



NEWSBOYS FIGHTING FOR A FAVORITE CORNER.



NEWSBOYS IN A "CRAP" GAME.

bringing the horned team to a halt every few yards.

For three miles the melancholy progress continues until, the sand gradually ending in the semblance of a road, the oxen are unhitched and the coach jolts and jars over ruts and bowlders, shaking the traveller about like a pea in a pint measure and landing him bruised and dizzy at Camuy.

The reverse of the picture presents itself in the thirty-two miles from Camuy to Aquadilla, the third seaport of the island, and the scene of the landing of Columbus in 1493.

The smooth macadam road, lined with crimson flamboyants and nodding palms and shaded with almond and Indian laurel trees, is a model of scientific road building, and is easily covered in an automobile in less than two hours.

**NO BETTER THAN A DOG.**

John D. Crimmins on his return from Europe said:

"I believe that children should learn foreign languages. Nothing makes an American feel so provincial as to visit foreign countries and have nothing but English to depend on. Why, even in England the menus are in French, and, if you have no French, where are you when it comes to ordering an English dinner?"

"I don't believe, though, in teaching children languages in an unthorough, halfhearted way, so that, when they go to Paris, they will say: 'No, I don't speak French, but I understand it when it's spoken.'"

"In a shop on the Avenue de l'Opera I heard a young fellow, in asking for a job, make that very remark one day to an old Frenchman."

"I don't speak French, but I can understand it, sir," he said.

"The old Frenchman answered with a laugh: 'Oh, my dog can do that.'"

**WALDORF ROOM AT THE NEWSBOYS' LODGING HOUSE**

*Some Picturesque Characteristics of the Little Fellows Who Sell "Uxtrys" in the Streets of New-York.*

Whatever the newsboy may lack in appearance, he has at bottom all the instincts of an aristocrat. Let the sunshine of prosperity beam on him even for a moment, and he buds with the true flowers of a patrician. If he makes a couple of dollars by the help of the Japanese fleet, whose latest manoeuvres has furnished him with a startling bit of news, he spends his money with a lavish hand. Instead of a box at the opera, he buys tickets for the "gang" just beneath the grimy roof of some Bowery theatre.

A striking illustration of the "newsie's" latent gentility is furnished by a new feature of the Newsboys' Lodging House, near Chatham Square, which has been called the "Waldorf Room." Although plenty of white, clean beds were to be had in the two big halls for 5 and 10 cents a night, yet an exclusive circle of newsboy society demanded apartments of great privacy. Some of them had obtained work in nearby business houses, where they were enjoying incomes of \$10 and \$15 a week; and as "Dutch Pete," who is now loading delivery wagons across the alley from the lodging house, expressed it:

"W'en you'se got de wad, you'se might as well lif like a gent. An' yer can't be a gent widdout piracy. Yer can't mix up wid de bunch and perserve yer rights as a gent."

A room was accordingly set apart, in which were put eight beds, each one with a private locker at its head. Fifteen cents a night was charged for sleeping in this apartment, which soon came to be known as the "Waldorf Room,"

and, by reason of the exalted social standing of the eight youths who became its inmates, they were honored with the title of the "Waldorf Gang."

As soon as the newsboy obtains a sufficient income he yearns for a bed in the "Waldorf Room" as ardently as a successful banker aspires to a marble front house in Millionaire's Row. He becomes discontented with the 10-cent bed, in which he hitherto slept so soundly. He looks around the big room, with its rows of beds, whose white iron frames look as if they had been turned out of the same factory by the same pair of hands. He takes a peep into the adjoining locker room, where he just now undressed with a crowd of other boys, and stowed his clothes away in a sort of pigeonhole in a great wire cage and then scampered off to his bunk. He recalls, too, the time when he slept in a 5-cent bed in the great hall downstairs, where there was a still bigger crowd. And although he has risen from a 5-cent to a 10-cent bed, this Young America now feels he will never be satisfied until he can rest within the exclusive sheets of a "fifteen center."

The obstacles, however, which beset his ambition seem almost insurmountable. Like Mr. Got-Rich-Quick, who moves to New-York from Petroleum Creek, and who is surprised to find the doors of Gotham's best society closed against him, his aspirations suffer many a rebuff. The tenants of "de ate swell deckers" guard the dignity of their social rank with jealous circumspection, and even when a bed becomes vacant

and Superintendent Heig sends in a new boy, the other seven at first regard him as a up-start.

Although some of the "Waldorf Gang" are earning enough money to hire a furnished room uptown, they find the attractions of their present life too potent. "We'd rather be the main guys here," as one of them expressed it, "than be an under dog at a cheap boarding house." Nevertheless, when the superintendent finds that a youth has prospered sufficiently to make his home elsewhere and let some other lad rise to take his place, he transplants the graduate into a good home, where, under the right influences, he can strive for still higher ideals.

It was just half a century ago that the Chatham Square Newsboys' Lodging House was founded by Charles Loring Brace. It was the first institution of its kind in the United States. The building was erected by private subscription, and was managed by Mr. Brace for some time before it was accepted by the Children's Aid Society, of which Mr. Brace was the executive officer. Since then other lodging houses have been established by the society, and in its last report, which covers fifty years of work, this organization tells of having rescued and placed in family homes 23,061 orphans or abandoned children, provided places in the country for 25,000 older boys and girls, and restored 5,551 runaway children to parents. The vast majority of those sent to family homes in the West have become farmers, and not a few have risen to stations of high responsibility. John G. Brady, Governor of Alaska, for instance, was once a lodging house boy, and others whose careers are known to the society include two Congressmen, four members of State legislatures, twenty-seven bankers, thirty-four lawyers, twenty-two merchants, seventeen physicians, fifteen journalists, eighty-



**SIZING UP A NEWCOMER.**  
In the "Waldorf Room" of the Newsboys' Lodging House.



**THE SAVINGS BANK IN THE NEWSBOYS' HOME.**