



NEW YORK, SUNDAY, AUGUST 5, 1894.

IN THE BIGGEST NEW YORK TENEMENT.

Nellie Bly Spends the Two Hottest Days of the Year in the Largest "Double-Decker" in Town.

3,532 PEOPLE IN THE BLOCK.

One Family Occupying Only Three Rooms Have Eight Boarders and Lodgers.

SLEEPING ON THE FIRE-ESCAPES.

No Scenes of Disturbance or Disorder Among the Throngs of Over-Crowded Tenants.

STRANGE PHASES OF LIFE IN A BIG CITY.

An Interesting Chat with the Janitress of the Big Double-Decker Tenement-House.

The most thickly populated spot on earth!

That is where I've spent the two hottest days we've had this summer—last Saturday and Sunday.

Three thousand five hundred and thirty-two people in one block! Actually in one block, Second street on the north, Third street on the north, Avenue B on the west and Avenue C on the east.

No other block upon this earth, or same space of ground, is so densely populated. At least so it is claimed and, so far as statistics go, proved.

My first intention was to dress very poorly, so as to look as much as possible like those in the block. I decided that I had never found any excuse for the dirty poor, and that if I was to be poor it was not necessary to be also ragged and dirty.

INTO THE TENEMENT. The hall was dirty and dark and forbidding. It seemed well-filled with children. I followed the housekeeper and asked for the housekeeper.

"The girl shook her uncombed head; she could not speak English. I spoke to another, a smaller girl with thin, straggly hair and one solitary sleeveless slip between her and nudeness. I inquired for the janitress."

"The housekeeper's in there, if that's what you want," she answered, pointing to the first door in the hall.

The door was open. It opened into a very small kitchen. The kitchen opened into another room, a parlor, they call it, which was in front and was the only room that had direct light, it having a window facing the street.



THE HOTTEST NIGHT OF THE YEAR IN NEW YORK'S BIGGEST "DOUBLE-DECKER" TENEMENT.

given for me by the man who made the arrangements, so I replied that "I'll take you up," she said, and she hurried into the rear room for the key.

"But my husband ain't dead yet," she added with an afterthought. I looked at her curiously.

"No; he was always taking everything, everything he read about or people told him about, but it didn't do any good."

"I should think they are much better off now and your two little ones."

"The new people are down there," she said. "It's a newly married couple that's moved in."

"I lay down upon my cot and tried to sleep. I heard the door open and the door closed, and the door open and the door closed."

"I got a book and read. THE FIRE-ESCAPE FOR BEDS. A bald-headed, bald, bald-headed man with a bald head and bald eyes."

"I noticed a little dark heap of something on the fire-escape near my window. I looked at it and it looked like a pile of rags."

"I was sitting on the fire-escape and looking down at the street. I saw a man and a woman walking down the street."

"I returned with the key. She put it in a pitcher and ran water over it. The water was thick with a black sediment."

scolded by this time was holding the green door open the milkmaid whirled the cans inside. The quickness with which she made this appearance proved that he had not undressed to go to bed.

"I went to try out again. When I woke the babies were still crying upstairs and the mosquitoes had disappeared, but the air was still and the window still shut by her baby carriage."

"I found the strange block once again jammed with people. All the little show, the dealer, the candy store, the dealer and ice-man, the candy store and the soda fountain, were wide open, doing business just as if it were a weekday."

"I saw no lights and no flowers all the time I was in the block. The nearest approach to lights was with an amateur theatrical team who were rehearsing themselves in their limited field of vision."

"At last the ball hit a small occupant of a carriage in the baby-carriage line. The baby's mother, who was sitting in his mouth yelled lustily for the baker's wife, and the baby squealed like a young pig."

"I told him I was a little bit because I didn't want him to get hurt. I didn't want to see him, and I asked him in aid gave him a chair at the window."

"There were, by actual count, one hundred and seventeen people in the room. The smallest was my own."

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The second volume of the Yellow Book has appeared. It is not quite so good a performance as the first, and for that reason will not get as large an amount of gratuitous advertising.