

STRANGE SIGHTS ON THE STREETS OF NEW YORK

BY FRED LOCKLEY.

NEW YORK, Oct. 2.—(Special Correspondence.)—The other day was a saint's day and consequently a holy day and a holiday in Little Italy. Across Twelfth street near Elizabeth was a banner which read:

THE GRANDE FESTA ANNUALE TORRITTO PROVINCE BARI

Up and down the full length of Elizabeth street fluttered streamers and banners, while from doorway to doorway festoons were fastened and colored lights were strung across the streets. Every window, every fire escape, every doorway and even the roof was crowded to capacity with women and children of Little Italy.

As I stood there two Italian bands swung around the corner and marched down the rough cobble stone street. At the sound of the music the faces of the onlookers lit up with pleasure. The band stopped in front of an altar which had been built beside the walk and as persons passed in front of the shrine they took off their hats, bowed, deposited a penny, or a nickel and in some cases a dollar bill in the basket which occupied the foreground beside the bleeding hands of the savior.

I noticed two of the men in particular. One of them a heavy-set hairy-chested muscular workman, who had evidently just come from his work as he is dressed in coarse shoes, cheap trousers and wore a sleeveless low-neck undershirt. One of his arms and his neck were covered with long white scars—evidently a souvenir of some discussion in the past in which his opponent had argued with a stiletto or a dagger.

A man with a savage, forbidding look approached, took off his hat, bowed to the image of the saint and deposited his offering, his features still hard and unsoftened. He turned in a doorway near at hand and a moment or two later he emerged carrying a bright-eyed little baby. The lines of his face had softened. He sat on the steps, and while he caressed the little baby he talked with a soft and gentle voice in musical Italian.

The street was scold and squall, or it was wonderfully colorful and interesting. It depends upon your viewpoint. To me it was full of interest. Block after block the streets were crowded with all of the types that come from Italy. They may talk of ancient blood, but all blood is ancient. Here before me were the descendants of Caesar's legions, of the fathers of these men with their stout hearts, short swords made Rome the mistress of the world.

Here were the older Italians dressed in the costumes of their native villages—Stilly or along the shores of the Adriatic. Here in the Little Italy of America were mingled the natives of Padua, of Milan, of Verona and Naples, of Venice and Rome and scores of unknown villages that are swept by

the warm winds from the Mediterranean.

Though the old people might wear costumes of the provinces from which they came in memory of the old days, the younger people were bound by no such traditions, and scores of young girls gay with laces, ribbons and beads made their way through the crowds. Here, if he were only on the ground's a picture for an artist. With shoulders bent, with gray hair covered with a headress, with face seamed and wrinkled and brown stands a peasant. In her ears are large gold rings. Her dress is a faded blue. Her eyes bore into yours as though she could read your inmost secret. You would guess that she came from Corsica or some place where the blood is hot and it is a word and a blow and the blow comes first. Beside her is a young Italian girl with oval face and olive complexion, with dark eyes and long lashes and with abundant black hair. She is wearing a dress of some tawny yellow material, and through the lace work on the sleeves and across the front and shoulders are ribbons of black velvet. Around her neck is a chain of beads formed of alternate beads of amber and jet. She has all the grace and beauty of a Royal Bengal tiger with her yellow and black stripes, and probably all of its fierceness if aroused.

If you wonder where the Italians get their passion, and their revenge you need only look to their women folk. Last night, for example, Antonio Tesomono, a young Italian woman, 23 years old, shot her way into the police station. She had a revolver in her hand and asked her why she did it, she said "We have been sweethearts for years. He told me that he no longer loved me and that he was going with another girl. If I could not have him myself I don't want anyone else to have him."

Along the sidewalks are numerous pushcarts, where you can buy strings of garlic or strings of shelled chestnuts and other Italian delicacies. A man who sold raw clams did a thriving business. For a cent the dispenser of clams would open a large clam and hand it to you on its half shell, throwing in without charge a squeeze of lemon.

One couple after another would step up, the young man giving the dealer four or five pennies while he and his dark-eyed sweetheart would eat with evident relish the raw clams. My curiosity was aroused, so I stepped forward, handed the dealer a nickel and watched to the clams. With all the courtesy of the Duke of Duxbury or a Lord High Admiral, he cut open a fresh clam and handed it to me, and then opened a large clam and gave it to me. I gave it a generous squeeze of the lemon, and tipping up the shell and holding my head back in imitation of the others, I started the clam downward toward the commissary department. It probably was not any happier than I was over the experiment. The dispenser of clams saw my rather doubtful look and with a graceful bow and showing his white teeth in a smile he picked out several of the larger clams and soured them around in a bucket of very dirty water. After showing me this special mark of consideration in washing the clams, he confidently opened the next one and handed it to me. Courtesy demanded that I eat it. Taste and appetite protested, but courtesy won out, and I took it germ and all and swallowed it. There was an uneasy feeling in my midst, as though the first clam were coming up

to meet the one that went down, so with all the courtesy possible I declined any more. In broken English he assured me that I still had three or four clams coming, but I decided they should continue to be coming and I moved on.

A little further on was a man cutting individual slices of honeycomb. For a penny you were furnished a wooden toothpick and allowed to spear a small slice of honey. For the investment of another penny you could have a half slice of watermelon, the slices being chiefly remarkable for their thinness.

After I had walked through Hester street, with its swarming life, I went down to First avenue. I went along First avenue from Seventh street to Fourteenth street. It was Saturday afternoon and the women were out in full

Lace edging, 3c, 4c and 5c a yard. Belts, garters, combs and buttons the lowest price in the city. Beef fat skinned from soup, 5c a pound. Eggs, three for a nickel—good ones two for a nickel. Green peppers 1c each. In my walk of seven blocks here are some of the things I saw on the carts: Crab-apples, potatoes, clams, Summer squash, cels, oranges, toothpicks, suspenders, turkeys, granite ware and handkerchiefs and so on indefinitely.

Many of the push-carts were in charge of Jewish or Italian women. The streets are fairly alive with their children and those of their customers. I stopped to look at the display of vegetables in one of the push-carts. Sitting beside the push-cart was a big-bosomed Jewish woman who was looking placid-

ly very with an old woman and her 17 or 18-year-old daughter. The voice of the old woman rose shrill and protestingly, its Irish brogue unmistakable. With some muttered exclamation, which I could not hear, the man slouched off.

Whatever he said aroused the two women to perfect frenzy. Picking up a stick the younger woman struck him over the shoulders while her mother plucked up a loose stone and hurled it at him. The man turned on them, struck the girl in the face, knocking her down, then struck the older woman who clung to him like perfect fury.

In a second the young woman was on her feet. Her hair had become loosened and had fallen down her back, and like a tigress she closed on the man in spite of his railing blows and tore at his face. Meanwhile the other woman had picked up a heavy bottle and closed in to hit him on the head. A score of bystanders including myself had run up to part the screaming, struggling combatants. Someone grabbed the old woman's hand and the bottle fell to the cobble stones and was broken. "She stabbed me," cried the younger woman "somebody shoot him." By this time the man had broken away and an old man with the evident desire of being a peacemaker stepped up, laid his hand on his shoulder and said, "Come on away. Let's get out of this." Like a flash the crazed foreigner turned on him and landed a blow on his head. The old man and with a cry of anger he sprang at the young fellow to be grabbed by four or five of his friends and carried off fighting, cursing and struggling. Foreigners were running from all directions. The two women were in the center of a struggling group trying to hold them. With a faint imprecation the old woman said, "Let me at him. I'll put his heart out. I'll show him that the Collins are respectable people."

Going around the corner I came across two policemen and told them to the fight that was going on. One of them inquired anxiously, "Is it over yet?" "No, if you hurry, I think you can get there before it is over." "Oh I don't want to get there," he exclaimed. "We never interfere with these foreigners in their feuds. If they kill any one someone will send them to the morgue, and if anybody is badly hurt they will ring up for an ambulance. It is better to let these folks have their fights out than to let the grime smoulder." That they do have their fights out is very evident by a casual inspection of the paper each morning.

I notice by this morning's paper that during the past month 13 black hand outrages have taken place in which bombs have been thrown. Last night Pasquale Picozzi, a rich Italian on Hick street, and Alessandro Germano, an olive oil importer, both had their buildings practically destroyed by the explosion of bombs.

A day or two ago I was told that an Italian was shot and that he lay where he was killed until found by a policeman, the neighbors not daring to interfere for fear they would be involved in the vendetta. Witnesses who testify in cases of this kind are usually found with their throat cut and covered with wounds.

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versary with an old woman and her 17 or 18-year-old daughter. The voice of the old woman rose shrill and protestingly, its Irish brogue unmistakable. With some muttered exclamation, which I could not hear, the man slouched off.

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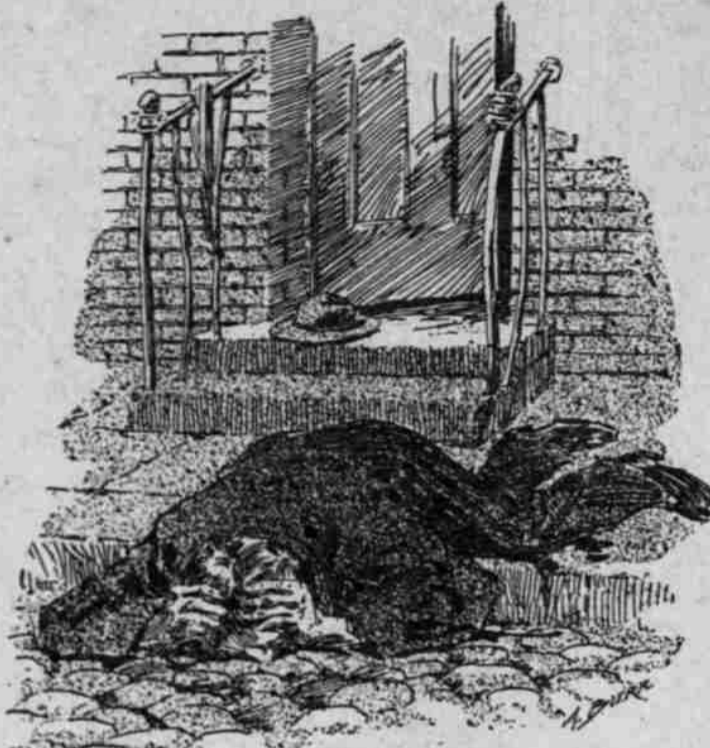
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ly at her baby which was taking its dinner at the maternal fount. The placid-faced Jewess looked up, saw in me a prospective customer—there was sound like the pulling of the cork from a bottle as she pushed the baby away from its dinner and laid it down on its chair to wait on me. Evidently the baby was accustomed to have its dinner interrupted, for it lay there without protest.

While these streets are interesting in the daytime, they are not less so after nightfall. A few nights ago I happened to be down at Rector street, near Washington, not far from the Battery. This section is largely occupied now by Greeks, Syrians, Turks and Montenegrins, with a sprinkling of Irish and other races, who are attracted there by the low rents. As I stopped at a shop window to look at some delicate Syrian lace and lace medallions I heard excited voices across the street. Turning quickly, I saw a foreigner engaged in a contro-

versary with an old woman and her 17 or 18-year-old daughter. The voice of the old woman rose shrill and protestingly, its Irish brogue unmistakable. With some muttered exclamation, which I could not hear, the man slouched off.

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Isn't It Nice to Know Somebody Cares for You

As Sung in the New Musical Play "The Happiest Night of His Life"

Allegretto. TOM—If some - bo - dy met a girl he had - n't seen in just a year, Am! JANE—If some - bo - dy met the ve - ry boy that she had met be - fore, Am!

p Siciliano. she was stand - ing near. He longed to call her dear. And he tried to show her that he cared for liked in days of yore. But now she did a - dore. If she told him that her thoughts were with him

rit. her in ev - 'ry way, If you were in her place what would you say? ev - 'ry day and night, If you were in his place what would you say?

ppoco rit. REFRAIN. Is - n't it nice to know some - bo - dy cares for you, some - bo - dy likes you too, some - bo - dy's

mp Sweet - est re - pose some - bo - dy knows, Some - bo - dy cares for you. Some - bo - dy cares for you.

Isn't It Nice to Know Somebody Cares for You

Musical score for piano and voice, including lyrics and musical notation for the song "Isn't It Nice to Know Somebody Cares for You".