

needed; now they need food of various kinds to supplement what they are allowed, as well as other articles of use which the English Government does not furnish. For instance, the authorities have expressed themselves to the effect that hats, caps, suspenders, towels, soap, socks, and handkerchiefs will be acceptable, while oatmeal, cornmeal, desiccated vegetables, peas, beans, condensed milk, tea, coffee, all kinds of cereals, jackknives, and small mechanical tools are much needed. No second-hand clothing is now allowed to be sent to the camps.

The religious character of these five thousand rough-looking men and boys was very striking, and much of their time is

devoted to Bible-reading, prayer-meetings, and singing classes. They profess the most childlike faith and trust in an overruling Providence, and are as confident of the ultimate outcome of their struggle for liberty and an independent national life as they were before the war broke out.

All contributions, whether of money or clothing or food, should be addressed to Miss A. M. Outerbridge, Sec. P. O. W. Relig. Committee, Hamilton, Bermuda. All packages should be marked "Free Gifts from United States for P. O. W.," contents stated, and itemized list sent to Miss Outerbridge as above. All charges should be prepaid and donors' names and addresses sent.

The Story of an East Side Family

VIII.—Unto the Second Generation

By Lillian W. Betts

JACK, Mary, and the children had lived for several years in quiet prosperity. These years were such as are possible only in a family where the youngest child has passed its second summer and seems a settled fact, and the eldest child is just emerging from the period of dependent youth into that of independent existence which marks the third stage of family life on the East Side.

Mary's children had passed through all of what some one has aptly called the trundle-bed diseases at the trundle-bed age, and so naturally as scarce to disturb the even tenor of life in the home. This stage of the family life was passed before the Health Board in New York had become intrusive. The school life of the older children had not been interrupted by these illnesses. The idea of germs had not passed beyond the agricultural and floricultural meaning. Mary and her friends who were mothers would have understood the meaning of a Greek root as quickly as the word germs.

As the years passed Mary's attitude toward her home changed. She was not consciously ambitious, but she greatly enjoyed the distinction which the holding of an office in her club gave her, not only in the club, but in the neighborhood.

The club was limited in membership; even membership conferred distinction. To be selected by the select was prominence.

Mary's mind responded to practical education that did not involve any change in her home system. It responded to the education in civic affairs, and she preached this gospel to the neighbors. The Health Board was to prevent disease. Sinks and cellars became objects of interest. The Street Department was one of personal supervision, and the sweeper and garbage-collector were often made to regret this when compelled to work under the light of this new neighborhood dispensation. The policeman felt the change, and was made to realize at times that he was the servant of the people. Docks became something of value, and the question reached the Boss, "Why cannot the people have access to the piers and docks?" Then the Recreation Pier was built, just at the time when the people had been roused to its value enough to ask for it. To all this education Mary responded with enthusiasm, and became herself a teacher.

To talks on foods, hygiene, ethics, Mary listened restlessly. She absolutely declined the library privileges of the club

even for her children after the first months. She ceased to pretend to read. Her system of living was never disturbed by any effort of the would-be philanthropist. If Mary made any change in her system, it was because she saw money value in it, the only value of which Mary had any clear conception. It was wholly beyond her comprehension that any human being should make sacrifices for another without thought of return. Her neighborly efforts in time of trouble were based on the fact which she saw demonstrated constantly, "that you never know when your own time may come." It was a bank of good fellowship on which she might have to make drafts, so she made her contribution.

Had she been convinced of the value of the new teaching opened to her, her social activities, the direct effect of her club ambitions, did not permit her time to practice the new ideas on her younger children, and her older children were now at work.

How well Mary remembered the day on which she had watched her eldest daughter proudly as she walked down the stairs and out on the street to earn her first day's wages!

The family was rounding out its circle of experience and coming into full sympathy with its neighbors.

Mamie was only thirteen when she became a wage-earner. But factory laws did not concern the world of which Mamie was a part. It was known that there were some meddlers uptown who were trying to have a law passed dictating to American citizens when their children could go to work. "The boys" had made their sentiments known and the Boss would look after the bill. "Let them think themselves active; they'll let more important things alone," was the political philosophy of the region. "At the right time the bill will be shelved for another year." Events proved that "the boys" were prophets.

The child was awake long before daylight that morning, as excited and happy as if she were going on a picnic. The chief cause of delight was that now school was over. She was beginning a life of freedom.

Mamie had shared with fifty or more other children the interest and vitality of the several class teachers during the fre-

quently interrupted school life of seven years. She had not the slightest knowledge of or love for books. The world of books for her held only a reader, a grammar, an arithmetic, and a geography, and the use of any one of them she had never discovered. The variation in the size of the type on the pages of a newspaper confused her mind, and she adopted her father's picture method of interpreting the news of the day.

Mamie now entered the world with which she felt kinship—a world that appealed to her, and one that she could understand—the world of work and wages. Its possibilities were limitless. There were girls who earned eight dollars a week, and some who made even ten. She never saw these multi-millionaires, but others had. Not a doubt of reaching the eight-dollar limit was in her mind. "A dollar and a half a week is 'most a quarter of that," she thought bravely that first day. The very thought straightened her little spinal column, and caused her to treat her brother, who had no such immediate prospects, with mild toleration. She ate her breakfast of bread and strong coffee with her father, and hurried off to work with the girl whose mother was in her mother's club. This girl was a very Solomoness of wisdom. She had reached the advanced age of fifteen and had worked for two years. She had long given up counting the number of shops in which she had worked, or the industries of which she had at least caught a glimpse. She could tell accurately the kind of boss or forelady any man or woman she found in the positions would make. She began Mamie's education at once by imparting numberless injunctions as to the things she could and could not do. Long before Mamie reached the shop she knew that Jennie was proud, that Lottie was mean and Katie sly; that there was not a girl in the shop Mamie could trust but her. Mamie could tell her everything safely.

The crowd of carts, of trucks, and of workers in the under-world of wage-earning were awake and moving rapidly before Mamie reached that thoroughfare of which she had often heard but never seen—Broadway.

Beyond this the two workers entered a narrow door and ascended two flights of wooden stairs, dark and dirty. The hall-

ways were inclosed on either side with wooden partitions. On the third floor Mamie's guide, protector, and friend opened a door, and Mamie entered the field of her first triumphs. She was stared at without the slightest attempt at concealment by the twenty or more girls getting ready to work. Mamie was to be the "forelady's" errand girl, her friend having been promoted. Going back and forth, fetching and carrying, bringing messages, standing about hearing the gossip and complaints of the girls, the jokes of the "boss" with his forewoman, Mamie's education was rapid, if the road was not royal. She discovered at once the rivalry between the forewoman and the designer, and before the week was over had decided that the forewoman was the one to "tie to." In the same period of time she had emancipated herself from the guiding hand of the girl who had secured her the place, and before the month was out she patronized her. Mamie, it was recognized, had a pull with the forewoman, and reaped full benefit in favors from less fortunate workers.

That first Saturday night, when Mamie gave her mother her envelope with her week's wages inside, she would not have changed places with any one on earth. The heights beyond were clear to her. They were to be reached by the natural ascent of more wages. Her mind was so perfectly adjusted that she would have given you to understand in a few minutes that wages were a mere matter of years until the highest were reached. She would have demonstrated by countless living examples that her theory was true. When you were thirteen, you got so much; and when you were twenty, you got so much. You didn't get any more wages after twenty because you got married, or were 'most married. Mamie's economics were formed on the simple theory of life from observation. Her deductions were not disturbed by complex contradictions. She considered workers as known units. She knew nothing of the past, cared nothing for the future, except as it concerned herself. There was a vital present, of which she was the center.

Sundays all this world slipped away. The forewoman gave her bits of ribbon, lace, velvet, and other dress goods. She picked up pieces from the floor about the

cutting-tables. At first she asked for these; in a short time she took them as perquisites.

Mary saved all the large bits for a possible future use, but the child kept the smaller pieces. Sunday mornings she would take out the treasures she was allowed to keep, and her doll. Wonderful were the toilets in which this doll appeared. When Mamie came down to the street with the doll in her arms, every mother of a doll in the neighborhood rushed to see her and envy the mother. Mamie had attended the sewing-schools Saturday mornings.

The dull season came, and Mamie went to work in a paper-box factory. This place she found herself, and entered without an introduction. The factory was somewhere, her mother knew, near the North River, but she did not know the street or number.

At fourteen, without consultation or explanation, Mamie had found work at the change of each season and established herself in her mother's confidence and regard. Her envelope was given each Saturday night unopened to her mother—the test of filial duty, the measure of affection. There was no increase in the bank account because of the increase of income. There were more indulgences; Mamie had more flowers on her hats, and, as was her due, more dresses. If the children worked, they must have the benefit, was Mary's idea of the parental relation, and benefits meant pleasures and clothes.

Mamie was an important member of the family, and popular in the neighborhood. She trimmed hats, and, when on good terms, helped to make dresses. In Mamie her mother had a social ally. The boy next older one day announced that he had a place, confirming in Mary's mind the superiority of her children.

The second girl became restless. She saw the liberty wage-earning gave her sister, and she pined for like privileges. Each day she scanned the want columns of the newspapers. At last her opportunity came. She applied for the position of cash-girl at an east-side department store.

There must have been an interval of time in which the Boss was pursuing, or on a journey, or, peradventure, asleep, for a certificate was demanded showing that Tressy was fourteen, of sound body, and

had attended school a specified time. Tressy did not have the certificate and could not get the place. The child confided to her mother her intention and the reason of failure. Jack and Mary rose in their wrath. "The law tell them what their children could and could not do! They'd see about it."

The child got her certificate. Her mother swore she was fourteen. There was a new bond between the mother and child. The mother was Tressy's ally against the world, and they won. Mary's eyes snapped when she thought of the law's dictation; she straightened her back in triumph when she thought how cleverly and easily she defied and conquered it. Mary's mind and morals did not develop in harmony. Her leaders at the club were wholly unfamiliar with her moral development. The club life, as they saw it, gave no test. Their world gave them no clue to the moral standards governing this woman's life.

Mary and Jack were very proud of their children. They were impudent, defiant at times, did not speak the truth, and were often lawless where parental government was concerned. They could not be controlled, for they had a power in their own hands. The envelope holding the week's wages represented it. This would be yielded willingly while their wishes were duly considered. The wage envelope regulated parental control; it was never carried by Mary to the breaking-point.

Mary could not be deceived by her daughters; she remembered her own wage-earning days and the relation they bore to her home and its control. She profited by that hapless experience; so did her children. Jack did not have this advantage, and soon proved his inability to cope with the new generation. When authority was accepted, Mary was the dictator.

As compared with the children of the families they knew, Jack's and Mary's parental pride was justified. No children kept themselves more steadily or earned better wages or were in closer touch with the forewoman or boss. They did not need parental guidance or protection to find work. They did not need parents in the business world. They were fully equal to its demands and charges.

In a general way, Mary knew where they were working, but never definitely.

If her activities had changed in the home, her standards had not. Her daughters knew that the parlor was always in order. They invited their friends freely, and Mary often met them. Jack left all this side of life to Mary; he rarely sat in the parlor that was the family pride. As the children grew more active, Jack became less and less of a figure in the family life, except as a financial prop and stay.

The increase of income in this family through the constant increase of the wage-earning capacity of its members enlarged the social opportunities of the family. Bicycles were the possessions of each member, and the piano a family possession. The one they learned to use, the other their friends used. Expending money for education in any form was wholly opposed to Mary's philosophy of life. If they could have learned to use the piano as they had the bicycles, it would have held the same place at the end of a month in their affection and interest. Its value lay in the mark of distinction it conferred on the family. The daily paper gave them all the literature that interested them.

This was the state of development of the family when it counted three wage-earners besides the father. The lodgers were still kept to reduce rent, and Mary was still the housekeeper, and to that degree a fifth wage-earner in a family of seven occupying four rooms.

Outside factors bade fair to change the life of the two younger children still in school. Libraries had been introduced in the schools, and supplementary reading was a feature of school work. Even the older children were silenced when the lessons of these younger ones were brought forward. Jack sometimes sighed as he heard the boy and girl complain as they leaned over their books getting ready for the next day's work in school. He was conscious that they knew his limitations, even when he turned the pages of their books with greatest interest. There was not a child in the house who, in his most daring moments, did not recognize the danger of lifting this veil from their father's life. There was a limit to Mary's tolerance. The older girls had come under a new influence. When Mamie was about

sixteen, she heard some of her shopmates talking about their club. She asked some questions. In a month's time Mamie was a member of a working-girl's club. Here for the first time she met the people of that other world; she stood face to face with young women whose going and coming were items for the society columns of newspapers. Her sister was introduced, and became a member of the same club. Life opened at a new level. The manners that had represented the best were first questioned, then rejected, and the new accepted in their stead. Trimming disappeared from hats and dresses until severe outlines represented the new standards of taste. They cultivated the young men they knew who seemed of the type that would stand the club test. Their mother slowly awakened to the fact that her place was changed. She lived with the uncomfortable feeling that her children were taking notes, and some of them were of disapproval. Her voice grew sharper, and her authority was asserted with the result of producing friction.

When Nettie, the youngest daughter, approached the age at which the daughters of this family went to work, two firm voices declared it was not to be thought of. "Nettie must go to school longer."

"You do well enough with what you got," was the proud protest of the mother.

"Yes, but we'd do better if we knew more," was the unexpected reply.

"Perhaps yer think we didn't do well fer yer," was the daring rejoinder, with inward consciousness that she had failed at least in part as a mother, for the veil was being rent and Mary was seeing more clearly.

"Mother, you did well—as well as you knew how. But things is different now, and you know it; Nettie must go to school longer," was the firm announcement.

"Perhaps you want to make a teacher of her?"

"Perhaps," was the quiet response. Mary faced her first defeat in the management of her family, and talked the louder to conceal her consciousness of it.

The younger boy presented a problem they could not solve. He had grown up in the street—at first as a baby under the care of his sisters. As the demands of the family and the social opportunities of Mary's new departure claimed more of

her time, he was his own master when not in school the half-day for which the authorities made provision. He viewed this privilege with such contempt that he frequently escaped paying his respects for several half-days at a time. Intellectually this was but a trifling loss; morally it worked his undoing. His mother viewed half-day school privileges with contempt, and felt justified in utilizing the boy's service in the work her duties as housekeeper involved. As he grew older more and more of these duties were delegated to him, and furnished the reason for not finding him suitable employment. This produced the family problem, Tom. He disliked anything that required continuous labor or thought, and refused all work that involved either. He could do odd jobs that provided him with spending money, and defied all control when sixteen.

One night he did not come home. Mary sat by the window listening to every footfall. She reviewed her life. Faint glimmerings of failure; acts for which she blushed; kindnesses paid by unkindness, selfishness that approached dishonesty, and once even that. Was this her punishment? A blackness settled over her that shut out every gleam of proud success that had stimulated her life. Mary saw that there was a success she had not striven for, and now her baby was the sacrifice that must be paid. A boyish figure turned the corner, and walked with difficulty toward the house. Mary flew down to the door. Jack followed her. They undressed the bold, self-reliant boy, and again he was the baby they put in their own bed. Sitting beside him, through their tears they watched the swollen face of that baby—they now knew to be a neglected baby—till the morning light came through the closed shutters. The circle of experience was nearly rounded that brought Mary and Jack into full sympathy with their neighbors. Life was educating them to appreciate law.

The older girls were thoroughly roused. They talked over their brother with one of the leaders in their club. She suggested that Tom should come to the next reception, and meet her brother; perhaps Tom could be induced to join the club at the Settlement in which her brother was interested.

This brought the first open rupture

between Jack and his daughters. He remembered that it was one of these very club members that had downed him on the very verge of power. His boy should never go there. The daughters won.

The boy was bribed by a coat with tails, to be his the night he went to the club reception. The month passed and he was a prominent member of his club. He boxed so well as to command attention. A professional was to give lessons at the club, and Tom decided he must take them. He went to work to earn the money. New wants were born that to be gratified must be paid for. Wages became an object with Tom for what they would bring. His social interests were transferred from the street to the club, and Tom was on the social ascent.

Mary had a new revelation. The social interests of her children were outside of the home, except for a few intimates with whom she never felt at ease. The older girl married a man who openly manifested his indifference to his wife's family. Mary visited her daughter only when he was at work. The older boy, a quiet, reserved man, married a girl they never saw until she was his wife. He established a home at the other end of the city, at the level of his father's in space and furnishing. His mother and father were politely received, but the wife's family dominated.

This was the stage reached when Jack suddenly was unable to work. He had seen the factory go down until four men instead of forty were employed. The owner was willing it should run if it made no demands on his income from other sources. A sentiment led him not to close the factory that had laid the foundation of his fortune, but it must not bother him. The shrinking of the factory had marked the shrinking of Jack's life interest. He worked with the old passion, but with defeat, not success, the result of his best effort. Now he was too ill to work; his life grasp loosened suddenly.

Like a knell came the doctor's verdict: "Consumption."

Jack was taken to a noted specialist, who by a few pointed questions drew out his life's history. "No, there is no hope.

You cannot sleep in wagons and hallways in boyhood and fight disease successfully even in early middle life. Nothing can be done. It began long, long ago."

All the love for Jack that had lain dormant in Mary's heart during these years of abstraction sprang to life and activity. Jack became the center of the home. Every act of her life was considered in its relation to his. Each penny was counted before it was expended, unless it was for Jack. The sunny days when he went to the factory were Mary's days of promise. A glory came to the home it had never known. It centered about a quiet man, who had gone in and out among them, with no questions as to his wish in any plan or project the family considered; he followed after them or was forgotten.

Now the home was his home. His wife came to him with a love of which he had never dreamed. His children worked for him.

The path along which he was walking was luminous, though he had entered it so many years before he expected.

One Sunday night, when Mary and Jack sat in the twilight alone, she said softly:

"I ain't never asked yer, Jack, but would you like to see a minister or a priest?"

"No, Mary. I got along widout 'em so far and they ain't boddereed me, so I guess we'll let 'em alone," was Jack's quiet declaration.

"But Jack, folks do have somebody."

"I know, Mary, but I always thought it was sneakin' to wait till der last."

He was quiet a moment and then added: "I suppose the children will want somebody at the funeral. Have either. It don't make no difference to me. One's as good as the other."

"What was yer mother?" persisted bewildered Mary, whose choice was equally indefinite.

"I don't know." Then slowly: "I never heard of me father. It's all the same to me which yer have. I ain't troubled dem, and dey ain't troubled me."

He reached in the darkness for Mary's hand. Firm, true, tender was the grasp. Jack smiled contentedly.

Fort Louis of Mobile: A Commemoration

By Grace King

WE hear and do much talking, nowadays, about making history. Political introspectiveness may be called one of the psychological features of our time and generation. Such a sense of belonging to a great historical epoch has been added to our other responsibilities that, do what we may to seem at ease in no matter what form of patriotic celebration, self-consciousness stiffens the naturalness of any position we assume into an attitude, if not a pose; and there seems to be no spontaneity possible in us. It was, therefore, with peculiar pleasure that the writer took part, the other day, in an unpretentious little ceremony to commemorate men and deeds of two centuries ago, in the history of which one could with no ingenuity intrude himself or his critical present, but which one could celebrate with a rare feeling of hearty humility and praise.

Two hundred years ago, in January, Jean Baptiste Lemoyne de Bienville removed the newly established colony of Louisiana from Biloxi to a site upon the Mobile River selected by Iberville on a previous exploration, and thus described in his instructions: "Sixteen miles from Massacre Island (Dauphin Island), at the second bluff." Upon just such a morning as this, clear and cool, with a dazzling sun overhead and a radiant blue sky, a cool breeze rippling the water—upon just such a morning as this the young commander may, nay must, have led his heavily freighted boats up the river. We imagine him passing along by the plateau upon which Mobile stands, covered then, as it would be now could it return to nature, with a marvelously luxuriant growth of magnolia, oak, pine, cypress, chestnut, sycamore, hung with vines, even as they are to-day along the Bay Road. And as we, passing along, left the plateau, and by degrees the sights and sounds of the shipping and busy activities behind us, and glided further and further into the stillness of nature and morning, we could fancy, indeed, that we were heading up a current other than the Mobile River—the metaphorical one upon which Iber-

ville, Bienville, and all of us make our little excursion.

Indeed, so pleasantly were our minds attuned to the occasion, and so genially did the scenery lend itself to our sentimental mood—or it may have been only the natural results of good spirits from the early morning start and the pleasant day before us—that we could not see ourselves as an agreeable party of people in a gayly decorated United States revenue cutter, with orator, band, and luncheon aboard, going to celebrate the bicentennial of the founding of Fort Louis de la Mobile, but as the boat-loads of adventurers going actually to found it!—the young Bienville with his elder brothers Sérigny and Chateaugué, French soldiers and sailors, officers, royal commissary, notaries, priests, and surveyors, Canadians and Indians, a long line of boats and canoes. The sun surely glistened on the water ahead of their prow as it did ahead of ours; the blue sky was as smiling and tender over them as over us. They passed through the same banks, the same trees, on one side and on the other; the same bayous poured their same floods through mouths fringed with grasses; that shallow marshy nook in the curve was there then as now, its tall reeds dry and golden in the sun and quivering in the fresh north breeze; their eyes noted the same patch of palmetto, the same cypress with their buttressed trunks standing in the same stretch of swamp; their boats went around the island in the river, as we did; they passed the first bluff and began to look for the second, as we did; hailed it when it came in sight, landed and climbed to the top, as we did, and stood upon a small tableland overlooking the river, covered then with virginal forest.

Iberville himself could not superintend the transportation. The doughty sailor was confined to his ship (so well named the Renommée), at anchor in the harbor of Pensacola. "I could not go to Mobile," he writes, "being kept in bed ever since my departure from Saint Domingo by an abscess in the side, for which I had to have an incision six inches