

**THE LITTLE SUFFERERS: A  
STORY OF THE ABUSES OF  
CHILDREN'S SOCIETIES**

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The Little Sufferers: A Story of The Abuses of Children's Societies by G. Martin Jurgenson

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**G. MARTIN JURGENSON**

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THE  
LITTLE SUFFERERS

A STORY OF THE ABUSES OF  
THE CHILDREN'S SOCIETIES

BY  
G. MARTIN JURGENSON  
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# The Little Sufferers

## CHAPTER I.

### A STORY OF THE ABUSES OF THE CHILDREN'S SOCIETIES.

"Truly, Harry, I'm very happy that you got that job, even though it is a few dollars less a week. No matter, dear," said Mrs. Harry O'Neil, as she helped her husband to a breakfast of liver and bacon. Taking a seat beside him, she continued: "By and by, dear, you'll get a position like the last one; anyway, twelve dollars a week is not so bad, though everything is expensive. I'm not extravagant, nor do you spend anything for drink, so of course we'll get along nicely. Besides, perhaps Willie can sell a few papers and, in a pinch, once in a while our Louise can stay home from——"

"You are awful good, Nelly," broke in her husband, "but it must come hard, my child, for you and the children to get along on so little; it means just two dollars a day, including carfare and——"

"I know, Harry, I know," she exclaimed. "But did we not figure out last night that by moving to South Brooklyn, where you are going to work, we could save a few dollars a week in rent? And besides, you'll have no carfare to pay; so, after all, dear, it is not so

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much of a difference, and soon we'll get used to it. Truly, Harry, we'll be as happy as ever. Where mutual love exists, no matter what befalls, all other troubles can easily be overcome. You were always so good and willing, and have tried so hard to please me and have our home so pleasant, that surely now I can help you a little, and we can perhaps save a few dollars. I can't do anything too much for you, and, as I said before, Louise once in a while can mind the baby so that I can take in a little sewing and washing. Every little helps and does no harm."

Endeavoring to conceal his emotion, Harry arose and, embracing his wife most lovingly, said in a tremulous voice: "Thank you, Nelly, but you shall not, as long as I have all my limbs, do a stroke of work to earn a cent."

Harry now hastened to his new job as teamster in a South Brooklyn planing mill, which lay close to Gowanus Canal.

After having completed her household duties, Mrs. O'Neil, with her three children, left for South Brooklyn, in search of a cheap apartment convenient to her husband's work. As she passed up and down the dirty avenues of that part of Brooklyn, the contrast to what she wished to find was so great that she suffered intensely. A fear came over her, as she saw women and children carrying cans of beer from the saloons which were run by some of the aspiring politicians in that ward. Her route lay directly past a resort frequented by political aspirants, ne'er-do-wells, ward detectives, and other law-breakers, who leave their tainted money at the bar, and in return look for the favor and protection that a saloon-keeper's influence or pull can provide.

"I'll bet my last nickel that that piece of calico and

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the fine kids are something new about here," said one of the gang.

"Just look at her, Jim, she'd have made a fine policeman, had it not been what failed her," said another.

"Ah, let her chase herself, we're all right," drawled a sleepy-looking individual sitting on the sidewalk.

Mrs. O'Neil paid no attention to these idle remarks, although they added to her misery.

Finally, worn to a compromising frame of mind, she got suited, in a way, in the lower end of Bond Street, within a couple of blocks from where her husband was employed. There she engaged four fairly decent rooms at a rental of ten dollars a month.

Having completed her task, Mrs. O'Neil started for home. On passing the ice-house, she saw at a corner about two dozen idlers lying about with some beer cans, and among them stood a policeman. Being a stranger in that neighborhood, she asked the officer how to reach the cars for East New York.

"Well, well," drawled the officer, fumbling his boyish face, "I'm on my vacation; and, anyway, I'm not a street directory. I am assigned to catch—" Before he could answer, a boy offered for a cent to guide her to the nearest car.

She gladly accepted, and within an hour she reached home. A more unhappy woman than Mrs. O'Neil could hardly be imagined. The thought of leaving her quiet surroundings and cosey home to dwell in a locality where there was neither law nor order, discouraged her and nearly broke her heart.

A month and a half had now elapsed since the O'Neils moved into their new home in Bond Street, and those few weeks had seemed years to sensitive Mrs. O'Neil. Indeed, she had ample reason to feel