PART II.
TEN PAGES.

New-York Tribune.

SUNDAY,
AUGUST 14, 1904

NEGROES IN NEW-YORK

There Are 50,000 of Them—How They Get Along.

The recent incorporation of a real estate company by negroes in order to secure homes for persons of their race in other and more desirable parts of this city than where they now live has drawn attention anew to the fact that there is a prejudice against the negro in this city. The negro not only finds it difficult to rent a flat where he may desire to live, but, according to some investigators, it is becoming more and more difficult for him to secure employment in the higher grades of unskilled labor. Competition with foreign labor, it is said, has worked disadvantageously to him, because of the former's greater degree of persistence in seeking and keeping employment when once secured. Hungarians and Bohemians and Italians are taking the places of negro waiters, and the Italian has nearly driven the negro out of the barber shop and from the streets as a bootblack.

The negro does not form a large element in the population of this city. It is estimated that they do not number more than fifty thousand. They live chiefly in three or four well defined districts in Manhattan and Brooklyn. In Manhattan they have been crowded over toward the West Side into the flats along the North River. The chief colony is in the western side of the "Tenderloin" region. It is bounded by Seventh-ave. and Thirty-fifth and Thirty-ninth sts. Travellers on the Fifty-ninth-st. crosstown electric line are familiar with the location of the second district. Before the doorsteps and through the windows of the houses on either side of that street west of the Circle can be seen the dark faces of many negroes. This street is the southern boundary of the negro quarter second in size in the city. The northern boundary is Sixty-third-st. The colored population in this region is constantly receiving additions. A small colony lives in Cornelia-st. In Brooklyn, Bridge-st. is the centre for the negroes.

The recent incorporation of the Afro-American Realty Company, with a capitalization of $500,000, revealed an effort on the part of a number of negroes of the more intelligent and wealthier class to establish a colony in a better neighborhood than that to which the majority of the unskilled class have been relegated by the landlords of the city. According to Wilford H. Smith, the colored attorney of the company, it was evident that an effort was being made to force all negroes, regardless of their calibre and character, into old buildings along the North River. Those of the more intellectual class resented this, and determined to find a way to get homes in other parts of the city. Ten negroes formed a partnership a year ago and leased for a term of five years Nos. 86 to 90 West One-hundred-and-thirty-fourth-st, and sublet it to colored families. Then they leased for the same length of time the flathouses Nos. 156 and 158 West Ninety-eighth-st. and Nos. 330 to 338 West Fifty-ninth-st., and, after making repairs, followed the same course there. This summer, he said, white persons tried to prevent the negroes from settling in One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth-st. The company was then incorporated, and it bought the flathouses Nos. 30 and 32 West One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth-st. and Nos. 65 and 67 West One-hundred-and-thirty-fourth-st., then occupied by whites, with the intention of turning the houses into homes for negroes. He asserted that the prejudice against his race would operate in favor of the success of its scheme, for the negroes, whatever else might be said against them, paid their rents well. This was a necessity in their case, for to be turned out of doors was a serious matter, because of the difficulty of securing shelter elsewhere. He thought the methods of his company would make the proximity of the homes of negroes less obnoxious to the whites, as, among other things, it would not tolerate the loafing of negroes about the entrances of its buildings. "The negroes," said he, "are not so likely to take offence at an order of that sort from another negro as they would from a white landlord."

A visitor to the offices of the Afro-American Realty Company, in the Boreel Building, No. 115 Broadway, will find choice carpets, shining mahogany furniture, walls with a green covering of refreshing shade and pictures which give the offices the appearance of those of a firm of rich corporation lawyers. The only indication of the race of the occupants, aside from themselves, are two pictures, one on either side of the largest of the suite of four rooms. They are a steel engraving of slaves seeking refuge in the Dismal Swamp and a portrait of Booker T. Washington. These are intended to symbolize the possibility of development of the negro race.

A student of local social conditions said the other day regarding the negro in this city: "Opportunities for the colored people are being restricted constantly. Practically the only employments for the better class now open are those of porters and operators of elevators. The negro is regarded as untrustworthy, the whites being generally steadier. The negro has not the same degree of persistence and is not capable of as high grade work. New-York's colored population has been both small and thrifty. The colony is now getting larger and less thrifty. Colored people are not prone to ask for charity. They are obliged to pay from 10 to 15 per cent higher rents than whites. This is due to the fact that they are not as good tenants. They are not sanitary, and allow the property which they occupy to run down. For this reason tenement houses are not opened to negro occupation until they have ceased to be profitable as homes for whites, and have run down to such an extent that it is hardly worth while to put them in shape again for the whites."

The negro in New-York is limited in his efforts to secure a living almost to the occupations in which are paid the smallest wages. The negro who would rise in one of the professions can expect no employment from the white possessors of capital. This accounts for the small number in the professions. Of males, according to the last census, there are only 704 in the professions in New-York. Of these 251 are actors and showmen, 13 are artists, 80 clergymen, 18 electricians, 25 dentists, 7 civil engineers and surveyors, 7 journalists, 20 lawyers, 8 literary and scientific persons, 192 musicians and teachers of music, 9 government officials, 32 physicians and druggists, and 32 teachers and professors in colleges. Those engaged in domestic and personal occupations are chiefly janitors, of whom there are 788; unclassified laborers, of whom there are many longshoremen, the total number being 3,448, and servants and waiters, of whom there are 6,078. There are 107 watchmen, policemen and firemen. Two colored men are bankers and brokers, 409 are clerks and copyists, 1,320 are draymen, hackmen and teamsters; 610 hostlers, 328 messengers and office boys, 11 newspaper carriers and newsboys, 2,104 porters and helpers, 11 street railway employes, 15 undertakers, 220 engineers and firemen (not locomotive), and 162 painters, glaziers and varnishers. Of the 156 candle, soap and tallow makers in the city, 126 are negroes, the only instance where the majority employed in an occupation are of the colored race. It may surprise some to know that of 20,635 printers, lithographers and pressmen, only 51 are negroes. Several of these are employed in the offices of "The Colored American Magazine," one of the principal publications of the colored race in the country, and "The New-York Age," the chief negro newspaper in the city. Notwithstanding the negro's reputation for handiness with a razor, there are only 212 colored barbers in the city.

The opportunity of the colored woman for supporting herself is much more restricted than that of the male portion of her race. Practically the negresses are confined to the occupations of laundress, servant, waitress and dressmaker. All told, there are only fifty-two negro women employed in offices in the city, and of these a number are in colored offices.

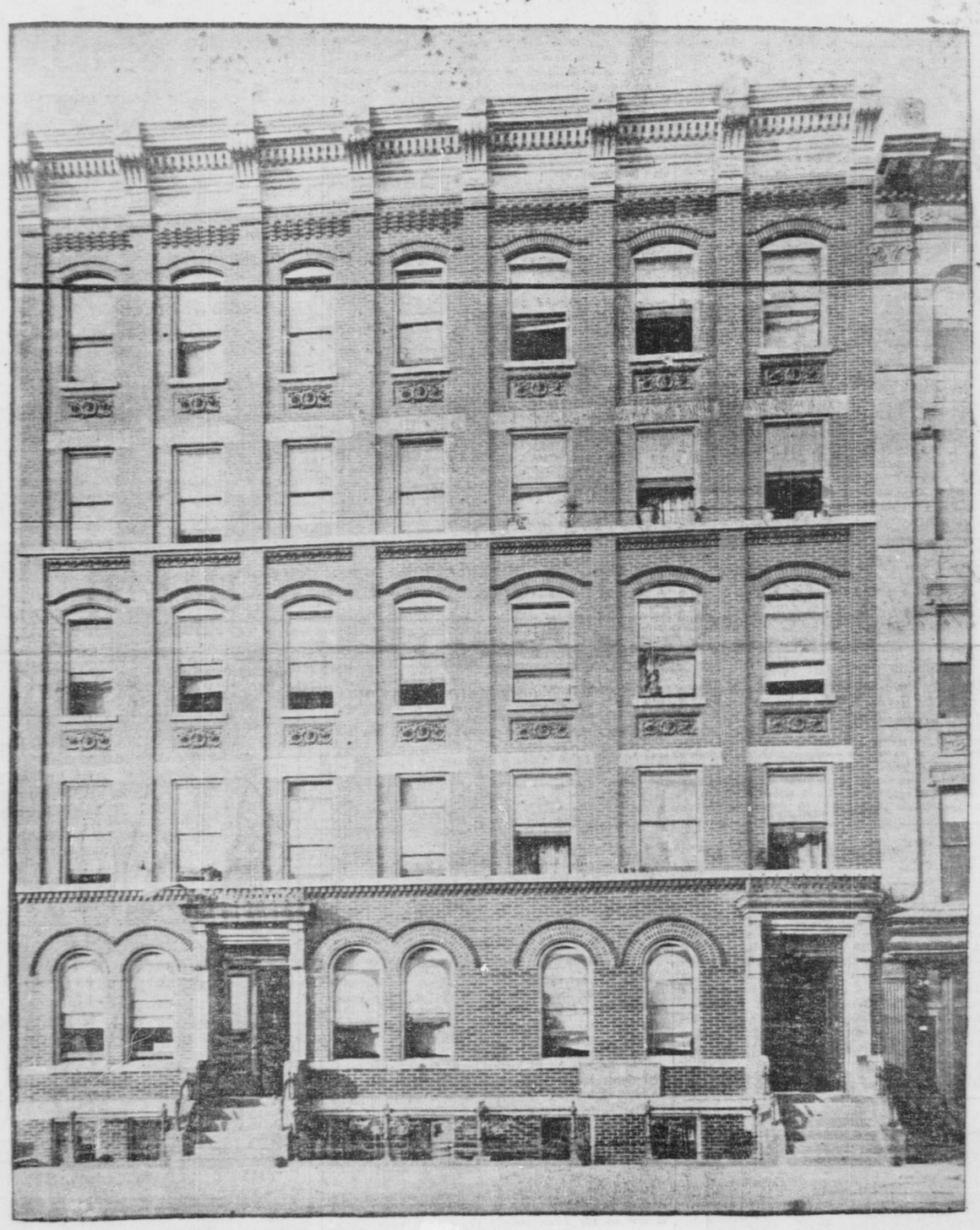
Of the 270 negresses in professions, 75 are actresses, 7 artists and teachers of art, 6 "clergymen," 1 a journalist, 71 musicians and 87 teachers. In domestic service the total number employed is 13,842. Of these 3,098 are laundresses and 9,736 are servants and waitresses. Eleven of the women are watchmen, policemen and firemen, one is described as a drayman, and 273 are nurses and midwives. There are 797 colored dressmakers and 245 seamstresses.

Among the negro business and financial enterprises in this city are a building and loan association, which has been in operation for nearly twelve years, and pays 6 per cent dividends; a national realty company, eight printing offices, a van company, several catering companies, a manufacturing business said to be patronized by several of the large retail drygoods dealers of the city, and two large undertaking establishments, one of which is said to do a business of $50,000 a year. It is asserted that negroes pay taxes on property in New-York City valued at $3,000,000. A company which the negroes are organizing is a steamship line to Liberia. The promoters declare that owing to their color they are in a position to secure rubber and coffee concessions in Liberia on better terms than white men, which will for this reason prove more than ordinarily remunerative.

Politically, barring a few Democratic officeholders and their followers, it is said that all the negroes are Republicans. In local elections, according to one district leader, about 10 per cent vote for Democratic nominees, but in the national elections they are almost solidly Republican. Besides their connection with the regular Republican organizations of their districts, the negroes of New-York and Kings Counties have county organizations of their own. The leader of the New-York County organization, Charles W. Anderson, is a member of the State committee.

The newspaper published for the negroes has some characteristics which distinguish it from the newspaper usually seen in the city by the white man. Like a country weekly, it is made up of items chiefly relating to the movements and social affairs of its constitutents. It is better written, however, than most rural weeklies. Some of the advertisements one would never see in a paper published for any other race. One is headed in large type: "Wonderful Discovery—Curly Hair Made Straight." Pictures showing the appearance of persons before and after treatment accompany the "ad." Another reads: "A Wonderful Face Bleach." A "Marvelous Medium and Trance Clairvoyant" advertises himself as "The Colored People's Friend," who can make people "Rich, happy and successful in all their undertakings," and who possesses "the secret of winning the affections of the opposite sex." Another clairvoyant says she understands "spells and evil influences" and "cures all mysterious diseases which others do not understand." One undertaker, who is a colored clergyman, advertises that his services can be had at any hour of the day or night for sickness, funerals, preaching and marriages.

The leading negroes of the city feel that the only way the negroes can attain to the position in the community to which they aspire is by standing together, as they do not now assist each other by their patronage. They say, also, they must make their religion more practical and less sentimental.



NOS. 30 AND 32 WEST ONE-HUNDRED-AND-THIRTY-FIFTH-ST.
Bought recently by New-York negroes, and to be rented to negro tenants only. The former white tenants have been turned out.

"TOM" TAGGART.

Anecdotes About the Democratic National Chairman.

Indianapolis, Aug. 12.—Everybody here has a story to tell about "Tom" Taggart since his elevation to the Democratic National Committee chairmanship.

When Taggart was in St. Louis attending the national convention he made his headquarters at the Jefferson Hotel. The passenger elevators were jammed at almost all hours of the day and night. On one occasion it was necessary that he should do some work at once in his room on the sixth floor, and with the scores of persons fighting to get into the elevators the prospect of getting upstairs without walking was not good. Taggart soon solved the puzzle.

"Come on with me to the freight elevator," he said to Albert F. Zearing, his secretary.

"Can't let you in here," said the freight elevator conductor. "You must go to the passenger elevator."

"But the hotel help rides on this elevator," protested Taggart, a look of sweet innocence mantling his face.

"Yes, but"— broke in the conductor.

"Well," said Taggart, "I am the new steward and this (pointing to Zearing) is the butcher. Now, move up."

The conductor "moved."

Taggart is a light fingered individual, and might have made a great pickpocket if he had turned his attention in that direction. But he devotes his talents as a "con artist" to depriving his friends of their tie pins, watches and the like, and returning the articles after the victims have been kept in hot water long enough to satisfy his sense of the humorous.

One day Andrew M. Sweeney, president of the Indianapolis School Board, and a close friend of Taggart, was idling away a few hours with Taggart and several other acquaintances at the Grand Hotel here. While they were talking Taggart made a move as if to brush Sweeney's coat, and in the operation extracted his diamond pin. It was a dull afternoon, and after a while Taggart suggested to half a dozen of his friends, including Sweeney, that they take a trip out to Fairview Park, a summer resort on an electric line about four miles out of the city. They boarded a trolley car and in due time reached the park. Taggart then suggested that they walk over to a leafy nook on the further side of the grounds.

Arriving there, Taggart assembled the crowd close around him, and in a grave manner began to address the astonished Mr. Sweeney.

"Mr. Sweeney," he said, "we have long been your friends, and you have been so kind to us and have assisted each and all of us in so many ways that we feel under deep obligations to you. We have therefore chosen this occasion and adopted this method of testifying our deep gratitude toward you. I am commissioned, Mr. Sweeney by these gentlemen whom you see about you to make you a slight present as a testimonial of our regard. What I am about to present to you is not worth much in dollars and cents, but we desire that you shall value it by the spirit in which it is offered, rather than by the value of the gift."

By this time there was moisture in the eyes of Mr. Sweeney.

"I now present to you our gift," said Taggart, bowing and handing to him his own tie pin, which he had never missed.

It is not an easy matter to "smoke out" Taggart as to his preferences among Democrats who are candidates for nominations. In one Marion County campaign the woods were full of doctors who wanted the nomination for coroner. All of them wondered whom "Tom" would favor, but there was only one—a dapper young sawbones—who had the nerve to ask him.

"Mr. Taggart," he said, "I have come all the way down to your office to ask whom you favor for the nomination for coroner. I do not like to go ahead without knowing where I stand."

Taggart slapped him on the back and smiled in his most winsome manner.

"I'll tell you one thing," he said. "You are no worse off than you were."

During Taggart's second campaign for the Mayoralty he promised the homœopaths a place on the city board of health in the event of his election. He received their support, but when the appointments were announced it was discovered that there was no homœopath on the board.

A committee waited on him in a rebellious mood to demand an explanation.

"Did I promise the homœopaths a place on the Board of Health?" asked Mr. Taggart.

"You certainly did," retorted the spokesman.

"Then, you go back and tell them that 'Tom' Taggart is a liar," answered the Mayor, and the committee went away laughing.

Taggart was always successful in arranging novelties in the way of political demonstrations and parades. On one such occasion there was a float bearing a big, hollow sycamore log, with knotholes in it and Democrats sticking their heads out at every knothole. There was a sign on the log which read:

The Woods Are Full of Democrats.

"Joe" Reilly, secretary of the Democratic State Committee, said the other day:

Way back in 1877, when Taggart was working for a railroad restaurant in Garrett, Ind., he received orders to come to Indianapolis and work in a restaurant then located at the Union Station. An old Irish woman, a cook in the Garrett establishment, was to come on to Indianapolis, also.

It was in the fall of the year when Taggart and the old Irish woman started for Indianapolis. They took a night train. It was cold, and the car was poorly heated. The old woman became chilled and ill from the cold, and Tom, then a husky young fellow, insisted that she wear his coat. It would keep her warm, and he did not need it anyway, he assured her. He couldn't feel the cold a bit.

When they entered the restaurant at Indianapolis next morning Taggart was in his shirt sleeves, and the old woman came behind, wearing his coat. That was his first introduction to Indianapolis.

They worked in the restaurant together for several years. Then Taggart opened a place of his own, and later went into the hotel business. Then he came out for office.

One day, when he was out electioneering, the old woman called him into the restaurant where she was working and said to him: "Tom, I'll never forget the night you made me wear your coat. Now you are running for office, and will need a little money. Here, take this—it's all I have, but you're welcome to it," and before Taggart knew what the old woman was doing she had placed a big roll of bills in his hand. He had to argue with her a long time before convincing her that he did not need the money and would not accept it.

Taggart has always been fond of helping drink victims to get started in the straight and narrow path. One day a certain Irishman, who had been respectable in his former days, entered the Mayor's office.

"I am sick and out of work"— he began.

"Yes, and you're drunk," interrupted Taggart.

"If you will give me three dollars to buy a pair of shoes, I'll never drink another drop in my life," pleaded the unfortunate wretch.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Taggart. "I'll send out and get the shoes for you. If I gave you the money, you would go and get more whiskey. I'll give you the shoes on condition that if you get drunk you are to bring them back to me."

Taggart saw no more of "Pat" for two months. Finally he showed up at the office, drunk as a lord. Under his arm was a package, carefully wrapped in a newspaper. He unfolded the newspaper slowly and laid at the wondering Mayor's feet the pair of shoes. "I told you that I would bring them back, and I did," was all that "Pat" said.

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AUSTRIA'S NEXT EMPEROR.

Francis Ferdinand a Much Misrepresented and Maligned Prince.

Next Thursday the Emperor of Austria will enter upon his seventy-fifth year, and, although he still remains astonishingly vigorous and alert, yet in the ordinary course of nature the close of his long reign cannot be regarded as otherwise than near at hand. This is an event which is regarded with a considerable amount of apprehension. For writers, politicians and even statesmen of international reputation have so frequently predicted that Francis Joseph's death would be followed by a break-up of his empire that to-day widespread belief is accorded to the prophecy. To a great extent the latter is based upon the unpopularity of the heir apparent, Archduke Francis Ferdinand. That this unpopularity exists cannot be denied. Whether it is justified is another matter. For there are few princes of the blood in Europe, and certainly none close to the throne, concerning whom so much ignorance and misconception prevail.

Stories have been widely circulated to the effect that he is ignorant, bigoted, arrogant and dissolute, with ideas on the subject of sovereignty that savor of mediæval times rather than of the present day. Many of the most glaring shortcomings of his exceedingly wild brother Otto have been ascribed to him. M. de Blowitz gave publicity in "The London Times" to a tale to the effect that in a drunken freak he had stopped a peasant funeral near Prague and amused himself by leaping his horse half a dozen times over the bier, a calumny afterward repeated in the Parliament at Budapest, and for which there was not a shadow of foundation; and even persons at court at Vienna will relate as an illustration of his lack of culture that when he attained manhood and became as much his own master as a member of any of the reigning houses of Europe can ever hope to be he made a bonfire of all his books.

Now, Francis Ferdinand in no way merits the reputation with which he has been endowed by all this malevolent gossip, the circulation of which has been fostered by the circumstance that he is of a rather shy and retiring disposition, does not make friends easily, and is but little known, save in an official way. Far from being the arrogant fool that he has been portrayed, he is not merely a well read man, but also an author, among the works which he has produced being an entertaining book modestly describing his two years' tour around the world, including his visit to America, several graceful monographs, notably one of the celebrated Field Marshal Radetzky, remarkable by reason of the high souled patriotism apparent in every line of his essay, and two volumes of extremely pretty Alpine poetry.

Like most of his countrymen, he is devoted to music, and is something of a composer, having put upon paper for the first time several of those old Styrian melodies which until then had never been written, but merely handed down from father to son throughout the ages. The archduke, also an engineer by profession, is, so far as I am aware, the only prince of the blood who has secured his diploma as such, and he enjoys nothing so much as driving the locomotive of an express train. He is an expert in machinery, of an inventive turn of mind, sufficiently so indeed to have earned for himself a handsome competence, if not a fortune, had he not in his own right been one of the wealthiest princes of the Old World. He is recognized as one of the best sporting shots of the Austro-Hungarian empire, is an adept in the sciences of zoology and of natural history, and, last but not least, is a thorough soldier, having everything connected with his profession as such at his fingers' ends.

Add to this the fact that his life has been singularly free from scandal, and that the one romance of his existence has been his infatuation for Countess Sophie Chotek, whom he persisted in marrying in spite of all the obstacles placed in the way of the match, and you have before you a man of considerable individuality and character, who, when he succeeds to the throne of his uncle, will prove a considerable surprise to the public, which has until now always been disposed to look upon him as one of those whom the late Prince Bismarck was wont to designate so contemptuously as "Austria's idiot archdukes."

In some respects Francis Ferdinand is a man of much stronger character than the Emperor, for, whereas the latter is pliable and can be brought by persuasion or by mere weariness to yield and to accord his consent to measures of which he at heart disapproves, the archduke obstinately refuses to give way. He is rather slow and deliberate about taking up his position in a controversy, but once he has assumed it, nothing can induce him to budge therefrom. He is set in his ideas, which are only reached after mature consideration; and, while his prejudices are strongly developed, they are neither numerous nor all of them reactionary. But inasmuch as they are certain to influence his policy when he succeeds to the throne they are deserving of a brief mention.

A devout Roman Catholic, he is disposed to frown upon those endeavors which are being made to curtail the powers of the Church in connection with primary education and to banish everything pertaining to religion from all public schools. Then, too, he makes no secret of his disapproval of the extensive concessions made to Hungary in the way of autonomy at the expense of the other moieties of the empire, taking the ground that the latter as a whole has been weakened by the policy of federation instituted in his uncle's reign. Finally, he does not conceal his distaste for the alliance with Italy. His antagonism toward the latter is based upon the traditional enmity of the Italians for everything pertaining to Austria, and which finds expression not only among the masses but also among the classes, and even in the highest political and official circles throughout the peninsula.

That the House of Savoy should have deprived the imperial family of Hapsburg of the thrones and of the vast landed possessions which it formerly owned in Italy, and should have confiscated the temporalities of the Papacy, are not the motives of the archduke's aversion to Italy, but merely contributory thereto. If he regards the alliance with Italy as a mere sham, not worth the paper on which it is written, and King Victor Emmanuel's subjects as the most irreconcilable of the foes of Austria, it is because he knows full well that every patriotic Italian is imbued with the determination to add sooner or later to "United Italy" those portions of the empire of Francis Joseph where Italian is the language spoken, and which are never referred to in the dominions of Victor Emmanuel otherwise than by the expressive name of "Italia Irredenta"—that is to say, "Unredeemed Italy."

Nor is Archduke Ferdinand to be blamed for taking this view of the worthlessness of the alliance between Austria and Italy. For within the last twelve months public demonstrations against Austria, unchecked by the Roman government, have taken place in all the leading cities of Italy, manifestations which have assumed the form of hostile gatherings in front of the various Austrian consulates and of the embassies, hooting Francis Joseph with the cry of "Down with the Emperor!" "Death to Austria!" "Viva Oberdank!" (a man hanged for attempting to assassinate Francis Joseph in 1882) while in many places Austrian flags have been dragged in the mud and solemnly burned to cries of "Viva Italia Irredenta!"

At Ferrara a member of the Cabinet, M. Galimberti, Minister of Public Works, took part in ceremonies destined to commemorate the execution by the Austrians fifty years ago of three Italian conspirators against the Austrian rule in Northern Italy, the statesman laying a magnificent wreath on the tombs of the "patriots in the name of the King and of the government," while in the Chamber of Deputies, an opponent of the administration having referred in the discussion of the naval estimates to the ignominious defeat of the Italian fleet by Austria at the battle of Lissa, the Minister of Marine replied textually that "for thirty-six years our government has been preparing to wipe out that disgrace, and is now ready for the test."

At the present moment the General Staff of the Italian army is devoting itself to a most elaborate inspection of all the Italian defences along the Austrian frontier, and enormous sums of money are being spent in fortifying the shores of the Adriatic against any flank attack by Austria, while all the garrisons in the northern part of the kingdom are being strengthened in a manner that is certainly not indicative of any good will and friendship for Austria. Is it astonishing, therefore, that Archduke Francis Ferdinand should distrust Italy as an ally and manifest a disposition to lean rather toward St. Petersburg than Rome?

While Francis Ferdinand is undoubtedly unpopular in Hungary, he is a favorite in Bohemia, where he spends a considerable portion of the year and where he owns immense estates. He is liked not only by the masses, on account of his unaffected and kindly disposition and his generosity, but also by the classes, who appreciate the fact that he has chosen one of the daughters of the Bohemian aristocracy for his wife, and who credit him with the opinion that the ancient kingdom of St. Wenceslaus has been neglected for the sake of Hungary, and that the Czechs are entitled to just the same treatment by Austria as the Magyars. This is probably true. For it is well known that the archduke, in expressing his disapproval of all the concessions in the way of self-government granted to Hungary, argued that the latter was not entitled to any different treatment than Bohemia and other portions of the empire.

It is just as well to explain this, as the constant references that are being made in the national legislature at Budapest to the marriage of the archduke might convey the impression that the questions raised there as to the status of his consort were dictated by regard for him and by good will, instead of merely by a desire to embarrass the government. The marriage of the archduke, which was contracted in Austria, was of a morganatic character, his bride being Countess Chotek, who was formerly one of the ladies-in-waiting of Archduchess Isabella. Previous to the wedding the archduke renounced all rights of succession to the throne of Austro-Hungary for the children born to the union, and at the same time took a solemn oath never to raise his consort to the rank of empress, or to confer upon her sovereign honors, after his accession to the crown.

Morganatic marriages are not recognized as such, but only as ordinary matrimonial alliances, in Hungary, where the law likewise debars father and mother from renouncing or alienating any rights of their children. On these grounds, the point is constantly being made in the parliament at Budapest that when the archduke succeeds his uncle as Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary his morganatic consort, who now bears the nobiliary title of Princess Hohenberg, will become Queen of Hungary, and her children in consequence thereof entitled

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Women's fine White Lawn Shirt Waists, tucked and trimmed with insertions of embroidery; also, Women's White Piqué Shirt Waists, at

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