to try to get housework," was the reply.

"Agnes is not strong enough for heavy work," spoke up the mother. "Her spine is injured."

"What does your husband work at?"

"He is a rigger on a ship."

"I should think, then, that he would make very good wages," I said, coldly, for my sympathies are not strong for those who do not save for a rainy day.

"He did make good wages," she replied, "when he worked, and we lived comfortably, and then he met with an accident, and since then we've been getting poorer every day. My husband fell off of a ship near the Statue of Liberty. He fell 134 feet from the maintopsail, and he was six months a helpless invalid, most of the time in Gouverneur Hospital. All this time there was no money, except what I could earn washing and scrubbing. Agnes went into a factory in Jones's lane to pick cotton, and she had to lift and haul bales of it, and one day while doing so she fell over a bale and injured her spine. She was taken to Bellevue Hospital, where she lay for eighteen weeks. Two operations were performed on her. She is still weak and unfit for work, but she would try to do it if she only had a chance."

"In eight weeks," she continued, as if, having broken the ice, it relieved her to speak, "my husband has only had one day's work. For that he got $1.75, and on that we have lived since I sold everything."

COOKING THE SUPPER NELLIE BLY PROVIDED FOR THE BATTERSON HOUSEHOLD.

"You have pawned your things, then?"

"Yes, everything. I had to pay the rent. It is $7 a month for these two rooms, and if we hadn't paid it we would have been turned into the streets. It was better to be hungry than houseless."

"Do you owe any rent now?"

"I owe last month, but I have nothing left to sell. The landlord's son, who collects the rent, said he would throw me into the street. He came here to pull down the stove and I begged and pleaded with him to let us stay a few days longer. He wouldn't do it, and my husband went down to see his father. We reminded him that we were honest and had always paid up, and asked him just give us a little time, so he said we might stay till Saturday night, and if we don't have it then he'll set us out."

"What are you going to do?" I asked curiously.

"I don't know," was the hopeless reply. "I promised the landlord we wouldn't buy food, but save every cent for him if my husband got work, but I did buy a little. I pawned the blanket, it was the last thing, and I bought bread with the money."

"How much did you get for the blanket?"

"Twenty-five cents."

Twenty-five cents! And for that amount she lies without a cover at nights. They sleep in their clothes, but then if they took them off they would never get them on again.

"I see you have nothing but a mattress. Do you all sleep on it at night."

"We divide up," she replied with a wan smile. "I sleep there with the children, and my husband takes the bolster and sleeps on the floor."

"There are worse things than sleeping on the floor," I say.

"Oh, yes," she answers, "we can sleep on the floor, but the house is so damp that we are all stiff with rheumatism."

"How old is Agnes?"

"She is almost fourteen."

"And you say you have a son. How old is he?"

"He will be seven next July."

"There is quite a difference in their ages," I observed.

"Yes; two children came between them."

"Where are they?" I inquired, curiously.

"In heaven, I hope," was the earnest reply, and then she clasped her thin hands across her breast, saying rapidly and emphatically:

"Oh, how often I thank God they are dead. Every night when I lie down on the floor, every day when I feel the pangs of hunger, I bless him for taking them. If he had only taken us all; Agnes when she hurt her spine and Adam when he had the whooping-cough. He had it so badly, just a month ago, but he lived. I would not endure my life if it was not for my children, but I often think we can all stay here and starve together."

"Where is Adam now?"

"In the streets playing. It helps him to forget he's hungry."

"Why isn't he at school?"

"Because the teacher sent him home. He had no shoes and some lady gave him her boy's rubber boots, and the teacher won't let him stay in school because he wears them. She says he must wear shoes."

Just then Adam came in. A very little, pale, thin chap he is, more starved and frail-looking than either the mother or Agnes. I called him to me.

"Adam, why aren't you at school?" I asked.

Adam looked ashamed, though there wasn't blood enough in his poor little body to make blushes color his thin cheeks.

"Teacher sent me home," he answered slowly.

"Why?" I asked, and Adam hung his head.

"Speak, Adam, tell the truth. You needn't be ashamed," his mother said encouragingly.

"'Cause I ain't got no shoes," he spoke faintly. "She says rubber boots hurts your eyes."

"So they do," I agreed. "Now, tell me what you had for breakfast?"

Adam smiles and looks more ashamed than ever.

"I didn't have any breakfast," he said at last.

"Are you hungry?" I go on rather foolishly, but Adam's reply comes in a question. He sees the slice of bread and he looks at his mother.

"Is it for me?" he asks, and when she says it is he falls to with an energy that puts to flight every vestige of doubt that could have lingered in my mind.

I turn to the man who had been hired to be my guide in that unknown part of the city, and, giving him money, sent him out to buy a few things.

Coal they had to have. On the previous Saturday 10 cents of the blanket money had bought twenty pounds of coal that, by the greatest economy, had lasted until the following Thursday.

He came back with coal, coffee, bread, milk and oatmeal. Then I gave him the pawn ticket for the blanket and money with which to redeem it.

"I am sorry," I said in parting, "that I can't do more, but The World has a Free-Bread Fund at No. 210 East Houston street, where, if you come every morning between the hours of 9 and 11, we will give you all the bread you need. It will at least keep you from starving."

"A loaf of bread a day is life," Mrs. Batterson said huskily, and that was more to me than the most profuse thanks that ever issued from mortal lips.

She did not thank me. She could not. She merely stood there biting her lips to keep down the sobs that were coming in spite of her.

So I left her. Happy? Well, I should say I was. Charity, after all, is selfishness, and the knowledge that I had found a hungry family and was able to give them bread made my heart very light.

And not only one day shall she have bread, but from The World's Free Bread Fund she shall have bread daily until fortune smiles upon her little home again.

If you remember what a bitter cold day Friday was you will be able to feel as I did when I climbed up five flights of very steep stairs, so dark that I could only find my way by clinging to the balusters, to find no fire in the rear rooms occupied by August Edler.

He sat there by a table and his wife walked the floor with a five-months-old baby in her arms, while from an inner room came the cries of another child.

"Why does that child cry?" I asked.

"Listen to what he says," August Edler responded grimly.

"I'se hungry! I'se cold!" the baby voice cried.

"Had he anything to eat to-day?" I asked.

"A roll this morning. I had two cents left and I bought a roll for him and one for my wife," was the matter-of-fact reply.

"What did you eat to-day?"

"Nothing," he answered.

"And yesterday?"

"Nothing."

"You must be hungry."

"I don't feel very hungry. I don't mind it only for them," with a nod to the wife and children.

"When did you work last?"

"Four months ago. I worked one week at 6 Greenwich street and made $10.50. I am a carpenter and always get paid well when I have work. Sixteen dollars of that went for rent (I pay $8 a month) and the rest for food."

"What did you do when your money was gone?"

"I did some odd jobs for the landlord, which made him easy on me. I owe for a month and a half now, but I can't do anything."

"Well, you won't find work sitting in the house. Why don't you go out and look for it?"

"I haven't anything to wear," he answered. "They were crying for bread last week and I took my overcoat out and pawned it and then I pawned my pants. These are in holes, and you see what my coat is like."

His clothes were certainly old and thin, but I have seen raggeder ones, though that doesn't go for much. He showed me the pawn tickets. On Jan. 4 he got $1 for his overcoat. It will take $1.12 to redeem it. For his trousers he got the great sum of 30 cents.

Pawn tickets were the only plentiful thing in the house. Furniture, tools and clothing had all gone the one way. But still there was plenty of furniture in the house. Two bedsteads, a table, two chairs, a good trunk and mattresses. Two mattresses there were, and feather pillows and a feather tick to cover them.

I looked into everything. I hate to be deceived, and so I do all in my power to be sure before I go ahead. I let the child cry while I went through the cupboard to find food. There was nothing but salt and a few dishes.

"When did you have fire last?" I asked August Edler, for the cries of the child annoyed me in spite of myself.

"We haven't had fire since the day before New Year's," was the reply.

I gave in then. I couldn't stand it any longer.

"Light a match and let me see the boy," I said, and he did so.

The lad, two and a half years old, was pulled from under the feather tick. He was thin and naked excepting a bit [illegible] shirt.

"Why is he in bed?" I inquired.

"Because it's warmer there," was the reply.

"Then why isn't he dressed? I see no reason for his being undressed."

What reply he made to this I cannot say, for it was in German, and I did not understand. But I felt thoroughly satisfied that the case was one of genuine need, and so I told the man to come with me, and I went out to a grocery and bought him coal and food. He wanted to thank me, but I told him not to, and refusing his invitation to go back with him I saw him start on the long trip upstairs.

In West One Hundred and Thirtieth street I found Peter Finnigan and his wife. They live in a most miserable old tenement and are behind in their rent. He is a hod-carrier, or had been when he worked last some months ago. Since then good Mrs. Finnigan has been the sole support. She went out washing and housecleaning and she earned enough to pay the rent and keep a comfortable table.

But the new year began sadly for her. She was entertaining some friends and her lamp exploded, setting fire to her and the room. The table cloth and all her clothes, which hung upon the wall near by, were burned.

That was not the worst of it. Mrs. Finnigan's arm was burned from the wrist to the shoulder, and the excitement and drenching of water gave her a severe cold, and now she lies in bed depending upon charity to take her place in the family.

She is not in absolute want, but she may be in a day or two unless help arrives. One woman for whom she washed sent her some canned goods and a poor widow on the first floor divided her coal with her. There was a good fire in the stove, and under it two cats were comfortably stretched. The white cat has been their property for four years now, but the gray one is a tramp that strayed in one day, and, poor as they are, Peter Finnigan said he hadn't the heart to turn her out into the cold streets.

In three months Peter Finnigan has only earned $5. He is anxious to work, and would do anything—split wood, shovel ashes, coal or snow.

"If my wife hadn't got burned I wouldn't ask anything off nobody," he said. "She can make a good living for us if I can't. But now she's burned and I can't get anything to do."

That is the terrible cry that is resounding from one end of the city to the other—no work!

There are the Bradleys, who live in West Houston street. Mrs. Bertha Bradley came for bread to The World's Free Bread Fund the other day, and I picked her out of the long line because she looked a step above the others. It was only in face that she was different, for her clothes were as poor if not poorer than those around her.

"Why are you coming for bread?" I asked.

"I need it," she answered, simply.

"Haven't you any bread at home?"

"No," faintly. "I had some yesterday that I got here."

"Have you a husband?"

"Yes, and one child."

"You are English?"

"Yes; we've only been in this country six months," with a sigh.

"Why did you come to America?"

"Yes, why did we come?" she exclaimed, with tears filling her blue eyes. "We thought to better ourselves, and we've had good cause to wish we had stayed at home. My husband is a plumber, but he hasn't had a day's work since he came to this country."

"Why don't you go back home?"

"We want to, oh, so much! and we went to Ellis Island to beg them to send us back, but they would not. They said if we had any disease or anything wrong with us they could, but because we couldn't get work and were in danger of starving they couldn't do anything for us."

"How do you live?"

"We have a furnished room in West Houston street. We cook, eat and sleep all in the one room, for which we pay $2.50 a week. Some days we sell something and buy food; other days we have none."

"What did you have to eat to-day?"

"Bread and mutton tallow," was the answer.

"What did you have yesterday?"

"The same thing."

"And the day before?"

"We had nothing, because you hadn't begun to give away bread."

I took her address and went to see her. It was night when I got there, and among the many rooms, each one numbered in black figures, it was impossible for me to find Bertha Bradley, so I sought the housekeeper.

"Yes, indeed, I know her. She's been in my house four weeks now. She had no money, but I took her in because she had a little child. She is very nice and quiet, and so's her husband, but he can't get work. No more can other people these days."

I followed the housekeeper through a mysterious passage and upstairs to a room in the rear. No reply answered our knock, so the housekeeper said:

"If you want to make sure she isn't in I'll unlock the door."

This pleased me, for I preferred to judge by the appearance of things as to the true condition of the Bradleys' finances.

A stuffy little room, with an old-fashioned bed, a chest of drawers, a stove, a table and a cupboard composing the furniture. Mrs. Bradley had been washing, and a jacket and a child's garments hung on the line. There were no other clothes in the room.

There was no fire in the stove, no coal in the scuttle, and in the cupboard there were some salt, butter, a portion of a loaf given them by The World's Free Bread Fund and a slice of meat about the size of my hand (No. 5 3-4) that cost one or two pennies unless it was given to them, which is doubtless the case. There was a pan on the stove, but there was nothing in it but water.

The room was clean and trim. That is the case of Bertha Bradley, and as I looked at the evidences of want around me I thanked heaven that a free bread fund existed, where such poor unfortunates can get enough at least to keep from starving.

I have spent several hours at The World's Free Bread Fund depot watching the endless line of hungry ones. I remember a good-looking German that I called out of the line the other morning, and found that he had been starving. Grateful for a loaf of bread? Why, he didn't care whether it was white or rye, and he really preferred it stale because it lasted longer!

And how thankful he was, poor fellow! He had gone for days without food before the opening of The World's Free Bread Fund. And if you think the poor are not grateful go with me to Mulberry street, where I'll take you through a dirty, dark hallway to a tumbled-down house in the rear, where Mrs. Mulcahey lives with her mother, Mrs. Sullivan.

The room is on the ground floor and the plastering is falling off from the dampness. At the solitary window are closets that would infect any other neighborhood with disease. There is a bed in Mrs. Mulcahey's room, and the stove rubbed sides with it as do the table and door. In fact, one has to go sidewise to get through the door because of the bed.

In this tiny room, where the stove smokes so that it's impossible to see, Mrs. Sullivan has lived some seventeen years. She is one hundred and eight years old, has been in bed seven years and has been deaf and blind for four.

And yet she is happy.

"Mother, the lady wants to know how your health is to-day?" her daughter called, for the old woman did not heed my question.

"I am well and happy, thank God and the Blessed Mother," came the quavering answer. "I never suffer and I never want for anything. I'm only waiting God's call."

And what has she? Nothing. There are not enough bed clothes over her to keep her warm, and heaven knows the bed looks as if it would break the bones of a giant.

"We have all we need now," Mrs. Mulcahey said, "and I do not think it would be right for us to take anything that might be given to those who need it more. Our wants are little. A loaf of bread does mother and me three days, and we don't want much else except a bit of tea and a little coal. I am a ragpicker and when I have work I can buy everything, but this winter has been very hard. Still heaven has not forgotten us. Mr. Dunn, a baker near here, heard of us and sent me word that he would give us anything we need, so I don't think it right to accept other things. I'll leave them for ones who have no one to help them. I know one poor woman who picks rags where I do that was crying the other day from hunger. She said her children were starving, too. I shall send her to The World's Free Bread Fund. It's a blessed thing to be able to give bread to the starving."

Is it not? "And the greatest of these is charity."

These are a few cases out of too terribly many. I have told them as mildly as possible, giving them in the plain truth without a word to make them either better or worse.

If I have shown you the possibilities of five pennies and the nobleness of charity, I am more than satisfied.

NELLIE BLY.

Fine Art Notes and Comments.

The ninth annual exhibition of the Architectural League closed its doors on last Tuesday. It will be remembered as a display fully illustrative of the progress which architecture and its decorative adjuncts are making in this country. It was more illustrative than educational. It was not sufficiently technical to be the latter. Most of the designs were either dainty water-color sketches or finished perspective drawings. They appealed to the eye purely. The necessity of making these exhibitions attractive cannot be denied, but it would seem as if in the future provision might be made for the placing on view of the ground plans.

Two facts of local architectural interest have been established. One is that Brooklyn is to have a monumental building—a museum—which, while not fully satisfying in all respects, is nevertheless a very beautiful composition. It is especially so in its long front, accentuated by crowned pavilions, and its walls, with their adornment of huge Ionic columns. The other is that a simple but most effective building in New York—Music Hall—is to be spoiled in a most inartistic manner by the additions which are to be made to it. Mercenary considerations seem to have been dominant in the scheme, else the necessity of a floor of rentable rooms at the cost of an outrage on symmetry is not explainable.

A most interesting feature of the last meeting of the Grolier Club was the placing on view of a collection of pastels by Mr. J. Wells Champney—all of them accurate copies of works in the great galleries of Europe. Mr. Champney has been happy in his replicas. He has successfully remained true to the task of reproduction, and his copies have all the marks which time and wear have placed upon the originals. Among the subjects shown are Liotard's "La Belle Chocolatière," now fallen unfortunately to the role of a commercial advertisement; David's "Mme. Recamier," Mme. Le Brun's "Dauphin," the "Countess Potocka," of the Berlin Royal Museum of Arts, and John Russell's "Girl with Cherries."

Joseph Pennell, whose work as an illustrator is familiar to all readers of magazines and periodicals, has on view at Keppel's gallery several hundred etchings, "wash" and pen-and-ink drawings. They are the originals of illustrations which have been published and represent scenes and things all over Europe.

Mr. Pennell is still a young man. He is an American, and, with his wife, has travelled a little everywhere. His has collaborated with well-known writers, but most of his work has been done for stories of which Mrs. Pennell has written the text. He seems to have a keen eye for the picturesque. At times he favors the grotesque.

A London journal is now publishing a description of Notre Dame, and Mr. Pennell's drawings of the dragons have Dore suggestions in their broad and vigorous lines. This exhibition is an interesting one, and will increase the fame of the young artist.

Two Seney sales have passed into the history of notable picture sales. A third one is now being arranged. The executors of the late George I. Seney have decided to dispose of all the canvases he possessed at his death. This sale will combine over three hundred works. They are soon to be placed on preliminary exhibition at the American Art Galleries. Among the artists represented are Corot, Diaz, Cazin, Mauve, Jacque, Knaus, Courbet, Couture, Lefebvre, Breton, Boldini, Vibert, Henner, Jacquet, Vollon, Stevens, Lerolle, Troyon, Dupre and Israels, and, as representatives of American art, Inness, A. H. Wyant, Alexander Harrison, Winslow Homer, H. Bolton Jones, W. M. Chase, F. D. Millet and G. H. Boughton.

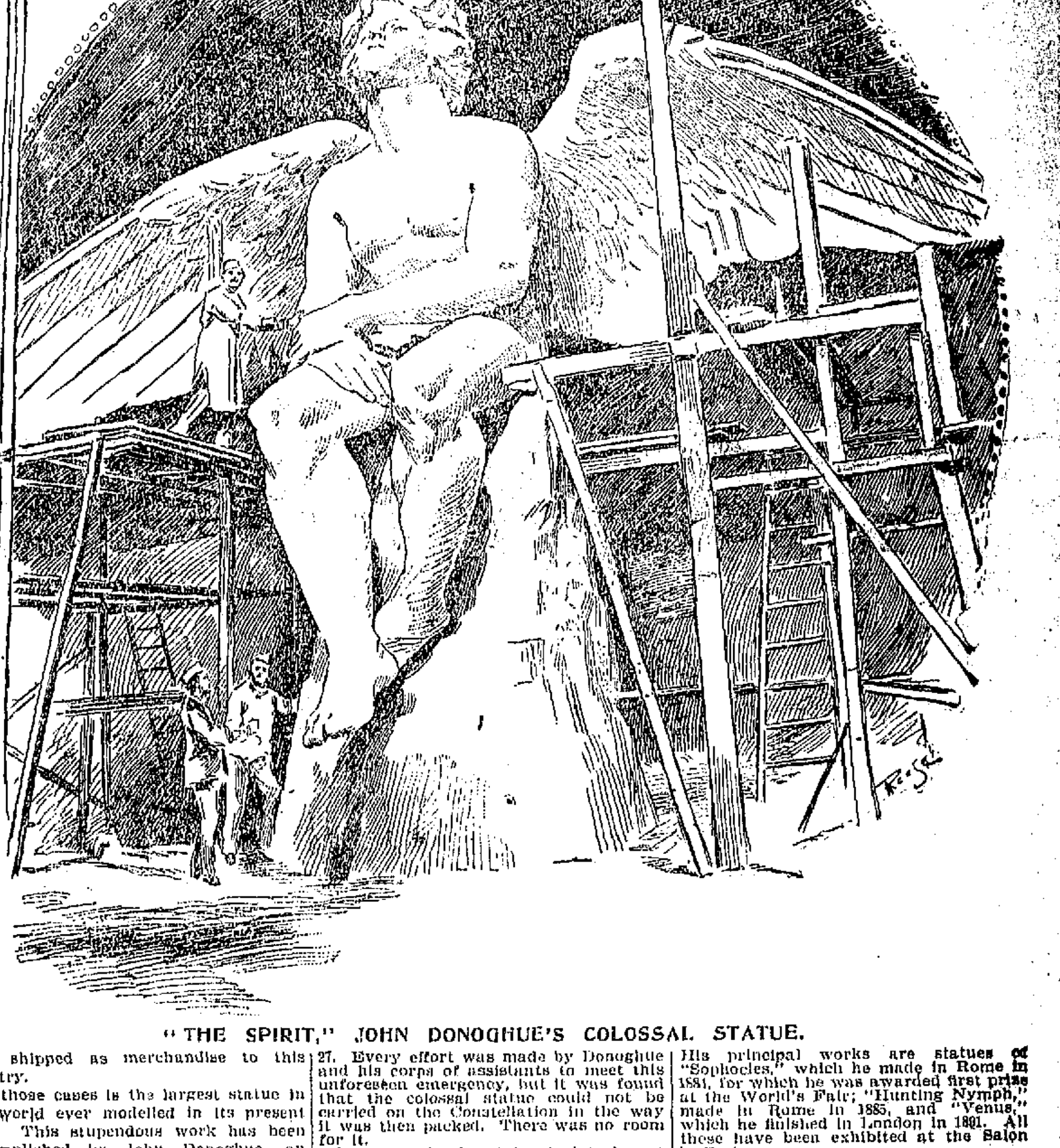
BIGGEST STATUE EVER MODELLED.

Sculptor Donoghue's Giant Angel in Plaster a Veritable White Elephant on His Hands.

A $2,000 FREIGHT BILL UNPAID.

Built in Rome for the World's Fair, but the Navy Department Refused to Bring It Over.

People who have business on the docks of the Union Warehouse Company in South Brooklyn often stop and look with a great deal of curiosity at eleven enormous wooden cases, covered with tarpaulin. The warehouse people say that they are probably the largest cases ever shipped as merchandise to this country.



"THE SPIRIT," JOHN DONOGHUE'S COLOSSAL STATUE.

In those cases is the largest statue in the world ever modelled in its present size. This stupendous work has been accomplished by John Donoghue, an American sculptor, who lived some years ago in Boston.

History records the erection of a colossus, representing Phoebus, the national deity of the Rhodians. It took twelve years to make, and was finished by a sculptor called Laches, in the year 280 B. C. There is no credible record of the actual size of this statue, various accounts stating it to have been all the way from 40 to 80 feet in height, including the pedestal. It was destroyed, sixty years after its erection, by an earthquake.

The only colossal statue, from a sculptural point of view, is the "Bavaria," at Munich. But this, like Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty, in New York harbor, was not modelled direct in its actual size. The latter was first constructed by Bartholdi in a clay model about twice life-size. It was then divided into sections, and made into wooden blocks mechanically enlarged, from which castings were taken for its completion in the metal. It is much larger than Donoghue's statue, being 151 feet high.

"The Spirit," of the American sculptor, John Donoghue, is therefore unique, having been modelled direct in the plaster, in this respect being different from any colossal figure made in modern times at least.

In 1890 Donoghue, who was then in Rome, conceived the idea of a colossal statue to be placed in the grounds at the World's Fair. He chose for his subject "The Spirit," being prompted by the following lines in "Paradise Lost:"

——Thou, from the first,
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like, satst brooding on the vast abyss,
And made it pregnant.

The determination on the part of the sculptor to model a colossal statue direct in the plaster in its actual size gave the cosmopolitan artistic colony in Rome an opportunity to scoff at the idea. So much was said in discouragement of his project that Donoghue gave up his original intention to make it direct in the plaster without casting, and he commenced operations in the same way that Bartholdi had done with the Statue of Liberty. After a time he became convinced that the process of mechanical enlargement was not only decidedly inartistic but extremely faulty. So he went back to his first proposition and set to work in earnest to make the largest statue in the world, modelled in its entirety.

As the work could not possibly have been accomplished in the open air, he began to despair of being able to find a studio sufficiently large to hold a statue of such gigantic proportions. It looked for some time as if he would have to have one built especially for it. But finally he succeeded in obtaining the use of the historic baths of Diocletianus. Then commenced the great work.

A scaffolding, which gradually increased to five stories in height, had to be built, and contracts made for the supply of some forty or fifty tons of absolutely pure, white plaster. Step by step the work proceeded, and the colossal statue began to rise up under the master hand of the sculptor. The artists in Rome came to look on occasionally, some to scoff and deride, some to admire in secret, if not openly.

But Donoghue plodded steadily on. At last, after two years' constant labor, after overcoming all the many obstacles with which he had met, after doing over and over again portions of the work which did not satisfy his artistic sense, John Donoghue suddenly announced, one morning, that the work of his life was completed. Then the scoffers and the deriders came to look and marvel. They did not laugh now, but uttered the usual "I told you so."

Meantime Donoghue was notified by the World's Fair Commissioners that the statue must be ready and packed during the second week in December, 1892. The ship Constellation, they said, would be sent over by the United States Government, to arrive on the first of December, sailing back again on or about the fourteenth of the same month. Instead of these arrangements being carried out, the Constellation arrived early in November, and sailed back Nov. 27. Every effort was made by Donoghue and his corps of assistants to meet this unforeseen emergency, but it was found that the colossal statue could not be carried on the Constellation in the way it was then packed. There was no room for it.

Consequently the statue had to be set up again, and taken down in eleven sections. This cost time and several thousand dollars. Eventually, however, everything was completed, several days before the time that had been stipulated by the World's Fair Commissioners. But the Constellation had already sailed. That is to say, she sailed almost four weeks before the time mentioned by the Commissioners.

Nothing daunted by this set-back, Donoghue had the statue shipped by steamer to America, and it arrived here, actually, several days before the Constellation herself. Now came the difficulty that destroyed all hopes that "The Spirit" would ever be seen at the World's Fair. As soon as Donoghue arrived in New York, he notified the Fair authorities that the statue was awaiting their orders at the Union Warehouse wharves in Brooklyn.

The freight charges for bringing it over on the steamer amounted to $2,000. This sum the Commissioners flatly refused to pay, on the ground that a special ship had been sent over by the Navy Department to bring over the works of all Americans in Europe free of charge. Donoghue was informed that all charges of shipment must be paid by himself. This the sculptor was unable to do, as he had expended his last dollar in the construction of the great work. He was also told that the time of sailing had been altered by peremptory orders from the Navy Department, with which the World's Fair people had nothing to do.

The American Minister at Rome, it was learned, cabled to the Secretary of the Navy, asking him to defer the sailing, if possible, to the stipulated time, as the statue was a work of really extraordinary merit. To this cablegram, it is said, no reply was ever received.

In correspondence between Donoghue and the World's Fair Commissioners, several offers were made by them, among them one to pay the freight of the statue from New York to Chicago. They thought of placing the big statue out in the lake, if a proper pedestal could be built for it. But this was impracticable, because the enormous area of the outstretched wings would never stand the pressure of the lake winds. Thus the sculptor's last hope was destroyed.

As matters now stand, this statue in plaster made by an American sculptor, the largest in the world ever modelled direct in its original size, regarded by Rome as a marvel, accepted by the World's Fair Commissioners as a work of distinction, now lies practically in pond for freight charges of $2,000, which the Fair people refused to pay on the ground that they had no funds for that purpose. In addition to these charges, the Union Warehouse has presented bills for $75 a month for storage since January, 1893.

The statue, without a pedestal, weighs between thirty-five and forty tons. Its height is thirty-five feet. With the pedestal it would reach about seventy feet. The wings from tip to tip measure forty-five feet. The arms are nearly eight feet in circumference. The foot is about five and one-half feet in length, while the big toe is larger than a man's head. It cost $1,000 to take down and cut in sections, after it was completed. To reproduce it in bronze would cost between $75,000 and $100,000.

The sculptor's design for the pedestal was a hemisphere of cobblestone mosaic fifty feet in diameter. On account of its size it was difficult to photograph it properly in the studio at the Baths of Diocletianus, in Rome, or to give any correct idea of its proportions. In the illustration the muscles of the lower half of the legs seem to be extraordinarily developed. This is caused by the perspective being destroyed in the nearness of the knees to the lens of the camera. The wings curve round so that the tips extend out further than the knees. This effect is also lost in any attempt to photograph it.

John Donoghue was born in Chicago about thirty-six years ago. He first studied sculpture in the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris, under the tutelage of the celebrated sculptor, Falguiere. While in Paris under Falguiere, Donoghue exhibited in the Salon his first piece of sculpture. It was a statue of Phedra. Phedra caused a sensation at the time, and was immediately sold to a rich collector for a large sum.

From Paris Donoghue went to Venice and then wandered through all the principal cities of Italy. A few years ago he went to Boston, where he was a social and art lion. While there he made busts of Gov. Ames, Mayor O'Brien and John Boyle O'Reilly, with whom up to the time of his death he was on terms of intimacy. The two latter busts now stand in the public library in Boston.

His principal works are statues of "Sophocles," which he made in Rome in 1881, for which he was awarded first prize at the World's Fair; "Hunting Nymph," made in Rome in 1885, and "Venus," which he finished in London in 1891. All these have been exhibited at the Salon in Paris.

"I tried to make 'The Spirit' the work of my life," said Donoghue at his house, No. 4 East Forty-second street, "and made up my mind that, as the product of a native born American, it should be exhibited in this country before anywhere else. The grounds of the World's Fair were just suited for that purpose. It may be that the statue will go to Chicago yet; there is a movement on foot in that direction. If it does not, however, I don't know what will become of it."

NEXT SUNDAY!

Frank R. Stockton's Curious Story, "The Comet Hunter and the Gemini."

Frank R. Stockton, the novelist, whose remarkable stories everybody knows all about, has been working very hard for The Sunday World. Next Sunday his latest curious story will appear in The Sunday World. The title indicates—well

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it doesn't give any idea of the story. Mr. Stockton's unique conception is, of course, fiction, but there is no reason in the world why just what he tells about might not happen at any moment. Some day it probably will. It is a great story.