

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

INDIANAPOLIS, SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 28, 1903.

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THE NEW YORK'S GHETTO

PEN PICTURE OF THE HOME OF THE GREAT CITY'S POORER JEWS.

The Quarter a Real City in Itself, Filled with Teeming Thousands Drawn Together by Necessity.

HESTER STREET AND ITS PEOPLE

ORIENTALS AND OCCIDENTALS BARGAIN IN BABEL OF TONGUES.

With All Its Filth and Grime, It Is Strange, Picturesque and Fascinating—Ghetto Types.

Staff Correspondence of the Journal.

NEW YORK, June 26.—There is in all New York no more interesting spot than Hester street, between Essex and Norfolk, on a summer day. Here one sees the very heart of what is known as the "Ghetto," and Israel Zangwill himself would surely find material in this curious neighborhood for many more absorbing stories of lower Jewish life.

The street is crowded with push-carts, and along the sidewalks are well-worn, weather beaten baby carriages filled with dry goods and countless odds and ends, while those street merchants who are too poor to afford such conveniences display their wares on strips of dirty old cloth spread out on the ground.

AN UNCLEAN SPOT.

It is an unclean spot—that stretch on Hester street between Norfolk and Essex and an ill-smelling one, too. If the uninitiated had chosen the Ghetto as a good place for a morning's jaunt in order to build up an appetite for luncheon he has made a most irremediable mistake.

There are Oriental Jews as well as Russian Jews in Manhattan's dense east side population, but the Russians and Poles are greatly in the majority—an odd fact when it is called to mind that only a half century ago very few Russian and Polish Jews even dared emigrate from the countries of their forefathers where, although oppressed sorely from time to time, they could at least observe their beloved religion according to the true ideas of Judaism.

KEEN IN BARGAINING.

The woman hesitated. She evidently desired the goods and she probably knew their true worth, but she was too experienced a shopper to buy until she had made sure that she was getting them for the lowest price possible.

There are many merchants in the Ghetto who have a stated price for every article they have to sell. Some of these have carts filled with all sorts of small articles, such as button hooks, boxes of hairpins or tooth-picks, collar buttons and papers of pins—all at one cent. It would seem that even though these penny merchants sold out completely every day they could not make enough profit to buy their food and clothing.

all New York will you see so many children. The tenements, the sidewalks, even the streets, are literally swarming with them. And these children are only partially Americanized. When they grow up the boys may not care to wear the long beads that their fathers love to have hanging from their chins and the girls may not robe themselves in the peculiar shawls of their mothers, but for all that the rising generation will be just as faithful to the orthodox Jewish religion with its Kosher butcher and Kosher restaurants and the Kosher "Mikrah," or ritualistic bathing institution.

They are firm and true to their teachings—these interesting inhabitants of the Ghetto—and they are so honest in their convictions that your lukewarm Christian may well hang his head in shame. To mingle with the worshippers in one of the East side synagogues is a revelation of the character of the people. They are so in earnest, so free from all affectation, so simple in their prayer utterances to the Uppermost that one forgets the squalor and prohibitive odors of the street outside and finds himself saying, instead, that here is a people who only ask to be let alone, and a people who, as they ever so low in the social scale, are never quarrelsome, rarely troublesome so far as conflict with the law of city or State is concerned and almost always patriotic and ready to sacrifice something, if need be, for the sake of the land that gives them protection.

Hester street, when the sun came out the other morning after many days of hiding behind lowering clouds, presented a scene that a visitor to the spot can never forget. All was activity, hustle and bustle, and such bargaining surely never was heard before since the world began. What a babel of voices rose from the rain-soaked street upward between the high red brick buildings that border the thoroughfare! How the merchants worked to make up for lost time, for the many days of rain had kept countless customers away; how the women in the long shawls elbowed and pushed their way through the phalanx of tradespeople with their everlasting push-carts and rickety baby wagons, and how the dark-furred, shrill-voiced children—myriads of them, seemingly—scattered and frolicked and reveled through the mud and the refuse of the gutter.

MAKING A LIVING.

Commerce in all the branches has a greater charm to the average Russian Jew without a trade than has any other occupation; hence the overcrowded market place. How do all of these poor street merchants manage to make a living? The Jewish emigrant from Russia requires only a small assortment of groceries, fruits, dry goods or "notions" to start him on a commercial career on the East Side. On the occasion in question it was all that the interested "outsider" could do to worm his way through the mass of human beings assembled there on Hester street from Essex to Norfolk. The very fact that these queer foreigners are willing to enter into such tremendous competition in the gaining of a livelihood, instead of devoting themselves to farming or other less active fields of labor, shows how dear to their hearts is their religion. Much is written and said of the Jew's love for money, but the Jew's love for the laws of his people is never mentioned. He is willing to risk his life and his property to defend the laws of his people, and he is willing to risk his life and his property to defend the laws of his people.

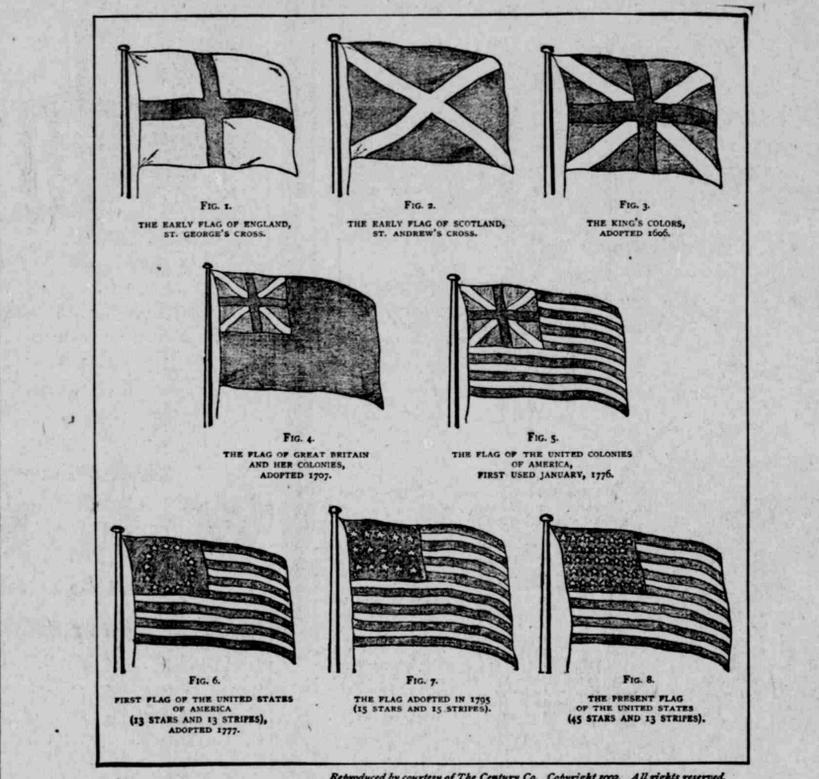
OLD SPANISH COINS.

The Peninsular Government Objects to Proposed Action. Washington Star. The Spanish government has heard that the Philippine government is preparing to collect all the old Spanish copper coins in the islands and dispose of them at auction, has communicated with this government to say that it fears that the coins will be bought in by speculators and put into circulation in Spain at a loss and inconvenience to the government. The coins could be circulated in Spain at their face value, and if bought cheaply at auction the Spanish government would be the loser. The Spanish government has informed this government that, under the Paris treaty, it believes that the coins belong to Spain, but is not disposed to enter into a contention on that point and would like to be allowed to purchase the coins at a fair price, when they are put up for sale.

Four-Dollar Cigars.

Philadelphia Ledger. If you feel like indulging in the extravagance of a \$4 cigar there is a dealer in this city who can supply it to you. He has just received a consignment of 1,500 of them, on which he paid a duty of 60 cents each. The tobacco of which they are made is grown in the Vuelta Abajo district of central Cuba, and the plant is the result of years of cultivation. Perfect leaves only are used, and the cigars, each sixteen inches long, are rolled by experts, who make only eight a day.

THE EVOLUTION OF OUR FLAG



These illustrations of "The Evolution of Our Flag," from the July St. Nicholas are the first ever published showing just how the United States stars and stripes grew slowly but surely from old flags of Great Britain. The interesting story of the American colors' origin and growth is told by Parmelee McFadden in the July St. Nicholas.

BISHOP AND POLITICIAN

CHAMPION OF CROATIA'S RIGHTS AT NEARLY NINETY YEARS.

Monsignor Strossmeyer, Bishop of Bosnia, Says His Country Cannot Be Conquered.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal. DJAKOVO, Hungary, June 16.—Slavonia and Transylvania are in a state of revolt, and scenes resembling the bloody conflict between peasantry and barons of the first French revolution are of daily occurrence here, for three and a half million Croats are fighting to maintain their national rights against twice that number of Hungarians, and their bishop says they will win in the end.

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LIBERTY BELL AS ONCE SEEN IN INDIANAPOLIS



ARRIVAL OF THE LIBERTY BELL IN JERSEY CITY. Liberty Bell recently made a trip from Independence Hall, Philadelphia, to Boston, where it was exhibited on Bunker Hill day. The above photograph was taken while the bell was at Jersey City on the return trip. During the world's fair at Chicago the bell passed through Indianapolis, and was viewed by thousands of persons.

to fighting Croats, will some day have a falling out. There never was a political alliance that lasted very long. The day may not be far off when Germans and Magyars spring at each other's throats, and we shall be the galnars.

"I am an old man, but am quite confident of living long enough to see the recognition of my good Croats. Time has solved much more ticklish questions than that of nationalities confronting us. Szell in Buda-Pesth and Koerber in Vienna, I admit, look big to-day—many a better man is compelled to cool his heels in their ante-chamber for hours—but in my long life I have seen scores of Szells and Koerbers crumble and fall. History is a great teacher—too bad so few of us have any regard for its lessons. It taught me, among other things, that the great politician hero of to-day is often the nonentity of to-morrow."

SPEAKS OF THE MAGYARS. The bishop changed his serious tone to good-natured irony. "Look at our friends in Pesth," he smiled, "they act as if the whole world was to be Magyarized, even as Finland is Russified. Some time ago they sent me a decree, ordering me to learn their barbaric tongue. I am learning. Listen!"

The bishop spoke a few sentences in the Hungarian idiom, adding: "That means, 'has the brother of our aunt eaten your niece's apple? Yes, and he got a stomach-ache.' I memorized it to-day. So—if you go at all places," near Washington, say, their counterpart in the exploits of a young Frenchman who has lately attracted some attention in his native land because of the success of his experiments. France seems lately to have taken the lead in aerial sport and research, just as she has already done in auto racing and automobile manufacture. And when one comes to think of it, there does not seem to be much difference between 100 kilometers an hour in motor carriage, and actual flying, after all.

Of course, Santos Dumont, who recently constructed his ninth airship, has come in for the bulk of attention lately owing to his repeated attempts to win the Deutsch prize for a time-limited trip around the Eiffel Tower. But he is only one of a score of prominent experimenters, and really owes his prominence in the public view chiefly to the possession of a large number of friends in the newspaper business. It will be something of a surprise for those interested in aerial navigation to learn that there is another young experimenter, a native Frenchman this time, who has of late done more in a practical way toward solving the problem of flight, than perhaps any one since the tragic death of Professor Lillenthal, whose experiments with soaring machines resulted in his death just when he seemed on the eve of mastering the problem.

Allen Turville is the name of the modest new comer in the field, a most of his experiments have been carried on at his father's estate of Cleopatra in the south of France. An account of his progress has just been brought from Paris by Wilbur W. Underwood, a Washingtonian who is interested in aerial navigation, and who spent some weeks with Turville early this summer. Turville is only twenty-six years of age, but of independent means, and a born athlete and sportsman. At the same time, his experiments have not involved anything like the outlay of money represented by the costly trials of Count Zeppelin and Santos Dumont.

TWO AERIAL THEORIES.

There are two schools of aeronauts, one of which clings to the old idea of a navigable balloon sustained in the air by a gas bag and steered by some form of rudder and propeller. Such are Santos-Dumont, Count Zeppelin, the German Underwood, and a number of others less prominent. The second school, represented in America by Professor Langley, in England by Hiram Maxim, and lately in Austria by Professor Lillenthal, hold that practical flight is only to be accomplished by wing planes approximating those of the soaring birds, and that if man can once master the art of balancing himself on these wings in the air, he will no more need a gas bag to hold him up, than does the hawk or the buzzard which hangs for hours in space on motionless wings, waiting some gastronomic attraction to call him down to earth.

It is to this school that Turville belongs. He started some years ago on the theory that the first practical flight would be accomplished by some man who had the daring and persistence to learn to fly just as most men learn to swim—namely, by keeping at it. In this, in fact, was the Lillenthal idea, and the great experimenter had developed his wing planes and his skill in using them to the point where he could soar a quarter of a mile or more when starting from an elevation, and if at all favored by the wind could come back approximately to his starting place.

WERE CAREWAS.

Turville does not claim any great originality in his work. He began by copying Lillenthal's apparatus and methods. He corresponded with the pioneer "man-bird" and kept in close touch with his work until Lillenthal was killed. But he was not daunted by that fatality. He merely modified his own apparatus in accordance with the fatal lesson of his master's death and put the center of gravity lower to guard against a similar accident.

WONDERFUL HEWITT LAMP.

Aladdin's "Glim" Beaten a Mile by New York Man's Invention. Chicago Tribune. It must be the spirit of Aladdin that is reincarnated in Peter Cooper Hewitt, of New York. In the new incarnation is an improvement on the old one. The old lamp was wonderful enough. The old glims were terrific enough. The new lamp, however, with its mercury vapor, and the new glims, assuming the guise of obedient electric currents, make all Aladdin's former exploits seem tame.

Imagine a dark room. A man brings in a Hewitt lamp. All that one sees in his hand is a luminous glass tube. The beams from this tube are so soft that one can look directly at them without any sense of discomfort. There is no glare. There is no scorching intensity of brightness. The room is not smitten with light. It is simply suffused with it.

One peculiarity, however, will be observed. Among the rays which are emitted from the Hewitt lamp there are no red ones. Orange rays, yellow rays, green rays, blue rays, indigo rays, violet rays—all these are present. Red rays are absent. One of the colors of the spectrum is cut off. The consequence is that in rooms illuminated by the Hewitt lamp all objects lose whatever red they may naturally have. Human faces assume an unfortunate, unearthly, pale green tint. And when one goes forth to the outside world the sudden return of red results in a reddish glow. Subordinate, modifying reds which were invisible before become visible now. The place where color has in the composite color scheme of the universe becomes startlingly evident. One learns what the absence of any color would mean.

Mr. Hewitt hopes by means of subsequent experiments to remedy this defect, but it is here indicated. Even if the defect remains, however, the lamp still has enormous advantages over any other lamp now in existence. As outlined by Ray Stannard Baker in this month's McClure's, these advantages are: First, eight times as much light as the Edison incandescent with the same power; second, superior durability; third, greater resistance for the eyes. Such advantages deserve consideration. The man who contrived such advantages also deserves consideration. Especially does he deserve consideration when one remembers that he was "unfortunate" enough to be not only the son of a great man, but also the grandson of a great man. Peter Cooper, Abraham Hewitt, Peter Cooper Hewitt—there's a succession of names calculated to make W. S. Gilbert repeat his assertion that—

Hearts just as true and fair May beat in Belgrave square As in the olden times of olden days. OF SEVEN DIALS.

AIRSHIP THAT FLIES

LATEST EXPERIMENT IN AERIAL FLIGHT SEMI-SUCCESSFUL.

Allen Turville, of France, Uses Same Idea as that on Which Professor Langley is Working.

HE FIRST TRIED "BIRD WINGS"

LATER HE ADAPTED BICYCLE IDEA, AND THE MACHINE REALLY FLEW.

Not Likely Soon to Be of Any Practical Value, but Suggest Interesting Possibilities.

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