

clumsy pipe was in his mouth, the other held over a little spirit lamp on the divan on which he lay. Something spluttered in the flame with a pungent, unpleasant smell. The smoker took a long draught, inhaling the white smoke, then sank back on his couch in seuseless content.

Upstairs tiptoed the noiseless felt shoes, bent on some house errand, past the shrine of Joss on the floor above, over which in old English letters stood the motto of the trade dollar, "In God we Trust," copied bodily from the coin in delicate international compliment to the Melican Joss, the almighty dollar; to the "household" floors above, where young white girls from the tenements of the Bend and East side live in slavery worse, if not more galling than the galley with ball and chain—the slavery of the pipe. Four, eight, sixteen, twenty odd such "homes" in this tenement, disgracing the very name of home and family, for marriage and troth are not in the bargain. And all about in Mott street, in Pell and Doyers streets are taller tenements even than this, honeycombed with the like.

In one room, between the half-drawn curtains of which the sunbeam works its way in, three girls are lying in as many bunks, smoking all. They are very young, "underage," though each and every one would glibly swear in court to the satisfaction of the police that she is 16, and therefore free to make her own bad choice. Of these, one was brought up among the rugged hills of Maine; the other two are from the tenement crowds, hardly missed there. But their companion? She is twirling the sticky brown pill over the lamp preparatory to filling the bowl of her pipe with it. As she does so, the sunbeam dances across the bed, kisses the red spot on her cheek that betrays the secret her tyrant long has known, though to her it is hidden yet—that the pipe has claimed its victim and soon will pass it on to the Potter's Field.

"Nell," says one of her chums in the other bunk, something stirred within her by the flash—"Nell, did you hear from the old farm to home since you came here?"

Nell turns half around, with the toasting stick in her hand, an ugly look in her wasted features, a vile oath on her lips.

"To hell with the old farm," she says, and putting the pipe to her mouth inhales it all, every bit, in one long breath, then falls back on her pillow in drunken stupor. That is what the sun of a winter day saw and heard in Mott street.

IN POVERTY GAP.

It had traveled far toward the West, searching many dark corners and vainly seeking entry to others, had gilt with equal impartiality the spires of 500 churches and the tin cornices of 37,000 tenements, with their more than 1,200,000 tenants; had smiled courage and cheer to patient mothers trying to make the most of life in the teeming crowds that had too little sunshine by far; hope to tolling fathers striving early

and late for bread to fill the many mouths clamoring to be fed.

The brief December day was far spent. Now its rays fell across the North River and lighted up the windows of the tenements in Hell's Kitchen and Poverty Gap. In the Gap especially they made a brave show; the windows of the crazy old frame house under the big tree on the tail end of the lot looked as if they were made of beaten gold. But the glory did not cross the threshold. Within it was dark and dreary and cold. The room at the foot of the rickety, patched stairs was empty. The last tenant was beaten to death by her husband in his drunken fury. The police found her lying dead on a bed of straw, overrun by rats. Up stairs in the "flat" of one bare room, a man in grimy overalls and with a dogskin cap, was lying on his knees blowing at the fire in an old stove that was propped up with bricks where the legs were missing, and trying to help the fitful wind cook supper for him and "mother and the children." It wouldn't burn up, and the man took off his cap and tried to fan the embers into flame with it. His matted hair fell over his eyes and he brushed it back, disclosing an honest, thoughtful forehead. His wife, who turned to help him, had a motherly look, that accounted for the brightness of the two little girls even in these surroundings. "John Cunningham, coal-heaver," so ran this tenant's pedigree, just begun in the slums, "English, farm laborer from home; came over in the spring; no work; money and belongings all gone; find an odd job now and then on the docks; when work is brisk makes \$5 a week for a family of five; when it is slack—why, they starve. Stranded in Poverty Gap, this family, for good and all. Another year, and they will be down to the level of it, and of the saloon next door that is its pivot and centre.

Across the way in that row of wretched rear tenements the Alley Gang hangs out. All through them it has its runaways. The saloons that bred it pay tribute to it and blackmail. The broken stair rail marks the spot of one of its wanton murders. Young Healey was the one lad in the block who minded his own business and worked hard for his aged and crippled parents. For that the gang disliked him. At night they waylaid him and gave him the choice between chipping in with them for drinks or taking a beating. The boy defied them, ran to his own door and clutched the stair rail to gain the hall. They caught him there and beat him to death under his father's windows. When the reporters stirred up the police next day with the report of the lad's death, the toughs were asleep in a vacant tenement three doors from the scene of the murder, yet got away. The sun's rays avoid the spot, though the red daub was long since washed from the flags; but the neighbors do not mind. They have forgotten. Murder is not so unusual in Poverty Gap as to be remembered long.

Night has settled between the

towering brick walls of Ludlow street, but the hucksters' torches glow and smoke in double files along the curb. It is bargain night in the pig market; to-morrow is the Sabbath eve, and for two days huckstering will be at an end. To the Mosaic law one is sacrificed, the other to the law made by the police. The flaming torches glare upon the biggest crowds to be found anywhere, jostling each other in the streets, on the sidewalks, in the alleys and in the hallways that belch forth still greater crowds to add to the jam. Bargaining, quarreling, chocsing and picking, jawing each other in foreign lingo; chickens by the quarter cut, liver and entrails for a song, hats for a quarter, potatoes two cents a half peck, are the wares over which they are fighting. Through the layers upon layers of windows that stare into the darkness like so many dull yellow eyes, the everlasting whirr of a thousand sewing machines is heard. Jewtown by night and by day is a huge, feverish workshop. The fever is its life. Here is where the sweater reaps his golden harvest, in these tenements that crowd each other upon the lot until the block in bird's-eye view looks like a solid block in which only air and light are wanting. Three hundred and thirty thousand and over of human beings to the square mile is the record of this, New York's East End. The worst record of that other in Old London scarce ever reached half that figure. It has to be; the rent could not be paid out of the sweater's wages if it were not so. Thirteen dollars a month for the flat on the sixth floor with modern conveniences—a sink and a pump in the hallway, that has never held water till within the last few weeks. By day they huddle together, men, women and children, a dozen in a room made to hold a couple. Father, mother, twelve children and six borders in this "apartment" of three rooms! In a few hours, when mind and body have given out under the strain and Jewtown is asleep, enter with the health officer on his rounds. Thirteen in a room, lodgers, half of them at 5 cents a spot, asleep on bunks, on shelves, on the floor, anywhere, to be sheltered from the wind that finds its way through cracks and chinks with the only breath of God's fresh air that ever enters. These are the crowds, these the rear tenements the census man missed. These are hundreds, aye, thousands, of that other and happier half in New York that live in "homes" who never even heard of a rear tenement, let alone saw one.

AMONG THE BOHEMIAN CIGAR-MAKERS.

The windows of Bohemia in Fifth street, in Sixth, Fifty-seventh street and farther up in Yorkville, are lighted, even when Jewtown is asleep. Tallow dips and kerosene oil lamps flicker faintly, burn dimly at the bench where the slave of the cigarmakers' tenements toils to keep body and soul together. Refugee he, like the Russian Jew, like the Irish laborer, from landlord robbery and worse across the sea, to be forged