

FIVE CENTS A DAY; A MAN'S LIFE.

Mr. Garrett's
4th Chapter
on His Hard
Experience
in New York
Living.



CHARLES H. GARRETT.

HE DOES HIS OWN LAUNDRY.

News from Papers Picked Up in the Parks--Wisdom Gained from Accidents -- What He'll Tell To-Morrow.

FOURTH CHAPTER.

I was to have a feast. That was easy to decide upon, since I possessed \$1.25. But to determine of what that feast should consist was a very different question.

I could not make up my mind whether I should go to Riggs's, in Sixth avenue, and have a Hamburg steak with potatoes, which cost 15 cents, or whether I should have a small steak which cost 20 cents.

My stomach favored the small steak; prudence called for the Hamburg. Between the two I was in a quandary.

Finally my stomach triumphed; I decided I would have the small steak, and started for Riggs's to get it.

Before I reached the restaurant I was so faint and so weak that I could scarcely walk, and when I was there I staggered through the door in a way that made one of the waiters look at me curiously, as though he thought I was drunk.

Once at the table I gave my order in a hurry.

I could hardly wait for the meat to be cooked.

The smell of the kitchen which came to me as the waiters passed to and fro made me ravenous, and when my small steak was set before me I could not cut fast enough.

A STEAK AND A FEAST.

It was a small steak in reality. But it was as big as any that I could get for the money at any place I knew, and I set out to enjoy it. Bread and butter and potatoes went with the meat, and began eating.

I made it last as long as I could and cut it in small pieces and chewed the pieces thoroughly so that I should get all the enjoyment possible out of the feast.

But dawdle over it as I would it was soon gone and with it the last traces of the bread, butter and potatoes. Then I started back for my room.

I felt like a new man. The meal, insufficient as it was, had braced me up and all signs of faintness and headache had passed away.

I went over to Broadway so that I would look in the store windows as I went home.

It was one of the pleasantest walks of my life. Everything seemed bright and attractive and I moved along content with life and myself.

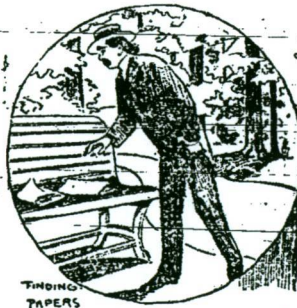
The difference that a meal can make

That was my laundry. Until now I had had my washing done at laundries, and the bills had formed a considerable item in my expenses. Since I had been so hard up I had not had any washing done, and my supply of clean clothes was getting very low. I had no money to send them to be washed, and so I decided to do them myself.

DOES HIS OWN LAUNDRY.

There was soap in my room and I could heat water on my gas stove, so I went at the task. I had never done any washing before, but that did not bother me. If soap and water and hard washing could get things clean I knew that I could do the job.

When I had finished the washing part I was stuck. I had no place to dry them nor any means of ironing. At last I decided that I would hang them over the foot of my bed and on the back of



FINDING PAPERS

a chair and let them dry there. As for the ironing, they would have to get along without it.

Of course, I did not try to wash any starched pieces. I knew I could not make a success of that and so I did not attempt it. But so far as the other things went the job was a very good one except that the clothes looked mussv.

So far as the underwear went this did not matter, but I did not like the looks of the handkerchiefs. They ought to be ironed. I tried in half a dozen ways to smooth them out so that they would not look so bad.

GLASS VICE FLATIRONS.

Finally I struck upon the plan of wetting them and plastering them on

would take the handkerchief out. As soon as I left the handkerchief would go back again. Then, by taking the collar off as soon as I got back to my room I could make one keep fresh and clean some time.

But even with this management they would show some signs of soil after the second day. Then I would lay them aside to be used on second best occasions, such as trips to the grocery or walks in the park. In this way I managed to make two collars last me a week.

As for the occasional visits I made to the Astoria the walks I took in the park were one of my chief sources of enjoyment.

On Saturdays and Sundays there are concerts near the Mall, and I made it a rule to be there early and hear every piece. I would sit there on one of the benches and listen to the music and watch the people as they passed, and think that the world was not such a bad place after all.

Besides the pleasure I get out of it this way the park is my news-stair. Renties are so hard to get that I can not afford to spend any for papers. At the same time I want to keep up with the doings of the world. So every morning I go out to the park and look for papers.

AFTER NEWSPAPERS.

The main entrance is not far from the place where I live, and within ten or fifteen minutes I seldom fail to have a good supply of papers. For this I have to thank those persons who go to the park to read the papers and when they have finished leave them on the benches. It is seldom that I do not find at least two different papers, and sometimes I get nearly all that are published. So I have a chance to read what all the papers have to say, and thus keep better posted than a good many people who can afford to spend all they want to on their reading matter.

But it must not be thought that I waste my time in the park. I can not afford to do that. Even when I am walking about looking for papers I keep my eyes open for something which can be turned into a story or a newspaper incident. Then I make a note of it, and, later, when I am spending my evenings in the hotel writing-rooms, I write it out and get it into shape to be sent to some publication.

After my first trip in the park in the morning I usually start out along Broadway or along the river front. Those two places I find to be the best

This sum may not seem very big. But when you are only allowing five or ten cents a day for food, it is enough to go a long way. I can have comfortably on \$1.50 a week, and pay \$1.75 out of it for my room and gas, so the money I received from the Wool Record was not to be despised.

With the money I had left from pawning my dress-suit and the money I made from my sheep story I get along very well until after the first of May.

I did not waste any on extravagances. The only thing for which I spent anything aside from food and the washing of one shirt was for a shave. For that I paid 15 cents, and I got it in a good Broadway shop.

I know that I could have found plenty of places where I could have been shaved for 10 cents, and I have seen some on the Bowery where they shave for five and even for three cents. But I could not bring myself to go to one of these places. I was afraid of them, and I decided that if I could not get shaved in a good barber shop I would not get shaved at all.

On this account I had let my beard grow for nearly three weeks, and after I had paid the barber for taking it off I felt that he had earned his money.

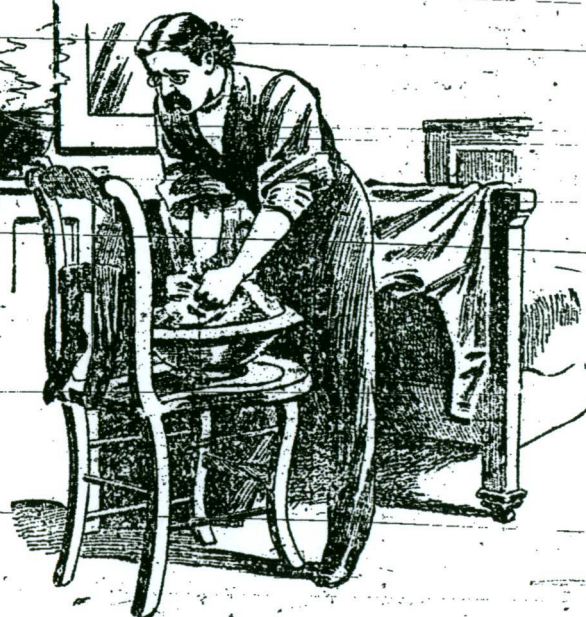
ILL WIND AND BROKEN EGGS.

I was getting to the end of my small stock of cash and was beginning to wonder where the next money was coming from, when my troubles were added to by an accident. To many people it would have seemed most trivial, but in the condition of my finances it was a serious one.

As I have said, I used the outside ledge of my window as a refrigerator. There I kept my eggs and milk and butter when I had any. On May 2 I had bought six eggs and figured that they must last me two days. I ate one of them for breakfast and put the others on the ledge along with a little milk which I had left. Then I left the house for my regular visits to the newspaper offices and to the magazines.

While I was out a storm came up and the wind blew and the rain fell. I kept out of it by stopping in the entrance of an office building and did not worry. But when I got home and was ready to cook my dinner I discovered my trouble. The storm had blown the bag of eggs and the milk from the window ledge and both were broken and wasted on the ground beneath the window.

It almost made me sick. The eggs I



IF SOAP AND WATER AND HARD WASHING COULD GET THINGS CLEAN, I KNEW THAT I COULD DO THE JOB.

SUMMER'S NEED PE

Attention Ag
the Suffe
of the Te

WEAKENED

Tenth Year of
tors' Work—
Relieved by

THE SUBS

- Frederick's acknowledged
- Mollie Geranium
- Elias Gammann, Grace
- Henry
- Harry
- Stauss
- Street Friends of the P.
- Miss Mary, M. and F.
- Miss Jennings, M. and F.
- Four White Cross Me
- Anna
- Maudie, Elmwood, Miss
- Stacie Campbell, West
- others, West Hoboken,
- Arthur Bloom, Edgar
- others
- Agnes Medal, Milton E.
- Nettie Blum, Anna Det
- J. Nathaniel, E. French
- Anna Burke and Ethel
- Lizzie Schmitt and Vera
- One Hundred and Six
- B. H. F.

The sultry weathe
has worked sad-h



doubly in consequen
ter none appeals so
sympathy as the lit
tenements, who, we
the harrowing trou
head, bad ventilatio
are dependent on th
morant mothers for
they receive. Their
bedroom in the big
It is to ameliorat
these tiny sufferers
World Sick Babies'
and the physicians
taired by the Fund
bards full.

These striking, hot
aries of health are
down collar, front ho
through dark and un
suffing with the od
from the fires of a
washings and ironin
once in as many poor
are searching the t
sufferers who are wit
dance. They knock
to many a sad moth
ing of an Evening V
a visit from an ang
bends in anguish a
fevered little one so.
A thousand a week
physicians thus far
children are found
looked after by the
corps; their sick bed
their mothers are giv
food and instruction
heal the little suffer
All this is through
ity of the readers
World, who have libe
breadth of all Summe
ten successive camp
Contributions to the
should be sent to th
World, 63 Park Row,

Maus...
The date of the
fireworks benefit for
Fund was wrongly ar
of yesterday's edition

should have a small steak which cost 20 cents.

My stomach favored the small steak prudence called for the Hamburg. Between the two I was in a quandary.

Finally my stomach triumphed. I decided I would have the small steak, and started for Riggs's to get it.

Before I reached the restaurant I was so faint and so weak that I could scarcely walk, and when I was there I staggered through the door in a way that made one of the waiters look at me curiously, as though he thought I was drunk.

Once at the table I gave my order in a hurry.

I could hardly wait for the meat to be cooked.

The smell of the kitchen which came to me as the waiters passed to and fro made me ravenous, and when my small steak was set before me I could not cut it fast enough.

A STEAK AND A FEAST.

It was a small steak in reality. But it was as big as any that I could get for the money at any place I knew, and I set out to enjoy it. Bread and butter and potatoes went with the meat, and began eating.

I was full at last as long as I could and cut it in small pieces and chewed the pieces thoroughly so that I should get all the enjoyment possible out of the feast.

But dawdle over it as I would it was soon gone and with it the last traces of bread, butter and potatoes. Then I started back for my room.

I felt like a new man. The meal, inefficient as it was, had braced me up and all signs of faintness and headache had passed away.

I went over to Broadway so that I could look in the store windows as I went home.

It was one of the pleasantest walks of my life. Everything seemed bright and attractive and I moved along content with life and myself.

The difference that a meal can make to a hungry man is marvelous. I had never thoroughly realized it until that night.

I had \$1.05 in my pocket which could go for food, and I knew that I could make that last me at least ten days. So I strolled along at peace with everything and everybody. I admired the displays of goods in the store windows; I stopped and read the advertisements on the billboards outside the theatres; I looked into the restaurants and without envy, watched the people dining; I looked at the rows of electric lights twinkling far up and down the street, and I thought how good and how pleasant everything was.

BLISS IN A SMOKE.

And all this was because I had eaten a small steak and some bread and butter.

On my way home I decided that I was entitled to a smoke. I am very fond of tobacco and used to smoke a good deal, but it can be imagined that I had not done so of late. I had a cornob pipe and when I could afford it I had allowed myself one or two pipefuls each night before I went to bed.

I did not want a smoke for more than two weeks and I decided that I could spare five cents from my money and get some tobacco. I limited myself to a five-cent package, and the cheapest kind at that, so as to get all I could for my money.

I bought the tobacco and went to my room. Then I opened the window and sat there in the dark and smoked two pipefuls and watched the sky. It was simply bliss.

When my second pipe had burned out I went to bed and slept soundly all night.

The next morning when I waked up I went out to buy some groceries. I bought half a pound of coffee for 10 cents, 15 cents worth of potatoes at the rate of about one cent each, five rolls for 5 cents, five eggs for 4 cents, three and a half pounds of Indian meal for 3 cents, one pound of sugar for 3 cents and a can of condensed milk for 3 cents.

This used up more than half of the dollar I had, but I did not worry, for I knew that with the exception of the eggs and rolls the supplies would last me for days. So the food question did not worry me.

But there was one thing that did

DOES HIS OWN LAUNDRY.

There was soap in my room and I could heat water on my gas stove, so I went at the task. I had never done any washing before, but that did not bother me. If soap and water and hard washing could get things clean I knew that I could do the job.

When I had finished the washing part I was stuck. I had no place to dry them nor any means of ironing. At last I decided that I would hang them over the foot of my bed and on the back of



TUNING PAPERS

a chair and let them dry there. As for the ironing, they would have to get along without it.

Of course I did not try to wash any soiled pieces. I knew I could not make a success of that and so I did not attempt it. But so far as the other things went the job was a very good one except that the clothes looked mussy.

So far as the underwear went that did not matter, but I did not like the looks of the handkerchiefs. They ought to be ironed. I tried in half a dozen ways to smooth them out so that they would not look so bad.

GLASS VICE FLATIRONS.

Finally I struck upon the plan of wetting them and stretching them on the glass of my window. I found this worked admirably. The handkerchiefs not only dried quickly, but when I needed them of the window they were almost as smooth as if they had come from a laundry.

I must have a clean shirt and some collars and cuffs, however, and so I made up a small bundle. Wing Sing, of 82 Eighth avenue, got the job, and when I paid him I had to give up sixteen of my precious cents. But I determined to make the clothes last as long as they possibly could, so I made it a rule never to wear a shirt or cuffs or collar while I was in my room. As I was always alone there, I could do this, and it made a big difference in the lasting powers of my clean linen.

As soon as I would come in I would take off all my laundered clothing and carefully wrap it up in paper. I took this precaution, as there was considerable dust from the street, and after a day or two I saw that it had an appreciable effect on the clothes which I left in the room.

Besides economizing in my linen in this way I wore my collars in relays and only put on cuffs when I was going out to some place where I was particular as to my appearance.

ECONOMY IN COLLARS.

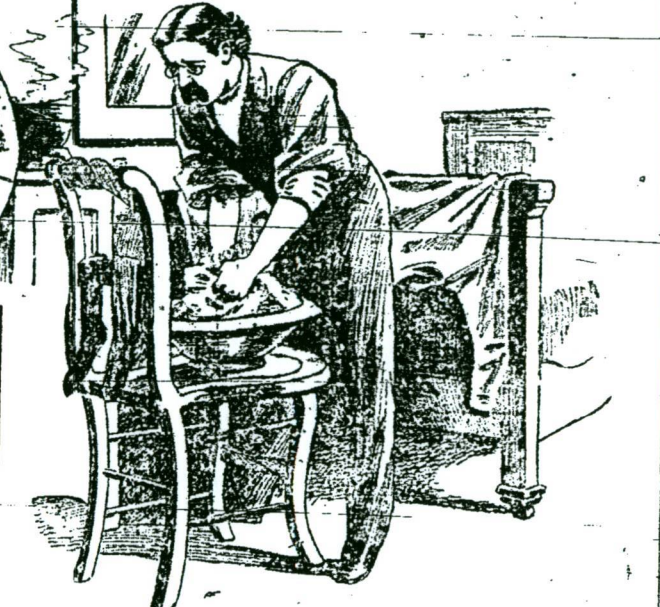
My system of wearing my collars was this: I would keep one as clean as I could by putting my handkerchief over it as I walked along the street. When I reached the place where I was going and where I wanted to look neat I

How to live on five cents a day is what Charles H. Garrett is telling the people of New York. He has done it for months in this city. He began telling his experience in The Evening World of last Monday. In the first chapters of his story he told how in a desire to follow literature as a profession he gave up a position as book-keeper for John Bromley, in Philadelphia, and came to this city in the hope of making a living as a travelling salesman. Getting a chance to work on the Mail and Express as a reporter, he gave up everything else. After working three weeks at \$10 a week he was discharged. Since then he has had no regular work. As living in restaurants was too expensive, he cooked his meals in his own room. At first he allowed himself 25 or 30 cents a day for supplies, but gradually, as his funds ran low, he was forced to cut this down to ten, five, three and even one and a half cents a day. There is no exaggeration in the story he tells. It is all cold fact.

waste my time in the park. I can not afford to do that. Even when I am walking about looking for papers I keep my eyes open for something which can be turned into a story or a newspaper incident. Then I make a note of it and later when I am spending my evenings in the hotel writing-rooms, I write it out and get it into shape to be sent to some publication.

After my first trip in the park in the morning I usually start out along Broadway or along the river front. Those two places I find to be the best

newspaper offices and to the magazines. While I was out a storm came up and the wind blew and the rain fell. I kept out of it by stopping in the entrance of an office building, and did not worry. But when I got home and was ready to cook my dinner I discovered my trouble. The storm had blown the bag of eggs and the milk from the window ledge, and both were broken and wasted on the ground beneath the window. It almost made me sick. The eggs I



IF SOAP AND WATER AND HARD WASHING COULD GET THINGS CLEAN, I KNEW THAT I COULD DO THE JOB.

sources of news or semi-news incidents.

Once I sold one of the stories which I picked up this way, and the story came from the park, too. It happened that I was strolling through one of the walks north of the Zoological Garden, when I noticed one of the attendants caring for the sheep. I watched him and became quite interested, and finally got into conversation with him. He told me that they were going to sell the sheep they had in the park and get another kind.

I thought that I might be able to sell the news to one of the papers, and so I got him to tell me all about it. When I had learned all he could tell me I went back to my room and wrote it up. Then I took it down to the Mail and Express, and tried to sell it to the editor for whom I had worked.

I was much disappointed when he told me that the fact of the sale of the sheep had been published, and that consequently he did not want to buy my story. But he suggested that I go over to the Wool Record with the information I had gathered. The editor of the paper, he said, had once worked on the Mail and Express, and he might be able to do something with the story.

A STORY ON SHEEP.

I did as he advised, and found that he had put me in the way of making some money. The editor of the Wool Record said he would take a story about the change in the sheep, and I wrote it for him. It was published, and when it came out I was paid \$2.40 for it.

had counted upon for the most substantial part of my meals for the two days. They were meat to me, and now I found my supply destroyed. I could not afford to buy any more, and that night I had to go to bed hungry. To be sure I had my Indian meal mush, but that was not enough. Even with one of the eggs my meal would have been slim, but with that gone and the knowledge that I must do without on the next day, I was upset.

But I took good care that the accident was not repeated. When I bought my next supply of eggs and wanted to leave them on the window ledge I was not satisfied until I had put the bag in a tin pail and tied that firmly to the window.

SELLS AN OLD SHILLING.

It was more than two weeks now since I had pawned my dress suit, and I had scarcely any money left. Since I had sold the story to the Wool Record I had not earned any money, and I was getting desperate again. I must raise money somehow and I looked over my possessions to see what I had which could be sold.

In my trunk I found some old pocket pieces which I had had for years and had forgotten about. Among these was an English shilling.

I had seen the sign of a dealer in stamps and coins in East Twenty-third street, and I went to the store to see if I could sell the shilling. It was Scott's establishment and I was sure they would buy it, but when I offered it they told me that they did not handle coins any more.

I was greatly disappointed and told the clerk so. He then gave me the card of a man named Tom, who he said was in the Charities Building, at Twenty-first street and Fourth avenue, and dealt in coins.

I went to him and after some dickering sold the shilling for twenty cents. The money was like a god-sent, and I determined that I would make it last me at least three days.

The sickness that comes of hunger was to be known to me, and how it came will be told in The Evening World to-morrow. My experience with newspaper and magazine editors, with pawn-brokers, and cheap restaurants will be described in The Evening World to-morrow, as well as the experience of a young man who was forced to pawn money for a necessary trip to the city.

CHARLES H. GARRETT.

doubly in consequence none apparently sympathetic. Tenements, who, the harrowing, had, had, had, are dependent on morant mothers, they receive, the bedroom in the, these tiny suffer, World-Rock Hall, and the physical, faded by the, hands full.

These sixling, down cellar, from through dark an, sifting with the, from the fres o, washings and fr, once in as many, are searching th, sufferers who ar, dance. They kn, to many a sad l, ing of an Eveni, a well from an, bends in angul, fevered little o, A thousand a, physicians thu, children are fo, looked after by, corps; their sic, their mothers ar, food and instr, heal the little s, All this is thro, of the reacy, World, who have, broader of all S, ten successive c, Contritions to, should be sent t, World, 63 Park R,

Manh, The date, fireworks benea, Fund was wrong, of yesterday's ed, correct date is J, Monday.

The White, To the Editor, Inclosed find \$4 for, Melle Korthum, Fancie Greenfield, Rebecca Greenfield,

Three Br, To the Editor, Inclosed please find, and at 173 South F, how it will do some, Mrs. Hanson, 12, Jesse Sherk, J,

Fordha, To the Editor, Inclosed find \$2 to, which is donated by, Hattie Florence Low, 24 Ave. and I,

In \$3, To the Editor, Inclosed please find, the offerings of som, our heartfelt sympath, but our circumstances, are,

Will T, To the Editor, Inclosed find \$5 con, sold at One Hundred, will do some, and I, will do some, Edward Johnson,

From West, To the Editor, Inclosed find \$1, the, of Mrs. Rebecca J, Hocken, C. J. who, Mrs. calls and Mrs. J, Maude (Glasgow), Ida Schenck,

Sold \$22, To the Editor, Inclosed find \$22, where we will send, such babies,

Nettie and, To the Editor, Inclosed find \$20 sent, at 112 West Thirtieth, of the No. 10, Nettie Spurr, Eugene's mother, Anna Dornier,

Bella at, To the Editor, Inclosed find \$20, which should be sent to, Mrs. Spurr, N. 10,

Inclosed find \$20, which should be sent to, Mrs. Spurr, N. 10,