

"I never saw her before, your honor."

"Will you promise to keep off the street?"

"I can't, no I can't promise you that. God knows I would if I could. But when I see my baby starving and there is no other way to find food for her, what else can I do?" and the wretched little woman sobbed as if her heart was breaking.

The justice looked stern.

"Oh sir," she sobbed, "if you only knew the misery and sorrow, the despair and degradation to which I have been humiliated, you might pity me. I was young when I was married. For a while I was so happy. Then my husband sickened and died. That was but little more than a year ago. Soon after my baby was born. I had no friends and no money. I was alone in this great city and no one to help me or even to give me a bit of advice. Vainly I sought for work. I could not go into service and take my baby with me, and I could not bear the thought of parting from it. At last I found employment in a factory. There I made overalls and toiled from morning until night, week in and week out. But work as hard as I could, I could only earn four dollars a week. Baby took sick and I had to pay for a doctor and medicine and it cost more than I could make."

Starvation or a life of shame, she said, were the only two courses she could see, and for the baby's sake she chose shame. But such a life was full of horror for her, and, disgusted and ashamed, she went back to the old grinding toil. Striving with all her power to earn an honest livelihood she again saw that the struggle was too much, and two weeks ago she saw that her baby must starve unless she found something else. She went upon the street and was placed in the station. She was moaning and sobbing, and though imprisonment seemed probable, she only thought of her little girl.

"It was all because of my baby. She is my all and I can't send her to the Home for the Friendless. I worked hard for

her but we could not live with only four dollars a week. What could I do? I could not beg enough for both. Oh, I was driven to it, and after I had sunk once, I could get nothing else than the factory because I had no one who would give me a letter of recommendation. It was starvation for my baby, or shame."

"But many I know manage to live on less than four dollars a week," said the magistrate.

"Yes, one person might; but I can't feed, clothe, and shelter my baby and myself for that. Must I lose my baby because a woman cannot earn more than enough in Chicago to give herself black bread and a garret?"

She claimed that she was not on the downward path of her own volition, and that if she could support herself and child she would leave her life of shame. She was fined twenty-five dollars, but execution was staid during good behavior. If arrested again she will be given fifty days at the bridewell. She left the court-room weeping and moaning.

"What will become of my baby," she cried, "if I am brought here and have to be imprisoned for so long?"

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LITTLE HEROINES WHO WORK FOR THREE MEALS, A ROOF  
AT NIGHT, AND THEIR CAR-FARE.

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THEY DO NOT HAVE TIME EITHER TO READ DAILY PAPERS  
OR ATTEND DIVINE WORSHIP.

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In all this wide, weary, work-a-day world there is not a better, brighter, nobler girl than the one who stitches, lines, binds and vamps your slippers and shoes.

She is a heroine if there ever was one outside of a civil or religious war. She knows nothing of self-love, nothing of fear,