

said, laying down a few pennies that had been wrapped in a corner of the shawl beside it, "and mamma says make it good and full."

"Allus the way with youse kids—want a barrel when yees pays fer a pint," growled the bartender. "There, run along and don't ye hang around that stove no more. We ain't a steam heatin' the block fer nothin'."

The little girl clutched her shawl and the pitcher and slipped out into the street where the wind lay in ambush, and promptly bore down on her in pillars of whirling dust as soon as she appeared. But the sun, that pitied her bare feet and little frozen hands played a trick on old Boreas—it showed her a way between the pillars, and only just her skirt was caught by one and whirled over her head as she dodged into her alley. It peeped after her half way down its dark depths, where it seemed colder even than in the bleak street, but there it had to leave her. It did not see her dive through the doorless opening into a hall where no sun ray had ever entered. It could not have found its way in there had it tried. And up the narrow, squeaking stairs the girl with the pitcher was climbing. Up one flight of stairs, over a knot of children, half babies, pitching pennies on the landing over wash tubs and bedsteads that encumbered the next—bousecleaning going on in that "flat;" that is to say, the surplus of bed-bugs was being burned out with petroleum and a feather—up still another, past a half-open door through which came the noise of brawling and curses. She shuddered as she heard them followed by a howl and a woman's scream, and quickened her step a little until she stood panting before a door on the fourth landing that opened readily as she pushed it with her bare feet.

A room almost devoid of stick or rag one might dignify with the name of furniture. Two chairs, one with a broken back, the other on three legs, beside a rickety table that stood upright only by leaning against the wall. On the unwashed floor a heap of straw covered with a dirty bed-tick for a bed, a foul-smelling slop-pail in the middle of the room, a crazy stove, and back of it a door or gap opening upon darkness. There was something in there, but what it was could only be surmised from a heavy snore that rose and fell regularly. It was the "bedroom" of the apartment, windowless, airless and sunless, but rented at a price Jay Gould would denounce as robbery.

"That you, Liza?" said a voice that discovered a woman bending over the stove. "Run 'n get the childer. Dinner's ready."

The December sun glancing down the wall of the opposite tenement with a hopeless effort to cheer the back yard, might have peeped through the one window of the room in Mrs. McGroarty's "flat," had that window not been coated with the dust of ages, and discovered that dinner party in action. It might have found a hundred like it in the alley. Four un-

kempt children, copies each in his or her way of Liza and their mother, Mrs. McGroarty, who "did washing" for a living. A meat bone, a "out" from the butcher's at 4 cents a pound, green pickles, stale bread and beer. Beer for the four, a sup all round, the baby included. Why not? It was the one relish the searching ray would have found there. Potatoes were there, too—potatoes and meat! Say not the poor in these tenements are starving. In New York only those starve who cannot get work and have not the courage to beg. Fifty thousand always out of a job, say those who pretend to know. A round half million asking and getting charity in eight years, say the statisticians of the charity organization. Anyone can see for himself that no one need starve in New York.

From across the yard the sun-ray, as it crept up the wall, fell slantingly through the attic window whence issued the sound of hammer-blows. A man with a hard face stood in its light, driving nails into the lid of a soft soap box that was partly filled with straw. Something else was there; as he shifted the lid that didn't fit, the glimpse of sunshine that fell across it; it was a dead child, a little baby in a white slip, bedded in straw, in a soap box for a coffin. The man was hammering down the lid to take it to the Potter's Field. In the corner knelt the mother, dry-eyed, delirious from starvation that had killed her child. Five hungry, frightened children cowered in the corner, hardly daring to whisper as they looked from the father to the mother in terror. There was a knock on the door that was drowned once, twice, in the noise of the hammer on the little coffin. Then it was opened gently, and a young woman came in with a basket. A little silver cross shone upon her breast. She went to the poor mother, and putting her hand soothingly on her head knelt by her with gentle and loving words. The half-crazed woman listened with averted face, then suddenly burst into tears and hid her throbbing head in the other's lap. The man stopped hammering and stared fixedly upon the two; the children gathered around with devouring looks as the visitor took from her basket bread, meat and tea. Just then, with a parting, wistful look into the bare attic room, the sun-ray slipped away, lingered for a moment about the coping outside and fled over the housetops.

As it sped on its winter day journey, did it shine into any cabin in an Irish bog more desolate than these Cherry Street "homes"? An army of a hundred thousand, whose one bright and wholesome memory, only tradition of home, is that poverty-stricken cabin the desolate bog, are herded in such barracks today in New York. Potatoes they have; yes, and meat at four cents—even seven. Beer for a relish—never without beer. But home? The home that was a home, even in a bog, with the love of it that has made Ireland immortal and a tower of strength in the midst of her suf-

fering—what of that? There are no homes in New York's poor tenements.

IN THE BEND.

Down the crooked path of the Mulberry street Bend the sunlight slanted into the heart of New York's Italy. It shone upon bandannas and yellow neckerchiefs; upon swarthy faces and corduroy breeches; upon black-haired girls—mothers at 13; upon hosts of bow-legged children rolling in the dirt; upon peddlers' carts and ragpickers staggering under burdens that threatened to crush them at every step. Shone upon unnumbered Pasquales dwelling, working, idling and gambling there. Shone upon the filthiest and foulest of New York's tenements, upon Bandit's Roost, upon Bottle Alley, upon the hidden by-ways that lead to the tramp's burrows. Shone upon the scene of annual infant slaughter. Shone into the foul core of New York's slums that is shortly to go to the realms of bad memories because civilized man may not look upon it and live without blushing.

It glanced past the rag shop in the cellar, whence welled up stenches to poison the town, into an apartment three flights up and held two women, one young, the other old and bent. The young one had a baby at the breast. She was rocking it tenderly in her arms, singing in the soft Italian tongue a lullaby, while the old granny listened eagerly, her elbows on her knees, and a stumpy clay pipe, blackened with age, between her teeth. Her eyes were set on the wall, on which the musty paper hung in shreds, fit frame for the wretched, poverty-stricken room, but they saw neither poverty nor want; her aged limbs felt not the cold draught from without, in which they shivered; they looked far over the seas to Sunny Italy, whose music was in her ears.

"Mia cara," she mumbled between her toothless jaws, "mia—"

The song ended in a burst of passionate grief. The old granny and the baby woke up at once. They were not in sunny Italy; not under Southern, cloudless skies. They were in "the Bend" in Mulberry street, and the December wind rattled the door as if it would say in the language of their new home, the land of the free: "Less music! More work! Root, hog, or die!"

IN CHINATOWN.

Around the corner the sunbeam danced with the wind into Mott street, lifted the blouse of a Chinaman and made it play tag with his pigtail. It used him so roughly that he was glad to skip from it down a cellarway that gave out fumes of opium strong enough to scare even the north wind from its purpose. The soles of his felt shoes showed as he disappeared down the ladder that passed for cellar steps. Down there, where daylight never came, a group of yellow, almond-eyed men were bending over a table playing fantan. Their very souls were in the game, every faculty of the mind bent on the issue and the stake. The one house that was indifferent to what went on was stretched on a mat in the corner. One end of a