

THE TOWERS OF BABEL

THE POLYGLOT METROPOLIS OF MANHATTAN

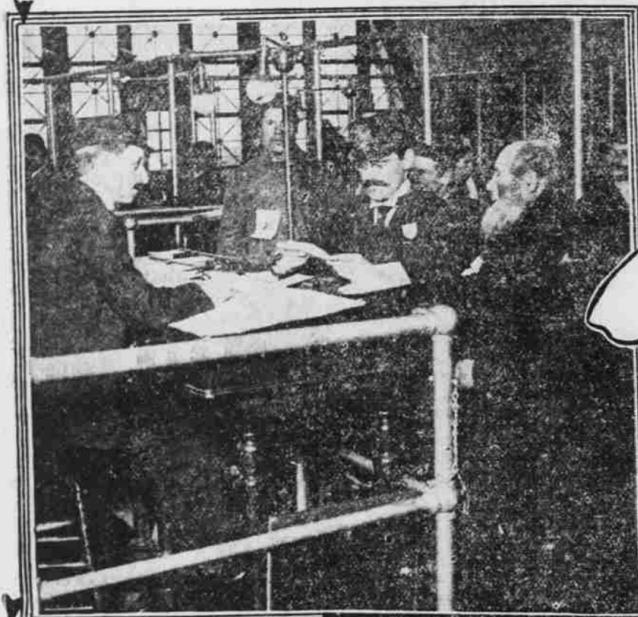
By FOREST MORGAN

FROM the lofty west pier of the Williamsburg bridge it is possible with a turn on the heel to survey the most variegated populous agglomeration of human beings that the world has ever seen. At the western terminal of this steel structure lies Manhattan, looking for all like a huge, misshapen waffle iron, with the blunted points of the skyscrapers pushing their way into the sky and the streets breaking in corrugated lines the wide expanse of pebbled housetops, overgrown by chimney forests. As the vision, starting in the north, travels around the circle of the horizon it finds first the towns and cities on the sound and rural villages beyond, far away specks of habitation. Nearer are the

A map of the nationalities on Manhattan island could be drawn as precisely as a map of the several states. To one who knows the great city the topography of the island strung out at the mouth of the Hudson river is clearly blocked off in the color of its nationalities, as though the various sections of the city were stained green, red and orange. A jaunt from the city hall, which is as good a starting point in New York as any other, down Park row, across Chat-



offerings. Now and then the way is blocked by a table upon which are piled dimes, quarters, half-dollars, dollars, bank notes, watches and rings. As the churchman approaches he is greeted with a fusillade of firecrackers. This he acknowledges with a benignant smile and sweeps the offerings on the table into his capacious apron. Then the procession moves hilariously on. His collections become onerous and have to be dispatched by the short route to the ecclesiastical treasury. Before the shrines, among the burning candles, silver, gold and paper money is heaped up into little piles. The blessed light sputters over ancient timepieces, heavy rings and gaudy trinkets. Now our Lady has no predilection for jewelry. The timepieces, rings and trinkets are donated by improvident sinners, who have left feast day arrive without money to contribute. There is nothing left but to show their good intentions by the offering of such articles as they possess. The priest gathers up the trinkets to be redeemed in time by the owners at whatsoever sum they wish. In other words, the improvident pawn their trinkets to our Lady.



PASSING THROUGH THE GATE AT ELLIS ISLAND

clustered housetops of the Bronx. To the right, across East river, where Blackwell's island stretches in a long, slender string, Astoria and Long Island City are huddled together with a host of lesser suburbs. At the east terminal of our viewpoint Williamsburg and Brooklyn spread out in a broad area of housetops furrowed by thoroughfares, and far out on Long Island, as far as the broad sweep of the ocean, the countless suburbs and pleasure resorts that magically have sprung up in the last decade dot the landscape. The silver bay is studded with islands and sown with a multitude of ships and water craft, as far down as where populous Staten island almost chokes it in.

Moving on to the right the eye begins to count more towns and cities; first Bayonne, Elizabethport, Elizabeth Newark, Jersey City and the many clustered home towns perched on the knolls that pushed their way above the dank Jersey meadows. On the north Hoboken, Paterson and smaller communities come in quick succession till the sight reaches Englewood and the Hudson towns. Finally it meets again the rural villages and coast towns of the sound, thus moving on the pivot of the heel, one has swept a score of cities, a hundred towns and perhaps a thousand villages and hamlets, that are brought together by invisible strings into the greatest community of the United States and the world. A portion of it is called Greater New York, which, according to the last census, contains some five million men, women and children.

Columbia's greatest city is the boasting term for this great settlement. In consideration of the real facts, the boast is decidedly ironical. Except in geography New York hardly belongs to this country. It is not typical of the United States; it is not typical of our nation. Its characteristics, its ambitions, its people are all its own. New York is not a city of this country, but a city of the world. It speaks no universal language; it has no universal interests, except the great world interest, a struggle for a livelihood. It is the most cosmopolitan polyglot community the world knows today. Rome in its zenith never included within its limits the tremendous variety of peoples that live in this so-called metropolis of the United States.

Gotham is broken up into many cities that have been transplanted from the four corners of the world. Each of these foreign towns that go to make up the great American metropolis has the tone, the aspect and characteristics of the country from which it comes. Consequently each portion of New York has its own peculiar color. Of course the influences of this country creep in and put their unmistakable stamp upon the community. But the peculiarities of the mother country are tenacious and remain manifest in a great degree. The appearance of the buildings is, it is true, much the same all over New York. Not much distinguishes outwardly the barracks-like buildings of Mulberry Bend from the fire escape hung structure of Orchard and Pitt streets. But they show less than anything else the character of the community in which they stand. Though these buildings are less than a mile in distance, one inside them the pulsations of life within are as different as the antipodes. Different languages are spoken and things are done in a different way

ham square into East Broadway lands the pedestrian in the most populous Jewish city the world has ever seen. Turn to the left and proceed a few blocks. Here is the heart of New York's Ghetto. To outward appearances it is still New York. Around are the monotonous rows of tenement buildings, the same that may be found in a hundred localities. But it is a foreign city. A strange tongue is spoken and strange symbols and devices decorate the window panes of the low browed shops along the sidewalk. Here are many thousand Jews, drawn from all parts of Europe, and Asia. Here is a new Jerusalem, whether of prophets or money changers is immaterial. Anyway there are more Jews than ever lived in Jerusalem. A few years ago they numbered 600,000. As every inbound vessel brings its contribution, 600,000 is now far too conservative an estimate. The spirit of the Ghetto is thrift. Some one has remarked that there are no poor Jews. This is an abject lie. There are Yiddish paupers. Improvidence is not a national trait or indigence a national characteristic. Jews may be as poor as any one else, but they generally keep it to themselves and try to become something else than parasites on the community.

But, to be more exact, barter rather than thrift is the spirit of the Ghetto. Every one throughout the quarter seems to be selling something to somebody else. The streets of the lower east side are lined with push carts, from which is sold practically every article that can be imagined. There is no thoroughfare in the locality that does not have its single line of peddlers with their movable stands. Indeed they would be on both sides of the narrow chasm between the tall tenement buildings, were it not that the street commissioner of New York has sent forth his decree that one sidewalk must at all times be free. So you will find the push carts on the sunny side of the street in winter and the shady side in summer. In the tenement district of New York, if you should suddenly wake up and wish to know what time it is, you have but to look on which side of the street is ranged the line of push carts. No one has ever regarded the New York push cart as a sundial, but it is just as sure and far more utilitarian than the "tempus fugit" spere.

The pleasing characteristic of the Ghetto

is, though Yiddish fibbering goes on about you and English spoken words are few, the people are earnestly and energetically trying to become Americans. They attempt to look and act according to the supposed canons of the country. Young Jews, notably the girls, are very quick to adopt American mannerisms and especially American dress. Notice a Yiddish maiden as she walks suspiciously across the bridge of Ellis Island. Keep her in mind. See her three months hence. Not much of the foreigner about her. Her attire and headgear are as up to date as her money will afford. Compare her with the Italian girl who comes on the same steamer. The Jewish maiden has outstripped her by many years.

The Ghetto is broken up into numerous divisions of its own according to the country from which the immigrants have come. Here the Roumanian Jew, the Russian Jew and those from Bulgaria and Galicia have their settlement. In the center of the Ghetto the Hungarian Jews live side by side with Hungarians. This is a very interesting cafe quarter. Here are many little cubbyhole restaurants, cafes as they call them, where one may purchase "blintzens," a Yiddish delicacy that can be best described as a cheese pancake. Perhaps the Yiddish restaurant keeper will stare at you wonderingly when you attempt the word "blintz," but that is as near to it as any English speaking patron can hope to attain. The Ghetto is sown with synagogues, "schules" they call them. Here and there the six-pointed star is emblazoned, the only insignia that the Jews seemed to have preserved.

A few steps to the west will take you to the Bowery and a few paces more will bring you to that core of New York City, where is gathered the overflow of Latins that reaches this country. The locality does not differ in many respects from that on the other side of the Bowery. The tenements, perhaps, are a trifle more squalid, the streets more dirty and the people on the sidewalks more foreign. The Italian is not as good a colonist as the Jew, at least in the city. Having a mother country, he has the patriotism the Jew does not possess. He holds religiously to his old way. True, the Jew cherishes his religious forms, but it does not include patriotism. Though the Jews have their feast days and the Jewish wedding is an occasion when every one shakes off garrulousness even to the taciturn peddler, the religion of the Hebrew is not so; it is severe and serious. But the faith of the Italian is joyous. Otherwise he would not keep

it; for he is a happy person. This is why the Italian quarter in and about Mulberry Bend at most times of the year is most the picturesque locality in the city. The old haunts of the Irish, Mulberry, Mott and Elizabeth streets, throughout the summer months are ablaze with those charming little olive lamps that Italians with much labor and pleasure construct for our Lady of Mt. Carmel or some other of the pretty manifestations of the Holy Mother. The dingy streets shimmer with arches and extravagant designs of these lamps, green, red, orange and purple, which cast such mellow, soft tones that one can believe that our Lady takes an intimate interest in the illumination in her honor. Along the sidewalk shrines large and small, built of tinsel and gorgeously colored paper, are aflame with the blessed candles in which our Lady so delights—small, modest tapers from impecunious devotees and great, cumbersome candles, at times as large as logs, such imposing candles as surely ought to bring absolution to the blackest sinner.

Throughout the summer these festivals take place in different portions of the Italian quarter. Each parish has its turn. On these feast days the priest of the parish holding the celebration, attended by the much used Italian and a detachment of soldiers in dingy blue coats and flashing trousers, perambulate through the parish to collect contributions for the church. They are generous, these transplanted sons and daughters of Italy. As the religious procession moves along, the parishioners run forth and heap on the priest their offerings. Now and then the way is blocked by a table upon which are piled dimes, quarters, half-dollars, dollars, bank notes, watches and rings. As the churchman approaches he is greeted with a fusillade of firecrackers. This he acknowledges with a benignant smile and sweeps the offerings on the table into his capacious apron. Then the procession moves hilariously on. His collections become onerous and have to be dispatched by the short route to the ecclesiastical treasury. Before the shrines, among the burning candles, silver, gold and paper money is heaped up into little piles. The blessed light sputters over ancient timepieces, heavy rings and gaudy trinkets. Now our Lady has no predilection for jewelry. The timepieces, rings and trinkets are donated by improvident sinners, who have left feast day arrive without money to contribute. There is nothing left but to show their good intentions by the offering of such articles as they possess. The priest gathers up the trinkets to be redeemed in time by the owners at whatsoever sum they wish. In other words, the improvident pawn their trinkets to our Lady.



IN THE GHETTO, ESSEX AND HESTER STREETS

COOPER FOLLOWERS GIVE REASON FOR THEIR BELIEF

With a theory that human health is dependent on the stomach and with a medicine which he says proves this theory, L. T. Cooper, a comparatively young man, has built up an immense following during the past year. Cooper has visited most of the leading cities of the country, and in each city has aroused a storm of discussion about his beliefs and his medicines. Wherever he has gone, people have called upon him by tens of thousands, and his preparation has sold in immense quantities.

The sale of this medicine has now spread over the entire country, and is growing enormously each day. In view of this, the following statements from two of the great number of followers which he now has, are of general interest.

N. V. Marsh, residing at 217 South Daily street, Los Angeles, Cal., has the following to say upon the subject of the Cooper preparations: "For more than a year I experienced the most intense suffering, due to a form of stomach trouble which the doctors called catarrhal gastritis. After eating I would fill up with gas, which caused frequent belching. The abdominal area would expand until I could scarcely breathe, causing great distress. At such times I could not keep still, but paced the streets for hours until the pain subsided. "Frequently I went without eating rather than endure the torture that was sure to follow. Liquids were the only kind of food I could partake of with safety. I had spells of dizziness, and became badly run down through suffering and lack of proper nourishment. I tried various remedies in search of relief, but they failed to help me.

"Some time ago a brother member in a lodge to which I belong urged me to try the Cooper remedies, which were then being demonstrated in Los Angeles. He stated that to his personal knowledge they had been of great benefit to others in a like condition, and on the strength of his recommendation I procured a treatment of Cooper's New Discovery.

"It proved helpful from the first dose, and in less than a week I was eating regularly and heartily, without experiencing any bad effects afterward. Since taking the full treatment I am perfectly well and enjoy living for the first time in many months. Now I can eat a hearty supper then go to bed and sleep like a healthy boy. I feel so well that I can hardly realize I am the same man. Cooper's New Discovery has worked a marvelous change in me—it has done all that was claimed for it."

Another statement by Mr. W. B. Stewart, 109 W. Madison street, Chicago, is as follows: "I have had stomach trouble for years, and anyone who is afflicted this way knows what an awful distressed feeling it causes. Many a time I have felt that I would give most any price to be cured. It was by accident that I heard of this man Cooper's remedies. I immediately made up my mind to buy a treatment of him. I used it for about two weeks, and it is impossible to tell how much good it has done me. I feel altogether different. I have more life and energy than I have had for years. The medicine certainly does stimulate and strengthen the whole system. Tired feeling and weak condition of the stomach has entirely passed away. I feel well again."

Cooper's New Discovery is sold by all druggists. If your druggist cannot supply you, we will forward you the name of a druggist in your city who will. Don't accept "something just as good."—The Cooper Medicine Co., Dayton, Ohio.

Book Companionship. Books are a guide in youth and an entertainment for age. They support us under solitude and keep us from being a burden to ourselves. They help us to forget the crossness of men and things; compose our cares and our passions; and lay our disappointments asleep. When we are weary of the living we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride or design in their conversation.—Jeremy Collier.

STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 5th day of December, A. D. 1906.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Technically L.usted.

"So there is to be a divorce," said the woman who discusses everybody.

"It seems but a little while since he asked for her hand."

"Yes," replied the wife man. "He got the hand all right. But it turned out to be a misdeal."

Fido's Portion.

"Did you give the scraps of meat to the dog 'Norah'?"

"You forgot, mum, that we'd quit eatin' meat, mum, but O! give th' baste th' carrot tops an' pertarty parin'!"—Los Angeles Express.

A Personal Definition.

Penley (stuck for a word)—"Let's see! What is that you call a man who marries more than one wife?"

Grump—An idiot, I call him.—Boston Transcript.