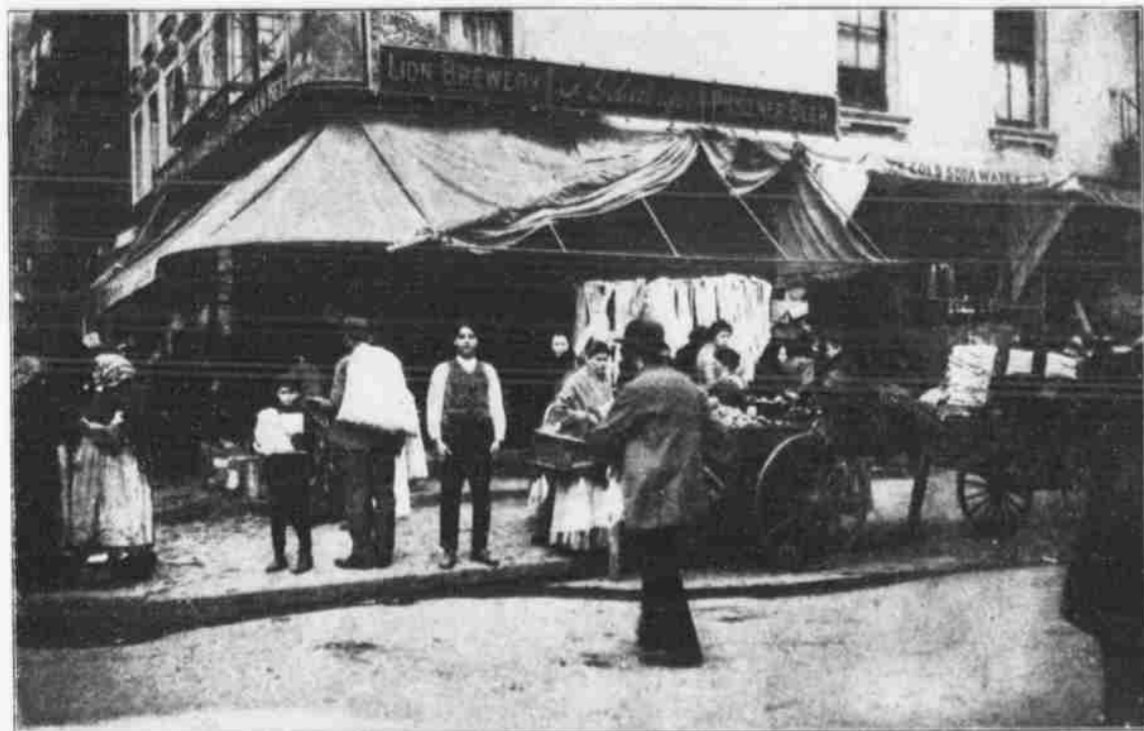


# Growth of Jewish Population of New York City



THE PEDDLERS ARE MEN OF STANDING.



CONSTANT PASSING OF TRIBES.

**N**EW YORKERS have been amazed recently by figures that show, as the result of careful calculation, that on Manhattan island—the old city of New York—every fourth person is a Jew.

They find it hard to believe, because, in spite of all that they imagine they know about their metropolis, probably not 1 per cent knows anything about the great city of the Jew that has been builded within New York.

They hear much talk of the "Ghetto," but comparatively few outsiders ever see it. If New Yorkers did visit it they would believe the figures. For in that wonderful section one may pass through forty miles of streets and see none but Jewish faces, with the exceptions of policemen, street sweepers and other city employes.

The section could not have been located better geographically to insure seclusion. Of all New York territory it is the one that does not contain at least one great thoroughfare vital to the life of the city. The thoroughfares that traverse it—East Broadway, Grand street and Houston street—serve only a relatively small proportion of outside workers and remain noticeably local in their nature.

So, as the famous Ghetto of old Frankfurt once was walled in with structures of masonry, loop-holed and guarded with towers, the Ghetto of modern New York is walled in with natural conditions that make it a land so unknown to the mass of the rest of the population that it might as well be in Siberia.

Possibly more New Yorkers would know it if it were.

Its limits are defined almost as sharply as if, indeed, they were marked by walls. The visitor steps out of the German quarter or the Hungarian quarter or the Italian quarter at once into the City of the Jew. This is a city truly, and no "mere quarter."

The tall flats of the tenement houses, from end to end of vistas, are gaudy with pinks and blues and yellows from top to bottom, as if they were Oriental houses with gorgeous rugs flung from each opening. The spattering of hues is from the rugs of the East Side—the bedding that is hung out from every window to sun throughout the day.

The stivism of the population has overwhelmed the hideous tenement house designs. From the coloring of the fronts to the crowds on the streets, everywhere is the touch of the Orient.

In the ceaseless flowing to and fro of a people there come and go true figures of the magical east. Here, presiding over a stand with melons and pears, black bearded, hawknosed, hawkeyed, straight and lithe, surely is a son of Ishmael—such a one as might be pictured in a flowing burnouse, riding a white racing camel and waving flashing weapons in a charge over Arabia's yellow sand.

By the side of him, chaffering with would-be buyers of the cheap cottons and muslins on his handcart, stands a veritable Egyptian sculpture come to earth, stalking out of twilight tombs on the Nile to stand on Essex street and barter stuffs made in Connecticut. There are the wide thighs, the sinewy shoulders, and the muscles laid on them as they are laid on in those carved figures.

A Russian general could not look more imposing than does yonder Jew with his close trimmed beard and his keen, strong, determined face. That he should be pushing a cart with suspenders and hose on it seems as ridiculous as the topsy-turvy things seen in dreams.

Best old men with white ringlets and majestic beards, noble models for pictures of Cadis and Talmudists, sit behind greasy show windows waiting for customers to buy their unleavened breads or groceries or kosher meats. Tall, thin German Jews, modern in every respect, with the deep, angry eyes of men who talk of the crowds of social tyrannies, press through the nights, bearing unfinished trousers and vests to the sweatshops. Behind a tumbled, junk-like mass of shoestrings, tin spoons at the price of two for



MILES AND MILES OF SHOPS AND STREETS PACKED WITH MERCHANTS.

1 cent, and 2-cent whiskbrooms, there looks a man who bears on his brown neck a perfect Nubian head.

Swaying from the hips, a girl who is a picture of a biblical water carrier, passes along. With her is one as modern as the bright day. In all the streets hardly a woman, except the Poles, who are true to their cowed shawl headdresses, wears a head covering, unless the wigs on every other woman beyond middle-age may be called that. But what the women lack, the men make up; for not one of them has his head undecked. Even inside of the houses the men wear something—anything from a silk cap to a battered "derby" from the Bowery.

All the crowds vibrate with keen, thrilling zest of life. Here there is no indifference. Little and great happenings provoke the same amount of eager communal and individual interest. And that, again, is Oriental in its manifestation. Everywhere throughout the territory curb lines are obliterated. Sidewalks exist only as places of refuge from trucks and careering fire engines. The throng floods the street indiscriminately from house line to house line.

Every detail of housekeeping is carried on frankly in the open. Even the washing of clothes is done in some of the hallways. Here and there someone is cooking a meal on an oilstove in front of a store. The women wash their children on the street. They visit with their friends on the street. Many of them eat midday meals on the street.

Children in hordes dare death every minute and escape. They hurl themselves in shouting festoons across a thoroughfare just as a leaping team of truck horses comes thundering along. They are under the feet of pedestrians. They hang to dizzy eminences and cackle with easy minds. There are thousands of them. Yet one can walk through the City of the Jew for hours and not see as many juvenile fights as he may see in other tenement house sections in a few short blocks.

One may walk for hours, too, and hear and see all the domestic life going on openly around him, and yet not hear or see a single dispute between man and wife. This city may not be the ideal one of love, but assuredly it is not one of anger.

That the Jew loves children is seen in the freedom they enjoy. They play around the shop doors, crowd the wagons, examine the merchandise, and rarely are they driven away with anger or unkind words.

Most remarkable—wonderful—in this city is the amazing array of shops. With hardly

a single exception there is no house without one.

By actual measurement there are thirty-four unbroken miles of shops in the section. A man walking steadily at the rate of four miles an hour could walk for more than eight hours past one continuous row of stores. And on his other hand there will be an almost equally continuous row of street merchants. Even the crossings are bordered by them wherever they dare.

One can stand on the high ground of Grand street and, looking north and south along any of the twenty cross streets, see that unbroken line of stores, crowded as closely side to side as builders could pack them, flanked and fronted and surrounded with street stands and push carts and peddlers' waggons. One can stand on any of those cross streets and look up or down any of the eight long streets stretching from the Bowery to the East river and see the same thing. The doorways to all the tenements, dark clefts that lead into the darker mysteries of black corridors, are hidden by piles of baked stuffs, meats, groceries, chickens, wearing apparel and any other kind of merchandise that the mind of bartering man could conceivably desire ever to barter.

Probably the Ghetto of New York never will have to sustain a siege, as the Ghetto of Frankfurt had to do more than once. But for such a siege the new Ghetto is provisioned better even than the old was. If it were shut in suddenly from all the world it has within it all the needs of a metropolis. Everything from a string of garlic or peppers to gilded parlor furniture can be obtained there. It has factories of all articles from shoes to coffins. It produces its own clothing, its own cigars, its own newspapers, its own food supply in every variety except that of raw material. The very ice and delivery wagons in it are driven by Jews. The trucks are driven by Jews. Jews do the blacksmithing and the painting and the roofing and the building. Jews own the bar rooms and the banks.

The number of shops on famous Broadway is almost insignificant compared with those in this remarkable territory. And there is brisk trade always along all the miles of them.

In no other part of the city, possibly in no other American city, do the vendors display such utter confidence in the respect of the population for the rights of property. In front of every shop lie mounds of merchandise and foodstuffs. Pressing around them are the crowds. The owners of the shops are inside, arguing with customers. The goods outside lie within the reach of

all. Yet the visitor can walk through the Ghetto and never see man or child take so much as an apple or a plum from the piles placed so temptingly within reach.

The sidewalk merchants of the Ghetto are far removed from the low commercial level of their colleagues of the outer city. They have their regular trade. Their customers sit on boxes and baskets and shop at their stands and push carts as if they were under roof. They have goods for sale that are not dreamed of by the sidewalk peddler of the rest of town. On their stands they have not only fruits and vegetables and fish, but hardware, shoes, bolts of cloth, "delicatessen" and wearing apparel—even tailor made gowns.

The tailor made gown is a surprising feature of East Side commerce. Where did these immigrants from Poland and Lithuania and Tartar Russia learn to give a woman's garment the indescribable touch of "style" that stamps the tailor made gown? They surely possess the knowledge. Nobody can do it better than do the unkempt tenement house dwellers. Many of New York's fashionable women brave all the vague terrors of the East Side to have their dresses fitted by an uncouth tailor who can hardly speak English.

Strolling, or rather hovering, his way through the crowds, the visitor finds himself wondering before long if the dwellers of the Ghetto ever cease eating—not because he sees them eat, but because every other store and street stand is devoted to fruit stuffs.

Fruits lead. They are sold everywhere. The air is full of their odor. Beautiful grapes were on sale throughout the Ghetto this year long before they were to be seen anywhere else in New York, except in the most expensive fruit stores.

The grocery stores all carry big stocks of melons, pears and plums. Next in importance in them are onions and greens. Cabbages are scarce.

Following in number after the groceries come the meat shops and the bakeries. The butchers' windows look like execution grounds, for in most of them lie the decapitated heads of fowls with the feathers grotesquely left on, making them look rather awful, as if they were the ghastly evidences of a sudden outbreak of the Red Terror.

Prominent in the bakeries are pallid fawn-colored loaves of unleavened bread that give a fantastic, foreign appearance to the shop windows.

At about 2 o'clock every afternoon comes a rush of shrieking newsboys, shouting

out their news in the harsh jangle of English, Hebrew, German and a dozen other dialects that is known as Yiddish. The papers that they carry all have fat black headlines in Hebraic characters, as if they might be decrees of the patriarchs. They tell each day of the thousand loves and griefs and intrigues and joys of the great City of the Jew that the Jew has won.

Passively, peacefully, never assuming the offensive, he has filled it to its furthest confines as the waters from a mountain fill a valley and turn it into a lake.

Swelling slowly, irresistibly, ever quietly, eastward, his tribes have inundated and obliterated the famous river colonies of the sturdy Irish, who held to those fastnesses along the river fronts from Catherine street to Houston street until ten years ago, with all the grim fervor with which they love to confront the Saxon across the sea.

Those brave, ever beligerent, desperately hostile borderers maintained themselves for a long while, always ready to raise the standard of war on sign of intrusion. The Jew camped around that plucky last stand in his armies. His multitudes lay front to front with that border ground. But within the Irish fastness none of him ventured save on compulsion. What Hebrews were seen there rarely were seen moving at a lesser pace than a run. Their experience in the Irish quarters was a modern repetition of the Frankfurt days, when the Jew who ventured out of his Ghetto was marked for baiting and hunting.

Today the river fronts belong to him. The Irish have vanished before him and from river to Bowery, from river to Chatham square, the land belongs to the tribes. They have made another conquest like those of the days of the old testament, but without force of arms. By overwhelming numbers, by patience, by humble tenacity, they have acquired the land and it is theirs. So surely is it theirs that the nomad aliens of New York no longer venture on forays within it, as once was their delight when the Ghetto was in being. It would be a daring band that ventured now. Before it had penetrated many blocks into the City of the Jew it would be swallowed in the sea of life that roars and swells forever in those strange streets—swallowed and lost as were certain Egyptians once in another sea that could not engulf a multitude any more surely.

## Pointed Paragraphs

Chicago News: The ancient classics never get too old to learn.

The charity that begins at home covers the most sins.

A husband in hand is worth two that are beyond control.

It's the coastwise steamer that manages to avoid the rocks.

It's easier to be a hero worshiper than it is to be a hero.

Some men are born with black eyes and some acquire them.

Nearly every family has the skeleton of an old clock in its closet.

The wise weather prophet lays up an explanation for a rainy day.

Love may be blind, but it never fails to hear papa's footsteps on the stair.

Adam had his troubles, but he never had a spasm at the sight of a dressmaker's bill.

Marriage isn't a lottery; when a man draws a blank in a lottery that's the end of it.

## Golf in Rome

New York Times: Aurelian had just detailed a slave to uphold the golden fetters of the beautiful Zenobia, when the menial rebelled.

"But," they expostulated with him, "you should be glad to have the opportunity of following the links."

And thus, indeed, was golf first introduced into ancient Rome.