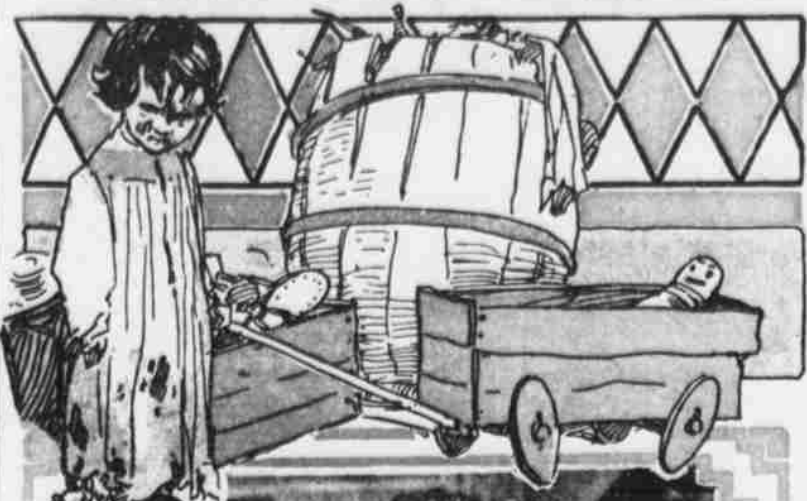


A FAMILY OF EIGHT THAT LIVES ON \$5 A WEEK AND THE RICHEST BOY IN THE WORLD WITH SCORES OF SERVANTS



ANGELA is one of a Ghetto family of eight which lives on less than \$5 a week. Not to have known Angela is to have missed the greatest of inspirations to contentment in adverse surroundings. To make her acquaintance one has to go to 114 Bunker street, Chicago. To see her anywhere else is impossible, for the utmost distance that Angela or any of the family ever goes from home, farther than the grocery and the ricks which she makes upon the nearby alleys, is when she "stays by" her aunt, who lives only four blocks away.

Angela lives at 114 Bunker street—"rear." The passage leading to it is so narrow that a better way is to go in by the alley and the back gate. A happy obliviousness of garbage, an extremely deep step down, regardless of an intervening puddle, and a serene optimism that the tiny shanty is really a house, and not a little stable belonging to the cottage in front—if persisted in long enough—will land you in Angela's yard.

The first time I saw her she was out there in the alley herself, rolling out a garbage can. They were just the same height, though the garbage can was in far better shape, being less worldworn and probably having several years the advantage of Angela, even though she was only 8. She wore a dress of old rose cashmere, with a skimpy, little, light waist made with whalebone and buttoned up the front. It had a train and had seen better days.

Gospel of Cleanliness Unknown.

Angela never has. There are too many editions like herself, both older and younger—mostly younger—which make their appearance at the first sound of conversation. There is Jennie at 12, Phillip at 6, Tony at 4, Mary nearly 3 and sick, and Johnnie, who joins in the rush to investigate the unusual disturbance by being carried in the arms of his mother.

The family, that has never heard of the gospel of cleanliness, also lives in darkness as far as language is concerned. Jennie is interpreter. "She has had ten children," she says, pointing to her mother, "and she is only 34 years old. We have been in this country twelve years. My father earns \$1.40 a day working on the tracks. But he has to go on the cline car, and so it is only \$1.30. Then he is sick most all the time. Sometimes he can make a whole week, sometimes only a few days, and sometimes he can't work for a week at a time. And then we have to pay \$5 rent. I go out to work whenever I can get it to do. I scrub when I can and I would like to go into a factory."

There are two haunting questions facing this family. The first is how to pay the rent, and the other is how to get the next meal. Prices are not low in the Ghetto. Eggs are 18 cents. Potatoes are two pecks for a quarter. Cabbages are 5 cents. Pork is 12 cents a pound. There are sold substitutes for the higher priced food, however, which would not enter into the catalogue of "fancy groceries." There is pork, liver, heart and lungs, the whole "plucking," to be had for 5 cents. There is also that of the sheep, which is not so popular, as it is smaller. There is stew meat from the neck, which is sold at 2 cents a pound. It is only on very good days that the Sanduchi (this is spelled according to Angela) children have the luxury of one of these meats. "We get three pounds," says Jennie, "but even that is never enough." The more common fare is bread and coffee.

Good Bread at All Times.

There is one thing that the Italian families have better than anybody else in the Ghetto, and that is bread. They buy good flour as can be had, when they can possibly get the money together. This and the coffee, which is a broken Rio at 10 cents a pound, they have for breakfast, and this they generally have over again for dinner and supper. If it has been a good week and the father has been able to "make four days," if he has been at work all the time in the meat and sometimes macaroni, which can be bought for 5 cents a pound. There are also luxuries which bring untold delights to the smaller ones, and which to Angela are enough for a whole day's happiness. One is an extremely sour pickle the size of the largest size cucumber possible, which can be bought for 1 cent, and which the ladies from the grocery, ruthless of wrappings and appetites to the other children in bites. Again, when times are good and Tony is fretful, his mother puts down the baby for a few minutes and takes him to the nearest meat shop, where the next thing he knows his mouth is stopped by a chunk of heavenly bologna.

About one thing the grocers have an inexorable law. That is credit. No money no goods is the rule. It is a well to do family that can have a grocer's book in this neighborhood, and then it is a possession to be displayed as often and as conspicuously as possible. So that if the week has been a bad one it is open to the little Sanduchis to go hungry if something cannot be done by Jennie or Angela.

Angela the Hope of the Family.

It is plain to be seen that upon these two is set the hope (a forlorn one) of better days. Upon Angela, who goes forth with a rusty lunch pail, it depends to get fuel and an occasional stable scrap. To her also—and her habit of transforming a look of grave reflection into a suddenly beaming smile—they look for a little contagion in the way of happiness. She is the only one in the family who still scores victories of mind over matter.

"Angela is all right," says Jennie, with an older sisterly manner, which is plainly the real thing. Jennie is the oldest, and it wouldn't be sentimentally to say that the iron has entered into her soul. On her is the burden of adding to the family finances. She scrubs in some nearby flats, and as they have little kitchens, thinks she is doing well at 10 cents a floor.

"She works good," says the Bohemian woman who is Jennie's employer, "but she drives me crazy—she stops every little bit, when she has done a few inches, and says: 'Is that right—does it suit?' She makes me nervous, and I have to go in and shut the door."

Jennie's monotone, hopeless and intense at once, might well get on anybody's nerves who did not have an ear open to its musical quality. "You will try to get me something to do, won't you?" she says, appealingly.

It is evident that it is her diminutive size which has kept her from getting into the factory already, rather than the fact that she is only 12. The school question is also shady, and one upon which neither Jennie nor Angela is good at interpreting what their mother has to say. But it is clear that Phillip is the only one who is there.

Children Do Household Work.

It is also clear that upon Jennie and Angela depends the household work. They do not appear to have been taught household distinctions, not even the difference between the kitchen and the parlor. The loaf and some cups are on the parlor table. There is an old fashion high bed here, and also the pictures, the broken accordion, and some decorations which are from better days. There is a base burner of such diminutive proportions and such dainty outline that it must have come from Italy or some other land of warmth and artistic ideals. The second room has a coal stove, large and American, and also beds. The third, in which there are signs of tubs, is properly the kitchen. Jennie has been doing the family washing, which consists of queer looking quilts and thick shirts. There is no back yard except the alley, and so it has to be carried through the parlor to the little spot in front which is back yard, too, to the house beyond.

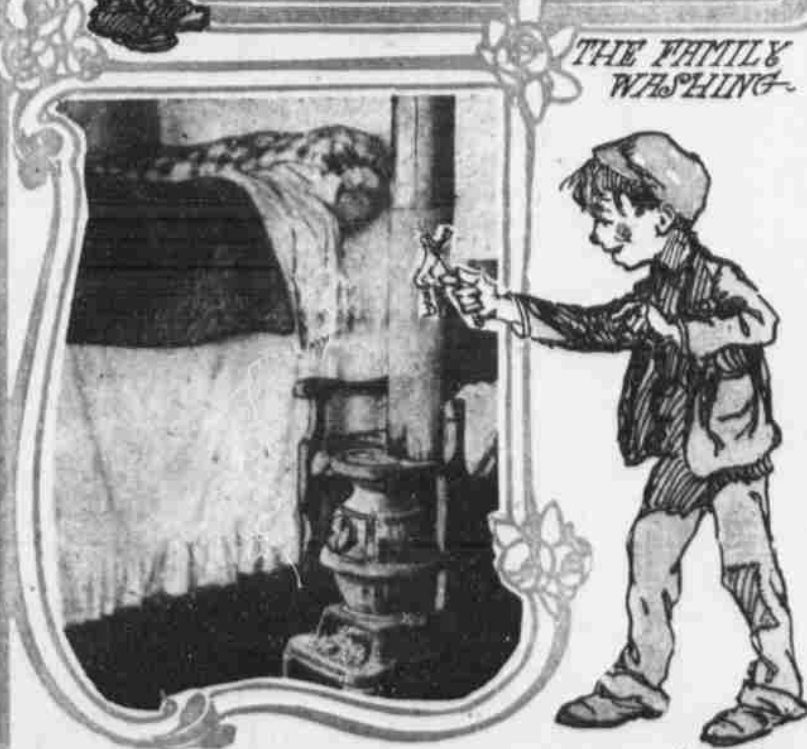
Seeks Boarders at \$3 a Month.

Mrs. Sanduchi has one hope, and that is to do as other Italians do, and get a man or two for boarders. They will pay her \$3 a month, and for this she will do their washing and cook their food for them, which they will buy themselves. This will help pay the rent and lay the ghost that stalks day and night and will not down.

Jennie adds a postscript, which her mother has commanded, to the good-by.

"Wouldn't you like to help us pay the rent?" she says, shamefacedly. "Well, anyway, you will help me to get something to do?"

There is flexibility in her voice and a note of hope, as she hurries, with a suggestion of latent stores of energy, back to her washing.



THE BEST ROOM

AT 930 Fifth avenue, New York, stands a palace. Even if it is a rainy day it is evident at a glance that the little pools of water standing about are not being utilized for splashing purposes by small children. There is one little boy upstairs, however, who is nevertheless playing with making little mud cakes, the material for which he is digging out of a great room full of fine white sand. It is the cleanest variety that can be found and the quantity is large enough so that the little boy can dig almost as deep a well as he does at the Newport beach.

All over the room there are other evidences of fairy land. There are giant palms full of singing birds. Part of it is built out into a sun palace so that this little inmate can take a sun bath every day. Here there are hammocks and hanging swings, and even chairs that can be wound up to go of themselves and which take the little boy around for all the world like small automobiles. On the opposite side, where his lake, with a sloping green bank on its opposite side, where sail a fleet of boats, which represent in miniature all the craft that is afloat on the sea.

Still beyond the rooms with the sun parlor and the lake is another more wonderful than any of them, which is the little prince's engine room. In this are miles and miles of shunting tracks, and trains and trams of boats and engines. There are steam cars and electric cars, and bridges, and station houses, and engines. There are bridges, and tunnels, and trestles, and engine houses, and roundhouses. There are also ranges of hills through which the railroads can be built to wind in and out.

Valet Is Versatile Entertainer.

To keep all these in running order and to engineer all the craft which is on the lake, when he is anxious to be amused, the little prince has a valet. The valet has a wonderful record as a ringmaster, and when even the engines, and the boats, and the sand pile all begin to gather together the mechanical toys do wonderful stunts together that would be next to impossible except in experienced hands.

The valet also has a great deal to do to take care of the little prince's wardrobe. Upon this has been spent thousands of dollars. For instance, he always wears beautiful shoes, each made upon his own individual last. He has red shoes, and blue shoes, and gray, and tan, and fawn. He has them made of suede, and patent leather, and of soft kid. They are in all shapes; high shoes, low shoes, boots of diminutive size, and slippers, and pumps. Then there are dozens kept on hand of white kid alone. These have to be replaced the minute a little soil appears around the toes, even if the little prince has only worn them a few hours, and over all these things the valet has to exercise the closest attention, which takes a great deal of time, especially as all the other clothes belonging to the small boy are made to correspond.

Charles, however, is not the only servant that comes at the little prince's beck and call. He has half a dozen maids. He has a special corps of men to attend him when he goes to the park and to see that nothing can come near him in the way of danger, whether it be of the insidious kind which might lurk infectiously around the clothes of any small, ragged boy who should approach too near, or danger of a more violent sort.

He also has a special cook who goes to market and personally selects every bit of food that is put into his mouth. He has a governess who watches with the cook over all the affairs which might affect his health.

Little Prince Is John Nicholas Brown.

In fact, so many are the luxuries which surround the little prince that if his name is kept in the background any longer he will be open to the suspicion of being like the hero of which Harvey of "Captains Courageous" told the sailors and whom they immediately dubbed the "crazy kid."

There is nothing, however, which can lay this little boy open to such imputation. Neither is there any royal blood in his veins which could account for his magnificence. He is simply the heir of the Brown millions, who is counted the richest little boy in the world. John Nicholas Brown worth \$20,000,000, John Nicholas Brown worth \$10,000,000, and John Nicholas Brown worth \$20,000,000 are three different ways in which his name appears in lists of the respective fortunes of baby heirs and heiresses.

At least he has \$5,000,000 which was left him by his father and \$5,000,000 more which was left him by his uncle. Of these he is already in absolute possession. He lives, and has ever since he was 3 years old, in houses which are absolutely his own. Besides the one in New York City he has one in Newport and another at Providence.

His life at Newport is the one which gives the best idea of the way in which money can be spent upon luxuries for a baby millionaire. Here he has an estate which includes a farm upon which everything of the choicest is grown for his own special eating. Chickens and squabs are raised for him, and the milk which he drinks comes from his own special cow, which is pastured upon land worth \$100,000.

The interest upon money invested in the luxuriant clover field which the little millionaire's Alderney rooms at will is nearly \$15 a day, and thus it is that the single quart of milk which the little fellow drinks in one day is represented by that price. Here he has automobiles, horses, and ponies, and pony wagons on a scale which would put to the blush those in Toledo that belonged to the "crazy little boy." He has a pet kitten too, who has part of the pure Alderney cream which falls to the lot of its master. Every once in awhile, for fear the kitten should be ailing, she is forced to have the doctor, whether with her consent or without.

Wendland in Newport House.

At the Newport house, too, he has a little gymnasium with miniature dumb bells, he has a little bed which is made of mother of pearl, and a white swan bathtub which is a work of art. Over the bottom and sides of the swan is laid a linen sheet which is as fine as cobwebs and which is put there so that when the little millionaire gets into the tub he will not have to touch the enamel. Then, when the water is heated, it is perfumed with the finest and most delicate violet water that money can buy. After a bath he has a tubdown of coconut oil and is powdered off with violet powder.

Here the walls of his nursery are covered with flowers that were painted by one of the most renowned artists on a special paper. This is changed every once in awhile so that the little prince will not wake always in the same atmosphere.

The wonder of having the sensation of the real little prince in fairy tales when they are transported in the night from one tower of flowers to another is a common experience for him, because of the happy ideas which his mother thinks of and executes for him.

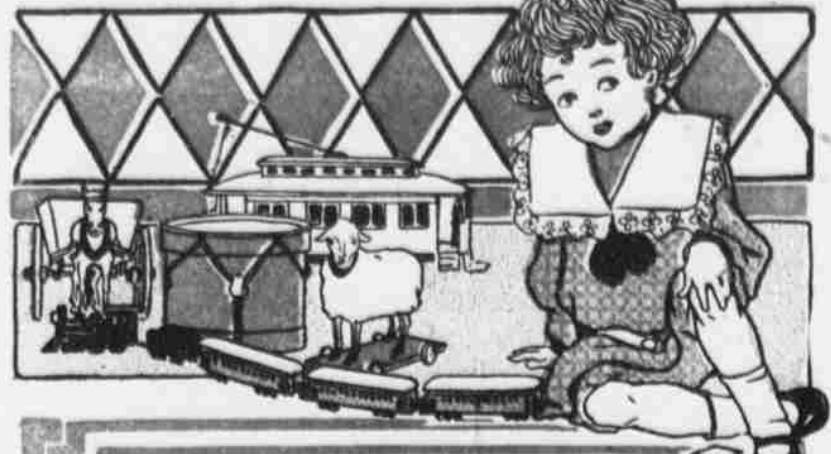
It is not until he travels, however, that the little fellow begins to get anything like the benefit of his millions. Wherever he goes he has a special car. To avoid any danger of infection this is fumigated. It is the same with his stateroom when he travels.

His trips to Europe have always been taken in the most elaborate suite of staterooms. Ten trunks are the number which are allotted to the boy himself for these trips, which are just for his clothes. There are more which are filled with his toys. He has a collection of dolls of all nations which walk and cry. There are wild animals and domestic animals which make really all the noises which are usually taught to children by imitation. These, with all their coops, and stables, and houses, are transported with the young man and with them goes the caretaker, who has to be responsible for their packing and unpacking.

Asks Questions, Like Other Boys.

In addition to all his other blessings he has a beautiful mother whose only thought and task in the world is to make him well and happy. He has a grandmother who is equally devoted. His aunt, Mrs. George Vanderbilt, will do anything for him in the world.

The devotion of his multimillionaire relatives is put to the test and their wits also in the unusual faculty which he has lately developed of asking questions even more searching than those of the usual small boy about everything he does not understand. He is already a great reader and has a library in which is included all the best books for children which have ever been written. Of these his favorite is "Mother Goose" and the explanations which he demands about his favorite rhymes are some of the things which make his devoted relatives tremble.



John Nicholas Brown



MASTER BROWN AND HIS MOTHER



MASTER BROWN'S PROVIDENCE, R. I. HOME



MASTER BROWN'S NEWPORT RESIDENCE