

A ROSE OF THE TENDERLOIN

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"CHIMMIE FADDEN"
"MAJOR MAX"
"THE DUCHESS"
"HIS WHISKERS"
ETC.



"The game was changed; a splendid pair of red silk, silver-mounted reins, presented to Rose by a retired horseman, was harnessed onto the whole party by the donor, and Rose drove us all around the room with shouts of joy."

I MET Harry, Tenderloin Harry, as he was alighting from a hansom at the corner of Fifth avenue and one of the upper Thirtieth streets. There was nothing surprising in seeing him on Fifth avenue, for that, as well as one side of Seventh avenue, is in the Tenderloin; a fact which seems to escape the minds of those who comment on that interesting precinct.

"Sherry's, as well as Shanley's, is in the Tenderloin," as Harry phrased it to me once.

It was surprising, though, that he should have been in a hansom, for he usually goes afoot through his beloved precinct, and it was more surprising to see him lift a three-wheeled cab-child with

big, frank, handsome blue eyes that were dancing with excitement, I noticed, when I stopped to speak to Harry.

"We been to Hentrem Park," she interrupted, as we were chatting.

"That means Central Park," Harry interpreted, smiling down at the child.

"And how long, the fivers and-and-potomus and elphin an-and-dote tarrage."

"Gost carriage," Harry again interpreted, proudly.

I walked down the cross street with them, the child holding a hand of each and chattering excitedly. They stopped in front of a house near Sixth avenue.

"Now doin' see Mamma, and tell Mamma 'bout Hentrem Park," said the child, as Harry took her in his arms to carry her up the steps.

"Dood by, oo do and see Hentrem Park and dote tarrage," she said over Harry's shoulders, waving a plump little hand at me as I walked on.

I knew as much about Harry as do most men who know the Tenderloin—and no more. I know that was not his home, and I wondered if his curious history included a romance involving the life of that beautiful child. I was yet lately romancing about the man and the baby when, after walking a few blocks up Broadway, I had returned as far as the corner of the same cross street, and there I was almost run into by Harry, with the child in his arms.

He was greatly excited, more than I had ever seen him before, and the child was crying from fright.

"Here!" he exclaimed as he saw me. "Quick! you're just the man. You know where my rooms are; take this child there."

He stopped a passing coupe and had pushed me in and put the baby in my arms before I had a chance to ask a question.

"Here are my keys: call the landlady—she'll do what ever's wanted," and he slammed the door, giving the address to the driver.

I tried to quiet the child, but she was thoroughly frightened; at what, she could not say, but I guessed it was from the panic she had been thrown into by seeing some sudden and great change in Harry.

I was glad to get the landlady into Harry's apartments as soon as possible, for she was a motherly and calm woman, who had the child quiet and interested in some picture papers in a few minutes.

I told her what little I knew, but she asked no questions and showed no curiosity—she had been Harry's landlady for many years, and perhaps had learned not to be surprised or curious over any affair of his.

I had been there not more than half an hour when a man came with a little trunk and a message from Harry, that it belonged to the baby and was to be opened. Mrs. Masters, the landlady, opened the trunk and took out some of its contents, with many exclamations of delight at the rich and pretty clothes. The baby took a knowing and interested hand in this, selecting a "doss mamma likes," which Mrs. Masters put on the child.

"Unky Harry say mamma dawn 'way. Oo know where mamma dawn?"

"No, child," said Mrs. Masters.

"My name not child; my name Osie."

"Osie? Oh, Rose!"

"Ess, Osie."

It was getting dark, and little Rose began to whimper and want to go to her mamma, so Mrs. Masters undressed her and put her to bed. I saw them in Harry's bedroom from where I sat in his parlor.

"Do you say praters, Rose?"

"Ess, I say 'Dood bess mamma.'"

"And papa?"

The child looked up at Mrs. Masters, wonderingly, and then repeated, sleepily: "Dood bess mamma—at's all."

Mrs. Masters and I were whispering in the parlor, which was only half lit from the electric lights shining in through the curtains from the street below, and had just started at a cry from Rose as Harry came in.

He stood on the threshold as he heard the baby's voice saying: "I doin' tuss mamma dood-night. Mamma, tum tuss Osie dood-night."

Mrs. Masters had the little one sound asleep soon and then Harry told his story. It was a long story, and much of it you may have read in the papers the next morning. Even if you did not, there is no use in telling it all here. The headline in the papers told most or it: "Another Tenderloin Suicide."

"I never knew the father of the child," said Harry, sitting with his back to the dim light from the street, "and I hope I never may. The poor girl I knew before she—before she came into the Tenderloin. After the baby was born I saw the mother sometimes in the restaurants and music halls—

sometimes on the street. One day I met her with the baby, and the little one kind of took to me, and we became good pals—the little one and me. I used to send it little things from the shops—dresses and hats and things—and take it out to the park once in a while.

"To-day I got a note from the mother asking me if I'd take Rose out for a ride. I saw her—the little woman—when I called for the baby, and it seemed to me she was jollier than usual. When we got back to the house, they'd just found it out—found her dead—and some of the women set up a cry that the Society would take the kid—take Rose, you know—and that gave me a scare. That's when I met you.

"I've made arrangements about—the funeral—and that will be all right. But it's Rose I'm thinking of. Is she sleeping all right, Mrs. Masters?"

"Like a little angel, Harry."

He tiptoed into his bedroom, and when he came back he said nothing for many minutes. Then he lighted the gas, and handing me a sheet of paper, said: "They found this, addressed to me."

It read:

"Harry—Please look after the baby. I have pawned everything but the baby's clothes. I have no right to ask this of you, only that the baby likes you. I can't stand this any longer. Good-by. ROSE."

"Harry—Try and put the baby in a way to be brought up good, and God will bless you. R."

For several days after that I missed Harry from his favorite promenades. His absence was as noticeable as would be that of the Worth Monument from its pedestal. I began to wonder much what had become of him, and then, what had become of pretty little Rose.

So I went to his apartments.

"Yes, he's in," said Mrs. Masters, smiling with much good nature. It struck me that I had not noticed her smile much in the few times I'd seen her before then.

A young woman in nursemaid's cap and apron admitted me to the hall of Harry's apartments. She seemed to be a particularly amiable young woman, and was also smiling most sympathetically. I heard shouts of merriment, a chorus of deep chested laughs upholding a solo of the sweetest sound on earth—the unaffected laugh of a happy child.

Seated on the floor was Kendhope, the comedian; and never in all his long and successful career had he ever held such an appreciative and favoring audience.

Opposite him Harry was seated on a low chair, holding Rose on his knee, and she was watching Kendhope with fascinated eagerness and intense joy. The distinguished comedian held in one hand Rose's favorite doll and in the other a comic mask. The game was for Rose to ask the

doll a question and Kendhope to answer through the mask, in the pretense of speaking for the doll.

Standing about were a half dozen men of Harry's class, men whose brilliant waistcoats were well plumped out, whose dress and linen in all respects, if somewhat showy in design or color, were most notable for exquisite neatness.

"Have oo been a dood diri to-day?" Rose asked.

Kendhope answered through the mask, at the same time making the doll nod and squint drolly.

"Ess, very dood diri; 'cept I eat too much apple sauce."

Rose laughed and clapped her hands at this answer, and the men roared. I learned that that was a joke on Harry. The nurse had told him that apple sauce was good for Rose, and he had promptly arranged with the chef of Deimonico's for the delivery of a fresh quart of apple sauce three times a day, and paid for six months' supply in advance.

"Damn me if she aint up to the limit."

This was said by a man who had graduated from the prize ring into the betting ring, and had retired rich.

Harry gave him an ugly look.

"Gonna use?" said Rose, looking up inquiringly, as if for a meaning.

"There, see what you've done!" Harry said to the ashamed offender. "It's a bad word and don't mean anything, Rosie. I wonder Tom had no more sense."

"Tom giv me a new doll," Rosie said, smiling on the offender.

The game was changed; a splendid pair of red silk, silver-mounted reins, presented to Rose by a retired horseman, was harnessed onto the whole party by the donor, and Rose drove us all around the room with shouts of joy.

I noticed a number of changes in the room. A sideboard, used to hold a collection of drinkables, was converted into a doll's playhouse; a centre table, around which most of the men present were in the habit of engaging in a quiet game no longer held cards and poker chips, but was set forth with a baby set of tea things.

When Rose stopped, tired of driving her obedient team, she stood in front of a large photograph of Mlle. Blanc in the meagre "fairy" costume in which she entranced vaudeville audiences last Winter.

"At's a angel," said Rose.

Harry fished, took the photograph and threw it into the open fire. Then with a sudden impulse he went about the room gathering all such souvenirs, and in a moment more there was a conflagration of the finest collection in town of music hall celebrities' autograph pictures.

The nurse came and said it was time for Rose's supper and bed.

Baby and nurse disappeared, but the men did not go. They sat around talking softly and apparently waiting for something. Everything Rose had said and done was rehearsed and declared to be the most wonderful performance in the world.

"The nurse wouldn't let her have those fells, Jack," said Harry, pointing to a handsome pair of miniature fencing foils on the mantel. "She said the baby would be sticking them into her eyes."

"Of course," remarked Tom reproachfully, glad to find another offender. "Do you want to put the kid's eyes out?"

"I didn't think of that," Jack answered apologetically. "I was reading in the paper that girls are going in for fencing nowadays, and I thought she couldn't begin too young."

"Those boxing gloves were a great bit, Frank," Harry said to another.

"Were they?" Frank asked delightedly.

"She's a wonder with them. Honest, she poked me in the nose with them till it bled," Harry added.

There was a suppressed chuckle of delight at this.

From the further conversation I learned that Harry's friends passed every afternoon with him and Rose, and that that young person had already been presented with about everything the shops of New York afford, from a cart and pony to a pair of diamond earrings. The giver of the latter had been astonished to learn that girl babies are not born with ears ready pierced for earrings.

The talk gradually hushed, and the men were at last all silent, looking toward the nursery door. There was a little start, and then a more intense stillness, when the door was opened and Rose, in her nightgown, came in. She was tired, and there was the little strain of sleepy pensiveness in her voice as she went to each man and bade him "Dood night," receiving from each a half timid but reverent kiss.

Then she went to Harry, and kneeling in the frelight, prayed:

"Dood bess mamma and Unky Harry—and Bob—and Frank—and—"

"And Tom," whispered a thick voice.

"Ess, and bess Tom, and—"

It was a very sleepy voice which concluded:

"And bess all Unky Harry's dood friends."

Harry kissed her and the nurse took her away.

The men departed, slowly and quietly.

"Wait, I want to see you," Harry said to me.

It was so long before he spoke I thought he might have fallen asleep, and at last I asked: "What is it, old man?"

"I don't know any good woman," he said. "Not the kind that dead mother would want me to give the baby to."

"Have you decided to give up Rosie?"

"I must. This is all right while she's very little. But what could I do for her when she's older? It's better to give her up now—before I get fond of her. I might not be willing later. Can you help me?"

"Help you?"

"To find some good woman who wants a little angel like Rose—who'd be kind to her—bring her up good. There need not be any trouble about money. I've got some, and no one to leave it to—except Rose."

I promised Harry I'd help him. I had the matter in mind constantly, but it was weeks before chance offered the opportunity I wanted. In those weeks I went to Harry's rooms several afternoons, and always found a crowd of the baby's slaves there devising new, strange and elaborate means for her entertainment.

Sometimes they all went out to the park; not with her, but following her and the nurse.

"It's kind of hard," said Harry one day as we were starting on one of those park trips. "It's kind of hard to think that I might be doing the baby a harm just to be seen with her. Every one in town knows me—by sight, at least. Supposing Rose should be seen with me every day now, and then grow up in New York. Why, some one would remember and say of her, when she was a young lady: 'She's related to Tenderloin Harry, I remember seeing them together.' That might harm her."

So we stood at the windows and saw Rose and her nurse drive away, and then followed after. It was a curious sight at the Park Menagerie to watch the men follow, hiding and dodging so as not to be seen by the baby, but all anxious to be close enough to overhear her comments. Then we hurried back to be in the rooms when she returned, to hear her story; and she would be made to tell over and over about having seen the "lion's baby tubs," as she designated the cub lions.

One evening I dined at the house of a friend, where I met a man and wife from a large Western city. The man was a lawyer, as was my host, and was in New York in connection with some important litigation. The Westerner's wife was a gracious, attractive woman, but it seemed to me that there was beyond her typical Western vivacity a note of restless yearning—of discontent.

When the other guests had gone, my host and I, discussed them, after the manner of men, I fear, as much as women.

"She is not a happy woman," said my host, "although you'd say she has everything to make her so. Her husband is successful and prosperous, she has a beautiful home, is a leader socially, and important in all literary, musical and benevolent movements, which so much occupy the energies of women of society in Western towns. But she has no children."

Then I told my host the story of Rosa.

The next day there was a long interview, which I brought about, between my host, the Western lawyer and Harry. As a result of the interview Rose was taken by her nurse to a hotel to see the Western lawyer's wife, and for a week thereafter the baby was with her every day. Harry, in rain or sunshine, faithfully walked up and down in front of the hotel—up and down all the hours the baby's visits lasted—and only ended his sentryship when Rose and the nurse returned to his apartments.

Then I received this note from Harry:

She is coming this afternoon to take the baby away. Please come up, as I've never seen the lady, and you can help, perhaps. HARRY.

I went, and when the lady came I introduced Harry. She knew the whole story—who and what he was—but she shook hands with him cordially.

The other men—Harry's friends—were there, but they hung silently about the windows, and seemed deeply interested in the sights of the street.

Rose came in from the nursery, prettily dressed, to go out. Perhaps it was because her usually boisterous slaves did not have any greeting for her, or perhaps a look in Harry's face which gave Rose a little fright. Children take panic like animals from slight causes which men do not discover. She ran to Harry and clutched his coat. "What oo doin' do?" she asked, looking up in his face.

"I'm not going to do anything, dear," he answered, looking straight ahead so that he did not see her arms upstretched to be taken.

The lady gave a quick, searching glance at Harry's set face, and then said with nervous determination:

"I shall be in town a week or two yet, but I thought it better to take Rose now; you might grow to be fond of her."

"Yes, lady, I might," Harry said still not looking at Rose.

"Where I doin'?" the baby asked.

"With me. Come Rose."

"Is Unky Harry tumming?"

"No, I'm not, Rosie."

"Why not?"

Harry gently detached the baby's fingers from his coat, and there was a slight movement in the group by the window as he said, huskily:

"Because your mother said that—that if I put you where you'd be brought up good, Rosie, dear, God would bless me."

The lady slipped out of the room with Rose.

"And, by God, He ought to!" sobbed Harry. EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.

Around the World in 30 Days--Where a Traveller Would Go and What He

"I will put a girde around the earth in thirty minutes," said Puck.

"I can do it in thirty days," says Prince Hillcock, the Russian Minister of Transportation, who recently paid this country a flying trip to study our railways and make investigations for his imperial master on the method and cost of their construction.

When Jules Verne wrote his famous and fanciful romance, "Around the World in

Eighty Days," the reading public voted him the romancer of the age. A man, they said, who could imagine such an absurd piece of fiction had a mind that could see diamonds with a commercial value in drops of sea water. But, by the side of what the Russian prince intends and promises to accomplish, the story of the achievements of Phineas Fogg pales into insignificance.

To go around the world in eighty days

even now means a leisurely journey, with plenty of time to spare, should the fancy strike the traveller to stop over for a few days at the most interesting places along the route.

The vast and hitherto little travelled plains of Siberia furnish the key to the thirty-day problem. The possibility that the limitless, barren expanse from the boundary line of Russia to the coast should ever play a part in rapid transit between

nations and so around the world is one of those big dreams of engineering that would fill the imagination only of a man with an ambition as limitless as the plains themselves. The country is practically a terra incognita. While here and there are little villages, for the most part the dwelling places of exiled Russians, the country has never been a productive one, nor has it served any purpose other than to furnish a convenient place for exiles to die

in and to prevent the approach on Russia of an enemy from the sea.

No army would dare invade Russia by way of Siberia. The rocky, impassable topography of the country and the severe Winters make it a most forbidding region. And yet it is one of the richest countries in agricultural and mineral possibilities on the globe. Coal and iron, and the more precious metals are there in abundance. The Summer, though short, is long enough

to admit of a good wheat yield were there any way of getting the crop to a seaport.

To develop this portion of his own country and also make the Siberian plains the key to communication between the East and the West has spurred Prince Hillcock to undertake the most gigantic railroad feat of the century. The trans-Siberian Railroad will be in operation, it is now thought, by 1900, when all the world will be in Paris for the Exposition.

The main object of his visit to this country was to study American methods of railway construction, which are the marvel of all foreigners, and also to learn if the present prospective cost of the enterprise could not be lessened through arrangements with American manufacturers. He intended making a most exhaustive study of the subject, but was hurriedly summoned back to St. Petersburg by a message from the Czar.

