

THE BUSINESS IS NOT WHAT IT USED TO BE AND IS OVERDONE.

The Financial Results of a Hard Day's Work by a New York Italian—A Reporter Relates His Experience on Street Corners Passing the Hat For Pennies.

The hand organ business is not what it used to be—say 15 years ago. There have been cycles in the calling, so to speak. There was the time, for illustration, when the "old soldier" played the street music just after the war. He was a pitiful spectacle, was the grim, war scarred veteran, and in those merry and ancient days it was no uncommon feat for him to make \$10 or \$20 a day. "Here is a dollar for the old soldier!" the good citizen would exclaim as he passed the bill into the one legged man's hand. But that was long ago, and, alas! the drawing powers of the veteran who wore the blue have long since given way before the upward and onward march of civilization.

Then came the period of the German organ grinder. Who does not recall the days when Unser Fritz, that patient drudge, wheeled his instrument along and had Katreena at his side tunefully tapping on the tambourine? He made the thing pay, too, and many a prominent citizen in German affairs today, many a successful grocer, owes his start in life to the dimes and quarters he collected while plodding the streets playing "Oh, Kaiser, Don't You Want to Buy a Tog?"

Rocco, the Italian, faces life under different circumstances. The organ business, he tells me sadly as I drop into his miserable rooms in Elizabeth street, is not what it used to be in the old soldier days, for example. "I was out all day yesterday," he says in his broken fashion, "and all I made was—how much, do you think?"

"A dollar!"

"No; 75 cents."

In short, Rocco wishes he had back the \$150 he paid for his piano organ. He would, he says, go in the fruit business—and get rich after a long time.

Rocco plays long and industriously for 12 hours a day. He was over on Sixth avenue this morning. By invitation I joined him. He was playing in front of a lager beer saloon. The people paid not the slightest attention. It was 9 o'clock, and the women who were early out shopping eyed him with indifference. The tunes followed rapidly one after another. There would be a jolly one, then a sad one. After playing a very, very sad tune, along came an elderly gentleman, who, fumbling in his pocket, handed out a cent. I went out and got it in my hat, Rocco bowed and smiled till his brown skin fairly cracked. Well, that is a good beginning. We were just starting in on a third tune when the saloon keeper's boy came out and said:

"See 'ere, dago, git out of this."

Rocco stopped playing, and seizing the heavy strap on the spring truck motioned to me to grasp one of the handles, and together we pulled the lumbering instrument up toward Eighteenth street. Here Rocco played a merry air. A couple of men having their boots blacked in street chairs looked up from their morning papers with some little interest.

I went up and passed the hat. One man gave a cent; the next, with a grim show of being humorous, pulled a bear check out of his pocket and said:

"Here; this is for your nibs; go after a ball."

At this the gentlemen in boot stands all

laughed. I bowed, handed the coins over to Rocco, who smiled, as usual, and prepared to trudge further along, when up came the policeman on the beat, who came down to where we were standing and said in a very snappish fashion:

"Dago, don't you think you had better move on? None of those organ grinders will stay in one place on my beat 15 minutes if I can help it!"

"I go! I go!" said the frightened Rocco. "There; don't give me any of your lip! And, by the way, where is your license, eh?"

Rocco produced his card. It certified that he had paid \$1 into the public treasury, and that, in return, he was to be allowed to play in the streets of New York from 9 o'clock in the morning until 9 o'clock in the evening, daily, except Sundays, for one year from date.

The officer scowled furiously, grunted softly to himself and permitted us to move on.

We haunted the shopping district for the next hour and won for Rocco just 7 cents!

An hour later we were playing under a window on West Nineteenth street. A woman in a third story flat wrapped a nickel in a piece of paper and threw it on the ringing pavement. Thus encouraged, Rocco played on and on. Suddenly an angry face appeared at the same window and a voice exclaimed, "Get out of this, you blackguard, or I'll have you run in!" The man threw a lump of coal at us! I readily concluded that he was some night worker who had been disturbed by our music. So we went over in another street.

It now began to rain, but for the hand organ man and myself there was no haven of refuge. The cold, drizzling downfall struck through our thin clothing, until I, at least, shivered and shook! Still, that music must be continued! I had heard "After the Ball" until I was fairly mad; "Bow-wow," "Ta-ra-ra" and all the rest made me stark crazy; yet Rocco was not in the least disturbed. Indeed I doubt very much if he heard the music at all. His eyes were directed all that day toward the upper story windows of the tall flat-houses, looking for some one who might throw down a cent. If he did not have a crick in his neck, it was because his neck was past all possibilities of the crick.

At noon we chanced to be on a quiet street, and near a livery stable, we saw a number of unused trucks drawn up at the curb. Rocco wheeled his organ near by, and crawling under one of the wagons sat down on a stone to eat. He had a tin dinner pail fastened to the instrument, which, being opened, was found to contain some Italian sticks of bread, a piece of meat and a slice of cheese. This frugal meal the patient organ grinder offered to divide with me. After he had disposed of the food he counted over his money and found that he had that morning taken in 88 cents. He now brought forth a tin tube in diameter about the size of half a dollar, in length equal to an ordinary penholder. Into this the Italian rattled his money, put on the lid, and, satisfied, stowed the treasure away in his ample shirt front.—New York Herald.

An Ancient Custom.

"Why do so many mothers with their daughters frequent leading watering places?"

"A very ancient custom; dates back from the time of Abraham, when Rebecca met her future husband at the well."—Exchange.

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Its Origin, Growth and Process of Graduation to the Eternal City.

We read in many of our histories of Rome that Romulus founded the same and gave to it its original functions. This would be a good capstone to his glory, but unfortunately for him the senate was a primitive institution, common to all the Latins, and reached back to a period anterior to the separation of the stocks.

In the comparatively early history of the Latin race there was a natural division into tribes or tribal families—not independent social units, but integral parts of a political community held together by mutual observance of law, legal redress and united action in offense and defense. A fixed local center was essential, at which the people could assemble to make laws and to defend themselves against a common foe.

The situation most favorable for this purpose would be some elevated position, which was called "capitolium," from "caput," the head; hence our word capitol. From this eminence the cognate tribes could be summoned by signals, usually the lowering of a flag. This custom of keeping a flag waving while no danger was near continued for several centuries at Rome, until it was considered a guarantee of peace and harmony, and all felt secure as long as the flag floated from the Janiculum hill. It is interesting to note in this connection that a flag may be seen above our houses of congress as long as these bodies are in session.

At this point, in the earlier days, a large encampment would be formed, and as the sessions became more frequent the camp would take on permanency and finally become a city—the chief city in the canton, the capital. As the population increased and industrial avocations grew it was deemed best to have a fixed time for assembling, and so the eighth day was set as the regular time for meeting for intercourse, sacrifices and the transaction of business.

By and by the cantons became interdependent, and questions of common weal arose, resulting in a league or confederation of clans. As this time the council met first with one canton, then with another, having in each case as a presiding officer the chief of the clan within whose territory lay the meeting place. This wandering finally led to confusion, and by common consent a central point, Mons Alba, became the sole meeting place, and thus Rome was the capital.—Peterson's Magazine.

Famous Animals.

A returning traveler from Italy tells the story of an American fellow wanderer in Rome. Like some other traveler's tales it is to be taken no doubt with certain grains of allowance.

The second American, who had come from the plains of the west, visited the Vatican and was courteously shown over the papal palace. He asked many questions and desired to see everything.

After all the customary sights had been shown the priest who had attended him asked:

"Is there anything else, Signor American, that you would like to see?"

"There's one thing," answered the American, "that I want to see more than anything else, and I hain't been on the edge of it yet."

"What is that, signor?"

"The cattle pens."

"The cattle pens? Why, we have nothing of the sort, signor."

"You hain't? Then where in the world do you keep them papal bulls that we always hear about?"—Youth's Companion.

HER MATRIMONIAL

Were Varied and Mom Became Be southern lady of an and asked her old ether she considered

Well, chife," replied ning a judicial air, "e of man you gits. e with fo' husban's ney, dey ain't no t ks. In co'tin time dey de bes' m'lases, but wried laike es not d de flatiron.

"My fust was a pea ck, mighty souple in as dancin to de quarte plum crippled up v some oder miz'ry. o' nuff, he daid befo' warn't playin' poss' x' one. He was de m'ousest critter, dey war out him. He cud w'ance all de night, an v'ow 'cross de fiddle he c'ls dance de night fro' an moanin with de n'ord! Mistis! he was 'pec' me to be def an d' e worl but hussel; dat' greemen's with de Bapt' one got kill, 'cause d' quikes' with him razze

"Den I mawrie de pi'orry but one't, an dat' all de time. To see 'ap in de chu'ch, a-trom'ost um, his han's out' droppin from his eyes; an de words a fallin' fo' honey foun de honeyco'raidy for his hebenly cr'away de sweetness wit' an de pickaninies'd a l' debl' coteh 'em dan de' be coteh de feber, an I mistis, dat de preache joyfules' occasion set' ridge.

"Well, Lucy," said would not have thought' again."

"Laws, honey, dere' Fust, I had done got' married, and nex', see' b'en bossed by the fust' ed laike it come time bossin my own self, so come across de quiete' in de kentry an mawri' And a few minutes late' have been heard assurt' ing "fourth" that he' wuthless niggah on' worl."—New York Jou

Recognized t The proprietor of a t' nounced that on a certa' elephant would play th' a piano with its trunl' ing came, the circus w' roof with an expectant' usual performances had' four men carried in a c' they placed in the c' When the intelligent' in, he walked slowly t' the ring, and then amid' ment advanced to the j' With a slight moven' opened the keyboard, done so when a sudden' his appearance. His ey' and fear, he lifted hi' and then with a wild' rushed out of the are' of the circus and the el