

NEW HEBREW QUARTER ACROSS NEW BRIDGE.

OLD-TIME "DUTCHTOWN" IN WILLIAMSBURG PART OF BROOKLYN UNDERGOING A TRANSFORMATION.

In crossing the new Williamsburg Bridge one can hardly help noticing the pronounced Oriental cast of features of many of the pedestrians. A remark to this effect made to one of the German workmen employed on the bridge the other day brought out this response: "Yes; this is a Jew bridge, built for them with American money—and the Americans don't know it."

There was a change in this answer and a meaning that aroused curiosity. Investigation showed that the completion of this new bridge opens up some interesting racial questions, and a study of the persons who now use it makes clear what the future of that part of Brooklyn near the new bridge terminus seems bound to be. This spot used to be called "Dutchtown," from the number of Germans dwelling in it. The new bridge is changing all that. Already "Dutchtown" has been successfully dubbed "New-Jerusalem." While the new bridge affords an outlet and betterment for thousands of poor Hebrew workers of the lower East Side of Manhattan, this is accompanied, on the other hand, in the opinion of the original settlers of "Dutchtown," with a menace that is not to be overlooked. The Hebrew sweatshop workers still find in Brooklyn, within walking distance of the Manhattan shop, better habitations and more accommodations of life than he ever expected to enjoy when he entered New-York; but for the modest German home owners in the neighborhood of the Brooklyn end of the new bridge there is a feeling that in time they will be driven out by the gradual influx of the Jews.

For a time after the announcement of the location of the bridge to Williamsburg prices of property and rents fell near the Brooklyn terminus, as many expected it would become a warehouse and factory district. At once there was a movement of the Jews in that direction to take advantage of the chance of acquiring real estate or leaseholds at low prices. Later came the announcement that there would be no warehouses or factories about the bridge terminus. At once prices of property tightened and then went up.

Locality about the neighborhood of the new bridge at the Brooklyn end among the grocers, butchers, policemen, electric light men and real estate men shows that they are constantly made aware of the desire of the Jews to be constantly in the neighborhood. Along Wythe-ave., in several instances, Jewish families of good standing have rented properties because their children were nagged and tormented on account of their religion. Hebrew grocers have had their windows broken and have suffered other annoyances. One Dutch grocer's wife said: "We came here from New-York years ago to get away from our Jews, and now all we do bridge day come to steal our business."

If note is taken of the signs in Brooklyn on the streets going up from the new bridge—Broadway, for instance—it is readily seen that the Hebrew is coming to the front fast. There is a great triangle between Broadway and Johnson-ave., and few know how gradually and completely the Jews have occupied the entire district. Here is found a real ghetto, where live thousands who daily walk across the bridge to business in Hester and neighboring streets, and who look forward to the time when their people will have a city for themselves within Williamsburg, the bridge connecting their Manhattan places of business with their homes in the blocks from Belmont-ave. to the bridge.

In this densely populated district, some say, twenty thousand to twenty-five thousand Jews are congregated, many of them disdaining English and most rules of hygiene unless enforced by the Board of Health. The frequent visitation of the street cleaners alone disturbs the Continental aspect of their environment. Eight or ten years of American life have not been enough to change the habits engrained by centuries of Europe. The hope for them is in their children, who are growing up Americans in heart and habits. The whole quarter is now as completely Yiddish as the Manhattan end of the bridge. Turning into Seigel-st., the first window reveals the well known sign "New and Second-hand Clothes," while inspection discovers a prayer-book resting on a Bible, some knives and forks, two gold bracelets and a razor, billiard balls and a carpenter's level, all resting on a grandma's patchwork quilt of 1860 and a fine Paisley shawl. Lace curtains and cheap drapery fill up the window.

Next door is a "Regular Dinner for 15c," with a door frame apparently ready to fall down on the first corner. Disorder and refuse cover the sidewalks. An immense pile of trousers and waistcoats is lying on the sidewalk, regardless of its filthy condition. Small shops now begin to appear with the stock displayed on boxes, rough boards and barrels. One stumbles over a barrel stave to come up to a greasy, howling man selling and smelling fish. A false step and the pedestrian just misses falling down a rickety stairway, covered with orange peel, half combings and sweepings from the windows of the tenements above. The nose is constantly assailed by the acrid smell of pickled herring, and the ear by a sardonic Yiddish and Dutch, above which can be heard the snoring, grawling, nasal whine of the busker, hawking for the penny.

What there is an air of cheerfulness in the crowd. Greetings are cordial and apparently sincere, except where money is involved. Then the features are hard and the fingers twitch. Fat, brown wiggled old mothers, wrapped in clumsy shawls, with tiny, moist eyed babies pressed close to their breasts, are everywhere in evidence. Young men or young women are about. They are learning the secrets of trade and bringing home good money for the family board. The old woman takes care of the children, for they are numerous in a Jewish home—eight and nine being not unusual. The girls marry young, at fifteen or less; or when they save up \$200—either sex. The wife is the saver, and often holds the family possessions in her name. Then no loss for business failure can diminish the family resources.

On the street curb, when the days are cold, some merchant will set a pair of burning coals to warm his fellows, who bless him as they toast their shins beside the welcome blaze, reminding them of the customs of far away Bohemia.

The sidewalks are cluttered up with boxes and barrels for half their width, so that much business is done in the gutter, often partially filled with refuse straw, banana skins and sweepings. Everybody is buying something, but in such small quantities! One cent each for cups and saucers, nicked beyond endurance for sensitive lips; fruit that dodged the inspector, scraps of half burned mutton from somebody's wet down stock—all to be had for the smallest piece of money current. And yet the people have money to spare, for when the wiper was there a Punch and Judy show actually caught pennies, money that was on its way to the lakehouse or the corner stand.

In the morning the crowd buys bread, cake and vegetables. In the afternoon, herring—two for five cents, large ones for eight cents—and chicken! Not a whole bird, but a chunk—a wing, a leg, the breast or neck, for a nickel or a dime. The skill with which, by a dab into a fish or a pinch of the poultry, the women can pick out the best pieces in sight is marvellous, and makes them either a purchaser or a scoffer.

bundled up in three shawls, sold chickens with a hatchet, and was ever ready to hark off a wing for a nickel or browbeat a close customer, in making change pulled out from beneath her spattered skirts a dirty bag with bills enough in sight to send her to Prague and back!

It is difficult to believe the amount of business done in this rude fashion. On the corner of Moore-st. and Manhattan-ave., under the wooden awning of grocery store, is a conglomeration of small traders in bread, cakes, oranges, vegetables, lace curtains, cloths and notions, and all are doing a rushing business. The prices they pay for the privilege of standing there in the cold to barter are astonishing. The hearty, oily-capped Poles who sell herring from four barrels on the exact corner, on the narrow ledge nearest the store window, pays \$25 per month for his stand. No counter, no shelves—just four barrels of pickled herrings and a pile of old newspapers between his legs. There he stands all day, with his fingers diving into the brine for his petty trade—but he owns two houses in the neighborhood. The old woman nearby pays \$15, and another \$10, and so on—all enough to pay the store rent inside.

The former myriads of pushcarts are now turned off Manhattan-ave. into Cook-st., to its improvement financially, as the stores complained they cut too heavily into their business. When one is in a jam like that always about this corner, thoughts of pestilence and microbes get troublesome and one feels easier to get out into the street, away a bit from contagion.

All kinds of trade are found here in activity, but conducted in such ways that only their own people care to patronize them. A carpenter's hit is all broken and chipped and tools with handles gone lie about. Furniture is mended with strings, windows patched up with pasteboard or tin, and in one case a stove cover was held in place by the leg of a rocking chair, the back of which had broken through the sash above, shattering two more panes of glass now stuffed with paper.

Squalor and shiftlessness are revealed everywhere. Yet when the rent collector comes the rill of bills is put back into the pocket and the rent paid in silver and pennies. They have money left! The mixture of trades is somewhat curious. A woman outdoors selling corsets and ribbons had two crates of suspicious-looking eggs to sell. A broken bric-a-brac wagon had stale oranges on the tailboard, and so at once appealed to aesthetic and epidemic tastes.

There was a collection of shirtwaists and men's trousers, so filthy that a breath of cold air would almost have struck them to the baby. Cotton shirts were on sale, that pass in one season from father to son, and the same huckster sold bureau

covers for six cents, that seemingly would have made the furniture warp, so violent were the contrasts in colors.

The one inharmonious element in the scene is the constant presence of the "whitewing brigade," which struggles to keep the streets clean, but it is powerless to keep ahead of the incessant dumpings from yards, doors, cellars and the windows.

How do they make money in such an environment? They have it. There is no doubt about that. They eat well, but they sleep in crowded rooms, unless watched closely by the Health Department, and they never spend unless it comes back!

In this locality there are 20,000 to 25,000 Jews, and they pay \$10 to \$12 for a floor of four or five rooms, or \$12 to \$15 for a flat of four rooms. A family consists of from five to nine persons, with one or two or more boarders, generally some relative, and all sleep somewhere in their confined quarters. The boarder's money is made to pay for the food for the whole family, with a lift on the rent. One of the children, or the wife, has a stand somewhere, and makes the rest of the rent and the clothes and the "incidentals." The husband and older children's wages are put away in the family board or invested in land. In a few years they have a shop, and then rent the front steps, the space under the stoop, or the front windows, to pay the rent. All that is made in the store is put away.

"Every Jew in 'Dutchtown' is a real estate agent," said a prominent Broadway broker, and the tales told daily carry out this statement. One huckster bought a piece of property in the quarter recently on a Monday for \$24,000, and sold it the next Thursday, without seeing it, for \$28,000. Another six years ago paid \$12,000 for some houses and recently refused \$64,000 for the same, and his clothes, hat and boots would not bring \$2.30. In foreign countries and in ancient times the disregard of personal appearance concealed riches and protected from oppression and taxes, but here there is no need of this deception, yet Old World habits cling.

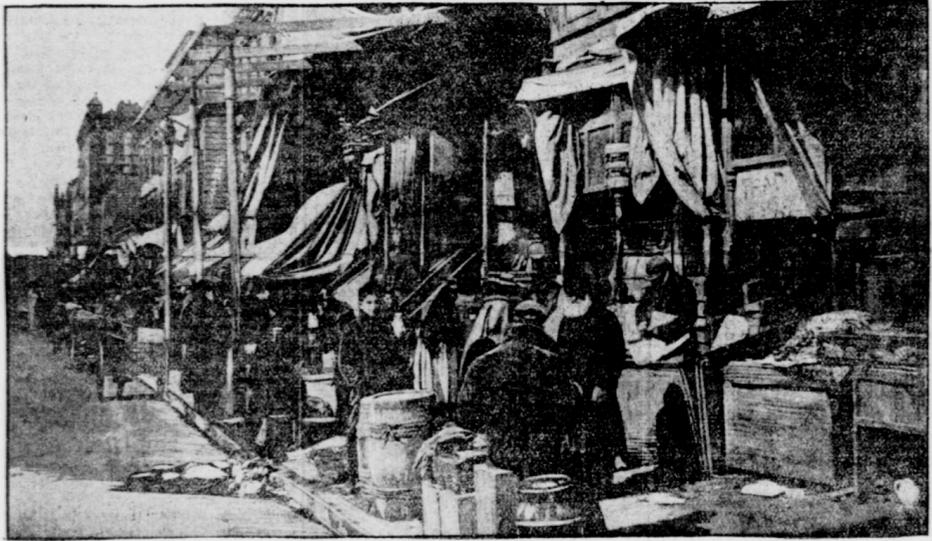


AN EAST SIDE THROG THAT HAS JUST WALKED OVER THE NEW WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE INTO BROOKLYN.

WOMAN WHIPPED CHIEF JUSTICE PARKER.
SHE WAS HIS MOTHER, AND THAT IS WHY ALTON TURNED OUT TO BE SUCH A GOOD MAN.

Derby, Conn., April 2 (Special).—"I began to use the switch on Alton when he was very young, and I attribute much of his goodness as a boy and his success as a man to those early corrective measures."

"One account that I read to-day," said Mrs. Parker, "gave Alton's birthplace as Massachusetts. That error originated probably from the fact that his grandfather was born there. Alton was born May 14, 1852, on a farm four miles west of Cortland, N. Y. He attended the district school, the Cortland Academy and the Nor-



SCENE IN THE NEW JEWISH COLONY NEAR THE BROOKLYN END OF THE WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE OVER THE EAST RIVER.

Court of Appeals of the State of New-York, whose proposed selection for the Democratic Presidential nomination is receiving wide advocacy. Mrs. Parker has made her home in this city with her daughter, Mrs. James A. Miles, for several years. She is a sweet faced, silver haired woman, and although she is in her eighth year and feels acutely the unstable climate of New-England, she is remarkably alert in body and mind. Although of a sunny disposition and radiating pleasantness as steady as soft lamplight, she has a courtly and dignified bearing and a reserve that suggest the origin of two of her distinguished son's conspicuous traits. Yet she talked with agreeable frankness to-day about her son and his Presidential prospects, but confessed herself to be wholly in the dark as to his purpose and plans. She has a happy faculty of relating incidents and historical facts that illustrate and make interesting her conversation.

"After Alton had reached the age of eight," continued Mrs. Parker, "it was not necessary once for me to punish him in any way. He kept out of mischief, and was ever ready to please his father and me. But in his earlier boyhood the twig was brought forth on every occasion of disobedience or mischievousness. Mr. Parker left the disciplining of the children largely to me, and I never shirked what I believed to be my duty, however painful the ordeal. I have always been a firm believer in the Biblical injunction, for I have known of numerous instances where sparing the rod spoiled the child. I do not approve of knocking or pounding a child, pulling its ears, cuffing or pinching it, or of any physically injurious punishment, but I am convinced that a judicious application of the switch cannot be delayed long if parents would have tractable and well behaved children. When I was a girl an ill behaved child was an exception, while to-day that happy condition seems to be wellnigh reversed; and for this unfortunate transformation the practical abandonment of corporal punishment, to my mind, is largely responsible. This new theory that whipping is cruel is based on false sentiment. Parents owe children a proper training, and training implies power to enforce obedience. The child's right is our duty, from which we are not absolved by any mere plea of sentiment. Sending an unruly child to bed without its supper not only more nearly approximates cruelty than does whipping, but is inadequate as a means of discipline. Even whipping must be begun when the child is at a tender age, or it will avail nothing."

Mrs. Parker said that she had been amused at the conflicting stories about the place and date of Judge Parker's birth. She displayed the family Bible containing the records of the births of her five children. Alton B., Gilbert, Hattie O., Frederick H. and Mary L. were born in the order named. Gilbert and Hattie O. are dead. Frederick H. Parker was a national bank examiner for many years, and is now in the insurance business in Manhattan. Mrs. Parker's husband, John Brooks Parker, died in 1882.

mal School in the order named. He was very studious and devoted to his books, but he helped his father all he could about the farm. When vacation came he went right out in the fields with the men, and pitched hay, dug potatoes, pulled carrots, or did whatever there was to be done all day long. At night he pored over his books until his father or I took the light away from him. It was continually necessary to caution him against overtaking his strength. He suffered from crop for years, and in his early manhood he nearly died from congestion of the lungs. It was Mr. Parker's ambition for Alton to be a farmer. When Alton finished school, at the age of sixteen, his father offered to buy a fine farm for him, but the boy demurred at the idea of being a farmer. Unknown to us, he obtained a position as teacher of a district school, and he taught there for two years. The boys in the school had the reputation of being unruly, but Alton, profiting by his own experience, used the rod so liberally that he converted them into pupils sufficiently docile and well behaved to elicit for their department the school committee's rarely bestowed praise."

The pecuniary limitations to pedagogy led Judge Parker to abandon it and to take up the

TOO LONG FOR HIS BUNK.

During the American Civil War there was an assistant surgeon in the navy 6 feet 4 inches high, who was serving on board the Pennsac, which was only 5 feet 8 inches between decks. The doctor's bunk was scant six feet in length, so that he was uncomfortable even in lying down. In bad weather, on the blockade, when the spray was breaking over the ship the doctor was deprived even of the comfort of unrolling on deck. After considering the matter thoroughly and remembering that long letters to the department were not always read, and not always considered, he wrote as follows:

"Hon. Gideon Wells, Secretary of the Navy.
"Sir: Length of surgeon, 6 feet 4; height of ward-room, 5 feet 8. Respectfully,
"E. C. VER MULEN, Assistant Surgeon."

The department promptly detached him "until such time as more suitable ship could be found for his assignment."—(Chicago News.)

FRANCE'S SMALLEST CONSRIPT.

The smallest conscript at the latest drawing for service in the French Army was Joannes Chabaud, of Verpilliere. His height is 2 feet 11 inches, and he weighs 67½ pounds. His age is twenty-one.—(Indianapolis News.)

Le Boutillier Brothers
LACES.

Are displaying a new importation of Fine Laces—Alencon, Repousse, Funch effects, Lierre, Point Gaze, Chantilly, Valenciennes, Oriental, Applique, and Soft Model Flouncings, Matched Widths, Allovers and Bandings to match.

- SPECIAL.—A large assortment of Applique and Separate Ornaments, in exclusive designs,—in Paris, Champagne and white—well adapted for application purposes.
Net Top Repousse Flouncings, 18 inches wide, 98c. worth \$1.50
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- White and Cream Crochet Bands, 39c. value 55c.
- Black, White and Cream Chiffon, 45 inches wide, 39c. value 59c.
- 45-inch Point d'Esprit Nels—White, Cream and Black, 59c. regular value 75c.

WOMEN'S NECKWEAR
New and large variety of Stocks, Fancy Top Collars and Sets in Persian, Crash, Bulgaria and Lacy effects, 29c. to 59c.

Le Boutillier Brothers
West Twenty-third Street.

PETTY GERMAN RULERS.

Allies in Name, but Vassals in Reality, of Emperor William.

Among the many difficulties with which the Kaiser has to contend is that constituted by those one-and-twenty petty rulers in Germany who claim to be his allies, but who are in reality to such an extent subordinated to his supremacy that they can only be regarded as his vassals. Jealous of the vanishing remnants of their authority, and preoccupied above everything else about the maintenance of what they conceive to be their prerogatives, they form a drag upon the development and prosperity of the empire, a source of trouble within the borders of the latter, and of something very much akin to ridicule abroad. For whereas William II stands in the eyes of all foreigners for Germany, identified therewith as its most impressive and commanding figure, any mention of the minor sovereigns at once suggests Thackeray's burlesque "Court of Pumpnickel" and Offenbach's bouffe "Grand Duchy of Gerolstein."

While the native born Teuton, or the careful student of German history, is thoroughly cognizant of the status of these petty potentates, and of their relation to the Kaiser, the vast majority of people beyond the borders of the empire have a somewhat vague and hazy notion about the matter. Evidence of this was given some years ago, when a New-York merchant, who was spending the summer with his family at Kissingen, became involved in some altercation with local authorities, who treated him with undus severity. A widespread disposition was shown in this country at the time to hold the Kaiser responsible both for the attitude of the officials and for the difficulty in obtaining redress, thereby indicating ignorance of the fact that Bavaria, in which Kissingen is situated, possesses rights of autonomy, and that Emperor William found himself in the matter much in the same position as the President of the United States when called upon by Italy for redress for the outrages perpetrated upon Italian citizens in Louisiana some ten years or so ago. Had Kissingen been in Prussia, the Kaiser could and would have set the matter right at once with that ready good will which he invariably manifests to everybody and everything American. As it was, the affair had to be negotiated by the Department of Foreign Affairs at Berlin with the Bavarian government, with due regard to the extreme sensitiveness of the latter concerning everything that could possibly be construed or twisted into an act of imperial interference with the internal affairs of a federal State.

Of the one-and-twenty petty rulers that tax the resources of statecraft and diplomacy, as well as the patience of the Kaiser, who is obliged to devote much valuable time to soothing their easily aroused susceptibilities, as well as to alternate persuasion and compulsion, three are insane, and as such under restraint; a fourth is so eccentric that the question of subjecting him to similar tutelage is under discussion; a fifth is stone blind, a sixth has surrendered the reins of government to his eldest son in order to be able to devote himself more entirely to the charming actress whom he had organically married; a seventh, who has contracted an analogous mesalliance, lives abroad with his wife from one year's end to the other, leaving his diminutive duchy to get along as best it can without him; an eighth is debarred from exercising his rights of rulership over his miniature state because of his obstinate refusal to recognize the present constitution of the German Empire, while a ninth, namely, the young Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, is still a minor.

Several of these states have a population in the neighborhood of 50,000, Schaumburg-Lippe, for instance, having less than 47,000, while their area is smaller than that of the estates of many a territorial magnate in this country or Great Britain, and is suggestive of the familiar story of the petty German ruler who, having purchased a new cannon, was obliged to obtain the permission of his neighboring sovereigns before he could fire it, as any projectile which he hurled must inevitably carry beyond his borders before it fell. Two of the States—namely, the grand duchies of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and the grand duchies of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, have no constitution whatsoever in the accepted sense of the word, and while the population, by means of its representatives in the Reichstag, has a voice in the direction of the affairs of the German Empire as a whole, it has no means whatsoever of making its influence felt in domestic matters, the entire power being vested in the hands of the two grand dukes, whose rule, were it not for the Kaiser's supremacy, would be quite as autocratic as that of the Czar or Sultan. In Mecklenburg-Strelitz, in fact, the entire state revenue derived from the taxation of the population is appropriated by the grand duke, who disburses it as he sees fit, furnishing no accounts, either of receipts or expenditures, to his lieges,

BROOKLYN END OF THE WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE. By some called "The Jews' Highway" from the congested East Side of Manhattan to less crowded quarters in Brooklyn.