

**DAYLIGHT FOR THE GHETTO.**

**WORK ON SMALL PARKS FOR THE MOST CROWDED OF SLUMS.**

**TENEMENT-HOUSE ROOKERIES TO BE TORN DOWN TO MAKE PLACE FOR GRASS AND PLEASURE BUILDINGS.**

After ten years of effort and educating, daylight is about to be let into the malodorous, crowded Ghetto. The hook and hatchet are in readiness to tear out two broad spaces in the heart of the most congested sections that they may be sodded with green turf, traced with asphalt walks, and become pleasure grounds for the thousands of toilers that have neither the time nor the money for journeyings to the parks uptown. It is one of the real, practical fruits of the small parks movement that has for its object the bringing of grass and fresh air to the very doors of the tenements, for the chief benefit of children and tired women.

merits remembrance, for its wooden walls made a rendezvous many years ago for the lieutenants of William M. Tweed. Here, it is said, this "Boss" arranged many of his plans. Few of the buildings, though, have any definite traditions or memories. Those that now tower above their neighbors and shelter, each one of them, scores if not hundreds, were built only a few years ago, when Polish and Lithuanian immigration began to swell the death rate of the old Tenth Ward. There are enough of the genuine old structures standing, however, especially those in this part of Division-st., to give the region the charm of constant variety.

Had the one aim been simply to pick the worst tenements in New-York for blotting out, hardly a better section could have been chosen. A few of those in Norfolk and Hester sts. within these park boundaries, and hence to fall speedily, now are abodes of the foulest type. The night has always been the time to see them in their bare, loathsome details. Then by the dim flame of a single lamp each revelation of poverty stands out more clearly and more distinctly,

Side, and tired-out workmen, who, oftener than otherwise, get a quiet "snooze" on the benches, far more comfortably that they could of a hot summer's night in their close rooms. As a place of rest and comfort for the poor, the modern "small park" goes a long way ahead of the docks.

**LITTLE EAST SIDE PESSIMISTS.**

**HOW THE TALMUD INFLUENCES AND INSPIRES THE JEWISH CHILDREN—THEIR AMBITIONS AS STUDENTS.**

A strangely pathetic story of the news printed early in the week concerned a boy of the tenements, Simon by name, fourteen years old, the son of Jewish parents of the lowest class, who, discouraged and crushed because he had failed to win a scholarship at the time of taking his examinations for the College of the City of New-York, drowned himself in the East River. A curious feature of this suicide was that the boy

accepted term, peasants and pedlars, were drilled in the Talmud, which is a code of manners, morals and philosophy of great completeness. The influence of heredity is most pronounced in these children. Severe students, they carry off prize after prize in college and school. A year or so ago, at the College of the City of New-York, two brothers won nearly every prize offered—eleven in all.

In the Normal College and in the university just mentioned the highest rankings are nearly always won by these boys and girls. Coming from stuffy tenement-rooms, roughly dressed and stunted in growth, they give all their working hours to achieve simply this. The disappointment at anything resembling failure is crushing. But they seldom fail.

It is only since about 1890 that these young Jews of the tenements have been noticed in any numbers in the higher schools of New-York. In these seven years, however, they have raised the standard of scholarship to a point it is extremely difficult for any one else to attain. Even arriving at this, the most of them—the boys—are full of moods and spleens, discontented that they cannot move the world at once.

**CRUEL INDIAN DANCES.**

**TORTURES INFLICTED ON HELPLESS VICTIMS.**

Washington correspondence of The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Captain Charles E. Nordstrom, of the 10th United States Cavalry, acting Indian agent at the Pueblo and Jicarilla Agency, in New-Mexico, has written an interesting letter to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs with regard to the Indian dances. The letter treats of the subject in a manner novel in official communications, and throws new light on a matter that has long given great concern to everybody interested in the Indian question. The letter is dated June 25. Captain Nordstrom says:

"During my recent inspection of the day schools attached to and lying south of this agency many of the teachers complained that on the occasion of a 'dance' in the Pueblo they were either locked in their rooms and compelled to remain there until the festivities were over or were driven out of the village entirely, and ordered not to come back under a given time—the teacher at San Felipe being ejected and driven across the Rio Grande.

"The Indians pretend that it would be sacrilege to admit an outsider to a participation in them, or even to be present as a spectator, but this is only a pretext, an excuse to allow them to assert their prerogative, the traders at Jemez and Zuni informing me that neither of them is molested when the dances are going on, and that they have both been invited to and have witnessed even the most secret of them. If these dances, like the camp-meeting revivals of the Southern negro, resulted only in a harmless enthusiasm in religious fervor, no exception could be taken to them, but they are often the origin of great outrages. The trader of Zuni related the circumstances of one case which took place in that village not long ago, which does not speak very well for the advancement of those engaged in it.

"A young man, just from Carlisle, was ordered to dance, and declined, representing that he had graduated at school, had learned a trade, and was now an American, and Americans did not dance that way. Thereupon the governor arrested him, tied him up to a tree, and ordered him beaten, and beaten he was—nearly to death. He danced after that.

"Zuni, it will be recalled, was the scene of the recent hanging of a poor old creature as a witch. While I was there Miss Dissette, the estimable principal of the school, sent for the victim of this revival of the days when our New-England forefathers piously devoted their neighbors to the stake, and bared her poor old arms to my inspection. There was no difficulty in discerning the scars made by the cruel cords, which had cut the flesh through to the bone. This poor old woman is at least seventy-five or eighty years old. At the imminent risk of her life and the forfeiture of her popularity with the medicine men Miss Dissette went to the old woman's house, and, by nursing her night and day, revived the flickering flame of life which had so nearly been extinguished. As this woman, her voice trembling with indignant emotion, described the circumstances of this unspeakable horror, my own cheek blushed that thirty-six years of my life had been spent in the service of a government under which such things could be done.

"The trader's cook, an Indian youth about twenty, unfortunately incurring the displeasure of the medicine men, was arrested as a witch, and, but for the firmness of his employer, would have been put to death, and even now he dares not venture outside the premises after dark for fear of being kidnapped by the emissaries of these fiends in human shape, who will never rest satisfied until he is immolated upon the altar of their beastly superstition.

"It may be asked, 'What has all this got to do with dances?' Everything, because all the outrages committed originate in a dance. Is rain wanted? They dance. Is there a flood? They dance. Should the doctors have made a mistake in their estimate of the amount of humidity the clouds contain, and precipitation fail to ensue, or if the rain continues, and the floods fail to subside, they immediately cast about them for a scapegoat, who is arrested and treated as a witch, for making medicine against their medicine, and they invariably hit upon some poor old woman who has neither money nor friends, or other poor devil (no profanity intended) without connections or influence, whom they devote to torture often death, and thus save their reputations as augurs and soothsayers.

"This whole question in all its damnable ramifications will, of necessity, have to be settled sooner or later. The Government cannot go on appropriating millions year after year for the civilization of the Indian while these plague spots exist and thrive on its bounty. But this letter is principally concerned for the protection of the teachers. What shall I do to secure them from insult in the future? I respectfully ask for instructions. It is no use to turn the matter over to the Territorial authorities. That has been tried and failed. The general Government has got to take hold of it, through the strong arm of its arbitrary powers. Force, by which these people govern themselves, is the only argument which appeals to their obedience, and the state of things I have described will continue to go on until, by a show of force, they become convinced the Government is in earnest."



**THE PLAYGROUNDS OF THE POOR.**  
(Hester-st., looking west from Norfolk-st.)

Notices have already been served on the tenants of the buildings in these areas to remove immediately, and the plan is to have all the structures razed to the ground by August 20. So overloaded are these tenements with humanity that although only six blocks or so are to go, nearly sixteen thousand men, women and children will have to move. At first it will result in packing the surrounding Ghetto still more closely, but even this will have its compensations in the wide spaces set free. Later, it is believed, many will remove uptown.

Such a wholesale destruction of landmarks and altering of the face of things the East Side, that changes little, on the whole, as year follows year, has never known. Some of the most picturesque and curious buildings and blocks of the town will be wiped out. The park is to run from Essex-st., at the corner of Hester-st., to East Broadway (including the Schiff fountain), thence to Jefferson-st., up Jefferson to Division, along Division to Suffolk, to Hester, and then back to the corner first spoken of. The east side of Essex-st. will thus go (all the buildings between these points being torn down), one side of Hester-st. along its two busiest blocks, the first block of Norfolk-st., with its high, grimy tenements, its rear houses and its tiny courtyards; one side of Suffolk-st. below Hester, and the upper end of the square that East Broadway makes at its juncture with Canal-st.

Strange hodge-podges of buildings are in these squares, the low mingled with the high, six-story tenements with their fire-escapes reaching out like spider-webs alongside of low wooden cottages, dating back long before the war. There is one building, now a Raines groggery, at Norfolk and Division sts., to go with the rest, that

and the "jargon" that echoes through the black hallways seems uncanny and weird.

New-York's Jewry will be greatly altered by this park-making in its most vital part, but hardly more so than the region somewhat further uptown, on the dividing line of residence between the Hungarians, Jews and Irish folk. This second park, tearing down for which is to begin at the same time, is to extend from East Houston-st. to Stanton-st., and from Pitt-st. to Sheriff-st., destroying that portion of Willett-st. that is in between, levelling to the ground the famous old "Bone Alley," a spot that has long been the bane of philanthropists. There are not so many tall tenements here, and more little houses of a day long past; nor is there as much life and movement. But dirt reigns quite as much king, and if the buildings do not go quite so high in the air, they are still as crowded and as much the haunt of poverty-stricken living as those that are in Essex and Norfolk sts.

What these "small parks" will be, when the last bit of turf has been laid and the finishing touches put on the white edifices to stand in them, is shown in Corlears Hook Park to-day. That "reservation" in the midst of a crowded city has the added advantage of being on the river front, with a broad prospect of water and sky in at least one direction. Already, though it is hardly complete even yet and has been thrown open only a year, it has entirely modified the character of the surrounding district. Hundreds visit it every day, the popular hour, of course, being after nightfall; mothers with children in their arms or holding tight to their skirts, older children racing along the paths or up and down the broad steps of the great pavilion, tyroed young men and girls of the East

was a Socialist in embryo, and had made up his mind to become a preacher of these doctrines to his fellows. In the depths of pessimism over his failure he killed himself.

Though such a case is unusual, this dissatisfied, ambitious temperament is a common thing among the youth of the East Side. The lower the class and the greater the poverty the more fully these tendencies are developed. Of quite as great an ambition are the Jewish girls of the tenements, but in them the pessimism and the dissatisfaction are altogether lacking. As brilliant and as hard students as the boys, they are bright in spirits and happy. But the tenement-bred boy of this faith is a disciple of Schopenhauer, and, almost before he begins to wear long trousers, a student of political economy and social ethics. The time boys of other races spend in ball and athletics he devotes to study and discussion. It is no unusual thing for youngsters of twelve and thirteen to be heard gravely discussing the deepest problems of life, quoting correctly from standard and deep works of philosophy.

If accused of being pessimists, they deny the charge, because, they say, "a pessimist is a man who kills himself, being tired of living, and we do not intend to die." But they have a fine scorn of society and the progress of the world, and hold to it all through their boyhood.

What gives these boys and girls their remarkable mental grasp of morals and philosophy and makes them able to argue so fluently, spitting points with the ease of practised orators, is said to be the influence of the thousands of years of the Talmudic training of their race. Their fathers and grandfathers before them, and even generations back, though ignorant in the ac-