

## RELATED THINGS

### CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

#### THANK GOD, I AIN'T A GIRL.

For The Public.

Out of a job an' reckless, adrift on the hot stone street;  
 Livin' on hope an' hustlin', an' nearly—almost—beat.  
 Six cents give me a breakfast—a belt hole did for my lunch,  
 An' my nerve's a leetle frazzled a-playin' my luck for a "hunch."  
 Out of a job an' empty, I'm up against it enough,  
 An' the smile an' chest I throw, Bo, is bluff, jes' bluff;  
 For my stomach's a holler echo an' my head's a'most a-whirl,  
 But I'm a little grateful—thank God, I ain't a girl.  
 Me—I'm sometimes workin' an' sometimes maybe not;  
 Man's born to take what's comin'—his'n's the rougher lot.  
 He's born for the plough an' harrer, an' shovel an' pick an' oar;  
 His back to warp in the harness an' take the gall an' sore.  
 Whatever he gets was comin'—is his'n by right o' strength,  
 So out of a job an' empty is part o' the long day's length;  
 An' after a belt hole grubstake there comes a thought o' pearl,  
 That it ain't as tough f'r me, Bo,—thank God, I ain't a girl.  
 Livin' on hopes an' hustlin', for the turn ahead in the lane  
 Where I've builded a fancy structure, a little cottage in Spain—  
 For there ain't no harm in dreamin', it stiffens a fellow's lip,  
 An', Bo, I often need it to hold myself in my grip—  
 An' maybe a One to fill it, there ain't no tellin' who;  
 And' maybe there's One a-strugglin' an' sinkin' for me to do  
 For her what a fellow oughter. An' my brain is all a-swirl  
 At the hopefulness o' women—thank God, I ain't a girl.  
 A man can rustle somehow when off his feed an' luck;  
 There ain't no other system—he's got to use his pluck.  
 There ain't no easy method with a flow'ry primrose path  
 That slips him easy money an' gilds the aftermath;  
 He don't have no resistin', no one urges him within  
 The flick'ring, glitt'ring living an' the scarlet wage o' sin;  
 No one tempts him subtly where the ashen lives unfurl;—  
 I'm hungry an' I'm reckless—thank God, I ain't a girl.

Out of a job an' a girlie, adrift on the hot stone street,  
 Nothin' before nor behind you, an' nearly—almost—beat;

A heart that should blossom in lovin', a mate that was made for a man,  
 Strivin' an' strugglin' an' hopin', measurin' Death or the ban  
 That goes with the easy livin', that curse of luck for the lack,  
 An' slowly the needs are greater an' weaker the fight comes back;  
 Then maybe the nights are gayer an' blonde is the straying curl—  
 Beaten an' reckless an' hated—thank God, I ain't a girl.

Out of a job an' reckless—much my recklessness cost—  
 An' one job's as good as another after the last is lost.  
 But I can stand the hard luck and rustle an' sleep in the park  
 An' tighten my belt f'r breakfast an' three holes more at dark.  
 Whatever I do, where'er I go, I can always come back again  
 An' look the world plumb in the teeth an' face it man to man.  
 But there ain't no mercy nor Golden Rule to save her soul from the rod,  
 Driven an' tempted an' lost, Bo,—I ain't a girl, thank God.

It's pretty tough on a husky guy when he's up against this game;  
 But I'd rather it's me an' not a girl that's playin' out the same.  
 It's the only thing I c'n think of that gives me a chance to state  
 A reason f'r bein' thankful, a pat on the back for Fate.  
 For the world is hardest on women, an' the lucky view with scorn  
 The slips of their hard pressed sisters, damned in their early morn.  
 No, I ain't so awful cheerful, but in the teeth of the world I hurl  
 My only cheerful slogan: Thank God, I ain't a girl.

CHARLES JOHNSON POST.

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#### THE CITY'S TEEMING WAYS.

From a Loiterer's Note-book in New York.

For The Public.

It requires some hardihood to be a loiterer actually using a fountain-pen and note-book in New York streets. Sometimes the occupation seems more like a war-correspondent's on the firing-line, than any such "loafing and inviting the soul" as Walt Whitman extols.

If a painter were to set up his easel and begin a picture in the Brooklyn bridge terminal during the rush-hour, or at the intersection of Broadway and Sixth avenue when the department stores close, requesting the policemen at the core of the maelstrom kindly to hold the throngs and traffic a few

minutes while he transferred the scene to his canvas, he would probably find himself expeditiously conveyed to the psychopathic ward at Bellevue Hospital. And though the pausing observer with his open note-book is not quite so conspicuous, and in the crisp street parlance, "dippy," as such an enthusiastic painter would be, yet the astonished scrutiny which he often receives, and the physical predicaments in which he is sometimes involved, make his reportorial activity seem distantly removed from holiday strolling in any Arcadia or Utopia.

I date an epoch in zest for wayside observation in the city from this episode: the years that have elapsed since do not dull the memory of stopping on the Bowery to let a boy of twelve black my shoes, when he fell to his knees, frail little suppliant, on a strip of carpet which he first spread on the sidewalk, and applied his brushes so vigorously as to warm my feet agreeably and bring the blood welling visibly up under his own skin, in the chill and cloudy autumn morning; his coat drawn snugly over his back let the lift of the shoulder muscles be plainly seen, and his loose collar opened deep enough in front to show the curve of his slender throat where it met the chest, while his lips were firmly pressed together with the determination of his work.

The street-vistas from Park Row toward the East River, through the dark, hoarsely-echoing gullies of the world's most congested tenement region, are bordered with fire escapes a-flutter with soiled cloths like dingy birds seeking their holes in the faces of cliffs, and blocked with boxes, flower-pots and bedding, while high above in a stupendous leap sheer across the black chaos slants the suspended roadway of the Brooklyn bridge like a dirigible balloon in some daring manoeuvre.

Around a corner rushes a gang of boys, yelping like a wolf-pack in full cry, who have been baiting a bewildered woman shopkeeper, and now flee before the unexpected champion whom the victim finds in her wrathful husband. Out from among the hordes of grimy children that frolic and quarrel here, with unremitting babel of shrill crying, there suddenly emerges a group of sweet-faced, clean little girls, with brushed hair and modest carriage, like a resonant chord of harmony in a welter of discords. Another child, seated on a flight of steps by the sidewalk, has her otherwise dingy apparel brightened by a pair of new and glistening patent-leather slippers, which she regards with beaming satisfaction; as I pass I see a boy who has been watching for his opportunity lean over and spit on one of the slippers, and as the aggrieved wearer stoops to wipe it with her skirt, an older girl standing near reaches out her rough shoe and spitefully draws it scratching across the burnished top of the other with the

glower of envy and malevolence in her face, while the despairing little one's eyes brim with helpless tears.

Men are loading huge tied bundles of folded clothing from the sweatshops out of wagons onto the backs of a file of small boys, in one of the side streets at the Bowery. An umbrella mender wears a hat and coat as rusty as the ribs and ferules protruding from the crumpled calico covers under his arm. The passer-by turns horrified at a strident cry, "Hey! dere goes a kid down de sewer!" just in time to see a boy's head disappearing through an orifice from which the cover has been removed, but he is soon reassured to see a baseball shoot forth from the pit, followed by its safely emerging rescuer.

In Doyer street, a part of the Chinese quarter, the gold ideograph letters of the shop signs suggest intricate patterns of embroidery on a velvet bodice or a courtier's coat; the residents of this fragment of the Orient, inset like a medley of bright mosaic stones in the gray monotony of the investing occident, glide furtively through their "pale" wearing round black caps, loose, glossy blouses, and shoes with a thick white foundation as though they had tramped through a bed of plasterer's lime, while their yellow-brown faces resemble the leaves of a rubber plant bereft of their chlorophyll.

On lower Broadway the giant policemen of the traffic squad tower like male Bartholdi statutes above the human tides that swirl over the crossings when the preemptory whistle shrills through the thunder. A motorman on one of the surface cars, instructing a recruit at the controller, now and then deftly moves the handle himself in some more difficult situation amid the great turmoil, as an art teacher would take the brush from a novice's hand to show an intricate paint stroke. A messenger boy riding a bicycle through the thick of the traffic is escorting a dog on a chain, and the animal keeps darting away perilously at a tangent, almost throwing the cool-headed little proprietor under the wheels of the drays and cars. Near one of the curbs, pieces of some broken crockery are being quickly ground to powder by the incessant milling of the uncounted juggernaut tires, and as far as one can judge from faces and forms in the sidewalk throng, there are shattered human jars here also, being as surely and thoroughly reduced. Suddenly out from the current of faces there starts the blanched countenance with wide, frightened eyes, of a girl cut away from her escort by a car at full speed, which almost grazes them both.

On Broad street the throng of "curb brokers," made up of lean striplings and more prosperous-looking old stagers, in their twentieth century garb of gray or brown suits surmounted by elaborate neckties, with jeweled pins, about the sharp white collars, has something as feral at its core as a clan of cave-men; sudden eddies develop in

it, about some member who has made an alluring offer to buy or sell; the smell of Turkish cigarets floats from it as though its tribal fire had been freshly kindled with some strangely pungent herb; and as the apparently unconcerned participants in the continual barter stroll to and fro within the circle, they utter spasmodic cries such as "Union Copper 19 and a half!" "228 and a quarter wool!" "Cast iron 100!" like some species of foraging beast barking its call at capricious intervals.

On First avenue a hot waffle wagon is halted near the door of a school house, awaiting the dismissal of the children for its customers. The operator daubs the interior of his black griddle over a wood fire with a lard-brush, pours in a rivulet of thick, creamy batter, and then clamps down the cover; in a few moments a miracle is wrought, for the re-opened griddle reveals a brittle and indented slab, delicately browned, which the maker breaks into sections, covers with powdered sugar flying from the sifter in the wind, and lays in the grimy, reaching hands of the children who produce the necessary coppers from their pockets or sleeves.

A vender of honey balances on his head as he walks, a great pan full of the cream-hued combs jutting like islands from a luscious lake of the yellow syrup into which the sunlight strikes limpid golden; he strides with his hands hanging free at his sides and his shoulders thrown well back, and utters a half-call, half-song now and then in his strong and melodious baritone. A peddler of china saucers, cups, plates and other dishes from a wagon full of the pieces nested like white fowls in a bed of hay, attracts attention by rattling two of his dishes together with nervous quickness so as to produce a long-sustained, tremulous note almost like a low whistle.

On Lafayette street ten men are unloading from a wagon a piece of plate glass perhaps twelve feet square; six of them stand on the sidewalk beside the wheels, toward whom the other four cautiously push the great pane along the quilt on which it rests; then after the handlers have carefully made sure of the balance, all the men together swiftly push and pull the glass over the rim of the wagon till the lower edge swings to a set of wooden blocks placed for it on the sidewalk. Four strips of leather with handles at both ends are passed underneath, which eight of the men grasp, four on each side of the plate; the remaining two men steady the upper edge with long poles fitted with holding ridges at their ends, and additional stability is furnished by the unengaged hand of each of the eight carriers, laid against the face of the glass so that by them all a kind of pointed-arch passage is formed as in some children's game. With every preparation completed, a carrier of the last pair strikes the flagstone briskly twice with his foot to give the others the step, and then with the perilous burden riding unwaveringly

they pass into the warehouse, like the squad of soldiers that escort the captured "secret service" man in the war-play.

Out of a crowd on a 23d Street sidewalk, a policeman vigorously shoves a slouching, fashionably dressed fellow, and commanding him sharply to begone, dismisses him from the common respect; the man saunters slowly away alone and loses himself from sight amid the traffic that engulfs him in its sluggish stream, like a dark glacier consuming a broken tree, while a young woman who complained that the man had accosted and followed her stands watching, unable to move or speak; her sensitive face with its delicate features, eyes filled with tears, cheeks and lips white with indignation, and mouth drawn and hardly controlled, in entire unconsciousness of the crowd expresses a kind of angelic grief.

ELIOT WHITE.

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## MAKING MEN.

Judge McKenzie Cleland in his "Side Lights on City Life."

Old Tiglath-Pileser, a heathen statesman-warrior of no small fame, was wont to close the testimony to his abilities upon his tablets with this sentence which may be regarded as a sort of trademark: "I destroyed and ruined."

When the history of those heathen institutions called jails and penitentiaries is written, an appropriate inscription for each page would be the trademark of the Assyrian monarch.

Occasionally, however, a man is raised up who is able to make a jail something beside a place of hopeless destruction. Such a man, for example, is John L. Whitman of the Bridewell. When Tom Johnson was elected Mayor of Cleveland, he appointed Harris R. Cooley, a clergyman, superintendent of the work house. Politicians protested, alleging that Mr. Cooley was not a business man and could not manage a business enterprise. "What I want," replied the Mayor, "is not a man who can make money, but one who can make men"; and the Cleveland House of Correction forthwith became a model of its kind, a place for correction rather than for corruption.

Nearly two years ago the Governor of Colorado found such a man for warden of the penitentiary at Canyon City, Thomas J. Tynan, a commercial traveler, who when appointed had never attended a prison congress, but who had some common sense and a twentieth century vision.

If reports are to be believed "Tom" Tynan has in less than two years taken the place among wardens that "Ben" Lindsey holds among judges. He has smashed every musty, rusty, rule of prison discipline by which men are supposed to be reformed, but are in reality hopelessly ruined; and has seized upon the greatest instrument for reformation that