

her quite unreasonable; those who know most about even the best Homes sympathize with her!

No. 75—Mrs. K.

Mrs. K.'s name was given me by the wife of a pastor of one of the smallest churches in Greenwich Village. I found her living in a small tumbledown vacant house, in a small room, with her things overflowing into the hall. She has hardening of the arteries. She said her husband was a clerk and she never needed to work, but he drank heavily, and after his death, three years ago, there was nothing left but a very small insurance which lasted only a short time. Her sister-in-law in Washington gives her \$5.00 a month and sometimes a little more, which pays for her wretched room, and for oil for a coal-oil stove, and her church and her friends provide food. She said a charitable society had helped her formerly, but refused at present to help. She said the society tried to get her into a Home, but she refused to go. The society, when I communicated with them, insisted that her sister probably helped her more than she admitted, and that anyway she should be forced into a Home, as she was too sick to live alone and had such a dirty room that it was a menace. I agreed that her room was dirty, but I had seen others just as dirty from which tenants were not forced to move, and as the woman can't live long (she wishes herself to die soon), it did seem as if food and an occasional "cleaning-up" might be provided for her and she might be left in peace.

No. 70—Mr. G.

Mr. and Mrs. G. live on Jones Street, and almost every time I passed by the house in which they live I saw Mr. G. stationed on the front steps where he could watch all the numerous activities of the street, and always received a cheery greeting. He can hobble around a little, but can't work since he was paralyzed five years ago. He was paralyzed on one side, and is blind in one eye. He was born in New York City sixty years ago, and according to the investigations of one of the charitable