

until in some instances whole families have been wiped out.

The mother coughs very often into her hands or her apron, prepares the food with unclean hands, her breath coming into close contact with it, sowing germs broadcast.

One day, while visiting a woman who had lost all belonging to her from this disease, I saw an illustration of this kind: She stopped in the middle of getting her meal and said, "I must get some of Jim's letters and papers for you to read."

These letters had been kept in a box since his death without being fumigated, and looked over often by other members of the family. All had died but the parents. The woman looked them all over, handed them to me, and went on preparing the meal without washing her hands, cutting bread and cake, and offering me a piece because it was home-made.

In another house I found a man with tuberculosis of the throat, and beside him a pan of ashes for the discharges. I asked him what was done with the ashes. I was told that they had a double purpose, to fill in the yard and make a scratching ground for the chickens. On my way to the street I passed through the yard, found the chickens enjoying the rough ashes, and, far worse, the children of six families digging in them, as more fortunate ones do in the sand.

In a Slavish home, where the mother of the family had the disease in its last stage, her bed, in the kitchen, was shared by husband and three children, a baby beside her in a cradle, the bedrooms sub-let to boarders. The poor woman had to get out of bed three times a day to prepare the meals for the family and boarders. It was near noontime, the patient staggering around from table to stove, coughing terribly, using her hands to expectorate in, also tearing the meat and tomatoes in pieces at the same time, putting them in the frying pan, cutting bread, and getting the coffee kettle to boil, and the meal was ready. I begged her to stay in bed and let the boarders look after their own meals, but she said her husband would beat her if she did not get up, so I waited to see the husband and told him his wife needed a doctor, good care, and a bedroom to herself, and as I had found out that he could well afford it, told him it must be done. The man was furious, said, "My wife, she is no more good to me, she will go in the box soon, I will not spend my money on her."

His young wife, the mother of four children, who took in ten boarders, and who went to the dock summer and winter, carrying heavy loads of coal and wood on her

back, barefooted up the steep Yonkers hills, working and slaving so that the man could put his money in the bank, now had to listen to this brutal speech and also to feed the woman who was to be her successor, waiting for her end in misery.

There was nothing to do but take the law in my own hands. I told the man to help at once to get one of the bedrooms ready or else be arrested, and went to work, cleared out six boarders, made the woman comfortable, sent for the doctor, supplies, and milk, and also for the priest to help me in moral suasion. I went once or twice daily to see that the patient was well cared for, and that children and father slept in kitchen. The poor young woman at least ended her life in cleanliness and quiet.

When a baker works until three days before his death, it is not likely that the bread he handles will be wholesome, especially when he is careless in coughing, using his hands to wipe away the expectoration. This same man who boarded with a nice family, was as careless in his room, expectorating wherever convenient. The woman, mother of five children, who had to clean the room, contracted the disease, and must now lose her life and leave five little children motherless.

A certain Hebrew, who was too sick to work any longer, thought he could support his family by going into the milk business, bought the milk in cans, filled the bottles in the dirtiest tenements, coughing and spitting all around the place. The children carried the bottles of milk to the unsuspecting customers. It took just one day for the Board of Health to put an end to this enterprise.

In another instance I had to report a butcher, who was far advanced, coughing badly, hardly able to be up, handling a great deal of meat and sausage, which no one seemed to object to buying at his store.

Seven successive cases of tuberculosis occurred in one basement, I found, while inspecting, the last victim lying on the bed in the kitchen, rocking a baby in the small cradle beside him, the walls mouldy, and the mattress soaking wet from dampness. Two small bedrooms occupied by boarders were just as damp, the water running down the walls. It was winter and very cold, only a small fire in the kitchen, and the windows kept tightly closed, so all vapours from washing and cooking condensed on walls and woodwork. I reported the condition, and the basement as unfit for human habitation, the place was vacated, and the Commissioner of Charities helped to move the family in healthier quarters.

The second-hand man and rag pedlar should

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