

*No. 1—Mrs. B.*

Mrs. B. I met selling papers on the street. She is sixty-eight years old and shuffles along painfully, with ragged shoes. Occasionally she falls down with attacks of dizziness, but she manages to make about \$2.00 a week from the papers.

I went home with her and found her pretty young granddaughter of seventeen years sick in bed. This granddaughter lives with Mrs. B. because her mother drinks and is immoral, and the girl feels she can't live in such a home, though apparently she and her mother are on speaking terms, and work in the same horse-radish factory nearby.

With Mrs. B.'s \$2.00 a week, \$10.00 a month paid for the board of a child (to whom Mrs. B. gives devotion but not very competent care) and the granddaughter's wages, the family budget covers usual expenses. But the granddaughter has been operated upon for appendicitis and now is sick again. At my suggestion the C. O. S. was asked to help with the rent, and the request was granted, but of course the C. O. S. can't keep on paying their rent.

The granddaughter feels the responsibility of aiding in her grandmother's support, and the grandmother feels the need of working just as long as she can drag around, and dreads the idea of being dependent on her delicate granddaughter.

Mrs. B.'s second husband died twenty years ago and left no savings. She took in washing, took children to board and sold newspapers. She used to make about \$6.00 a week.

They have three rooms, of which one is light, in a disreputable street, and the rooms are dirty, but that is not surprising, as the girl stands all day at her factory work, and Mrs. B. exhausts her strength selling the papers and doing the necessary cooking.

The immoral mother keeps a young son with her. One wishes he could take refuge with the grandmother too, but until he can work, who would support him?

And yet with it all,—her fear and her growing weak-