FACES BRANDED BY CRIME.

AN EXPERT'S CHAT ABOUT THE PHYSIOGNOMIES OF CRIMINALS.

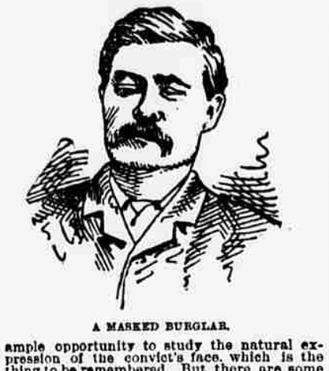
Distinctive Characteristics of the Burglar, Forger, Bank Sneak, Bunco Sharp, and Petty Thief—About Julius, the Drug Clerk.

Five visitors, desirious of interviews with convicts, sat in State Detective James Jackson's office one day this week. A sturdy, eldery man wanted to see his own son; a poorly dressed, sad little old woman had come to visit her son; a nobly Hebraic nose snuffled its claim as belonging to the brother-in-law of a convict; an Italian said he was simply a friend of the man whose name he gave, and a young woman, who tried to convey the impression that she thought she was blushing, announced herself as "just a friend" of the young felon who kissed her with enthusiasm when he came in. But a short time elapsed, after the bundles brought by the visitors had been searched for contraband articles, before the five fantastically uniformed prisoners were brought out of the shops and seated with their relatives and friends, in the office, for their bimonthly hour of chat. Before they appeared a reporter seated at Mr. Jackson's table, and looking on bethought him of the extraordinary talent that has made the State detective famous, and asked him the question:

"Do you now, at this moment, remember anything of the personal appearance of either of those five convicts for whom you have sent—sufficient to enable you, if you were suddenly told that he had escaped, to recall what he looked like clearly enough for you to identify him outside the prison?"

"Oh, yes; why, certainly," replied Mr. Jackson, with something of the surprised expression that the Rev. Dr. McCosh might wear if asked could he spell easy words. He went on, under the gentle incitement of some further questioning, to say:

"I remember them all if I have seen them even once. Of course, sometimes one arrives when I am away, and if he got out before I came back I wouldn't be likely to recognize him. But if he stays until I return it will not be long before I get a good look at him, enough to fix him in my memory. When I have nothing else to do I occasionally stroll about the prison and make it a point to be sure about any of whom I am not already certain. They might be either men I had not yet seen or men who received no visits. The visits are a great help to me. They all have to take place in my presence, and while they are going on I have

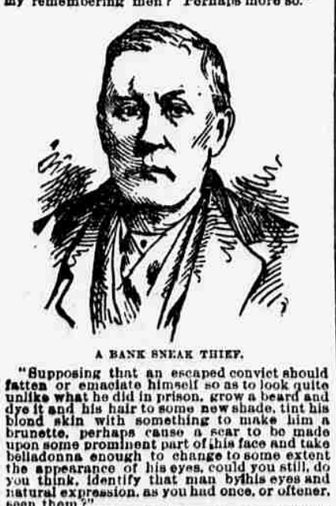


A MASKED BURGLAR.

ample opportunity to study the natural expression of the convict's face, which is the thing to be remembered. But there are some men who, during years of incarceration, have no visitors, who seem absolutely dead to the world, and they are the ones I go and take a look at now and then. When I want to make a mental note of a man's appearance I get a natural expression on his full face, looking squarely into his eyes; ask him some question, in an easy off-hand way, that brings a response, or perhaps talk to him a little bit, and after that I am always sure of him. There is no use in trying to remember a man by his profile. There you have only flesh outlines to go by, and they may change greatly from any one of many causes. But when you look into his eyes while you get him to look naturally at you, then you have him. It is not that you remember that he had eyes of any particular color or peculiar in any way, but you have caught an expression in them that belongs exclusively to him and to nobody else, and which if you can only retain it in your memory, will enable you to identify him at any time after."

"Hardly. It may seem easy enough to you, but I know very well that I couldn't do anything of the sort."

"I said 'if you can only retain it in your memory.' To me it is easy. I suppose that I had some natural aptitude for remembering faces, but I have had a chance to develop whatever talent I originally had in that way by making it my business and sticking right to it for years. I remember men as horsemen do horses, and some of their recognitions might surprise you. Let one of certain old horsemen see, for the first time, a horse trotting, say, at White Plains. He only sees the animal that once, and then under the excitement of the race. The next year, perhaps, he sees that same horse, entered under another name, at Syracuse, and recognizes him in an instant with a shout: 'That horse is a ringer. I saw him trot in 2:25 at White Plains last year, and now he is entered here under another name in the three-minute class.' And he will swear to it, too. Isn't that as remarkable as my remembering men? Perhaps more so."



A BANK SNEAK THIEF.

"Supposing that an escaped convict should fatten or emaciate himself so as to look quite unlike what he did in prison, grow a beard and dye it and his hair to some new shade, tint his blond skin with something to make him a brunette, perhaps cause a scar to be made upon some prominent part of this face and take belladonna enough to change to some extent the appearance of his eyes, could you still, do you think, identify that man by his eyes and natural expression, as you had once, or oftener, seen them?"

"Well, I think so, but cannot say positively, as I have never had an opportunity to try any such very extreme case. Escaped convicts in real life do, as a rule, grow beards, or moustaches and hair, as soon as possible after they get away, and not infrequently dye both hair and beard, but it is only in novels that they stain their skins and make scars upon themselves and take belladonna. I have never yet known of one adopting the ingenious suggestions of the novelists. But if he did, and I wanted him, I think I would get him. I know that I have never found any trouble from such changes in appearance as were made by hair dye or altered weight.

"The criminal's habits of life and thought make for him an expression in which their impress is blended with his individuality, and he cannot get rid of that any more than he is likely to cast off the necessities of a criminal life, once he has entered upon it, that bind him to it and make a chain by which he is certain to be pulled in sooner or later, no matter how he may strive to get away."

"Tell me what you think of this paragraph in a San Francisco paper, that seems to have some bearing upon what you were just saying:"

> Every one knows that men's passions, propensities, and peculiarities, as well as their callings, are reflected in their faces, but it is only the few who have made the study of physiognomy an especial pursuit who are gifted with the power of reading those faces. Judges who have served long terms on the bench, lawyers in large practice, and doctors of eminence possess the power of interpreting physiognomies more largely than other people. But any one can acquire the rudiments of the art by dint of study.
>
> It is as impossible to disguise a face as a handwriting. When the expert comes the disguise is torn off, and the face tells the true story of the spirit inside the body. One only needs to visit the penitentiary to realize how undeniably vice writes its sign manual on the features. It is not the drunkard only whose red nose, flabby cheeks, and rheumy eyes betray him: it is the sensualist whose vice is read in his lips, the knave whose propensity is revealed by the shape of his mouth, the man of violence who is surrendered by his eyes. An experienced detective and a trained jailer seldom need to ask the crime of which his prisoner was guilty. He can tell it by his face.

"I think it goes too far," commented Mr. Jackson, after perusing the excerpt. "It is impossible to tell a man's guilt or innocence by simply looking in his face, or to tell, if he is guilty, what has been his particular crime, except in a limited number of instances, perhaps. But it is undeniable that if a man's life is in antagonism to the ethics of society, he, in almost all cases, bears the indications of it in his countenance. The crook looks what he is, and I think that I can, pretty nearly always, spot him. Frequently I am called upon to express an opinion upon a man who has been arrested and is, say in Hudson county jail. 'Do you know him?' I am asked. 'No,' I do not. 'Do you think he is a crook?' 'Yes, I think he is,' or 'No, I do not think so,' and I believe I have never yet been mistaken in saying either. How do I arrive at an opinion? Well, from his facial expression, general appearance, actions, and manner, all in conjunction."

"Do not the several classes of criminals manifest distinguishing peculiarities that enable an expert to tell that class to which individual crooks belong with a good deal of accuracy?"

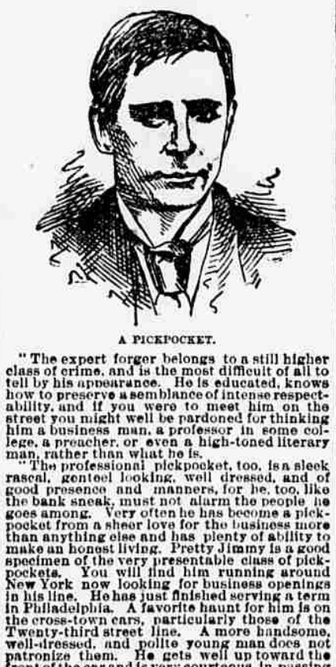
"Yes. Decidedly up to a certain extent, and the exceptions, which certainly do exist, only prove the rule. Now and then you come across a crook who looks as if he ought to belong to one class, but who is really in another. In most cases, even then, however, I am inclined to think that circumstances have warped such misfits and put them out of their legitimate lines of business. Most generally, if you make a little study of them, you can pick them out, and will see very readily how the natural direction given by birth, education, and association in criminal life has indelibly written itself in their faces.

"The burglar, for instance, is, as a rule, an altogether different looking being from the forger, the bank sneak, the pickpocket, confidence man, or common petty thief, and they all differ from each other as much as he from them. Your burglar will be generally a stouter, burlier fellow, with a more brutal and resolute face than either of the others, and less intelligent than they, with the probable exception of the last mentioned in the category. Stealth,

A FORGER.

a certain quality of courage, and brute force are discernible in the burglar's countenance. The order of intelligence or grade is low—at least in all except the rare instances where men of previously good mental development have gone into the higher walks of the profession, become expert breakers of banks and violators of the very richest safes. And, even then, they are rather the designers and directors than the executors of the jobs in which they are interested, and can hardly be said to phase the rule that the burglar who handles the jimmy is a brutal looking fellow, low-browed, broad-jawed, and bull-necked. And he keeps himself so. He does not get polished up by society out of his own class, in which his life and amusements are of the congenial sort that develop still more his personal characteristics.

"The bank sneak is a much finer looking fellow in every sense of the word. He has primarily to possess brains to put up and execute the jobs by which he lives, and he must have a genteel appearance, or he would be debarred from his field of operations or, if he got in, would be viewed with a suspicion fatal to his success. So he veneers, or polishes, himself by mixing as far as he can in better society. You will see him about sporting houses, with sporting men, at horse races, and glove fights. To one who has not had occasion to study the criminal classes he would pass for a well-to-do businessman with sporting proclivities, and it is hardly possible to point out any general physiognomic points by which you might recognize his real character. You understand that I am now speaking of bank sneaks; not of common doormat sneaks, but of men like Rufe Miner, George Corson, Peppermint Joe or Joe Butts, who is dead now.



A PICKPOCKET.

"The expert forger belongs to a still higher class of crime, and is the most difficult of all to tell by his appearance. He is educated, knows how to preserve a semblance of intense respectability, and if you were to meet him on the street you might well be pardoned for thinking him a business man, a professor in some college, a preacher, or even a high-toned literary man, rather than what he is.

"The professional pickpocket, too, is a sleek rascal, genteel looking, well dressed, and of good presence and manners, for he, too, like the bank sneak, must not alarm the people he goes among. Very often he has become a pickpocket from a sheer love for the business more than anything else and has plenty of ability to make an honest living. Pretty Jimmy is a good specimen of the very presentable class of pickpockets. You will find him running around New York now looking for business openings in his line. He has just finished serving a term in Philadelphia. A favorite haunt for him is on the cross-town cars, particularly those of the Twenty-third street line. A more handsome, well-dressed, and polite young man does not patronize them. He gets well up toward the front of the car and is very courteous in passing up other people's dimes and nickels to the box. As he does so he sizes up the wallets exposed, selects the one he thinks most likely to be worth an effort and then goes for it. Big Ike is another. He is nearly six feet tall, always elegantly dressed, and you would, if you didn't know him, take him for a club man or at least an operator on the Petroleum Exchange. A lot of pickpockets together on the street look like a lot of bad actors out of engagements—only surprisingly well dressed—more than any other class that I happen to think of, and it is not easy to see the crook in them. But it's there, all the same, and comes to the surface when an officer who knows them looks into their eyes.

"The confidence man also has to keep up a good showing, for appearances to him are everything. But the foxiness is in his eyes, however young and innocent he may look to the unsophisticated rural vision. Hungry Joe is one of the best specimens you could have of the class, and, though you might find his character stamped in his face if you had him pointed out to you, or saw a picture of him and were told that it was his, you would hardly point out its lines any more definitely than I do in simply saying that it is in his expression. The confidence men, like the forgers, bank sneaks, and the higher grade of pickpockets, can only be positively pointed out, as a rule, for what they are by personal knowledge of them individually. At the same time, a good detective, accustomed to study criminal physiognomies, would be likely to say at sight of either, without knowing the man, 'he is a crook.'"

"The ordinary petty sneak thief is an animal that anybody can recognize. He is a criminal and looks it. Born in a tenement, raised in the gutter, and educated in some one of the many low clubs or gangs that infest the city, too ignorant to seek advancement by honest methods, too lazy to work for a living, and too vicious to do without money for his lusts as well as his necessities, he looks what he is. As a rule, he is undersized, has a sneaking, sullen, and vicious expression of countenance, and is small-brained—merely a stunted weed in the human garden."

"You have spoken of looking your crook squarely in the eyes, but there is a prevalent idea that the one thing the dishonest man may be counted upon to do is to avoid directly meeting anybody's gaze."

"I know; but people take a good deal too much stock in that. The crook as a rule doesn't like to meet a man's eye, particularly the low-class crook, such as the last I spoke of. He will glance up at you furtively, furtingly, while talking to you, and quickly let his gaze wander away. But the higher the intelligence of the crook the better he knows how to control that natural disposition, and play the popularly imagined honest man who meets unflinchingly your most inquiring gaze."

"Are visitors and inmates interchangeable?"

"Yes, to a certain extent, though we limit visitations so as to exclude as far as possible the mere friends of the convicts, and so narrow the chances of that. Not infrequently, however, one member after another of a criminal family comes here first as a visitor and later under sentence. We would see more of that sort of alternation if we permitted the convicts to receive visits from their fellow members of the Night Hawks or other notorious gangs to which they belong. They are all of the same mental and moral status, all are under the same harrow of necessity, weighted down by the same hatred for work and love for liquor and vile women, and are of about the same age, from 15 to 23 years old—so it is natural for them to gravitate in the same direction, toward the State prison."

"You have had some tough jobs in recapturing escaped prisoners, have you not?"

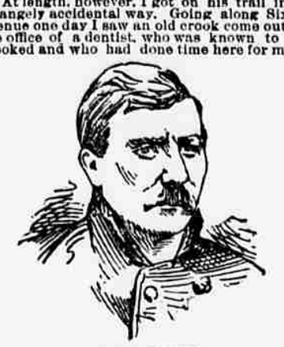
"In overtaking and finding them, yes. There was one fellow, Clarence Brown, alias Billy Smith, who led me a chase of 2,800 miles before I got my hand on his shoulder. He was a hotel thief and came from Boston. But, on the other hand, a recapture is sometimes effected in very short order. The quickest I ever made was that of James Holland, who got away on a Friday night, and I hunted him down in New York and had him back here in his cell between 11 and 12 o'clock on Saturday night.

A CONFIDENCE MAN.

A recent recapture that I made has caused quite a sympathetic thrill among some good people whose tender hearts have been stirred by the one dramatic incident of the air that the newspapers saw fit to publish. The whole thing was rather interesting.

"Julius Fuerer, a very bald-headed young German drug clerk, was sent here in May, 1884, convicted of forgery in the second degree, and sentenced to a five years' term. That summer, to relieve the overcrowding of the main prison, a lot of men were assigned to sleep in the old female prison. Julius was one of them, and managed to make his escape from there on Sept. 14 of the same year he came. He went straight to Montreal, and I followed and found him there, but could not bring him away, as jail breaking is not an extraditable offence. The best I could do was to engage a detective there to let me know when he dodged back to the United States, as I felt sure that he eventually would. Sure enough, word came that he had married there, packed up, and started for this side of the line. I went on to receive him, and heard of his being in Boston, but did not succeed in laying hands on him there. Then he disappeared completely for a time. About eight months ago he turned up in New York and I heard of it, but though I met people who had caught glimpses of him from time to time I could not meet him.

"At length, however, I got on his trail in a strangely accidental way. Going along Sixth avenue one day I saw an old crook come out of the office of a dentist, who was known to be crooked and who had done time here for mal-



A GENERAL THIEF.

practice. Walking quickly up to him and collaring him, I demanded: 'What are you going there for?' It was so sudden that he was taken all aback, and stammered that he was up to nothing wrong, that he had gone there expecting to see a man he knew I wanted to see. Willing, you observe, to give the other chap away to square himself. 'Who is that?' I demanded. 'Julius Fuerer,' he replied.

"Well, to make a long story short, he told me that Julius came there two or three times a week, and was at work, he did not know exactly where, but somewhere over in Williamsburgh, he believed. I got a New York detective to accompany me, and we went through the Williamsburgh drug stores. At last we located him at Smith's, on Graham avenue. I could not go in to look for him, as he would be sure to recognize me, and might give us the slip before I could lay hands on him; but I knew from the description, when he saw him, that we were on him at last. We waited all day, however, watching the store from a distant corner, until nightfall, when the gas was lighted, and I could walk along in front of the window, unseen by him, and get a look at him. Sure enough, it was Julius, only a good deal fatter than he was when I saw him last before. We stepped into the store. He had just gone around behind the tall prescription desk to fill a prescription for a small boy who was waiting. I followed him quickly, and, extending my hand, said:

"'Julius, how are you?'

"He was so stunned that he mechanically gave me his right hand, and before he could catch his breath his wrists were in the bracelets. He did not attempt denial of his identity, for he knew that the jig was up. 'Mr. Smith! Mr. Smith!' he began yelling at the top of his voice. The proprietor, who was up stairs taking his supper, came down, and I explained the situation to him. It was he who finished the putting up of that small boy's medicine, I guess, for Julius went away with me.

A BANK BURGLAR.

"He wanted to go around to where he lived and bid good-by to his wife and make a clean confession to her, he said. I did not let on that I knew already he was married, but asked him, as if surprised, 'Why, Julius, have you got married?'

"'Yes, sir. In Montreal.'

"'Under what name? Your own or that of Robert William Chesnut, under which you are going here?'

"'Chesnut,' he replied.

"Well, it is not in accordance with my usual practice in such cases, but I did let him visit his wife, a nice little woman with a small child, and he told her all about himself, and what he had done and where he had been, and where he had to go, at all of which she, of course, took on considerably. That is the fragment of the story that the newspapers published, and they made it out that he was a reformed man, who had rehabilitated himself in society, and for himself as well as his little family was deserving of sympathy. His habitual visits to that crooks' resort in Sixth avenue, through which I got track of him, and certain facts that have come out since, do not at all sustain that view of him. When all that, however, I have nothing to do. He was an escaped prisoner, and it was my duty to neck him on sight, which I did.

"Two worthy gentlemen, Mr. Stedman and Mr. Robertson, who have had their sympathies awakened in his behalf, have resolved to make a strenuous effort to obtain a pardon for him, if upon investigation they deem him worthy of it. They are now investigating his record since his escape from Sing Sing. It is alleged that he stole $150 from his employer there to run away with to the United States; that he also stole there the first-class certificate of a druggist, Dr. Robert William Chesnut, upon which he has obtained employment since, and under which name he has flourished up to the time of his recapture; that he has perpetrated other thefts since his return to this country, and that he did not marry his wife in Montreal either under his real name of Fuerer or his assumed name of Chesnut, but under a third, that of R. W. Larrabee."

Prayer and the Tramp.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Brother Thomas Harrison, who is holding forth in this city as a great Evangelist, holds some peculiar ideas on prayer. He asks people to pray, assuring them that the good God will hear and answer their prayers; but the tramp, he says, should pray for work and prosperity, and then answer his own prayer—go to work and prosper at once on arising from his knees. He says the Young Men's Christian Association assures him there is plenty of work for all skilled mechanics, and that it is their laudable endeavor to see that keep them tramping. He says a man was sold in New York for thirty-five cents. He did not mention that in Ulster county they drown them for less.

Since the cold wave is going on a man fainted near the Jane street church of starvation. He was revived, fed, and taken into church for prayers, was converted, and, through the assistance of two churches, he received employment in an iron foundry, where one hundred and forty-nine men had been refused that day who had not been converted, notwithstanding they were skilled workmen. Now, I ask, if it took two churches to pray one man into good employment, what becomes of the one hundred and forty-nine who were refused? They were skilled mechanics, with good references.

Now, I ask Brother Harrison to go down on his knees and pray fervently that he may feed, clothe, and house all the suffering poor in New York, and then get up and proceed at once to answer his own prayer. That will settle the whole question. Why should there be suffering in our city when a man can answer his own prayer, and one who has the faculty to pray, if we have poverty and suffering in New York in future, Brother Harrison is all to blame. He must feed and clothe the multitude. He must house and warm them. I ask him to pray for this, and at once proceed to answer that prayer.

CYNTHIA LEONARD.

A QUEER CORNER OF TOWN.

THE GREAT MARKET OF THE POLISH JEWS IN HESTER STREET.

The Crowds and Noise and Flaming Lamps—The Cheapness and Variety of the Wares—Customs and Clothes of Other Climes.

What are called the Polish Jews—those Hebrews who maintain the two jargon theatres in the Bowery—are the supporters of the most peculiar market on the continent. It is in Hester street, and is sometimes two blocks long and sometimes six. Whatever extent it has, the thick of it is always at Orchard street, a very considerable thoroughfare that many up-town residents have never heard of, but that is one of a number of streets, like its neighbors Norfolk and Essex, that help to give the Tenth ward its preeminence in population. In all those streets the so-called Polish Jews live. They are not of any country, but come from all parts of Russia, from Austria, Hungary, Roumania, Bulgaria, and half a dozen other States. They are alike in that they speak a jargon of Hebrew, Slavonic, and German, and in their obedience to the ancient Judaic custom which encourages men to shun the razor and the barbers' scissors, to wear long gabardines, to herd together, and to practise the most rigid economy whatever their worldly state. There are in all probability 35,000 of these Jews in town, they worship in twenty synagogues where the ritual is that of our Saviour's time, they have seized upon East Broadway as the main street of their quarter, and have preempted Hester street for their market.

BUY A BROOM.

A BIT OF HESTER STREET.

The scene there on market days is the most peculiar and foreign one New York affords. It carries you back to Elizabeth's time and over to central Europe. The marketmen are street venders, the stalls are hand carts and peddler wagons hauled up against the curbs, the language of the place is a hash of tongues, the wares on sale appear to be the refuse of the auction rooms and the surplus of the groceries and meat stores. On Thursday evening, the busiest market time, Hester street is so densely crowded by venders and buyers that even the policemen must elbow and force their way

A SIDEWALK DRY GOODS STORE.

along the sidewalks. Between the dense, pushing, noisy crowds is seen the double line of smoking, wind-blown flambeaux over the carts, and towering high on either side are tenements whose cellars and first floor front rooms are both apt to have been turned into stores that form the permanent part of the queer market.

The Jews who trade there can find whatever they want in the wagons. Here is a load of suspenders at 10 cents a pair backed up against a wagon laden with crates of geese, all with their heads poked out between the slats, stupidly regarding the surging crowds around them. Here is a wagon load of corsets at 25 cents, handkerchiefs at 5 cents, women's un-

A BEER GARDEN.

derwear at 30 cents a garment, gaudy cotton petticoats, hairpins, hair nets, and stockings. Beyond is a cart load of chickens going at 4 cents a pound, and there are very many butcher carts filled with meat that it is to be hoped is of better quality than it looks. One brawny pair of Irishmen have created a sensation with an offer of trousers at 50 cents a pair. They had a wagon load of them, and the goods are almost covered by the hands of the women who are massed compactly together, each reaching and straining to feel the texture of the cloth. On a

FRUIT IN HESTER STREET.

corner beside the crosswalk is a pair of hanging scales with chair attached and flaming torch above. The sign over the chair is half Hebrew and half English. The latter half announces that it costs one cent to discover your weight. Another penny gatherer is opening oysters and clams for that low price apiece. Reasonably good-looking men's Derby hats are going like hot cakes at half a dollar each, but a soda-water vender is deserted in spite of his offer to sell out at two cents a glass. Everything is offered at the lowest prices imaginable, but all looks dear even at next to nothing to a man from other parts of town. There is a ton of vegetables in the many carts, but they do not tempt a stranger. There is a preponderance of fruiterer's wagons, but it is from them that the Health Board's inspectors are so fond of dumping unwholesome food in the grand raids that they often make in Hester street.

Babel has returned to earth at this spot. Every man and woman and child is for himself, and the rule in business, badinage, and all else is that he or she who shouts the loudest does the best. The venders scream and roar, the people shout to and fro, the children shriek and yell, the police resort to lung power for lack of foreign languages, and altogether the noise baffles description. Sometimes as many as 7,000 persons are assembled at the market, especially on Thursday evenings. The market is to be seen in brisk condition on every evening except Friday and Sunday.

Here you see the only drinking saloons in New York that display Hebrew signs. The English signs that go with them announce "liquors at distillery prices," with the word distillery as large as possible to trick both the public and Uncle Sam, who enforces a law forbidding the calling of a place a distillery unless it contains a distiller's license hung conspicuously within. Here you see the Jewish matrons in their wigs of coarse black hair, and the buxom, black-eyed maidens who must shave off their raven tresses if they ever marry an orthodox Jew. Here you see the bookstores and newspaper stalls where all the reading is Hebrew, and most of it religious.

A GUTTER MERCHANT.

The sincere orthodox Jew is described by those who know him best as more puritanical than were our Puritans. Religion enters into and dominates everything with him, and the strict laws of the Hebrews in Moses's time governing eating, drinking, worship, marriage, the care of children, the treatment of women, and pretty much everything else that life is made up of are followed as strictly to-day as the times and the surroundings of the zealots permit. The more or less ignorant Christians who live in the Tenth ward near or among these Jews, honestly believe that the Hebrews settle all their differences, quarrels, and even crimes among themselves, leaving to their elders and leaders in the churches the right to decide what compromises are to be made and what penalties are to be paid. This is no more true than that they are very clannish, and were wholly unused to securing justice from Christians in the countries they fled from. Even in New York they do not escape persecution.

GEESE! ALL ALIVE.

Not even the Chinese excel these people in fondness for poultry, though whereas chickens and ducks are the chiefs of the Chinese diet, the Jews seem to prefer geese to all other feathered bipeds. They buy their poultry alive, as, indeed, it appears from the scenes in all the foreign quarters, all people except the English and Americans insist upon doing. Some years ago one of the customs of these people in the handling of their poultry brought the law down upon them heavily. That was the fattening of geese by nailing their feet in their coops and allowing them to gorge with Indian meal. It was understood to be a European trick for producing rich *foie gras*. It was attacked as a breach of the laws against cruelty to animals. But the popularity of the noisy bird has not been disturbed, and one of the most characteristic sights that the artist has mirrored with his pencil is that of a cart load of geese on sale in the market.

THE NEWS IN HEBREW.

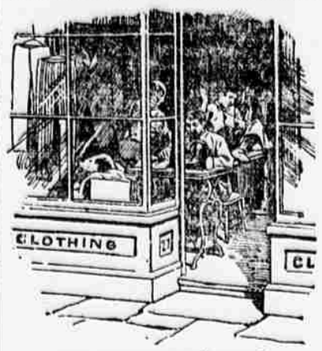
Through all the side streets that cross Hester street in the neighborhood the Jews are hastening with baskets and bags to make their purchases, to turn aside into one of these streets and get a glimpse of European life in the heart of New York. Note the songs that the little girls, dancing hand in hand in rings, are loudly singing. They are sung in English, but they are new to American ears. All deal with love or something akin to it. In one a dialogue is carried on between a little girl and her mother. The girl wants new shoes to go to a party with her young man. The mother has no money for the shoes. The girl suggests to her mother a number of things of her father's that could be sold for the price of a pair of shoes. At each suggestion the mother replies that she does not dare to do so, and the girl insists that the shoes must be had. Nearly all the other child songs are about "nice young men," "a pretty sailor boy,"

> Who spends his time
> A-drinking lager wine,

and other heroes of the opposite gender. It is a free and easy quarter in which the first salutation a girl of the neighborhood is apt to get from a boy of her acquaintance is a chuck under the chin, a pinch in the arm, or a sly and sudden encircling of her waist by his arm, quickly removed as he dodges a vigorous blow aimed at his face with her open hand. The ordinary language of the people suggests the Shakespearean period strongly, and many of the street scenes and popular habits recall those of which there is little or no description in the *Spectator* and *Tattler* a hundred and seventy years ago. They literally call a spade a spade in Hester street, but coarse language is not necessarily a sign of evil character among those people. Indeed, no people excel them in good morals.

CLOCK MENDER AND KEY FITTER.

Almost the only place on a main thoroughfare of New York where the people of other parts of town get a hint of the peculiar customs that obtain in this section is at the Chatham square station of the elevated. Alongside that station is a Jewish tailor shop (really clothes factory), whence issues the sound of a double score of extra heavy sewing machines that are stilled on the Jewish Sabbath, beginning on Friday afternoon, but are in such full blast on Sunday that pious ears are not only shocked, but somewhat deafened by the racket.



WHO SAYS THEY DON'T WORK?

Clothes making is one of the few lines of manual labor followed by these Jews, most of whom are independent business men, whether in the keeping of small shops or the peddling of goods from a pack. But they work at tailoring like bees in hives, and they must be responsible for a goodly proportion of the cheapest clothes that are marketed in town, for their clothing shops are very numerous in all their streets, and the whirr of tailors' sewing machines is heard in very many of their tenements.

THE DECLINE OF POLITENESS.

The Deplorable Change That Has Been Going On in the Manners of English Society—Men No Longer Chivalrous or Women Womanly—The Explanation.

From the London Standard.

The signal deterioration of manners that has for some time been going on in what is called good society is every year becoming more glaring and more deplorable. The delicate and subtle deference which every gentleman used to pay to every woman, because she was a woman, and for no other reason whatever, is already old fashioned, and promises shortly to become obsolete. No woman now thinks of expecting from any man the polite homage which once on a time was the privilege of one sex and the honor of the other. Men come into a room full of ladies with as much indifference and *sans façon* as though they were entering the morning room of their club, and quit it with precisely the same want of ceremony and self-constraint. While in the society of women they loll, lean, and almost lie at their ease, as though they were in the bosom of their own family—indeed, with a free-and-easy gracelessness that a generation ago no gentleman would have permitted himself among his most intimate relatives. In the first approaches of members of one sex to members of the other, there is no longer any suavity, any hesitation, any well-bred reserve; men and women who scarcely know each other act as though they were hail-fellow-well-met, had been in the playground together, and been acquainted all their lives.

The demeanor of women, nowadays, to men is on a par with the male behavior we have described. Far from resenting the unceremoniousness with which they are treated by men who are in reality utter strangers to them, they go to meet it half way, and permit themselves to be on a footing of familiarity—as far as manner is concerned—with the first comer, provided he seem to be one of their "own set," that could not be greater if their acquaintance had existed for years. The same "don't-care-a-hang" conduct is perceptible in the behavior of visitors and guests to their host and hostess. The notion that people are to be specially honored in their own houses has gone quite out of fashion. No one nowadays is so antiquated in his ideas as to suppose that hospitality is to be regarded as a favor conferred on the person to whom it is extended. On the contrary, it is the guest who confers an obligation by paying a call, accepting an invitation to dinner, or paying a country visit, and who has a perfect right to indulge in frank and free censure to his neighbors in case he does not find everything to his liking in the establishment he condescends to distinguish by his presence. In a word, guests nowadays treat hosts and hostesses as men treat women, that is to say, as persons whom it is very good and amiable of them to notice at all. And where people really know each other intimately, the behavior of men to women, and vice-versa, is such as would have appalled the least ceremonious of our fathers. Women call men by their surname, without the prefix of Mr., or even by their Christian names, abbreviated to suit the current taste for slang. And it is not shop girls or grocers' young men who do this, but ladies and gentlemen in good society.

How has this change come about? The causes are many, but they are not obscure. The most active and deep-seated one is unquestionably the movement in favor of what is called the equality of the sexes, than which no more insidious and more dangerous assault on the true rights and privileges of women was ever conceived. Men and women, though equal enough, are not similar. A gentleman instinctively knows this, feels it, and shows it. If in conversation he turns from one of his own to one of the other sex, his manner instantly changes. The same observation is true of women who are really womanly. Unhappily, the theory of equality has changed all that. Women, betrayed and befooled by the theory, arrogate to themselves rights which properly belong to men; and men retaliate by withdrawing from women the privileges that used to be exclusively theirs. Nothing is more certain than that women can never make themselves the "equals" of men, in the sense commonly attached to "equality," without forfeiting the homage, the deference, the attention on which they could previously count. They cannot have it, as the phrase is, both ways. They cannot be as masterful, as visibly wielders of power and authority as men, without men very soon beginning to treat them pretty much as they treat their own sex. What happens next? Finding men becoming lax, easy-going, indifferent in their manner, they cast about them for some expedient for recovering the power they have lost, and which they so dearly and most properly prize; and the only resource open to them, since men will no longer "make up to" them, is for them to "make up to" men. This, in public at least, they do by an affectation of familiarity and *camaraderie*. For it is as certain as the law of gravitation that women will never surrender the instinctive desire to exercise a certain kind of sway over men, and if they cannot attain their end in one way they will try another. For our part, we prefer the old way—the way of dignity, of modesty, of fine reserve, even of coquetry, if anybody prefers the word—and not the new way of blunt and mannish familiarity, which in the most skilful hands is displeasing, and in the less skilful ones lapses into downright vulgarity. That taking such liberties as a matter of course, which is characteristic of the behavior of men toward women and women toward men, is fatal to all those fine shades of difference between the sexes which alone stimulate the growth of love, and alone insure the continuance of respect.

Another cause of the deterioration of manners is one that, no doubt, has its good side, though it is attended with some very ugly and unpleasing consequences. We refer to the annihilation of those barriers of rank and station which used to subsist in society, and to the fact that "society" is now in good truth a "*carriere ouverte aux talents*," including in "*talents*" wealth, importunity, and effrontery. Nor must it be supposed that it is only the wealthy and the pushing who are responsible for this condition of things. People who used to be considered noble, and many who are still titularly so, are consumed by the want to eat and drink, to hunt and race, as much as any *nouveau riche*. Accordingly, they will go anywhere, provided they are amused and get good dinners, or handsome balls, or big shooting parties in return. But, while doing this, they have a sneaking desire to retain something of what they consider their social superiority, and lose no occasion of being rude to any one whom they believe they can safely treat in that fashion. Hence a habit of rudeness has sprung up, and a person is even thought to be ill-bred who is too polite. It is inferred that he wants to propitiate his neighbors in order to make them condone his inherent inferiority. Thus everybody ends by fearing to be amiable, pleasant, and considerate. The manners of a boor, the laugh of a lout—these are fast becoming the outward and visible signs of men in society. To sum up, women spoil men, and hosts and hostesses spoil their guests. They make too much of them. We do not say that we see our way to a cure; because, in these populous days, evils, when they exist, exist on so large a scale that it is not easy to grapple with them. But the mischief is patent. Women have cast off that passive and wailing attitude which constituted their charm, and men have, at the same time, ceased to give themselves any trouble to win what, to use a colloquial phrase, is thrown at their heads. We can only hope that the ill will work out its own cure, and that we shall some day see a revival of those *bienséances* which Horace, in his *Carmen Seculare*, prayed the gods to bestow on the youth of Rome.

Difficulties of School Teaching in Ohio.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

FINDLAY, Ohio, Feb. 17.—Del D. Dukes, who is teaching school in District No. 4 in Liberty township, this morning attempted to chastise Ted Merchant, a seventeen-year-old pupil, for infraction of the rules. Two brothers of Morehead interfered, and a general fight ensued. Addison Smeltzer, a farmer, who was passing, heard the unusual noise, and, entering the house, found the teacher the under man in the fight, and getting most terribly punished. He went to the pedagogue's assistance, and two of the boys turned their attention to him, while the third continued to beat the teacher over the head with a pair of skates, occasionally giving the farmer a dose of the same medicine. The fight lasted over half an hour, and was only stopped by neighboring workmen, who were brought to the scene by some of the other scholars. All five of the participants were covered with blood, cuts, and bruises, and the combat was the most sanguinary in the history of the school district. All are now under arrest.

LOCAL NORTHWOOD SPORTS.

SOME WINTER ENJOYMENTS IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

The Snowshoe Dance and its Song Accompaniment—A Romantic Slipjack Coaster that Heats the Toboggan for Excitement.

NORTHWOOD, Feb. 24.—The New Yorkers who hasten to Florida homes with the first breath of winter will scarce credit the assertion, but it is nevertheless true, that the country people of northern New York enjoy themselves much better in winter than in summer. It is especially true of the young people. Although in summer there are fish and fishing a-plenty, there is also work a-plenty that must be done. In the winter the farmer has the stock to feed and the wood to cut, and that is the bulk of his work. Winter is therefore the season of straw rides, sociables, dances, coasting parties, and exhibitions. A mere enumeration of these gatherings will bring a host of recollections of such events to the minds of all THE SUN'S readers who have ever passed a winter in a cold country.

Whether the people of Herkimer county have a more fertile imagination than others or not need not be inquired into, but there are features of two Northwoods entertainments that I have seen nowhere else and which are novel and interesting. They are the snowshoe dance and the slip-jack coaster.

The country dance does not bring out such an exhibition of dress and jewels as a like event in the city, but there is an exhibition of rosy-checked health and beauty at the country dance that might make even a débutante at Delmonico's envious. But the feature of the Northwoods dance most likely to attract attention could be warranted to set the audience at a New York variety theatre half wild. It is the snowshoe dance, but the song with it is appreciated here for its local hits. The costume of the dancer is about as interesting to the stranger as the dancer himself, although it is common enough in the North Woods. It consists of a heavy plaid shirt, in which black, lemon yellow, deep red, and orange are strikingly contrasted; a pair of heavy woollen drawers of the sort here worn as trousers, and which are usually of one bright color, such as cardinal red, cerulean blue, or grass green, according to the taste of the wearer, and a pair of felt boots, into which the bottom of the drawers are tucked, of course. The boots are of a color to contrast with the trousers, black boots with red trousers being a favorite combination. To the boots are strapped a pair of snowshoes a yard long. The shirt fits the stalwart form loosely, and its narrow collar is turned down. A leather belt supports the trousers instead of suspenders. It is a dress that is very popular among the woodsmen on account of its gorgeous coloring.

After the dancers have been to supper and everybody is feeling