

GIUSEPPINA

By Otis E. West

A Realistic Study of Life Among the Lowly In a Great City

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 Elizabeth street girls can run a peanut roaster, sell tape and needles and such things from a basket or a bundle upon their shoulders, cry flowers, canvass for anything, and sell oranges and nuts from a pushcart when they step behind a bush to the complaisance of the street van-

is not that the girls are desired to gain from work, for a father will sit in doorway and smoke while his sister trades past him bent nearly double under the burden of merchandise strapped to her shoulders, and a band will be equally moderate toward his wife. No; Elizabeth street is a vulgar toward its women folk as its work, and it is an accepted condition for a man to lead his monkey and leave his wife to drag the heavy wheel organ and to show the way with empty hands during their frequent tenement fittings, while the wife and children follow with furniture.

So that morning when a slip of a girl came from an alley pushing a cart before her that was well stocked with fruit and looked timidly along the curbs for a good place to stop the other pushcart vendors scowled and nodded meaningly among themselves. It was not the competition, for she was only one and of the backward kind that did not grasp much trade, but it was an infringement on custom, so they moved their carts a little faster or a little slower, according to her progress, keeping between her and the curbs and the crossings and other desirable places, until at last she stopped, confused, at a point where it would be impossible to obtain customers.

Few of them had seen the girl before, but they recognized the cart. It had been among them several weeks, pushed by a frail little man with white hair. Perhaps he had sold out to this girl, or perhaps she was his daughter and was trying the cart for a few days to see if she would like the business. Well, the first day would tell. If that discouraged her, she would leave. A girl should be in the sweatshops sewing or selling tapes and needles. Push carts were for the men. So whenever any one looked toward them as though with an idea of buying, their gesticulations and clamor precluded any possibility of the customer noticing the wistful, anxious face in the background.

But instead of being discouraged, although the day had not brought her a single sale, the girl was there again the next morning, so early that when the first competitor arrived he found her cart in the best place on the corner, with her standing beside it, weary, but hopeful.

They crowded as near as they could and by their clamor tried to divert

trade, but with only indifferent success. This day she sold enough to make her eyes bright and to drive away some of the despair which had been stealing into them.

The next morning they came earlier, but she was already there on the corner, as before, with dark circles under her eyes, but happy. Evidently she had come almost before it grew light. Again they tried to divert her sales with their clamor, but ineffectually. Her position was too good and her fruit too clean and nicely arranged and the very appeal of her silence too irresistible. But before night when not making sales she spent most of her time leaning against the cart for support.

The fourth day this exhaustion became more apparent, so that even the most callous of the push cart men noticed it. The animosity in the eyes of some of them softened a little, but it was a precedent at stake, so even these efforts with the most brutal in their efforts to drive the girl away. And as



HE FOUND HER CART IN THE BEST PLACE.

the hours wore on it became evident that the desire would be accomplished. The girl was very near the point of breaking down.

Just opposite the corner was the shop of a candy maker, much of whose time was spent in the back part of his store working great masses of candy dough,

at first with his hands, then by throwing the mass over a strong iron hook in the ceiling and drawing it out into diminishing yellow-white strings. When it was of the proper consistency he placed it upon a long marble slab, where he drew it out and rolled it into sticks, which were cut or broken into right lengths by the slight touch of shear points. Sometimes he would add tiny balls of colored candy dough to the mass, and when drawn out these would make the stripes in stick candy and candy balls and shaped objects.

All this was plainly visible through the windows of the shop, and from her position at the cart the girl watched the candy maker much of the time when not engaged with customers, at first idly, then with increasing interest. Apparently the operation was a novelty to her. And on his part, after the first day, the old candy maker got in the habit of smiling and nodding an acknowledgment of her interest.

He was a good customer for fruit, partly to be used in his trade and partly for his own consumption. So on the second day, when he picked up a basket and came out on the sidewalk bareheaded and in his shirt sleeves, several of the push cart men stepped forward with eager anticipation. But he waved them back brusquely. He had been seeing a good deal through the window in spite of his seeming absorption in his work.

"No, no," he said irascibly, "your hands are not clean enough to handle fruit. I will buy from the girl."

The third day he began to watch the girl anxiously. He, too, had noticed her exhaustion. During the day he was out twice and bought fruit from her.

The fourth morning a long line of girls went into the shop one after another, remained a few moments and then came out. For the most part they were ill clad, unattractive girls, and not one of them bought anything. It was evident they were seeking work and just as evident, after the first twenty or more had gone in and come out, that the candy maker was becoming irritated. Toward the end he only gave an applicant a single glance, and more than once his "No!" was plainly heard by the girl at her push cart on the corner.

At length late in the afternoon he came out bareheaded and in his shirt sleeves, as usual, but without his basket. He went straight to the girl.

"Are you going to run this push cart all the time?" he asked.

The girl looked surprised.

"I don't know," she answered doubtfully.

"Because if you're not," he went on, "I want to hire you to work in my shop. You saw all those girls straggling in with soiled dresses and untidy hair and sour faces and pert manners. Bah! They'd make pretty shopgirls, wouldn't they? I want a lady, a nice looking, neat, capable girl, who can keep pleased

and at the same time be ladylike. They all came in answer to an advertisement, and not one in the whole lot suited me."

The girl swayed slightly, but steadied herself quickly by leaning against the cart, holding it by both hands.

"Perhaps I wouldn't suit either," she hazarded, forcing a smile to her face.

"Yes, you would," he answered. But his tone was not quite so positive. "I've been watching you through the window for three days. You're neat and particular about yourself. That shows. And you're neat about other things from the way you look after your cart and fruit. And you're attractive to customers and

and fancy candies and put them in boxes and look after customers. I'm too busy to wash my hands every time a customer comes in, and it hurts trade. I could do twice the business if I had good help. I'm turning away trade every day." He waited a moment, as though debating something, then added cordially: "Anyway, I'm willing to try you a few weeks even if you should be sickly. You're just the appearing girl I want, and I know you're spunky."

"Well, I don't know yet," he girl began tremulously. Then her face suddenly changed. She was looking beyond him. "Father!" she cried reproachfully. A frail little man with white hair was approaching them, walking slowly with the aid of a cane. He looked anxious.

"Giuseppina," he cried, "I could not wait any longer! I have been worrying all day, and at last I had to get up and dress and come and see. You looked so bad last night, and you did not want me to notice. I pretended to be asleep, but I watched, and I watched the night before. The two first days I was too sick to think, but since then you have not eaten a thing. You spent your money for wines and medicines for me, and—"

The girl had been trying to interrupt him with warning glances, with expressive motions of her hands. Now she cried "Father!" again with such shamed distress in her voice that for the first time the old man noticed and understood. He drew himself up with sudden unconscious dignity.

"It was only that my daughter insists on buying me costly wines and medicines like the very rich people have," he said, addressing the candy maker and the two or three push cart owners within hearing. "We are in very comfortable circumstances indeed and have everything necessary. But such things cost a fortune, and when I am ill Giuseppina gets headstrong and does not know where to stop, and then she thinks she must be economical. She is a very good girl, though, a very good girl, and I assure you we are in perfectly independent circumstances."

The candy maker's eyes were twinkling, but with a mistiness behind him. "The very use of the costly wines prove that, sir," he said courteously. "I do not have them even when I am ill. But if you'll excuse me, you interrupted me, and I was trying to induce her to help me in my business. But talk we go into the shop. We can talk better there."

Without waiting for their consent he crossed the sidewalk to his store, and, with a little hesitation, they followed. At the door he turned.

"Say, you cutthroat men," he called warningly to the push cart owners, "don't you touch a thing in this young lady's cart! If you do, I'll—I'll run you in."

"You s'pose-a we thieves!" called back one of the men indignantly. "We not



"YOUR HANDS ARE NOT CLEAN ENOUGH TO HANDLE FRUIT."

make yourself look pleasant even when you feel the other way. That's what you're doing now. You're not sickly, are you?" his new found anxiety at last finding expression in words.

"No; I've always been very strong and healthy," she answered. "Only just now I am a little weak."

"I thought you must be strong," with some relief in his voice, "from the way you handled the cart the first day you came. I was watching. But yesterday and today you've seemed a little sickly. My work will be lots easier than having a cart like this, and nicer, and I think will pay you better. But, of course, I'll need a girl who's spry and can keep up. She'll have to help me make chocolates

and fancy candies and put them in boxes and look after customers. I'm too busy to wash my hands every time a customer comes in, and it hurts trade. I could do twice the business if I had good help. I'm turning away trade every day." He waited a moment, as though debating something, then added cordially: "Anyway, I'm willing to try you a few weeks even if you should be sickly. You're just the appearing girl I want, and I know you're spunky."

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"You s'pose-a we thieves!" called back one of the men indignantly. "We not

want to harm the signorina, only she no right with push cart. And we never s'pose she be hungry."

As the three disappeared in the shop this man turned to his companions with a few eager words and gesticulations, and they repeated the words and gesticulations to other cart owners further



"IT IS THE SIGNORINA'S," HE SAID.

along, who had not heard the conversation. In a few minutes a dozen men had left their own carts and were crowding about that of the girl.

Once inside, the candy maker motioned the old man to a chair, but wisely ignored the girl's weariness.

"Do you know how to make coffee, Giuseppina?" he asked briskly.

"Yes, sir," she answered wonderingly. "Well, it's just this way," he went on, "I hate cooking and don't know anything about it, and yet I do my own housekeeping. I've got a nice little kitchen behind the shop and three or four rooms beyond, and supper's all ready except just the finishing. Suppose you make the coffee while I finish rolling this candy dough. Then we'll do the talking while we eat supper. Oh, well, it doesn't matter," as the girl colored and looked at him suspiciously, "I can do it after I finish this. Only I thought you wouldn't mind. You could do in five minutes what my clumsy fingers would take half an hour, and it would be a rare treat to have friends

sit at the table with me. I get very lonesome sometimes. That's right," as the girl started suddenly toward the kitchen. "You'll find everything nearly ready, with most of the victuals on the table. I leave them that way to save time. Your father and I will talk till I finish this. Then I'll wash the candy off my hands and we'll eat."

It was a much longer meal than usual with the candy maker, and he forced himself to eat twice his usual allowance in order to keep his guests at the table. When at last they rose he was smiling genially.

"So that's all settled," he exclaimed with much evident satisfaction, addressing the old man. "Giuseppina will start in as shop keeper in the morning, and you will help me with the mixing and cutting. You can make all the lozenges. And, as I said, it will be better for you to move right in here with me. There is plenty of room, and it will give me Giuseppina within call all the time. Often I have to keep open as late as 10 o'clock. Hello, who's that?" at a heavy tramping into the shop.

It was the push cart men in a body, with one of them extending a handful of coins. "It is the signorina's," he said as he advanced and flung the coins into the girl's hand. "We have sold-a out all the fruit. We had man mobba, but all hard man have good spot sometime somewhere."

As they tramped out again noisily the girl's lips quivered in an ill-repressed sob.

"The world is so good, so good," she murmured.

Haunted by Hogs.
 Hog money is the name by which the brass money which began to be struck in Bermuda in 1650 came to be known. On one face of it was a hog, on the other a ship of that period. These old coins are very rare and highly prized by collectors.

The history of this device is curious and interesting. A Spanish vessel, commanded by Juan Bermudez, and on its way to Cuba with a cargo of hogs, was wrecked there. This was in 1515. Later in the same century, when the English discovered this land, they found a country inhabited by hogs.

It is also interesting to note that the English discovered it in the same way as the Spaniards. An English ship was wrecked there. Is it any wonder that the treacherous coast got from Spanish and English alike the name of Devil's Land? Yet it is one of the most beautiful coasts in the world, and it has been claimed that in brilliancy Mediterranean effects are not at all equal to those of Bermuda.

Bermuda is said to be the island of Shakespeare's "Tempest." The strange noises which mariners heard from this island and which they did not then know were produced by hogs caused them to say that it was haunted and to report weird things of it.

Of Interest to the Bright American Boy and Girl

Where the Fur Bearing Animals Are Hunted

UP in the arctic zone all around the earth are obtained the furs ladies and many men are so fond of wearing in winter. Closer around the north pole it appears to be so cold that scarcely any animal life is found there, but 500 miles south of it some of the most valuable fur-bearing creatures are caught. Russian sable is the costliest fur of all.



THE SEA OTTER TRAPPER.

The animal that bears it belongs to the weasel family and is found in Siberia and Kamchatka, where the winters are fearfully cold. The awful cold makes the fur very thick, fine and close, and that, with its rich, soft brown color, makes it the most valuable of all furs. But many a time trappers perish while trying to get it.

Everywhere valuable furs are found hardships have to be endured to get them. Alaska and northern British America are the great hunting ground for furs in our hemisphere. The animals that mostly yield the furs are the lynx, beaver, fox, mink, muskrat, marten and sea otter. Bear and moose and elk skins are valuable. Wolf skins are prized too.

The great Hudson Bay Trading company buys all the fur skins in northern North America, except along the Pacific coast. There traders from the United States engage in fur buying. But whether Yankee or Britisher buys the furs, it is chiefly Eskimo natives of the north who get them and bring them



FUR TRADERS.

gold, but the fact is no gold or money of any kind is paid for furs up in snow lands where they are found. All trade is by barter. The fur hunting season begins in October. Then the Eskimo starts out for the frozen wilderness with his traps, blankets, food supplies and fur sleeping bag. In the coldest weather he travels upon snowshoes. The cold, the solitude and the privation would be terrifying to the civilized man, and only the strongest and healthiest of the Eskimos can endure it many winters, but it is the best way they know of making a living.

All through the cold months till June the trappers stay in the wilderness, killing and skinning the fur animals. At the approach of warm weather they tie the skins in a close pack, lash them upon a sled and turn their faces toward the nearest trading post. There an agent for the fur company buys the pelts, as the skins are now called, and pays for them with blankets, powder, knives, tea, tobacco, beads and anything else the trapper thinks he wants. Then he rests till the hunting season begins again.

The little ermine is also highly valued for its fur, which little girls look so pretty in. The ermine, too, belongs to the weasel family. In summer its fur is yellowish brown. The ermine weasel is commonly called the stoat.

ous he sang so loudly that the surrounding hills echoed back his song. One morning the king, who was out on a hunting expedition, spoke to him and said, "Why are you so happy, dear little one?"

"Why shall I not be?" he answered. "Our king is not richer than I."

"Indeed!" said the king. "Tell me of your great possessions."

The lad answered: "The sun in the bright blue sky shines as brightly upon me as upon the king. The flowers upon the mountain and the grass in the valley grow and bloom to gladden my sight as well as his. I would not take 100,000 thalers for my hands. My eyes are of more value than all the precious stones in the world. I have food and clothing too. Am I not therefore as rich as the king?"

"You are right," said the king, with a laugh, "but your greatest treasure is a contented heart. Keep it so, and you will always be happy."

Riddles.
 What did a blind man take at tea to restore his sight? He took a cup and saucer (saw, sir).

What word of five syllables can you spell with five letters? Expediency (K P D N C).

How many sides are there to a tree? Two—the outside and the inside.

Why is not bread like a caterpillar? Because it's the grub that makes the butter fly.

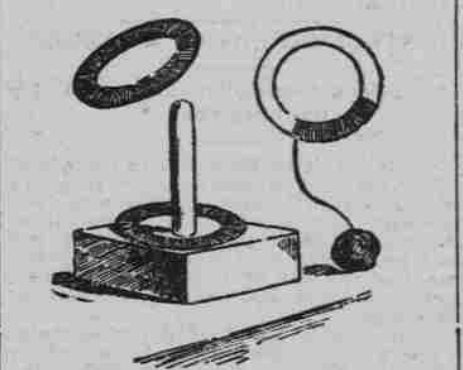
Adding Insult to Injury.



Small Boy—Serves you right for sliding.

HOW TO MAKE QUILTS.

Parlor quilts is an easy game to make at home. It consists of a square block of wood in which an upright piece is glued (a hole having previously been made to receive it) to form the peg over which the quilts are to be thrown.



The quilts themselves are made of circular pieces of cardboard bound round and round with wool, and the little sketch on the left hand side explains this and shows a quilt in the course of manufacture, the ball of wool being passed through and through until all the cardboard is covered. The object of the game is to throw the rings over the pole at a given distance.

Six Things a Boy Ought to Know.
 First, that a quiet voice, courtesy and kind acts are essential to a gentleman; second, that roughness, blustering and foolhardiness are not manliness; third, that muscular strength is not health; fourth, that a brain crammed only with facts is not necessarily a wise one; fifth, that the labor impossible to the boy of fourteen will be easy to the man of twenty; sixth, that the best capital for a boy is not money, but a love of work, simple tastes and a heart loyal to his friends and his God.

A Seasonable Joke.
 "What is an impulse?" asked the teacher.
 "No answer."
 "It's something that comes to you suddenly. Can you form a sentence containing the word? Any one may answer."

"A snowball is an impulse," ventured the timid little girl with the curly hair.

What is it that a miser spends and a spendthrift saves? Nothing.

NO REMAINDER.

"Seven sheep were standing by the pasture wall. Tell me," said the teacher to her scholars small. "One poor sheep was frightened. Jumped and ran away. One from seven—how many Woolly sheep would stay?"

Up went Kitty's fingers—A farmer's daughter she, Not so bright at figures said. As she ought to be. "Please, ma'am!" "Well, then, Kitty, Tell us, if you know."
 "Please, if one jumped over, All the rest would go."

A Remarkable Boy.

The boy violinist, Mischa Elman, whose picture is shown in the illustration, is a Russian, and he has played before most of the great people of his country. At his concerts in Germany and London he had applause enough to turn the head of a less unaffected boy. He takes his honors very quietly, but he is an artist and therefore loves sincere praise. He has composed a won-



derful cadenza which is too difficult for him to play. "Never mind," he says philosophically. "I shall play it some day when I get my sixth finger. Mischa meant very likely it was so difficult that he would have to add another finger before he undertook the composition."

A New Acquaintance.
 "Mother—I don't like the looks of that boy who has just moved in next door. Small son—Nuther do I. He's awfully wiry, and I'm afraid when it comes to gettin' acquainted, I'll be the one to get licked."