

JEWS OF NEW YORK.

Hosts of Israel Who are Victorious in Business.

Hebrew Wealth, Energy, Influence and Success—Young Men and Maidens—The Causes of Success.

One of the first impressions that a stranger who visits this city gets is that it is a veritable New Jerusalem—a city full of Jews. You seem to meet Jews or be reminded of them wherever you turn. Take Broadway, for instance. You notice that nearly all the signs bear foreign names, and that while some are Irish, some Polish, some French or Italian, the great majority are German. Look again and you see that nine-tenths of the Germans are German Jews. You can tell that by the faces in the doorways, and there are Jews, too, under the signs bearing the names of other nationalities. Turn down one block to Church street, the main thoroughfare of the great dry goods district, with its towering piles of marble, iron, and brownstone, holding such treasure that a fire scarcely ever destroys a building there without its being reckoned a million-dollar conflagration. There are \$300,000,000 of insurance risks on that little district.

THE HOSTS OF ISRAEL.

Why, you say to yourself, nearly every face in the stores is a Jew's face—nearly every firm's sign is made up of Jew's names. See the great palaces of the clothiers, the biggest and showiest stores in the metropolis—seven in ten are owned by Jews. What a raft of Jews there is on Wall street, with the great houses of Seligman at their head. What a hold the Jews have on the amusement trade, from Rudolf Aronson, the musical caterer, and Theodore Moss, treasurer of Wallack's theatre, down to the firm of Morris & Hickman of the principal Bowery museum. What scores of rich Jew lawyers there are. What a place the Jews hold in the brewing trade. Why, there is a noted Jew pugilist; there are several Jew burglars; the biggest receiver of stolen goods in the United States is Mother Mandelbaum, a Jewess, and Rudolph, the billiard expert, is a Jew. Two daily morning newspapers belong to Jews and every daily paper numbers Jews among its editors and reporters. Everybody who buys a pack of playing cards anywhere in the United States pays tribute to a Jew, a Mr. Cohen. The great markets are full of Jews and the big east-side slaughter-house district is wholly composed of Jews. The most singular street in New York, Division street, which presents a long line of millinery stores side by side, without any other sorts of stores to interrupt the singular array, is exclusively a street of Jews.

A CITY WITHOUT PREJUDICE.

Lexington avenue, one of the choicest residence streets of the city, lined with fine houses, is a Jew's street, and the adjacent blocks of the side streets are almost given up to Jews. What sort of a firm went bankrupt the other day and gave about \$1,000,000 preference to creditors—the largest sum of preferred credits ever fixed upon? A Jew cloth house. Who married the fat woman? A Jew boy. Jews have built churches here hardly surpassed in cost or beauty. There is no more liberal, extensive or noble charity than the Jewish hospital, the Mount Sinai. No class spends more to support the opera or to make art flourish here than the Jews. I don't care where you go or what you do in New York, whether it be to walk or ride, to shop or visit, buy or sell, to be amused or fed, you will be sure to meet Jews at your elbows, by your side, behind the counters, the desk, the box offices, in police uniforms, clubs—will let better quit New York if you have got any silly prejudice against the chosen people of God.

WHY THEY SUCCEED.

Yet all this effect is produced by about 100,000 Jews. It is less than one-tenth of the population that has managed to assert itself so as to stamp New York as the Jew's paradise. It has happened that there are a dozen reasons why Jews should remain with us, establish industries, build homes, found charities, mingle with Christians and identify themselves with Gotham as they have not done with any other city in the world except London. They have come to New York because it is the business centre and affords the most opportunities for turning over and making money. They have put themselves forward as they have not done elsewhere, even in London, not only because this is the principal city in a free country, without any established church of its own, but because they have found that whatever prejudices may exist against them in the minds of individuals, there is no general or popular expression of that feeling. We New Yorkers, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, are very fond of saying that there is no public spirit here. Nobody cares what blockheads or scoundrels are elected to form our city government; nobody cares whether we have the Bartholdi statue of "Liberty" or not; nobody cares whether Central park is being neglected or beautified; nobody cares whether our harbor is being gradually filled up with the garbage our servants are too lazy or corrupt to carry out to sea; nobody in New York cares for anybody but himself. "Hurrah for me, and you to the devil!" is the motto of the New Yorker. Everybody says that of us and we have little doubt that it is true.

INFLUENTIAL JEWS.

Well, see how that works in the case of a Jew. If he settles down in an inland country own the children hoot him in the streets and beg stones at his store windows. His custom is confined to the poor and ignorant, to whom he sells the lowest grades of goods at the lowest line of prices. There is no Christian door open to him, no Christian hand extended towards him, and at the same time there is no Jewish community with its Hebrew tongue and synagogue to make him feel that he belongs to a body of influence with a common interest to bind it together. Let him come to New York. Nobody will hoot at him or stone his windows. That is the fate of the latest and most odd and weakest comer—the Chinaman. A Jew does not attract attention. A hundred of them with tags on their backs and walking ether up Broadway, would not mark. Our Jew son sees that and walks more proudly and goes about his work with more confidence. Next he finds his fellow-Jews honored in every commercial calling. He finds them lavish and they take him into splendid homes, let him share pews with them in palatial synagogues on Murray Hill. He reads the names of Jews among the guests at public dinners. He subscribes to Jews' newspapers, gets Jews' meat with ease wherever he may live, runs across Jews everywhere and actually finds that they are treated so well in New York that the younger men do not understand how it is that Jews are murdered and stoned and hounded by the people in certain parts of Europe. Better still, whatever he undertakes or wherever he goes, he meets ten Christians to one Jew and he observes that they buy and sell with him, invite him to lunch with

them, to drink with them, to ride with them. Once in a while he hears a Christian say that some of the best friends he has in the world are Jews. Our Jew son comes to the conclusion that his feet have fallen into pleasant paths. If he has good qualities in him they are developed and asserted. Some of the best Jews in the world (and the nicest people in the world in many respects are your fine Jews) are to be found in this modern Jerusalem.

BEAUTIFUL HEBREW MAIDENS.

Only wish you could meet some of their daughters coming out of a public school or an afternoon. Such complexions as they have! The olive and the peach are blended in their cheeks. Such eyes! You must go to southern Spain or Italy to see other eyes to compare with them. Such plump and shapely forms, so wholesome and healthy. Are these in their silks and jewels the hated, mean, miserly, grubbing, self-denying Jews we read about you ask. Come and see their brothers. Washington and Julian Nathan, sons of the murdered millionaire, were for years considered the handsomest young men in New York. Look at the young Hebrews in the theatres, the music halls, the billiard rooms, the clubs. See how fashionable and costly is their dress. See how they fling their money about.

JEWS WHO ARE NOT STINGY.

You say all Jews are stingy. These young dollars are not. You say that if they spend a dollar they expect to make five by it. That may be so in business, but Lord! Lord! here they are spending money like water on such occasions as the play, for extravagant dinners. To tell the truth, I wonder what their old fathers who began life with a peddler's pack or a second-hand clothes shop would say if they could see the young bucks as I see them constantly in the vortex of fashion, or pleasure, or sin up town late at night. And yet, on the other hand, we New Yorkers have observed that a Jew will be as close as the door of a burglar-proof safe, denying himself not only the luxuries but some of the very common-places, until he can afford to do the other thing, and then, presto! he has a palace on Murray Hill, costly pictures, a corps of servants, dancing, and French and music masters for his children and sealisks and a pheton for his wife.

Ghastly Work in Photography.

(Chicago Times.)

"Have you had much to do in the way of photographing dead people?" "A great deal. In fact, at one time I made a specialty of that line, and I'll tell you how I came to do it. When I first came to Chicago, business was dull, and I got poor. One day, when pushed to my wits' ends for money, I was struck with an idea which I have followed out successfully ever since. The death columns of the morning newspapers were carefully gone over, and when the funeral was advertised from an humble neighborhood I was usually sure of a \$5 bill. I visited the houses and offered to photograph their dead. Out of a dozen visits I would probably get one job. In a couple of years my reputation grew, and finally I came to be almost as frequently sent for as the minister. Only last June a messenger came from a South Chicago family, desiring me to photograph their dying father. When I got there he was too far gone, and I had to wait half an hour after the old gentleman had breathed his last, and before he became stiff we had him sitting in a chair, with his eyes held open with stiff unguine between the lids and brow, and his legs crossed. He made a very good picture. I once photographed two children—sisters—who had died the same day of diphtheria. They were posed with their arms about each other's necks. An Irish family living in Bridgeport called on me about a year ago to take a picture of their dead son—a young man—with his high beaver hat on. It was necessary to take the stiffened corpse out of the ice-box and prop it against the wall. The effect was ghastly, but the family were delighted, and thought the hat lent a lifelike appearance to the picture. Sometimes, and at the suggestion of the family, I have filled out the emaciated cheeks of dead people with cotton to make them look plump. The eyes are nearly always propped open with pins or needles, but when people can afford to engage an artist it is an easy matter to paint the eyes afterward. Some time ago I took a picture of a dead man who had been scalped to death. It was a full length photograph, and an artist was engaged to fill out burns on his face and then make a copy in oil. For that piece of work I received \$50 and the artist was paid \$300.

Can a Sunkat Reason?

(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

Out at the Zoo there is a small hole—probably some rat runs it—in the rear corner of the blacksnake's cage. A good fat toad had crawled into this hole, and the snake darted in his head after him and speedily swallowed him. But with this incumbrance he found he could not withdraw himself. Then he at once disgorged the toad, which, finding himself free, began to move off. This was too much for snake philosophy, and the snake again swallowed him, and a second time was compelled to disgorge him, for he could not get his head out. But he reflected. He had learned something. He reached out a third time, and grabbing the toad by the leg backed out with ease.

His Prominence Accounted For.

(New York Letter.)

This is not because Gen. Sickness is so distinguished, but rather from the manner of his entrance at the opera. You probably know that Gen. Sickness has but one leg, and has been unable to wear an artificial one, so that he is naturally obliged to walk on crutches. After the house is comfortably seated and the opera is going smoothly along, just as the prima donna reaches her most florid passage, or the tenor touches his high C, you hear a dull thud down the main aisle of the opera house, and looking around, you see a rather fine-looking man on crutches swinging himself into his seat. You naturally ask "Who is that?" and you soon get your answer that it is Gen. Sickness.

Food for the British Lion.

(Exchange.)

"Mamma," said Beatrice, running into her mother's room in her girlish, over-30-year-old way, "there's a man down-stairs who wants to see you." "What's 'is bloomin' name?" asked the queen. "He didn't say." "Are his pantaloons fringed at the bottom?" "Yes, mamma," replied Beatrice, "and he has a roll of manuscript under his arm." "Hanother John Brown poem, or my name his'n? Victoria Wettin. Tell 'im I'm not at 'ome, and if he won't take no for an answer 'ave your brother Halbert feed him to the British lion."

Don't Go to Italy.

(Exchange.)

The eminent basso, Karl Formes, tells American parents that they make a grave mistake in sending their children to Italy to study music when they can attain much better results at home. He says musical science is at its lowest level in Italy, and the great singers are not Italians.

Boston Commercial Bulletin: People are getting so suspicious now that it would not be surprising any Sunday to see the deacons using a bell-punch with the contribution box.

A REMARKABLE SURGICAL CASE.

How a Man with His Jugular Vein Cut Had His Life Saved by a Mountain Doctor.

[Louisville Commercial.] "I see," said an old storm-tossed and weather-beaten tramp in a Jefferson street saloon yesterday afternoon, as he laid down the Commercial, "that a story is going the rounds about a Polish Jew having his throat cut one time from ear to ear, and then being hung up by an angry mob and left to die, but it seems he didn't die, for he is now living in Buffalo. The story goes on to say that the windpipe was completely severed but that the jugular vein escaped injury, and thus the man's life was saved. The papers speak of him as a physiological wonder who puzzles the medical schools. Pshaw! these fellows as have never heard of any remarkable occurrence make me sick. I remember a wonderful case as came under my personal observation. I struck one of them little mountain towns one time when they were holding court. Every man had a bottle of moonshine, and they got a little bit to bilharious, and a fight sprung up betwixt a great big duffer and a little bit of a wiry feller. The big duffer could 'a cut the little feller up, clothes and all, but the first thing he done was to pull one of those old pot-metal knives and jab the blade into the left feller's neck. It went in right alongside the jugular, and then it bent round and under it. When the big fellow went to pull it out he ripped the little feller's jugular right square in two, and you oughter seed the blood fly. It squirted about twenty-five feet. As the little feller dropped, everybody in the crowd cried, 'Oh, he's a goner; his jugular vein's cut,' and they expected to see him croak inside of three seconds, but there was one of them mountain doctors there, and to look at him you'd think he didn't know a jugular vein from a trombone. 'Stand back,' said he, 'give me a chance at him,' and he elbowed his way through the crowd to where the little fellow lay breathin' his last. He pulled out of his pocket something as looked like a crooked darmin' needle, and then he fished around in the wound until he caught hold of both ends of the jugular vein and pulled 'em out. Then he tied the ends tight with a piece of thread to keep the blood from squirtin' out until an old feller in the crowd whittled down a pipe-stem to make it fit in the jugular. When it was shaved down small enough the old doctor inserted the pipe-stem and tied the ends of the vein around it. In less than two minutes that little feller was on his feet and looking around for the feller that cut him."

"You mean to say he recovered?"

"Course he did, and you'll find the case recorded in the medical works. Only case of the kind ever heard of in America."

"And the pipe-stem never bothered him?"

"No, only it made him sick at the stomach at first. The stem was a good deal stronger than the kind he had been used to handlin' and it made him feel a little bit dizzy for a few days."

Mark Twain on Fred Douglass.

(Washington Letter.)

I had recently placed in my hands a copy of a letter written by Mark Twain indorsing Fred Douglass for the position of marshal for the district. It is a very characteristic letter, and as it has never been published I give it. HARTFORD, Jan. 13, '88. GEN. GARFIELD—Dear Sir: Several times since your election, people wanting office have asked me to "use my influence" with you in their behalf. To word it in that way was such a pleasant compliment to me that I never complied. I could not without exposing the fact that I hadn't any influence with you, and that was a thing which I had no mind to do. It seems to me that it is better to have a good man's flattering estimate of my influence—and keep it than to fool it away with trying to get him an office. But when my brother on my wife's side—Mr. Charles J. Langdon, late of the Chicago convention—desires me to speak a word for Mr. Fred Douglass, I am asked to "use my influence," consequently I am not risking anything. So I am writing this as a simple citizen. I am not drawing on my fund of influence at all. A simple citizen may express a desire with all propriety in the matter of a recommendation to office; so I beg permission to hope that you will retain Mr. Douglass in his present office of marshal of the District of Columbia; if such a course will not clash with your own preferences or with the expediences and interests of your administration. I offer the petition with peculiar pleasure and strong desire, because I so honor the man's high and unblemished character, and so admire his brave, long crusade for the liberties and elevation of his race. He is a personal friend of mine, but that is nothing to the point, for his history would move me to say these things without that, and I feel them, too. With great respect I am, general, yours truly, S. L. CLEMENS.

Emigration Facilities.

(San Francisco Chronicle.)

The question of transportation was once a serious one. But the very necessities for relief from the overcrowded condition of the country have solved it by an increase of facilities in proportion with the demand for outlet. It is easier this year for 500,000 emigrants to reach America from Europe than it was forty years ago for 50,000. They travel at less cost and in much better condition. The Suez canal is rapidly extending the like facilities for emigration to Australia, Cape Colony, New Zealand, and the Panama canal will extend them to the whole Pacific coast from Cape Horn to Alaska. There has been no time since the first steamship crossed the Atlantic distinguished by greater activity in construction of new steam vessels than the present. Men past the middle age will live to see this kind of transportation by sea as lively between the old world and Buenos Ayres, Sydney, Cape Town, Melbourne and Auckland as it now is with the Atlantic ports of the United States.

Soap-Bubbles and Color.

(Chicago News.)

Prof. Holman, of Philadelphia, has made experiments in the effect of sound on the colors and shades of soap-bubbles. Being reflected on a screen, they were at first a bluish gray. An intonation of the voice through a tube connected with a bubble first brought out a number of black spots on the reflection; and these were succeeded by a bright green mingled with pink. The same tone always caused the same formation, but had no control over the color.

Enter Ocean; No matter how long a man may have been called Bill, he rises to the dignity of William when he comes in for \$100,000. There is a good deal of lift to money.

A baptism in hades' depth.

As hot as boiling tar. Awaits the man who quits a room. And leaves the door ajar. And he who softly shuts the door. Shall dwell among the blest. Where the wicked cease from troubling. And the weary are at rest. —[New York Sun.]

SAN FRANCISCO. I am an actor, playing nightly in this city. My nervous system, from the constant strain, had entirely given out. The only relief I have been able to obtain was from morphine—then brandy, to remove the depression—so that I was always in a state of half stupor, or unnatural excitement. I saw the advertisement of Life Essence, and without faith in anything, concluded to give it one trial. Instead of my regular dose of morphine I took the Essence. I slept as well as with the opiate, and in the morning felt brighter. I have taken three bottles, and am able to sustain my parts as well as ever. I have discontinued the morphine and brandy, and have no longer any desire for them. For once I have found an advertised remedy fully perform its promises. I have recommended it to my friends, and shall not be without it again. Very truly yours,

We call attention to the advertisement of the Chicago Magnetic Shield Company in another column.

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