

A TYPICAL FISHER BOAT OF BRITTANY.

one teacher, twenty-one clergymen and more than a thousand soldiers and sailors.

Between two and three hundred lads make their home in the Chatham Square Lodging House every night. As they file into the assembly hall, in the half hour before 6 o'clock, each reports to the superintendent. If a lad is working, he hands 15, 20 or 25 cents to the superintendent for three brass checks and a key. The checks for breakfast and supper cost only a nickel apiece, and the bed check varies from 5 to 15 cents. The minimum amount for a week's board and lodging is \$1.05.

Near the superintendent's desk, as if to invite the attention of every one that enters, is a shallow, black box, the top of which is cut with rows of slots, each labelled with a number. As the lads pass by nearly every one goes down into his pocket and drops a few coins into a certain slot. Whenever a lad wants his savings, Mr. Heig opens the bank, and sometimes he takes out as much as \$30. In the last year 139 depositors saved \$500.74. Not infrequently the money is transferred to a savings bank, and Mr. Heig has one bankbook in his possession which has just reached the thousand dollar mark.

Cleanliness is one of the first rules of the lodging house. After registering, the lads go to the washrooms, which have just been equipped with an elaborate new set of bowls, tubs and shower baths. At the supper tables the "Waldorf Gang" dines on a perfect equality with the "Five Cent Blokes."

In every way the boys are made to understand that the lodging house is not an institution of charity. They pay or work for all they get. If a lad comes in penniless he is put to work cleaning windows or scrubbing floors. But his pride soon drives him to get employment. The lads earning money call him a "bum," and he jumps at the first job which is offered to him. He need not wait long. Every day some one applies for a boy.

There are many gifts of clothes to the lodging house, but the boys who want a new coat or pair of trousers must pay for them, even though it is a nominal price. The other day a friend of the Children's Aid Society sent in fifty suits from a Broadway clothier. They were offered for \$1 a suit. There was then a run on the savings banks, and the suits were soon distributed, and on the following Sunday, as "Collars," the Chesterfield of the "Waldorf Gang," expressed it: "Dere wuz the swellest bunch of guys as ever et lodgin' house grub." Several of the boys had been fascinated with summer suits of rather startling hues for the sombre days of early spring. One youth, for instance, appeared in a suit of light straw color, with a bizarre check, and, costumed as if for the race-track in midsummer, he sauntered up the Bowery, totally oblivious to such catcalls from his associates as: "Hello, dere, Reggie from Paris!" "Can't cher hear dose clothes?" "Say, is dat suit made of asbestus?"

On rainy days, when the street crowds are too busy struggling with the storm to buy papers, the newsboy finds the lodging house a veritable haven. Here he may obtain a dry and sheltered corner, and in the evening when his legs ache from tramping the pavements he can play checkers or pool or listen to comrades as they sing to the accompaniment of the big, square piano. And if "Paddy the Pug," the leader of the lodging house chorus, lifts his voice, as he can when he wants to, till it sounds as clear and sweet as that of a vested chorister, and sings that favorite of all newsboy songs, "The Man Echind," he will join in the refrain.

Then he forgets all about the fight he had in a back street an hour ago, and the blow that made his temple bleed.

He knows the words of "The Man Behind," and he loves the song, not so much for its melody as the worldly truthfulness of its lines. The last stanza in particular appeals to him:

There's the man behind the club, behind the uniform in blue;  
Behind him are the wardmen and the wise old roundsmen, too.  
The captain they report to is behind the lamps of green,  
But the man who gets the money is the man behind the green.

And he joins the refrain by singing:

The man behind, the man behind,  
He's the wisest man that you will ever find.  
At reformers he has laughed,  
He's the man behind the graft,  
So always try to be the man behind.

At the lodging house the "newsie" is safe from gambling resorts, which have a particular charm for him. In Broome-st., Henry-st., at Sixth-ave. and Twenty-eighth-st., Forty-second-st. and Third-ave., Fifty-ninth-st. and Third-ave., and many other places near the best newspaper routes, there are places where the newsboy may buy policy tickets, shoot craps or play poker. There are pool tables at a cent a cue, where the lads bet five cents or more on each game, and where in a few hours a boy who has earned \$1 in the day may lose everything he has. And when such a lad does not find a pool-room convenient he uses the sidewalk for a gambling place. He carries all the necessary paraphernalia for a crap game in his pocket, and it takes only a minute to summon the "bunch" around the corner into a less frequented street, where the dice are soon rattling over the asphalt.

There is a certain professional pride in the newsboy of this city. He realizes that he lives in the biggest and wealthiest community of the New World, and that he must use his brains to get ahead.

"De New-York newsboy," said one of them,

"is the keenest ever, but he ain't got t'e education t'at the Boston kids has. I wuz up ter t'e Hub not long ago, studyin' t'e organization dere. Dey's got a bang up union in Boston; an', say, de grammar dose bloats used would put out yer lamps. W'y, dey can spiel off words as crooked as Pearl-st. an' as long as Broadway, an' w'en yer get ter t'e end of 'em you're blowed to know w'ere yer started in at."

In order to succeed the newsboy must be a

fighter. He must guard the particular piece of sidewalk where he sells his "papers" against all comers. "An' dere's only one way ter do it," as a Park Row "newsie" expressed it. "You'se got ter scrap fer it. If a kid tries ter butt inter your route, you'se got ter knock 'im out, or he'll knock yer out. Only de womens we don't bother. Dere's a bunch of womens 'round t'e bridge dats been dere since it wuz built; an' dey can stay, too. We'se got nothin' comin' agin them."

## PERILS OF BRETON FISHERFOLK.

### Amid the Fogs and Icefloes on Newfoundland Banks Many Lives Have Been Lost.

Three fishers went sailing out into the West.  
Out into the West as the sun went down;  
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best;  
And the children stood watching them out of the town;  
For men must work, and women must weep,  
And there's little to earn and many to keep,  
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

The conclusion of the Anglo-French treaty, which, among other things, changes the status of French fishermen on the coast of Newfoundland that has prevailed for nearly two centuries, serves to draw attention to the perils which the pursuit of this industry involves. For more than two centuries the hardy, primitive and superstitious inhabitants of the austere province of Brittany have annually sent fleets across the stormy North Atlantic into the thick fogs and among the icefloes and icebergs of the Newfoundland Banks to take fish. Fraught with

middle aged women with anxious faces and old women with faces wrinkled and turned to a light chocolate brown by the suns of many years. All wore the dainty, starched caps that add so much quaintness to the dress of the women of Brittany. The youngsters sported about the wharf in the bright morning sunshine, while the youths looked out over the bay with eagerness in their eyes, and the old men with the languid glance of those whose emotions have been dulled by time and hard work. What the old men lacked in emotion was made up by the women, in the corners of the eyes of some of whom a tear glistened in the sunshine. They were coarsely clothed, but each had a husband, a son or a sweetheart on the brig lying in the little circular harbor between St. Malo and St. Servan, the creaking of whose blocks came



WATCHING THE FISHER FLEET OF BRITTANY DEPART FOR NEWFOUNDLAND.

peril, these voyages have fitted the Celtic Bretons for service in times of peace on the French merchantmen and in times of war on the privateers, and to become the chief resource of the French navy in securing sailors to man its fleets. These simple Breton homes in the centuries have been robbed many times of their breadwinners by the insatiable jaws of the sea. Within a twelvemonth the perils of the annual fishing trip have been illustrated.

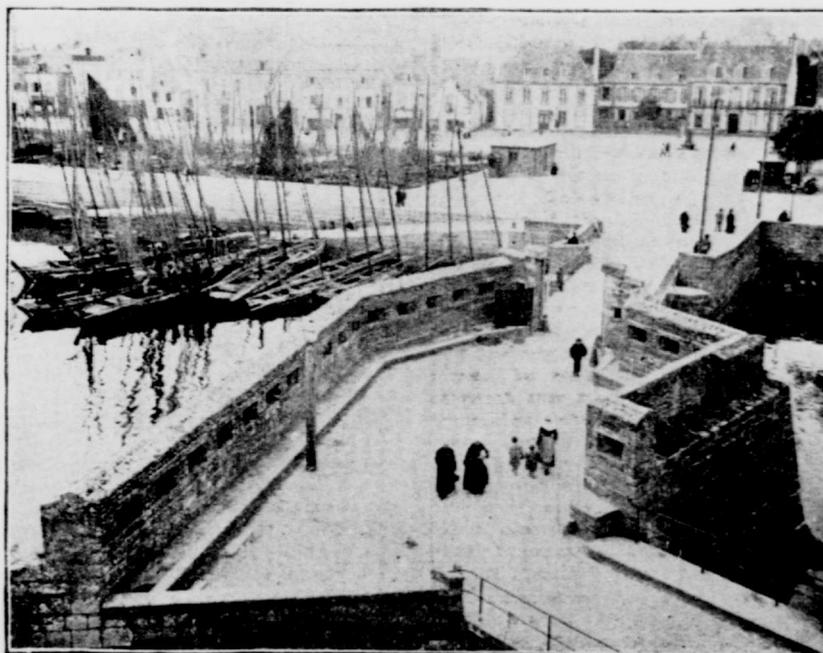
A year ago, on March 28, a group of women, boys, young and old men stood on the rock at St. Malo, Brittany. There were young women with sturdy necks and full, rounded cheeks,

drifting in over the water unnaturally loud in the morning air.

The brig was the Sans Souci. On board were seventy-one men of all ages, limited only by their physical ability to handle a fishing line or pull on a sheet. The vessel was just making sail, bound for the fishing banks off the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador. In company with many other French sailing vessels, the Sans Souci was to spend the summer there taking lobsters and other fish. In the hold was a cargo of salt in which to lay them. So the men sailed away on the flood tide out past the lighthouse and beyond the islets in the mouth of the bay into the open sea, not altogether from choice, but because there were mouths to fill and bodies to cover. Two weeks later twenty-six other Breton fishermen bade their wives, children and sweethearts goodbye and sailed away from the same bay for the same foggy Newfoundland banks on the brig Ile de Terre Neuve.

All went well with both vessels until a day in the last week of April. By this time the Sans Souci had reached the icy waters of the fishing ground. A fog so thick and damp that it condensed on the hat brims and dripped from them obscured the water. The gray white surface of a widespread icefloe gradually crystallized in the fog. The Sans Souci sheered off. Following along the ragged edge, the master sought a fissure through which his vessel might pass. The floe seemed interminable. Through the long day the Sans Souci sailed, but no shimmering water veined the great drifting field of ice, so the order to tack was given, and the brig put out to sea again.

Two days and nights passed, and the dangerous field of ice had been left far behind. Then the silver line in the tube of the barometer grew shorter. A storm, which this presaged, broke furiously. Great seas rolled over the bulwarks upon the deck. The masts threatened to go overboard at any moment, and at last the threat was realized. The aged hull sprang a leak, and the seas poured into the compartment where the provisions were stored. These were spoiled, and the drinking water was turned to brine by the sea. The men were put at the pumps, and at



VIEW OF CONCARNEAU, A TYPICAL FISHING TOWN OF BRITTANY.