Reminiscences of an Interesting Decade

The Ardent Eighties

By

Gregory Weinstein

Author of "Savonarola"

With Foreword

By

Lillian D. Wald

Illustrated

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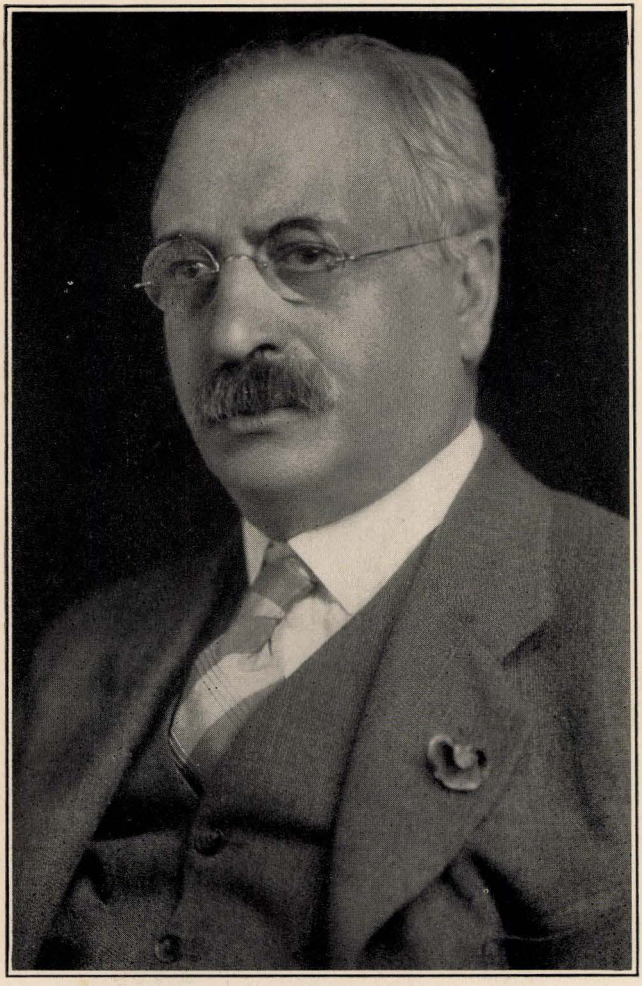
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The Ardent Eighties



GREGORY WEINSTEIN

To

EUGENIE LASSER WEINSTEIN

My Wife

If wifely loyalty, kindness, patience be out of date, you are a bit old-fashioned: confess it. But you have made our lives happy through forty years.

Grateful acknowledgment is herewith expressed to Mr. George E. O'Dell, editor of The Standard, and to Mr. Thomas Gilleran, for their friendly encouragement and valuable suggestions.

FOREWORD

BY

LILLIAN D. WALD

GREGORY WEINSTEIN was fortunate in the men and women whom he encountered during his early life in America. He found them, it is safe to conjecture, because there was much in himself that lay in the hearts of these friends. It is difficult to separate the author of this book from the society that was ready to accept him and which he so profoundly appreciated, for Mr. Weinstein like others of his period, came to this country in the belief that he would find a land of spiritual beauty and the freedom of expression. Many came at that time at a sacrifice and not as was generally supposed for gold alone, although the hope of economic advantage accompanied their dreams of the New World.

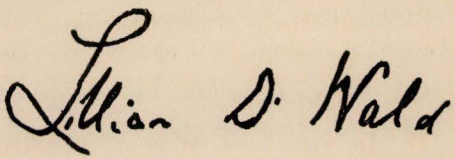
The public was more conscious in his day of persecutions for political and religious reasons, and that minorities were not accorded the certainty of fair and just treatment. Indeed, massacres and pogroms were the actual experience of many who came to us. They occasionally found in the "Ardent Eighties" men and women who treasured beyond all material advantage the undying principles laid down by the Founders of the Republic. They not only felt that America was a land for the oppressed but recognized that the new comer often brought rich experiences and precious traditions, and the "melting pot" was not a term of opprobrium but was indeed employed to indicate their faith in the mingling of the races and the hope that something super would result.

Though it was difficult in those days, as it is in these, and perhaps always will be, to translate into actual life the theories and aspirations of ardent people, projects were born out of their desire to state their unalterable faith in Democracy which were essentially practical. Some of the reforms that Mr. Weinstein heard about and frequently participated in have become the custom of our day. What was regarded as idealistic two or three decades ago, has since

been enacted into legislation and has become the accepted and almost routine provisions of government for the people.

Though the writer of this brief foreword was not fortunate enough to be counted among the earlier group, she did know later in the nineties many of the people and many of the convictions that lay back of the efforts related in this book. It seems very well worth while for Mr. Weinstein to put into more permanent form the memories of the days and of the people who stirred him to admiration. Though they were but the events of yesterday, time moves rapidly and there may not be many left to remember. Many of the people who lived in the "Ardent Eighties" were spared the greatest tragedy of history and, therefore, some of the complexes of social relations; but then, as now, battles had to be fought for convictions, and it would be a loss if the readers of Mr. Weinstein's book thought that the days have passed for ardent spirits to sacrifice for causes they believe in. Today, as in the eighties and the nineties, the same opportunities arise for people of the spirit to think for themselves and to act according to their inner spiritual convictions. Many problems which interested and confused the men and

women of the days he remembers are still interesting and confusing. Every generation needs leaders and develops them, and if it be that greater pessimism prevails among the men and women our author encounters today, we perhaps need to be reminded that we still have to deal with a post-war psychology. Twenty years from now, another Mr. Weinstein may write of the leaders of today who showed the discernment to recognize the qualities that are inherent in the courageous and the unselfish.



Henry Street Settlement
July 24th, 1928

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PREFACE

THESE reminiscences mainly recall a decade —the Eighties—which was distinctly unlike its preceding decades and very different from the present soft and luxurious age. Nearly all the labor-saving machines which have reduced human physical effort to a minimum were totally unknown at the time I landed on these shores. The modern push-button contrivances which have added so much to our comfort were then undreamed of. Even the telephone and typewriter were not yet in use. Heavy machinery was driven with the aid of steam power. Most of the lighter factory work was performed by hand and foot power. It was indeed an age of exhausting physical labor, with long hours, miserable factory conditions and small pay—barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. Those were hard times, not only for the newly arrived immigrants, but for the native masses as well.

PREFACE

History tells us that throughout the ages periods of ease and prosperity bring in their wake frivolity and jazz, while periods of stress and struggle produce prophets and leaders. This is true not only in the field of mechanical inventions, but also in the domain of thought and spirit. The hard times of the Eighties similarly brought forward deep thinkers and valiant champions. Out of the ranks of labor came leaders to tell their fellow-workers that their salvation lay in their own hands; that they could improve their condition only by organization. Up from the privileged class arose men and women who confessed their obligations and responsibilities to the community which gave them ease and comfort; out of the church and synagogue came priests, ministers and rabbis with a new vision of the right attitude of religion towards social conditions.

These pioneers braved suspicion and misunderstanding of their efforts and movements. They were looked upon as dreamers and visionaries by the stand-patters and reactionaries of their generation. Yet, in their humanly faltering way they have wrought great changes in the conditions of life and work, which succeeding generations are freely enjoying.



VILNA—GRAND AVENUE

gave a semblance of conforming with the observances and ceremonies of our parents' religion, but outside we joined the young rebels in their defiance of the ruling despotism. My older brothers joined a secret reading circle. This group had clandestine meeting places in the suburbs of the city, where they spent their evenings in reading and discussing the forbidden books of Tchernishevsky, Pissarev, Debrolyubov, as well as translations of Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill, Voltaire and other European thinkers.

Eventually the young "conspirators" were betrayed to the police by a renegade member. On the second night of the Passover Seder of 1875 every one of the group was arrested and taken to prison. I still have a very vivid recollection of that event. About midnight I was awakened by loud knocking at our doors. The pounding was accompanied with the command to "open in the name of the czar." When the doors were opened, a swarm of gendarmes, police officers and soldiers filled our apartment. The police inspector ordered everyone to dress. My poor mother fell into a swoon. Father looked pale and bewildered. Only my brothers and older sister

kept up a brave appearance. Soon the high officials sat around a table, spreading on it writing materials. A search for incriminating books and papers then began. Every bookcase, drawer, box and bedstead was thoroughly ransacked. The watchful eyes of the raiders, however, did not prevent my sister from throwing some books and papers behind the huge tiled heating oven. The result of the diligent police search produced only two forbidden European books, Buckle's "History of Civilization," and Mill's "On Liberty." After writing a long protocol and swearing a number of witnesses thereto, the chief of police politely requested my oldest brother to accompany him to headquarters for a short interview. As I looked through the window watching my brother's departure, I saw in our courtyard at least a hundred soldiers with fixed bayonets, forming a cordon around my brother, who measured barely five feet. The "short interview" lasted a full year—eleven months in the political arsenal and one month in the common jail.

The rounding up of suspected rebels against the government in our city of Vilna was the beginning of repressive measures taken by the authorities all over Russia, and continuing for

many years. But the frequent arrests, exilings to Siberia and executions did not stop the underground work of the rebellious youths, which culminated in the assassination of czar Alexander II. in March 1881.

The ascent of Alexander III. to the throne was celebrated with sterner measures against all suspected of liberal tendencies. In order to distract the attention of the public from government blunders, pogroms on Jews were instigated on a large scale in the South of Russia. Thousands of Jews were murdered in Odessa, Kiev and Kharkov. Slaughter and plunder were continued under the eyes of the police authorities, with but scant interference. Though my native city escaped such violent outbreaks, it became evident to me that the future held out very few prospects of a freer life.

* * *

Rays of hope came to us from a far distant land—the land of liberty, the land of opportunity, the land of "milk and honey"—the United States of America. I remember having read a book, "Paris in America." This book thrilled me with its description of the blessed life in a land where all men were equal before the law,

where manual labor was held in high esteem, where free speech and a free press were inviolable and where opportunities to work and to live were plentiful for all the oppressed and rejected who might come from the rest of the world.

* * *

It must be difficult for a born-American to conceive the dynamic effect of these stories on the troubled minds and hearts of young Russians of that day. We were enthralled and enthused by the hope of becoming citizens of the New World, and we began making plans for leaving the country of our birth at the earliest possible moment. Happy visions of America and the youthful spirit of adventure made the parting with parents, brothers and sisters less painful to us than to them. Our main thought and worry were how to cross the Russian frontier into Germany in the safest, quickest way. For, though the government regarded us as unfit for equal opportunities, we were still fit for the army and for cannon food, and so we might not leave the country if over sixteen years of age.

For this and other reasons we had to seek the aid of frontier smugglers to bring us over into German territory. A sleepless night was

spent in the smugglers' den at Grayevo, a muddy village bordering on the frontier between Russia and Germany. At two o'clock in the morning our party of eight was taken afoot across the fields until we came to a spot covered by tall shrubbery. There our packs were thrown off a wagon which had preceded us, and we were told to wait for a signal from our smuggler, who had gone ahead to make his bargain with the gendarme, the sight of whose helmet glistening through the trees gave us the shivers and made our hearts beat faster.

While sitting on our packs in great suspense, we could hear in the distance the yodeling whistle of the shepherd boys in the German pasture fields across the border. Finally the signal to start reached us, and we were told to run as fast as we could. We ran faster than ever before, despite the load of baggage on our backs and in our hands. After a run of half a mile or so we were halted by a waggoner with a team of stout horses, who told us the joyful news that we were safe on German soil. Gladly we clambered aboard the wagon and eagerly surveyed the scenery, which was all new to us—beautifully clean, green German villages, with good wide roads, bordered with trees and flowers.

The contrast between the villages on the Russian side and those on the German side was most striking. During our first moments of freedom from Russian subjection, we felt happy and joyous as if we had escaped from a dark prison; yet, strange as it may seem, the further we were carried away from our unhappy land, the more we began to regret our departure. A sudden onrush of nostalgia—a realization of the fact that we were forever tearing ourselves away from the land of our birth, from our kin and homes, moved us to tears. So intense was this feeling manifested among us that we had great difficulty in holding back some of our party from returning to the land which they had but yesterday gladly forsaken.

To reach Hamburg, our point of embarkation for the United States, we passed through Lyck, Königsberg and Berlin. Our stay in those cities was too brief to leave any marked impressions. In Hamburg we joined a larger group of refugees from the southern cities of Russia—young men and women, mostly graduates of universities, all full of vigor and energy.* Quite

*The leader of this band of hopeful idealists was Nicholas Aleinikoff, a graduate of the Kiev University. Subsequently he became a member of the New York Bar. To his dying day he remained an optimistic socialist.

a number of them were avowed Marxian socialists; they proposed to establish a communistic colony somewhere in this broad, hospitable land. Such was their faith in their ideals that they pooled their individual cash belongings into one fund, and on landing at Castle Garden, they divided the aggregate amount among all members, irrespective of their separate contributions, which had been diverse indeed.

Our ocean voyage took nearly fourteen days. Most of the time I was confined to my bunk in the steerage with seasickness; so I recall but few incidents, except that we had a severe storm a day or two from New York. Sick or well, we were all driven to the upper decks to help pull the mast ropes until the storm abated. That forced effort and the sight of land close by must have cured me of *mal de mer* completely. I remained on deck, full of curiosity and wonder, as we approached the Delaware. Landing at Philadelphia, we went by rail to Jersey City and thence by ferry to Castle Garden.

II

IN THE NEW WORLD

"What we are to the Immigrant in our civic, social, and ethical relations is quite as important as what he is to us." LILLIAN D. WALD

CASTLE GARDEN! I can never pass Bowling Green without casting a glance at the old building. Though rebuilt and turned into an aquarium, I can still see, in imagination, its old gates, through which I passed so many years ago into the New World.

What volumes could be written about Castle Garden, about the men and women who passed through its gates with only pennies in their pockets, but who with their brains or their brawn have toiled early and late to build up America to what it is today, the most powerful country in the world, not only in material wealth, but as potential leader in spiritual things as well! And, again, there were men who passed



VIEW OF BOWLING GREEN AND CASTLE GARDEN IN THE SIXTIES

through its doors with high hopes and expectations, only to find here an early grave.

* * *

Fortunately for myself, as well as for the land of my adoption, there were no Nordic or Quota immigration laws in the United States in the early Eighties. Cheap labor of all kinds was badly needed, and newcomers from every land were then quite welcome. So I had no difficulty in passing through. I lost no time in rushing out into Battery Park to get my first glimpse of America,—the land of my dreams of many years.

I spent several days roaming through the streets and avenues of New York. Lower Broadway was then the show place of the city. All the wholesale business was concentrated on Broadway from Wall Street to Fourteenth Street and its cross streets leading to the North River. Downtown New York seemed like an enchanted city—until I crossed Broadway to the right of the old *Staatszeitung* building to Park Row under the Third Avenue "L". My enthusiasm for the beauties of New York was dampened more and more, the further I walked north and east of the Bowery; Division Street,

Bayard Street, Canal Street, Allen, Ludlow and Essex Streets with their dark tenements, filthy sidewalks; saloons on nearly every corner; sinister red lights in vestibules of a large number of small frame houses—all these shattered my illusions of America and made me feel terribly homesick for the beautiful green hills and valleys of my native Vilna.

* * *

Vilna! I can not help digressing for a moment at the mention of my native city, the city where my forefathers were born, where they labored and died. Little did we ever dream that the city in which the Poles were tied to the stake for speaking their language, would one day become the war prize of Poland. What an awful retribution upon the Russians still left in Vilna, who must now look in silence, while their magnificent Byzantine cathedrals are Romanized and their language is outlawed by the Poles! Who could have foretold that Vilna would become the bone of contention between Poland and Lithuania, and thus continue to threaten the peace of Europe?

* * *



VILNA—ON THE BANKS OF THE VILIYA

"HANDS WANTED"

Quite a jump from Vilna to New York! And what a painful come-down from the comfortable feather-beds in our parental homes to the bare bunks of our first lodgings on Catherine Street! Some of us had to sleep on the floors with elbows for pillows and suspenders for coverings. Our dreams under such conditions were none too sweet.

* * *

We soon learned that the expected farm land for our projected commune was not yet ready to receive us. We were advised that each of us should in the meantime look around for any kind of a job. So we started tramping the city, looking for signs "Hands Wanted." The few artisans among us—carpenters, painters, designers, tailors—had no difficulty in finding employment at what was then high pay, eighteen and twenty dollars per week. But the former students and professional workers would find only errand boy jobs at four or five dollars per week. The biggest pay offered us was three dollars a day at the Jersey docks—loading and unloading freight cars. That looked to us like a windfall, until we discovered that we were being used as greenhorn strike-breakers against the long-

shoremen's union. The third day, after work, we were corralled by a number of husky fellows, who took us to the union headquarters on West Street. We were received not over kindly, and only our explanation (in sign language) that we had taken the jobs while in ignorance of the strike, saved us from rough treatment.

* * *

I grasped the first opportunity offered to me in a Greenwich Street employment bureau to be hired out as a farm laborer in Washington Depot in Connecticut. The Yankee farmer looked me over dubiously, but he finally decided to try me out. I still remember my first evening meal at the farm house. I felt terribly lonely at a strange table in a strange land, among people talking in what was to me a strange and harsh language. The farmer looked grumpy, but his wife must have sensed my troubled state of mind, for she tried in her kind way to cheer me up by giving me an extra piece of her well-baked apple pie. After supper I was sent to bed in the attic. At five o'clock next morning the farmer whistled to me to come down, and he led me to the field, where he put me to work at hoeing and planting tobacco. The first few

days I went at my task with great zeal—rather with too much zeal—trying to keep pace with the farmer and his experienced help. On the third day, after working in the field under a rain shower, my back gave signals of pain and distress. I began also to fear that my "boss" was not highly pleased with my frequent unbending and running to the water jug. So next morning very early I shouldered my pack and made my way across the fields to the railroad to board the first train back to New York.

III

NAILING CASES AT HOE'S

AFTER a few days' rest, I started looking around for any kind of work. Through a newspaper "ad" I succeeded in landing a job in the type-case department of the Robert Hoe Company (on Cliff or Gold Street—I don't remember which). My task was to nail the backs of type-cases to the frames. The work was not difficult and the pay was four dollars and fifty cents per week to start with—not a royal wage for a fifty-eight hour week, but bananas were then very cheap and so were bread and cheese. I felt quite happy at my work the first day. On the second day, however, I was compelled to consider the social atmosphere of the shop. There were forty or fifty young workers of both sexes on my floor. Their manners and speech were what is called "free and easy." To me they seemed too free and too easy. As my knowledge of the Eng-

lish language was rather scant, I had to consult my pocket dictionary very frequently. Many of the words used by the girls I could not find in my lexicon at all, and some which I did find were too shocking for my modesty to repeat.

People who decry the present-day loose relations between young men and women evidently do not remember the vulgarities and obscenities of the "good old days," and do not realize how much better mentally and morally our present generation is, though there is still plenty of room for improvement in manners and morals.

* * *

My failure to appreciate the "humorous" remarks thrown at me by my side-partners did not improve my status in the shop. I was soon made to feel that a "greenhorn" was a pariah, with no human rights anyone was bound to respect. Every kind of annoyance and mental torture was heaped upon me:—my frugal lunch package would disappear; a shower of fine nails would come down on my head from nowhere; my work would be spoiled. The climax was reached when I discovered, one afternoon, just before passing the time-keeper, that my coat pockets were filled with case nails. Exasperated

by this mean attempt to expose me as a nail stealer, I took out the nails by the handfuls, and showered them on the jeering youngsters, and I quit the shop in none too leisurely a manner.

* * *

After working in various other shops at unskilled labor, I decided to try my luck at the printing trade, for which I had in some measure prepared myself in Russia.

This experience calls for a section to itself.

IV

IN A RUSSIAN PRINTSHOP

ABOUT two years before my departure for America, I had decided to learn a trade, to be made use of in case of emergency. When I mentioned my plan to my father, he was very much perturbed, because it was not befitting a son of his class to become a mechanic and do manual labor. Caste and family pride were almost as strong in our town as in India. He preferred to have me study for a profession or prepare for a business career. After many arguments he agreed to compromise on a genteel trade, such as jewelry, lithography or printing. The last was satisfactory to me, and my father gave his reluctant consent.

The printing shops in Russia were then, as now, under strict control of the government. Every type-foundry and printing shop had to account for every pound of metal and type

bought and used, so as to prevent their being sold or given away to the secret printing offices. Inspections were frequent and searching. Despite this stringent surveillance, underground printing shops were turning out tons of revolutionary literature. Machinery and type were often supplied by sympathizing workmen from the government printing establishments.

In order to learn the printing trade, I entered the famous printing house of Syrkin and Son in my native town, as an apprentice under a two-year contract, without compensation during this term. There was an unwritten clause providing for my furnishing the shop with five gallons of *vodka,* salted herrings and ginger-bread at the end of my first week of apprenticeship! Only after carrying out this provision was I installed as a full-fledged "printer's devil," with all the emoluments and privileges belonging to that estate. My duties were multifarious and variable: Assort leads and quads, ink up the forms with a two-handle ink roller on an old Washington hand press, carry messages from the amorous foreman to his "lady friend," etc. As every bit of printed matter required the O.K. either of the official censor (for books) or of the Chief of Police (for everything else), it was my

privilege to run with proofs to the offices of these high dignitaries almost every day. Many a time I would bring back from the censor page-proofs of a book, all smeared up with indelible ink, obliterating all "undesirable" matter, and killing all connection between one page or another, much to the despair of the author and proofreader.

The Chief of Police was never in a hurry to put his signature on a proof of a concert or theatre program, though it was to be printed and delivered the same day. If the program of the performance interested him, he would yell at me—"Durack (fool)—have you brought me any tickets?" Sometimes, if his eye caught the name of a favorite actress or woman performer, he would thunder—"Send Mlle. X... to me for my signature! Now, what are you staring at me for? March!"

Notwithstanding these absorbing duties, I managed to learn the differences between the various old bastard types—domestic and imported—to tell at a glance the pica measurements of leads and brass rule; to set up a stickful of type, evenly spaced, and to lock up a job form. I was especially delighted whenever

I was given some copy in which English words occurred.

At the expiration of my two-year servitude, I was given a gold-lettered *Attestat,* testifying to my proficiency and character. This was accompanied by an offer to remain in the firm's employ at the royal salary (not wage) of six rubles per month! I do not remember how many of these salary checks I had collected before I left my native land for America.

V

IN A GERMAN-AMERICAN PRINTSHOP

MY unfamiliarity with the English language kept me away from English-speaking printing shops. I was therefore glad to find an opening in a small German job printery on Second Street. The proprietor, Fritz Schaefer, was a short, stocky, blond German with a florid complexion—his nose a shade more florid. He was good-natured, but explosive at times. I knew enough German to speak and to read, and as the copy was mostly "reprint," I did not have to worry about giving clean proofs. The shop was generally kept busy with printing socialist literature — pamphlets by Lassalle, Liebknecht, Bebel, Engel and Karl Marx. As the context of the composition was interesting, the smallness of the weekly pay didn't bother

me. Besides, work in a German shop was never done at breakneck speed, even on a daily newspaper, except on very rare occasions, when the boss would start fuming and sputtering "Donnerwetter! Gottverdammt!" A semblance of hustling would then appear.

Daily at ten a.m. and three p.m., a boy would bring a number of well-filled beer cans strung on a long stick, with a few pretzels. Sometimes I would be asked to bring the beer from a saloon on First Street, kept by Justus Schwab. Justus was quite a character for the newspapers in his day. Over six feet in height, broad shouldered, with a large head, covered with blond hair, and a flowing blond beard, he reminded one of Hans Sachs in Wagner's "Meistersinger." Behind his bar, he looked like a typical Gambrinus. He was a sort of patron saint to all the socialistic and anarchistic refugees from the old world. They never needed to go hungry or thirsty if they would come to his saloon, with or without a dime. As he was stubbornly honest, and would practice no bribery with the police, his saloon was raided as often as the captain of the Fifth Precinct needed to show activity in order to throw a smoke-screen against newspaper exposures of police graft, of which there was quite

an abundance in those days. Schwab was a mild philosophical anarchist of the Prince Kropotkin type, but as he was harboring the East Side radicals, he was almost driven to death by constant raids on his place, under every pretext.

* * *

Work slackened up in Schaefer's shop, and I was laid off. I was loath to leave this homelike, German place, with its friendly boss and the congenial guttural-speaking comps, with their slippered feet and long Bismarck pipes. But the loss of this congenial job was a blessing in disguise, because it had stood in the way of my achieving the main purpose of my coming to this country, namely, to know America. And in order to get acquainted with America, I had to learn the English language, and to learn it quickly.

* * *

Luckily I soon secured a place in the printery of the *Jewish Messenger,* on Grand Street, west of the Bowery. This shop was owned by Joseph Davis, an American of English descent. And English he looked and acted—curt in speech,

direct in his orders and impassive in demeanor. The publication was a religious weekly, founded by Rabbi Samuel M. Isaacs sixty or seventy years ago, and edited in my time by his son, the late Dr. Abram S. Isaacs, professor of German at New York University. Dr. Isaacs was in every way dissimilar from his printer. He was genteel in looks and manner, and kindly to the employees in the office and shop. At first I was given reprint copy, but after a while I had to struggle with Ye Editor's handwriting, which was as hieroglyphic as the famous handwriting of Horace Greeley. Fortunately, I was not paid by the string, but by the week—six dollars. The shop was closed on Saturdays and open on Sundays till noon. I used to take some handwritten copy with me on Fridays to decipher at home with the aid of my dictionary. I was thus in good shape to set it up on Sundays, with but few mistakes, to the surprise of Mr. Davis. He would say nothing, but would give me a quizzical look from over his spectacles, which he always wore on the tip of his nose. At times, when the editor was late with copy, Mr. Davis would hand me a large bound tome of the *Messenger,* of twenty-five years earlier, and tell me to pick out a story or a poem, "so many inches

long," and to set it up to fill a gap in the partly made-up form. So far as I knew, the readers seemed not to mind my choice of copy from the ancient volumes.

I was rather pleased with my job, knowing that I was getting an education in good English, besides receiving encouragement from the kindly editor. But, alas, before long he was advised that he could have his publication printed in a trade shop more cheaply than in a printery devoted mainly to one publication. So Dr. Isaacs, after quoting to Mr. Davis some polite lines from Shakespeare, quit our shop. Mr. Davis, in revenge, started a new publication, called the *Hebrew Journal.* After a while, both publications went to the literary graveyard. I was left jobless again, but I felt richer, with my two extremely opposite experiences—one in a hotbed of German revolutionary socialism, and the other in an atmosphere of refined American Judaism.

VI

MARTIN'S COLD SHOP

THE next job I landed was in William Martin's printery on Pearl Street, near Beaver. The shop was very small, both in size and equipment. The latter consisted of one frame with cases, 24x38 old stone, an old foot-power Golding, and—a small coal stove. After reciting my pedigree, I happened to mention that I had recently come from Russia. Mr. Martin cut my story short, saying, "You come from Russia? That's fine; you will do."

He then explained to me that my predecessors in his shop would not stay long, because the shop was not warm enough for them, but I, hailing from Russia, he thought, surely would not mind a heatless shop. My first impulse was to tell him that I had not run away from Northern Siberia, but Mr. Martin did not give me a chance. He put me to work at once.

He told me that he was printing odd jobs for Wall Street customers, and that whenever he was out, I was to be the whole "shooting match"—foreman, compositor, stone-hand, pressman and feeder—all for the sum of ten dollars per week. I rather liked the idea of being master of the whole crew, and I tried my best to hold the job. I found, though, great difficulty in setting up a job without sufficient leads, quads or spaces. When I mentioned this to Mr. Martin, he turned upon me, gruffly:

"Say, young fellow, don't you put on airs; where do you think you are? in a DeVinne shop or Government printing office? If you have no leads, there are plenty of cardboard shavings around; for quads, you can cut up reglets and as for thin spaces, use matches, or toothpicks; that's what we call plugging a Dutchman."

I stayed in this queer shop for a couple of weeks, adding carpentry and wood-turning to my other accomplishments.

One day I was sent to deliver some nonpareil type packages to a shop on Chambers Street, near Broadway. I walked to the corner of Wall and Broadway, and hailed a passing horse-driven stage. (This was before Jake Sharp succeeded in obtaining a surface car franchise for Broad-

way through the notorious boodle Board of Aldermen.) The stage had two or three steps leading to an opening in the rear. As I reached the second step of the stage, a tall man, dressed in the height of the fashion of that time, with a stove-pipe hat and Prince Albert coat, seated near the entrance, volunteered to help me get in. He took hold of one of the type packages with his gloved hand, and then, much to his discomfiture and to the amusement of the other passengers, the package broke and there was a shower of small type on the floor of the stage. I hastily gathered up the "pi" into my hat and pockets, and beat it as fast as I could back to the shop. Luckily, the boss wasn't there. I then wrote out my resignation, adding the gratuitous suggestion to the boss to buy a few sheets of real wrapping paper and a ball of twine.

What the boss said on finding the "pi" was never recorded—there were no microphones in those days.

* * *

In my further wanderings in search of a job, I found one in a French printery on Fulton Street. I must refrain from mentioning the name, because the shop is still in existence and



LOWER BROADWAY IN THE EIGHTIES

now enjoys a good reputation. The owner at that time was a martial-looking Frenchman. I worked there a whole week, setting small pica solid, before I discovered that one needed a coat-of-mail to collect his pay in that shop. When I waited on Saturday for my pay envelope, I was told to come on Monday. When I came on Monday, I found that the boss had barricaded himself in an inner office and wouldn't show himself. When I, together with a few other unpaid comps, knocked at the door, he suddenly stuck the muzzle of a gun through a small window. Whether the gun was loaded or not, I didn't take the time to find out; nor did I count the steps as I rushed down the three flights to the street. I think it took several months and the aid of a kindly lawyer to collect one week's pay.

VII

SETTING UP VICTORIAN NOVELS

MY first job in a large printing shop was at Norman Munro's on Vandewater Street. Norman and George Munro were then publishing a popular weekly, called *Munro's Family Story Paper.* They were also printing large editions of English classics in paper-covered form, selling at ten and fifteen cents. These were copies of the best books of the Victorian age: Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Wilkie Collins, etc. (Rather lowbrow stuff, judged by present-day standards). As a voracious reader of good literature I felt happy to secure this job. A compositor must, of course, set type, no matter what the copy treats of—be it a stove-polish price list, a fundamentalist sermon, or a birth control pamphlet. But surely one can enjoy his work more and set faster, if the

copy is not boresome stuff. They used to tell me though, that many a comp was driven to drink by setting type on prohibition warnings, but this may have been only a wet excuse for the "rummies" in those days.

The Munro shop employed a large force of compositors. The pay was then for piece work, thirty-five cents per 1000 ems for leaded and thirty-seven cents for solid minion or bourgeois, all hand set. The first two days passed off without incident. On the third day I was approached by one of the comps about joining the union. I hesitatingly replied that I would think it over. Pretty soon I noticed tangible signs of a "moral suasion" campaign directed against me to make me think faster. Whenever I had to go to the copy hook for a "take," I would find on my return to my case that my leads, quads and spaces had disappeared. To protect myself I had to carry my spacing material in my pockets. But the more I was pestered, the stronger I resented being dragooned into the union. I could not square my ideas of American liberty with the strong-arm methods employed by the union to increase its membership. So I found myself in a quandary.

At about that time I made the acquaintance

of Edward King, a type rubber in Farmer's Typefoundry on Gold Street. Mr. King came to this country about 1870 from Scotland. He had worked as an assistant in the Edinburgh Public Library, and had evidently read and absorbed all the best books on its shelves. History, philosophy and religion were his favorite studies. He had a wonderful memory and an almost uncanny gift of taking an accurate mental X-ray of every one he came in contact with, after a brief conversation. Belonging to the English group of the followers of Auguste Comte, the founder of the Positivist Religion of Humanity, Mr. King insisted that every branch of human endeavor must be organized on a scientific basis, so as to help on the orderly progress of society.

Owing to his fine sense of humor and oratorical powers King was in great demand as a speaker in liberal and labor circles. When I first met him, he was engaged together with Samuel Gompers, John T. McKechnie, George Block, John N. Bogert, George McKay, Samuel Hitchcock, and others in founding the first Central Labor union in New York. (I later served as a delegate to this body from Typographia No. 7 and also from the Concord Labor Club, a Knights

of Labor local.) King was the brains of the group, while Gompers* supplied the dramatic and dynamic forces. These dreamers and idealists have nearly all departed from this life, and their names are but a memory to a few of the present generation.

I used to meet King frequently in Hitchcock's beanery on Beekman Street and Park Row. When I related to him my troubles at the Munro shop, he listened patiently and then gave me his opinion that I should join the union not only for my own good as a wage-earner, but because of the great ethical and social principles underlying the labor movement. He urged that aside from the need of protecting the wage-earner against grasping employers, there was greater need of disciplining and subduing the predatory and selfish instincts of all human beings, who have but recently emerged from the cave and jungle. Intelligent cooperation must displace cut-throat competition, and this can only be accomplished through organization, whether of capital or labor. Inter-racial animosities, the worst of all human plagues,

* Mr. Gompers' own book, "Seventy Years of Life and Labor" gives a very detailed record of his interesting life and activities.

would disappear, Mr. King claimed, if people learned to work together in an organized way.

I took Mr. King's advice and joined the union. My position in the shop improved immediately. Soon a general strike was declared by Big Six, in order to secure a higher rate for the piece-work scale. Our shop joined the strike to a man.

* * *

A strike!

I wonder how many of my readers have ever participated in a strike? Only they can understand the exhilaration of a wage-earner quitting his job on his first strike. A sudden feeling of self-assertion, of heroic self-sacrifice for a great cause, rouses even the most indifferent member to a new and lofty stature. The worm suddenly turns. The timid become emboldened. The material purpose of the strike fades into the background for the time being. To the young members it is a great adventure, a jolly picnic, with banners, parades and songs. Only the older members of the union, those who already have had their fill of strikes, successful or disastrous, hesitate and stop to count the possible costs and losses.

As for myself, being young and unattached, I entered into the spirit of the battle with complete enthusiasm and abandon. Indeed, I did not care if the strike lasted a month or ten months. But before ten days passed away, the strike was won by the union, and rather reluctantly, I joined the victorious comps in their return to their cases.

At the end of the first day's work our shop held a "Chapel" meeting in a basement saloon opposite the shop. After some routine business was disposed of, a motion was put and carried *viva voce* to appropriate a sum of money out of the Chapel funds for liquid refreshments to celebrate our victory. As a devoted follower of Edward King, who was a strict teetotaler, I was indignant at the idea of spending union money for beer and ale. But being the only objector, all I could do to express my protest was to order loudly a sarsaparilla for myself. The meeting ended rather hilariously. The chairman of the Chapel, otherwise a decent fellow, had partaken more of the ale than was good for him, and he had to be helped to the sidewalk. Seeing his helplessness, I acted the part of the good Samaritan and landed him in a seat of a horse car.

On the following day the Chapel chairman, all sobered up, invited me to share his lunch with him and we had a friendly chat. When I broached the subject of indulgence in drink, he said to me: "Every one to his taste—you like reading books; I enjoy beer and ale."

"But books can't hurt me," I countered.

"I don't know about that," he replied. "You may hurt your eyes or your head. Many a man has gone daffy from reading books." I summoned courage and used my last argument: "You are married and may hurt your family." He bristled up: "What, I hurt my family! Come and see my wife; she can lick six of me, drunk or sober."

I did not go to see his wife.

VIII

WORKING IN UNION SHOPS

ARMED with a union card, I had an easy *entrée* into the bigger shops of the City. But this open sesame was good only for jobs of short duration. I found that the steady job holders, like public office-holders, sometimes die, but never resign. Besides, the regulars were protected by the union priority rule. Only when special rush jobs came into an office, or on "blue" Mondays and days following a holiday, was there a chance for an extra hand or a "sub." So I had to content myself with a few days' work in one shop, a week in another, or perhaps a month in a third. Working intermittently was not a paying proposition, but, on the other hand, it gave me the advantage of coming in contact with a varied class of employers and employes, and also a good chance to observe the different

methods of turning out work. This no doubt was helpful to me in later days when I opened my own printing shop.

* * *

Printers of the present generation, who own, or are working in large, airy, well-lighted, steam-heated shops, with modern equipment in press-room and composing room, can hardly realize what we of the past generation had to put up with. Dark shops in rickety buildings; climbing up four, five and six flights of wooden stairs; cases full of dust and rat dirt; working under gas-light from seven o'clock in the morning till six in the evening; Saturdays till four-thirty—these conditions were then the rule, not the exception. Comparing our present scale of fifty-six dollars for forty-four hours, with eighteen dollars for fifty-eight hours—you will notice some difference!

* * *

Well do I remember a rush job at Polhemus', at the corner of Ann and Nassau Streets. A new directory was to be set up in a hurry, so quite a large force was hired and placed on the fourth floor, which had been used for storage. No attempt was made to sweep or air the loft. The bad

air and thick dust set us all a-sneezing. When we complained to John O'Connor, the foreman, he merely shrugged his shoulders, saying, "I am eating the same dust as you, boys." Walking down the stairs at lunch time, I happened to meet Mr. Polhemus, a short, gray-bearded man with a stove-pipe hat. When I greeted him, he asked me how I liked the job. I replied that the job was good enough, but that the air in the loft was unbearable. "If the air in the shop doesn't suit you, you are not compelled to work here," he said curtly. But on returning to the shop after lunch, I heard a whistle from the office speaking-tube, and a message telling the foreman to have the floor sprinkled and swept.

* * *

In my roamings from shop to shop, I set lean small-pica from Plattdeutsch copy at Goldmann's, on lower William Street (the firm was then Sammisch & Goldmann); at Burgoyne's I set fat "takes" of law copy, sometimes with a hundred fellow comps, and sometimes with only three men; at Middleditch's, on Maiden Lane, I set from cases in which there was more dust than type. (Today they are casting type on the Monotype). At Oelrich's, corner Jacob and Ferry

Streets, we were in constant danger of falling through the floor every time the old Campbell presses turned a revolution. At Wynkoop's, on Pearl Street, I was sandwiched in between two elderly spinster typesetters, who wore paper curls in their hair every day but Sundays; at W. P. Mitchell's I set birth and death lines for the Board of Health records. At Cherouny's, I worked under the foremanship of "Sam" Rosenthal, who has since developed a big business in the Technical Press.

At Stettiner's on Crosby Street, I set type full of black lead on Wood's medical books. Mr. Louis S. was then as genial as he still is, but he had not enough type for all his comps, so some of us had to stand idle, waiting for the forms to come back from the electrotypers. What a rush there used to be to the freight doors when the forms were brought back! The fleetest would grab the dead form first; others would get left. As we were paid by the string, waiting time was our own funeral.

* * *

At the Burr Printing House I stood in awe before the Thorne typesetting machine. It was a box-like contrivance, on which the expert

could set a lot of individual type in a day, but the distribution had to be done by hand. It was junked long before the first Mergenthaler linotype machine came to revolutionize the printing trade. I use the word revolutionize advisedly, because with the linotype and the monotype (which followed several years later), came a great change into the composing room, and with it a new era in the printing trade. The linotype greatly increased the type output per day and made it possible to turn out thirty-two and forty page daily papers and hundred page magazines with undreamed of speed. Without the linotype we surely couldn't have had a *Morning American* at nine o'clock at night, and an *Evening Telegram* at eight in the morning.

With increased production, the union was enabled to secure double and triple wages and shorter hours. One Typographical Union succeeded in enforcing a 36-hour standard with a $67.50 wage per week, after using some strong-arm methods. Have the machines doubled or trebled the employer's net profits? This is still an open question. It cannot be denied, however, that the machine gave the trade a more wide-awake and more sober set of operators, even prior to the advent of the very popular (?)

Mr. Volstead. The machine simply will not work in charge of a rummy operator, while the "case" didn't mind him a bit.

It was feared at first that machine composition would deteriorate the quality of printing, but with constant improvements of the type-casting machines, there is no danger of a lower standard. Indeed, given time and due compensation, the modern printer can produce the finest and most artistic work with machine-set type.

* * *

Before passing on, I must not omit an incident connected with the Martin B. Brown shop, which gave me a lesson in job-hunting. One morning, after seeing an "ad" calling for comps at Browns', I went to their shop on Park Place. Reaching the first floor, I was confronted with a big sign reading, "No More Compositors Wanted." I regretted my tardiness, but consoled myself with the thought that another day would come tomorrow. My musings were interrupted by the rushing up of another comp. I stopped him and pointed to the sign. "To hell with the sign!" he yelled at me ungraciously as he rushed up the two remaining flights.

I waited a while for his sure return, but he didn't come back. He had got a job for his nerve!

IX

"SLUG 13" ON THE LEADER

AFTER working for several years in various book and job offices, I was anxious to try my hand in a newspaper shop. My ambition was gratified in 1887, when I obtained a job on an afternoon daily, the *Leader*. It was set up and printed in the shop of the *Volkszeitung*, on William street. This newspaper was founded by a co-operative society, made up of labor people and other followers of Henry George, and was started mainly to help his campaign for the mayoralty of New York. Louis F. Post was the first editor. (Of Henry George and his campaign I will tell in another chapter.) After the election was over, the more radical of his former supporters took over the management of the *Leader*.

Nearly all the employees of the paper were stockholders in the co-operative enterprise. (I

still keep my five-dollar stock certificate among my old mementos.) My ideas of the beneficence of co-operative ownership and management were rudely shattered after seeing the inside workings of the *Leader* management. The business manager, as well as the editor, was chosen at general meetings of the society. There were nearly a thousand members, and almost as many different opinions as to the editorial policy of the paper and its business management. Cliques, rings, and rings within rings, intrigued against one another for control of the paper. The result was inefficiency and a growing financial deficit. The help in the composing and press rooms were receiving their pay in small portions two or three times a week. Whenever the compositors showed a determination to quit work, the editor would come up to the composing room and deliver an impassioned appeal, urging us to stick it out a little longer, winding up with a promise to produce some cash next day. Most of his promises he made good by raising money amongst his wealthy friends.

The rush and excitement incident to the setting up of a newspaper rather appealed to me, though I had to hustle to keep up with the pace set by the experienced comps. Whenever I became inter-

ested in the contents of my piece of copy, or slowed down while deciphering the indistinct "flimsy," I would hear a yell from the foreman: "Slug thirteen, hurry up with your blooming take; you are holding up the whole damned newspaper." The fear of falling behind the others was quite an incentive to speed. I soon learned to set up fifteen hundred ems and more of solid minion per hour.

With my increased speed I began to entertain hopes of getting a "sit" on a morning daily, where the scale was higher and the pay surer. But just then I was informed by a friend on the reportorial staff, John N. Bogert, that there was an opening on the *Leader* for a reporter, and he advised me to apply for it. When I pleaded that I knew nothing about writing, he assured me that I would learn quickly. As to the irregularity in getting the pay envelope, he whispered to me that the people working downstairs, being closer to the cashier's desk, had a better chance than the fellows upstairs of getting some of their pay. Reassured on this point, I applied for the job, and I was highly elated when the editor gave me an assignment to cover meetings at Cooper Union and other places.

Considering my inexperience, I got along pretty

well with the city editor, though in the beginning I often felt chagrined when, on reading the printed sheet, I would find that a story on which I had spent hours, would appear in only a stickful of type.

* * *

Once, however, I incurred the city editor's displeasure. It happened this way: A tip reached the editor's desk of a scandal in New York's high society. The husband in the case was one of the best known financiers; the wife, a prominent leader in the Four Hundred, and the co-respondent, a pillar of a prominent church. This spicy morsel was not to be neglected by the *Leader,* showing up, as it did, the weak spots of the "plutocratic" class. The city editor called on me to go out and bring in a good story. When I timidly expressed my inexperience in such cases, the editor turned on me gruffly: "You either take orders or quit."

Falteringly I made my way to the East Sixties, near Fifth Avenue, and hung around a magnificent house, which bore the number of my quest. Finally I summoned courage and rang the bell. A well-groomed, side whiskered butler opened the door half way and demanded

to know my business. I told him that my editor had sent me to find out from Mrs. N. whether the rumors of her prospective divorce proceedings were true. The butler shut the door in my face, telling me to wait on the steps. After some minutes he reappeared and stated that Mrs. N. "had nothing to say for publication."

Dejectedly I returned to the office and reported the results of my "interview." "A fine reporter you will make, a veritable Sherlock Holmes," the editor sneered. "Here, Burke," he yelled at the reporter's table. A stocky, jolly red-headed Irishman, answered the call. "Burke," the editor said to him, "you go and bring the full story of Mrs. N.'s case. Don't come back without it! You will show this cub what a real reporter can do." Burke grinned and went out with alacrity. Next day, the *Leader* carried a three-column sensational story, full of spicy details, with pictures of all the persons involved. When I asked Burke to tell me how he had managed to obtain the information, he said to me with a show of pride: "Oh, I used diplomacy, Greeny; a little sweet diplomacy through the back door with the hired help of the lady of the house and a little silver

diplomacy with the stenog of her lawyers, see? Take it from me, Greeny, if you want to succeed as a reporter, you've got to have nerve, diplomacy and—a good imagination. Understand now?"

This lesson made me watch and study closely the people on the staff, from the editor-in-chief down to the copy boy, and I found them a unique, albeit a motley crew, well worth describing.

* * *

First and foremost the editor-in-chief, Sergey E. Schevitch. He was a most unusual and charming type of man. His intrepid writing and fiery public speeches kept his name on the front pages of the daily press for several years. A scion of the Russian nobility, if not of the royal family, his distinguished physique and *grande manière* reminded one of Alexander III., Czar of all the Russias, except that Schevitch's hair and beard were coal black, while the Czar was red-haired. Schevitch left Russia for political reasons and spent many years in Europe, especially in Germany, where he became interested in the socialist movement. He married the golden-haired Helena von Racowitza, who had become famous through



SERGEY E. SCHEVITCH

her love affair with Lassalle, which ended in Lassalle's death in a duel with her fiancé. Arriving here in the seventies, he became connected with the socialist group then budding in New York, and collaborated with Alexander Jonas on the *Volkszeitung*. Schevitch was a brilliant orator and trenchant writer in many languages. While editor of the *Leader*, he showed his Russian traits by idling away his time for days; but when roused by some event, he would work away furiously for twenty-four hours at a stretch, with only a bottle of liqueur and packets of cigarettes for refreshment. He left the United States in 1891 for a short stay in Russia. He finally settled in München, Germany, where he and his wife died in 1912. An aristocrat by birth and education, he spent the latter part of his life in working for a social democracy.

* * *

My contacts with every day life in maturing years has naturally changed many of the ideas and theories I held in common with Mr. Schevitch when I worked under him, but a sense of justice impels me to pay tribute to my old chief, who fought for others like a true knight of old, fearlessly and unselfishly, taking poverty as his only recompense.

Of an entirely different type was Colonel Richard J. Hinton, who succeeded Schevitch in the editorial chair. He was of medium height, broad-shouldered, with a flowing silver-gray beard, and long white hair encircling his florid face. He was very fond of telling everybody, on every occasion, of his daring exploits at Antietam and Gettysburg. Listening to his tales, one was tempted to ask him whether anyone else had been engaged in the Civil War on the Union side. But aside from this weakness, he was a very industrious editor and kindly to all in the office.

The reportorial staff consisted mainly of the regular reporters on the morning dailies, who didn't mind making an extra dollar by helping out on the *Leader*. They surely were an interesting, cynical, hard-boiled set of men. They attracted and repelled me by turns with their worldly-wise, humorous and obscene attitudes towards men and things. Their entire philosophy of life could be summed up in their own words: "Oh, hell, what's the use?" and they looked on the editor with good-natured contempt, as a modern Don Quixote, who was fighting the windmills. Tom Jackson of the *Herald* was the heavy-weight of the lot. Edward Finkelstein, of the *Times;*

Jim Mulhane, of the *World;* Billy Price, of the *Tribune;* Jack Morrison, of the *Sun;* John T. McKechnie, of the *Eagle;* John T. Burke and Phil Donohue, made up the list.

As the *Leader* treasury became poorer and poorer, these part-time reporters conceived the brilliant idea of a walk-out strike, and without any warning they pocketed all movable articles from the editorial rooms and left for the editor a declaration that their consciences would not further permit them to write for a radical paper. All the morning newspapers made much of this unique "ethical" strike. Editor Schevitch wrote an editorial next day in the *Leader,* congratulating his former staff on their sudden determination not to write anything against their principles. He hoped this idea would spread to the entire field of the press. He concluded by saying: "Your principles are, of course, your own, but the scissors belong to the office. Please return them; the editor can not get along without them."

As they are all by this time swapping stories with the angels above us, I am quite willing to forgive them the many practical jokes they played on me in my capacity as a cub reporter. I think it was Tom Jackson who put me in wrong with James P. Archibald, who was a prominent labor

leader and officer of the *Leader*. Archibald had the true Irish gift of the gab and a sob in his voice. Jackson told me once that James P. objected to my frequent mention of him as "among those present on the platform" in my reports of Cooper Union meetings. In my innocence I believed it, and in the next report omitted Archibald's name. James P. was furious and never forgave me for this omission.

* * *

A worse joke was played on me by another man who pawned my dictionary for a silver quarter with which to buy a drink. But John T. Burke, the toughest of them all, left the most rankling impression on me. It happened one afternoon, when the first copies of the *Leader* were brought up from the pressroom. Burke saw me eagerly going over the freshly printed pages, looking for my story. I must have given some audible expression of disapproval, for Burke ran to the open shaft leading to the pressroom, and yelled loudly —"Stop that press, there's a comma turned upside down in Weinstein's article!"

* * *

After struggling for six months against a falling circulation, the *Leader* went the way

of its predecessors in class newspapers, and stopped publication. There is something in the nature of workingmen and workingwomen in America which socialists are slow in learning about or admitting. Manual workers, organized or unorganized, will not consider themselves a class by themselves, like those in Europe, despite all socialistic preaching. When off their jobs, the hod carrier or the waiter has no inferiority complex and does not count himself as belonging to a lower or labor class. The laborer may yet become a city contractor; the waiter may some day own a string of hotels—who knows? This fact accounts for the failure of workingmen to support a separate class newspaper, especially a daily. Besides, the so-called "capitalist" press carries all the interesting news about labor activities along with sporting and other news. Whether this state of mind will undergo a change in the future, I will not prophesy. However, due to the closing of the *Leader* I had to look for another job. I did not attempt to look for a position as reporter, but following my inclination to interesting people of the fighting habit, I sought and obtained a job on Henry George's weekly (the *Standard*), printed first on Ann Street and afterwards on Union Square East. Big Bill McCabe was foreman.

While I was working on the *Standard,* an incident occurred, which had a lasting salutary effect on me, trimming down the pride and vanity of my youthful days.

At the request of the editor of the *Evening World,* I wrote a short story on some topic. I sent in my copy and waited anxiously for its appearance in print. About a week later, a fellow comp told me that he had seen my name printed in six-inch letters on the wagons and bulletin board of the World, on Park Row, opposite the Post Office. Greatly excited, and dropping my composing stick, I slipped out of the room and ran as fast as I could to the World Building. The nearer I got, the more I swelled with pride. For I saw an enormous crowd blocking the sidewalk in front of the bulletin boards, on one of which my name and the headlines of my story appeared in big type. I felt prouder still when I heard loud cheering. I tried to push my way to the front, but I was thrown back rather violently by a big fellow, who said roughly, "Stop your pushing! Who the hell are *you,* anyway? You must think you are one of the Giants." The crowd kept on cheering—the game.

X

MY FIRST PRINTSHOP

THE time and energy which I spent in the Labor movement between 1882 and 1890 were detrimental to me in a material way, but I do not regret my losses, because the experience I gained and the contacts I made with worthwhile people during those years sufficiently compensated me. Still, a time came when it seemed as though I must decide whether I should become a paid walking delegate or a hobo. I chose neither of these careers.

* * *

Wisely, or unwisely, I ventured to become an employing printer. I bought a second hand equipment, consisting of two frames with twenty cases of type and a small Gordon "kicker." I installed my "plant" in the parlor floor of an old frame house at 14 Rivington Street, where

Mills Hotel No. One now stands. The parlor I used as office and composing-room, the bedroom for stock, and the kitchen-dining-room served as press room. The labor force which I started to "exploit" consisted of myself, an itinerant old comp, and Frank Hillquit (brother of Morris Hillquit) who acted as "printer's devil." My customers were quaint and interesting personalities—old-time German bakers and storekeepers. Occasionally college people from the settlements would drop in with their orders. When Mr. Stover needed to get out his monthly Bulletin (four pages), he would save himself the trouble of writing his copy by having me set type from his oral dictation, while he walked around the shop. Altogether it was an interesting if not profitable experience. Small as my overhead and payroll were, it was not an easy matter to collect it on time from my not overflush clientele. I found that being a boss without capital was not a soft job. It made me ponder over the "other side" of the Labor and Capital problem. My later and riper experiences as an employer could be summed up by a quotation from a recent address of Don C. Seitz, former business manager of the *World*, that "he had never left a meeting of employers

without feeling great sympathy with the unions, and, on the other hand, he felt sorry for the employers whenever he attended a conference with Union men." There is a great deal of wisdom in that.

* * *

To meet my shop obligations and also because I had pledged myself "for better or for worse" to my devoted life partner, I applied for the position of evening school teacher under the Board of Education. I passed my examination successfully and received a diploma for "character and learning" from the hands of the late John J. Jasper, then City Superintendent of Schools. When I approached School Commissioner DeWitt J. Seligman to help me get an appointment as teacher, he urged me to take a job in the office of the Board of Education instead. "What kind of a job?" I asked him. "Any job," he replied. "I want you to be on the inside of the executive departments; you can start in as driver for Mr. Debevoise, the superintending architect. He will take you, if I ask him—I have just helped to raise his salary." When I pleaded my ignorance of taking care of a horse, Mr. Seligman said to me with some impatience: "You Russians have no

practical sense; if you start now as a driver, you may some day become City Superintendent." Perhaps he was right, but I did not have his vision; so I asked him to satisfy my modest ambition to become a teacher. He gave me his card to Mr. Joseph Fettretch, a member of an uptown Board of School Trustees. Mr. Fettretch was a lawyer and a gentleman of the old school. Before endorsing me, he called at my rooms to see whether I was fit to teach. Thanks to him I was offered three night schools to pick from. I chose Public School No. 70 on Seventy-Fifth Street, of which Moses Moritz was principal. Mr. Moritz was a fine pedagogue, who took his job seriously. Unfortunately, he had too many jobs—at daytime, at night and on Sundays, besides writing school charts for teachers. As a result of his overwork, he died in the prime of life.

* * *

My labors in this school were very interesting to me. My class would start with a register of sixty or seventy pupils. Quite a number would soon get tired of sitting on the window sills or on the radiators and would drop out. My pupils were of all ages; youngsters of fifteen

as well as bearded patriarchs of seventy years. All races were represented—Germans, Bohemians, Hungarians, Russians, Poles and a few Turks. I had no difficulty in keeping order, but I found it hard to keep all of them awake, because nearly all came to school tired out after a hard day's work. But they were keen to learn and they did make rapid progress in spelling and reading. The flexibility of the English tongue and its idiosyncrasies were a wonder to them. Such expressions as "Post no Bills," "Watch your Pocket," or "Pocket your Watch," were puzzling to them, as they had been to me in my first year. Teaching night school after a day's work in my little shop was rather tiring, but the respectful attitude towards the teacher, which my pupils had brought over from abroad, and their appreciation of the teacher's efforts, were compensating elements. I kept on teaching for five years and resigned only because the school work deprived me of all other social contacts.

In later years I have had the satisfaction of meeting many of my former pupils who have become successful and prominent in many walks of life, local and national.

PART TWO

Idealists and Realists

XI

WELCOMING THE STRANGER

"And the stranger thou shalt not oppress, for ye know the heart of the stranger, remembering ye were strangers in the land of Egypt."

EXODUS, 23.9.

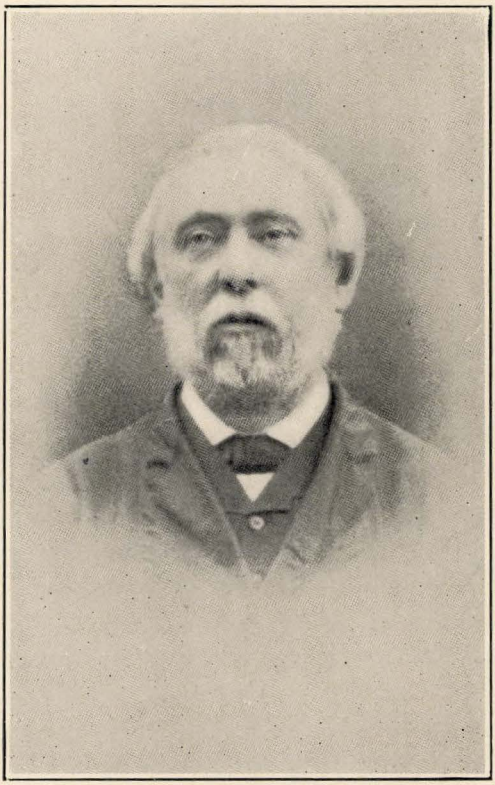
THE Russian pogroms in 1881-1882 caused a great influx of Jewish immigrants to the United States, most of whom stayed in New York. To provide for the poverty-stricken and unskilled new arrivals a committee of American Jews was formed with offices on State Street. The outstanding figure of this committee was Michael Heilprin, a truly remarkable man. Born in Russian Poland in 1823, he migrated to Hungary in 1842. He mastered the Hungarian language and became a Hungarian patriot, taking part in the revolution of 1848 with Kossuth. He made his escape to Paris and, after a stay in London, came to New York in 1856. Though self-educated, he was a profound scholar and a wonderful linguist and in a few years he achieved great success as a writer and reviewer for the *Nation* under A.

Lawrence Godkin, and for the British Encyclopedia. He was the father of Angelo Heilprin, the explorer, of Mt. Pelée fame, and of Louis Heilprin, the encyclopedist. Mr. Heilprin gave almost his entire time and energies to the work of aiding the Russian immigrants to secure employment. He raised funds for farm colonies in Oregon, Dakota, Louisiana and New Jersey.* He was indefatigable in his efforts to help the immigrants financially and spiritually. These efforts really hastened his end. A book published by his son-in-law, Gustav Pollak, entitled "Michael Heilprin and His Sons," is well worth reading. It tells a remarkable story of a great man and his family.

There were other kind Americans who were helpful to the Russian arrivals, in particular Samuel Greenbaum, M. Warley Platzek, Nathan Bijur, who have in later years graced the Supreme Court bench; also James H. Hoffman, the founder of the Hebrew Technical Institute, Philip Cowen, Manuel A. Kursheedt and Oscar Straus.

These men provided the newcomers with places for sociability and entertainment in the rooms of

* Two Russian emigrés acted as his advisors: Mr. Herman Rosenthal, a well-known writer and poet, and Dr. Paul Kaplan.



MICHAEL HEILPRIN

the Y.M.H.A. on East Broadway. They organized classes for the study of the English language and concerts on Saturday nights. When the rooms became too crowded, they took us to a building of the Five Points House of Industry. They picked from the *emigrés* young people with talent for music and encouraged them to study and practice their arts.

In later years a large building was put up on East Broadway and named first the Hebrew Institute, and later Educational Alliance. Isidor Straus was its president for many years and he gave the Alliance a great deal of his gifted mind and heart and of his means. Jacob H. Schiff was also deeply interested in the Alliance. Dr. Henry M. Leipziger, later Director of Public Lectures under the Board of Education, William C. Popper, Benjamin Tuska, Marcus M. Marks and Julia Richman were also interested in the various departments of the Alliance. The first headworker, Isaac Spectorsky, a man of radical tendencies, made the Alliance attractive to young people with progressive ideas. His successor, David Blaustein, was a Hebrew scholar, whose sympathies were rather with the older generation of Jews who found it difficult to adjust themselves to American conditions. These came to

him with problems of relations between old country parents and their American born children. Miss Bella Lindner (now Mrs. Henry Moskowitz), had charge of the girls who came in droves to the Alliance.

Isidor Straus once said that he had travelled all over the world and had seen stairways centuries old, but nowhere had he seen marble steps so well worn as in the Alliance building. This constant use of the Alliance gave him great satisfaction. The Alliance is still functioning well today for the present generation.

XII

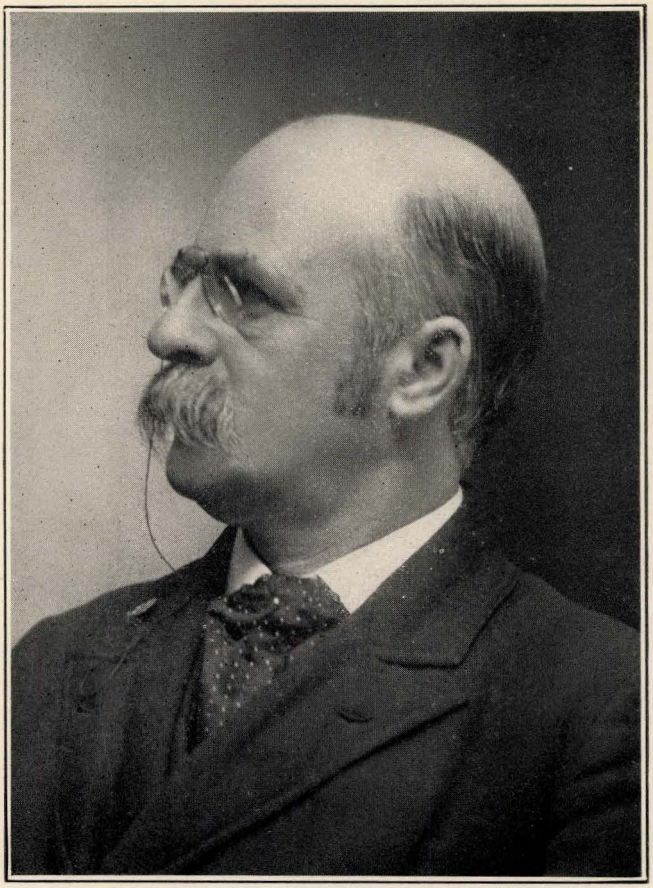
WILLIAM FREY AND EDWARD KING

"They that have left us
Are not afar; their presence
Is near and real,—A silent
And august companionship."

FELIX ADLER.

IT is but natural for recent immigrants not conversant with the language of their new country to stick together and to form their own circles for educational and recreational purposes. We had in the Eighties quite a number of these circles, leagues and societies. One of the groups which I joined was led by a unique personality, William Frey. He was born in Russia, was trained for a military career, and became professor of mathematics in a military academy in Petrograd. Rebelling against the despotic rule of the czars, he went abroad and spent several years in France and England. While in Paris he studied the philosophy of Auguste Comte. Discarding theology

and metaphysics as the basis of religion, Comte systematized the positive sciences, placing sociology at the apex of all these and raising Humanity as the object of worship to the throne of God. He regarded humanity as a living, growing and developing organism with all the attributes of the human organism. Comte founded in Paris the Church of Humanity, with a complete roster of saints, festivals and ceremonies, with himself as the high priest. Though gaining but few followers in France, Comte exerted a great influence on the English intellectuals of the Victorian age. Among his converts were George Henry Lewes, John Morley, Richard Congreve, Frederic Harrison, John Stuart Mill, and George Eliot. Like practical Britons they accepted Comte's philosophy, but they were slow in adopting his church. But Frey, like a true Russian, would make no compromises. He accepted Comte's philosophy and religion *in toto*. Frey's sincerity and his putting into practice his master's teachings had a great influence on the members of our group. He even converted many of us to vegetarianism—for a longer or shorter period. He emphasized Comte's principles:—"Order our Basis, Progress our Aim; Live openly; Live for others." Frey persuaded a number of Russian young men and



EDWARD KING

women to go with him to Oregon, where he founded a commune, based on Comte's teachings. His experiment lasted about two years. Finally he went to London, where he died.

Before leaving for Oregon, Frey turned over our group to another unusual personality—Edward King, a native of Scotland. He was also a Positivist, though not as dogmatic as Frey. His rare sense of humor saved him from any dogmatism or onesidedness. Though he was unfamiliar with the Russian tongue, and our knowledge of English was limited, Mr. King had the gift both of understanding our minds and of imparting to us the ideas of the most philosophical treatises in the simplest and clearest English. His simplicity and serenity exerted a calming influence on the minds of those of us who had been bewildered by the realities of our new life in America, as contrasted with our idealistic expectations.

* * *

I am greatly indebted to Edward King for drawing me out of exclusive communion with people of my own origin and throwing me into contact with outstanding men and women with American background and culture. Aside from

initiating me into the labor movement, he persisted in bringing me into relationships with bishops, priests, ministers, lawyers and persons of prominence in the advanced movements of the Eighties and Nineties.

I shall have occasion to name some of the people I have met. Most of them have already departed this life. I am inclined to think that the Americans I had the good fortune to meet thirty or forty years ago left no superiors in hospitality to strangers, in open-mindedness to new ideas, in kindly disposition to study the foreign born and to help them to understand the why and wherefore of their adopted land.

The recent tendency to bait and nag the foreign born is altogether new to this country. This peculiar post-war method of "Americanization" is, in my opinion, responsible for the failure of the proverbial "melting pot" to melt satisfactorily.

XIII

STANTON COIT, CHARLES B. STOVER AND THE SETTLEMENTS

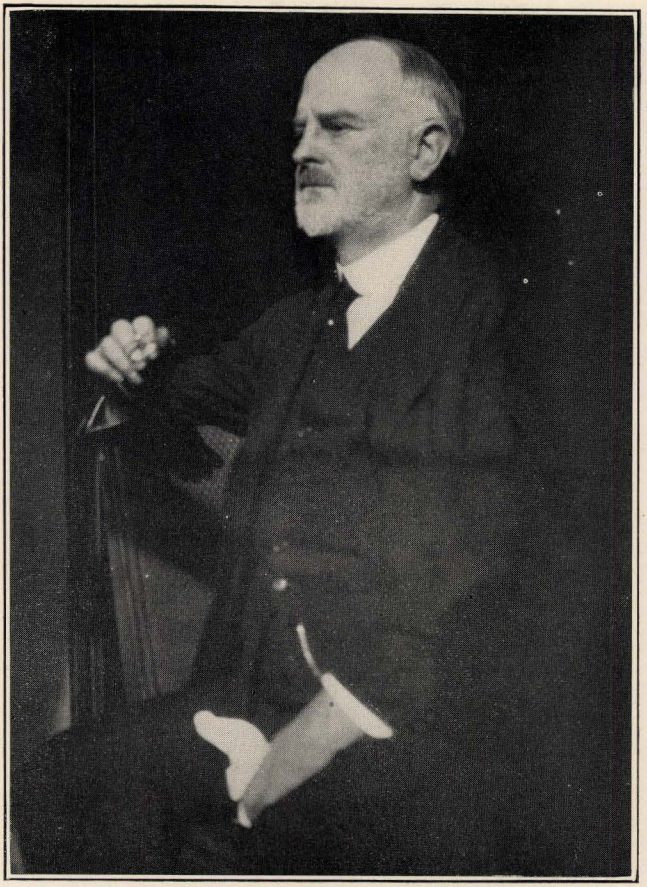
"Were the last foreigner to come among us be Americanized, still there would remain the everlasting problem of making the native born into men."

IN the early Eighties, before the great incursion of Russian immigrants to the lower East Side, the streets close to the East River were the abode of well-to-do Americans of German and Irish descent. East Broadway, east of Market Street, was a broad promenade, lined with trees. The houses were mostly two or three story, well-built structures. One can still see remnants of these fine houses near Scammel and Montgomery Streets. Henry Street, Madison Street, Jefferson Street, Rutgers Place, were all private residential neighborhoods, with shady trees and front courtyards. But Monroe, Cherry, Canal, Ludlow, Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, Broome and other streets contained tenements of unblessed memory and

unsavory reputation. To provide better housing for wage-earners, a group of model tenement houses was built on Cherry Street in 1885 by a philanthropic corporation with Professor Felix Adler and Professor Edwin R. A. Seligman as its promoters. These tenements were in their day almost palatial in their equipment as compared with the dark, unsanitary tenements of the prevailing type. They had a combined assembly room, used as a free kindergarten for children in the daytime and as a social meeting room for adults in the evening. There were also a roof garden and a co-operative supply store. While living here, I met Charles B. Stover, who was director of the model tenement enterprize.*

My friendly acquaintance with Mr. Stover brought me into contact with the settlement movement at its very inception. In my early youth I read and heard of young educated men and women in Russia "going to the people." Sons and daughters of the nobility and of wealthy families gave up their luxurious homes and promis-

* Mr. Stover was succeeded by Dr. George M. Price, who in later years became Director of the Joint Board of Sanitary Control in one of the largest branches of the Garment Industry.



DR. STANTON COIT

ing careers to go into the villages and live with the humble ignorant peasants to save them from illiteracy and utter degradation. These adventurers were naturally looked upon with suspicion by the ruling classes, who knew that their power was safe only while the masses were kept in ignorance and superstition. My familiarity with the Russian movement made it easy for me to understand the aims of the founders of the University and College Settlements in New York.

The credit for founding the first "Settlement" in this country belongs to Dr. Stanton Coit, a remarkable man of fine idealism and broad vision. He was born in Columbus, Ohio, and was educated in Amherst. He continued his studies in the Berlin University, Germany. While in London Dr. Coit was impressed with the agitation led by Arnold Toynbee for improving the conditions of the working classes. The opening of Toynbee Hall with its educational and recreational opportunities for the London masses inspired Dr. Coit to try a similar experiment in his native country. On his return to America in 1886, he settled in New York and became associate leader of the Society for Ethical Culture, founded by Felix Adler. He took up his residence on the East Side, at

146 Forsyth Street, where he established the first Settlement in the United States. He first named it the Neighborhood Guild, but soon thereafter, on a closer association with universities and colleges, he renamed it as the University Settlement.

Among the first to join Dr. Coit in his novel experiment was Charles B. Stover, who also, on graduating from college, pursued his further studies in the Berlin University. When he visited Toynbee Hall in London, Stover found the key to his theological perplexities, so that on his return to America, when the pulpit was closed to him, he found his "calling" in social work with Dr. Coit in Forsyth Street.

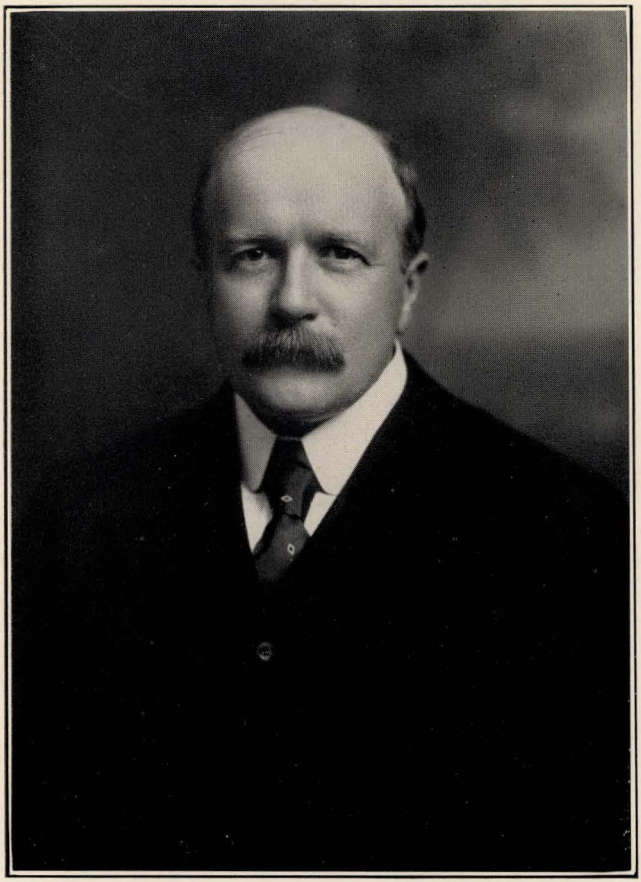
This tenement was just a shade better in sanitary respects than most of the other tenements on the East Side — bed-rooms without light and air; cesspool water closets in the yards facing the windows of the rear tenements. Children used to play in the filthy yards or on the dirty cobblestone paved streets. Youngsters of tender age mixed with gangsters of evil habits. On every block there were three or four cigar stores and "cider stubes" in the rear of which harlots plied their trade. These women even occupied rooms in tenements close

to decent families. Such was the habitat, the scenery and the atmosphere in which Coit and Stover established their first settlement.

Coit and Stover gathered around them a number of university graduates and students—men of education and culture, who came to help bring sunshine and refinement into the lives of the children of the neighborhood. A basement floor of the same tenement house was hired and fitted up as a free kindergarten during the day-time, and as a children's playground in the evening. It was also used as a meeting place for adults. Various clubs for educational and recreational purposes were organized, and before long every youngster in the vicinity clamored to "belong." The men and women who came to lead and instruct had no easy job to control and train the undisciplined youngsters who had been used to rough-house and skylarking; but before long the clubs became more orderly and imbued with a sense of the need of self-discipline. In 1887 Dr. Coit went to London and became the successor to Moncure D. Conway in South Place Chapel and later established the Ethical Church of Great Britain. Stover remained his successor as leader of the Neighborhood Guild. Before long a house at 147 Forsyth Street was hired and occupied by

a larger number of clubs for boys and girls. This house will always recall happy memories, because my lucky marriage was celebrated in its parlors. Leo Goldenberg, editor of *Free Russia* and the elder of our little community, officiated.

Stover turned his attention to the cleaning up of the neighborhood both in a physical and in a moral sense. Under his direction appeals to the city authorities to close up the dives and to clean up the streets were successfully made. The Settlement became the headquarters for all neighborhood needs and activities. Petitions for new tenement house laws, for opening the Metropolitan Museum of Art on Sundays, for the People's Choral Union, for municipal ownership of subways and other civic enterprises, were promulgated from the settlement house. Further growth necessitated removal to a larger house at 26 Delancey Street, and a few years later funds were raised for a building at 184 Eldridge Street, which houses today thousands of children and youths organized in countless clubs. The "residents" stay in the settlements for various periods; some a few months and others for years. They all contribute the best that is in them and take away with them a clearer understanding of how the "other half lives." During the very early days,



CHARLES B. STOVER

when, at the invitation of Dr. Coit, I lived in the first house, 146 Forsyth Street, as an observer, it was my good fortune to meet men and women of the finest character. I remember Miss Marian MacDaniel, a niece of Charles A. Dana, a sweet and cheerful personality, though she bore within her germs of a serious malady, which brought her to an early grave. I remember Elmer S. Forbes, an earnest and quiet worker. He left the Settlement to go into the ministry and is now connected with Unitarian church work in Boston. I also remember as workers, Bertha Johnston, James K. Paulding, James H. Hamilton, James B. Reynolds, Miss Mildred Conway, Morrison I. Swift, James G. Phelps Stokes, Hamilton Holt, Louis Stoiber, Robbins Gilman, E. Seymour, J. McG. Goodale, W. P. Thorpe and Rev. Robert Paddock.

* * *

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler aptly described the University Settlement as "a veritable light house on the East Side." But what mostly appealed to me in the Settlement was the mingling of children as well as of adults of all races and creeds and of all social grades without any self-consciousness or patronizing airs. Nor was there the slightest attempt to proselytize on the part of

the residents who came from divinity schools or from churches. True, in many cases these men, after a residence at the Settlement, would return to their churches, and, enriched by a new experience, would open settlement houses for their own respective denominations.

For many years the University Settlement was supported by the generosity of wealthy "uptowners," with Seth Low and President Butler as Chairmen of the Board. During the Great War the Settlement, like many other social service institutions, found itself in financial difficulties. Fortunately, at this critical point, Stover came to the rescue. He appealed to the many graduates from the Settlement—men and women who had become successful in their chosen careers. They quickly showed their appreciation of the benefits they had derived from the Settlement by large subscriptions and by assuming responsibilities through membership on the Council.* Not only have they helped to make the future of the Settlement safe, but they backed

* The latest illustration of the devotion of its Alumni is found in the opening this summer (1928) of one of the finest swimming pools in the Settlement Camp, due in part to the labor and gifts of Charles J. Cohen, an Alumnus member of the Council.



SWIMMING POOL AT THE UNIVERSITY SETTLEMENT CAMP, BEACON, NEW YORK

Stover in his upbuilding and improving the summer camp of the University Settlement at Beacon, New York. This loyalty of the graduates to the Settlement and to Stover is an outstanding proof of its great usefulness.

* * *

The success of the University Settlement at its very beginning inspired a number of high-minded college women to start a settlement run by women at 95 Rivington Street. The first leaders of the College Settlement were Miss Jean Gurney Fine (who later became Mrs. Charles B. Spahr) and Dr. Jane E. Robbins. Later came Miss Kingsbury (Mrs. Simkhovitch), and Elizabeth S. Williams. Miss Lillian D. Wald and her early comrade, Miss Brewster, studied settlement methods at the Rivington Street house and afterwards founded the Henry Street Settlement. Mrs. Simkhovitch later opened the Greenwich House and Dr. Jane E. Robbins helped to start settlements among the Bohemians and Italians. Miss Mary White Ovington has founded the Lincoln Settlement for colored people.

XIV

HENRY GEORGE

"He died in the struggle upon which he had enthusiastically entered to deal blows and willing to take blows in a conflict for the rights of men for universal justice." FATHER MCGLYNN

IN all my recollections of the decade of the Eighties I can hardly recall a man who has left a deeper impress on his generation than Henry George. Even today, thirty years after his death, his name is revered by many loyal followers, and his books are read all over the civilized world. True, in the younger generation the name of Henry George excites neither great enthusiasm nor bitter rancor, but in the Eighties when he came to New York, his name became a rallying battle cry. In his crusade for juster land taxation he stirred up great enthusiasms as well as bitter hatreds.

The story of Henry George should be of special interest to the printing craft, because, like

Benjamin Franklin, George started life as a printer, and almost to his last day he was very active as publicist, editor and author.

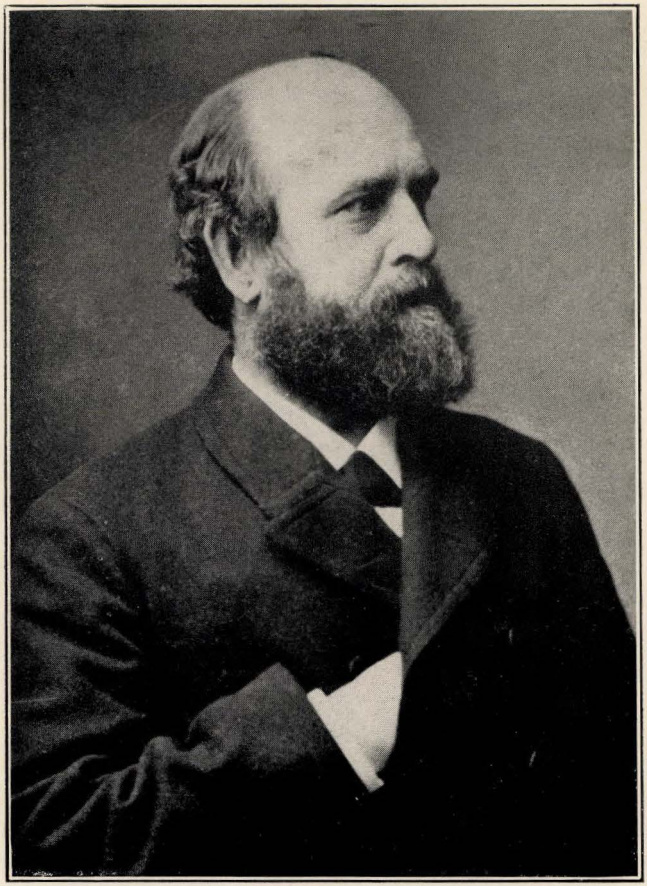
When George was eighteen years old, his father placed him in the printing shop of King & Baird, of Philadelphia, the city of his birth. He was to learn typesetting to improve his spelling, in which he was deficient. A year later, George worked his way as a sailor boy on a vessel bound for California, arriving there in 1858, at the end of the gold fever. He tried his hand for a while at gold-digging, but soon settled in Sacramento, where he worked in various print shops at small wages. At the age of twenty-one, he became foreman of the Sacramento *Home Journal*. A few years later, he started a small printing plant of his own in San Francisco, under the firm name of Trump & George.

While he was not successful as an employing printer, because of his restless temperament, his work as a printer and his contact with newspaper men gave him a splendid education and a preparation for his future life work as a publicist. He became deeply interested in social problems, and at the age of twenty-seven wrote his most famous book, "Progress and Poverty." The manuscript of this book, of which millions of copies were

printed in later years, was submitted to Appletons and Harpers in New York. Both firms refused to publish it because they thought it too radical. It was finally printed in San Francisco, George doing a good part of the typesetting himself. The publication of "Progress and Poverty" was the turning point in Henry George's life. His fame spread all over the world; the book was translated and printed in many languages.

Henry George exposed the evils of our present distribution of wealth. In his opinion, all the misery and poverty among the masses of the people were due to land monopoly. As a remedy, he proposed a single tax on land only, as the most practicable and far-reaching reform. When George came to New York in 1880 at the age of forty-one he attracted a great many followers, not only among the wage-earners and landless, but also among professional people and the well-to-do liberals. Henry George's physique and personal appearance were not distinguished, but his earnestness, sincerity and eloquence had such a magnetic power, that when hearing him speak one would feel ashamed of owning land or any kind of real estate. "The land for the people" was his war cry.

The landlords and propertied people were not



HENRY GEORGE

slow in attacking George as a dangerous agitator, but that made him more popular. In 1886 he received a petition signed by thirty thousand citizens to become candidate for Mayor of New York. (This was before the consolidation of all the five boroughs into Greater New York.) Henry George's candidacy caused Tammany to become panic-stricken and its leaders had to beg Abram S. Hewitt, though a sharp critic of its corruption, to run against George as its candidate. Theodore Roosevelt was the Republican candidate in that campaign. Of all the municipal political campaigns I have known since 1886, this was the most fascinating and thrilling. The George meetings in Cooper Union and elsewhere were like religious revivals, without the clownish antics of Billy Sunday. The religious atmosphere and fervor were imparted to these meetings by the magnetic presence of Father McGlynn. Even agnostics and avowed atheists were carried away by Dr. McGlynn's eloquent advocacy of Henry George's election, in order, as he put it, to establish on earth "the Fatherhood of God" and the "Brotherhood of Man."

I had the good fortune to persuade George to address a meeting in the old "Ate" Assembly District. Some people sought to dissuade

George from going to the East Side, because they claimed it would be useless to spend time in a district where the votes were openly bought and sold by "Silver-Dollar" Smith and his gang of political roughnecks. This was largely true. There were no official ballot sheets in those days. Each party printed its own ballots and distributed them among the voters. The political workers carried them in white cotton bags and stood in hallways with dollar bills between their fingers. George used his own judgment and addressed a great meeting on Stanton Street. He chose for his subject, "The Land Laws of Moses." The results on election day showed that the Eighth Assembly District gave George almost the largest vote of any district. The complete returns of that election showed that George received 68,110 votes; Theodore Roosevelt 60,435; and Hewitt, 90,552.

* * *

While I joined heartily in the admiration paid to George by thousands of his followers, I was not then, nor have I since become, convinced of the efficacy of the single tax as a real cure for the ills society is suffering from. It seems to me that in our highly complicated industrial life, with thou-

sands of conflicting interests, there can be no panacea to solve all our problems. Nevertheless, it must be stated that George has not written or spoken in vain. In the first place, by his emphasis on the wrongs of land monopoly and unequal taxation, he succeeded in bringing about a law in New York State compelling taxation to the full value. Formerly vacant land was taxed a nominal fee, while today it is taxed almost to its cost. Moreover, it was Henry George who urged the introduction into this state of the Australian voting ballot, which has reduced fraudulent voting to a minimum. And, last but not least, by force of his eloquent appeals, he roused the younger generation of the educated and well-to-do classes of his day to a sense of civic duty to their state and their city, and laid the foundation for a later revolt against the corrupt methods of the old political parties. This revolt gave us Mayors like Strong, Low, Gaynor and Mitchel.

* * *

The names of outstanding men and women who rallied under Henry George's banner would fill a large book. I can mention only a few. I recall Ernest H. Crosby, one of nature's noblemen. Belonging by family connections to what

is called "high society," he was a true democrat at heart, and was actively connected with every worth-while movement for human betterment. He was never afraid to stand up and be counted with a minority working for an unpopular cause.

Ernest Crosby was the son of Rev. Howard Crosby, a prominent Presbyterian minister. He served as Assemblyman in the New York legislatures of 1887-89. Subsequently he was appointed by President Harrison as a member of the International Court at Alexandria, Egypt. While there he became deeply interested in the religious philosophy of Count Leo Tolstoi as expressed in his old-age writings. After a visit to Tolstoi's home at Yasnaya Polyana, Crosby changed his former attitude towards life and its meaning, and became a convert to Tolstoi's non-resistance ideas. He devoted the remaining years of his life to writing and lecturing against war and against the use of force among nations or any groups of men. He died January 3, 1907.

Charles Frederick Adams, an authority on international law and in recent years secretary to the President of the Borough of Brooklyn, was another of George's followers. Louis F. Post, Assistant Secretary of Labor under President

Wilson, compiled and published together with Fred. C. Leubuscher a book containing the speeches and letters of Henry George and Abram S. Hewitt during that memorable mayoralty campaign. Old as it is, it makes interesting reading today.

John Swinton, formerly managing editor of the *Times* and the *Sun*, was a most picturesque and striking figure in American journalism. He gave up a lucrative position as editorial writer on *The Sun* and devoted himself to publishing a weekly called *John Swinton's Paper*. The vocabulary and style of his writing were peculiarly his own and inimitable. He published his weekly until all his savings gave out.

My fellow-craftsman, Robert Shalkenbach, recently deceased, showed his loyalty to Henry George and his teachings by a bequest of a considerable sum to the small but undaunted number of followers of George, who persist in keeping up the single-tax propaganda.

Hugh O. Pentecost gave up a large fashionable church in Newark to work with George in New York. His was a very attractive personality. He was a seductive speaker, but he promised to bring the millenium on this earth in too short a time.

Others were Professor Daniel de Leon*, lecturer at Columbia University on international law; James Redpath, editor of the *North American Review,* and founder of traveling lecture bureaus; Professor Thomas Davidson, a writer on Greek philosophy, who taught crowded discussion classes of working men on the East Side; Professor J. B. Scott, of the College of the City of New York; John J. Murphy, Bolton Hall, founder of Free Acres, N. J., Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, J. W. Sullivan, John DeWitt Warner, Charles F. Wingate, founder of Twilight Club, Fred W. Hinrichs, John S. Crosby, Frederic C. Howe, Lawson Purdy, all caught the magnetic flashes of Henry George and supported him in his campaign.

* * *

But I must return to Henry George himself. After his defeat as candidate for Mayor, an attempt was made to form a permanent political organization, called the United Labor Party. But it did not last long. The variegated elements composing it would not mix well. The Socialist Party, which had supported George in the preced-

* Soon after the George Campaign, De Leon attached himself to the left wing of the Socialist Party and to the end of his days championed the cause of the I. W. W.'s.

ing campaign in order to strengthen their own propaganda, soon discovered that George (like La Follette in the last election) was more of an individualist than a socialist. So they dropped him, and returned to the job of boiling their fish in their own kettle. George retired into the quiet of the scholar's den to resume writing books, after a year's experiment with his *Standard.*

In 1897 he was persuaded again to enter the turmoil of political combat, by a group of progressive citizens, who believed that in a four-cornered fight George could be elected Mayor of Greater New York. The other candidates were Seth Low, General Tracy and Van Wyck. Henry George was warned by his physicians that his entry into the campaign would surely be fatal to him. His family also tried to dissuade him, but George answered that he was ready to die in the battle for a great cause. He opened his campaign with only a part of his former physical vigor. I was present on the platform of Cooper Union at a meeting he addressed, when right in the middle of his speech he stammered, put his hand to his head, and fell into the arms of the chairman. Despite this breakdown, he continued speaking in Queens and Brooklyn. After a second breakdown, he was taken to the Union Square Hotel, where he died

on October 28, a few days before the end of the campaign.

The tragic death of George was the sensation of the day throughout the country. The newspapers were full of eulogy of his great gifts and integrity. He was given a great public funeral preceded by ceremonies in Grand Central Palace. There was a night long procession of mourners following his remains, Colonel Waring acting as grand-marshal. Many prominent public men who had been loud in denouncing him during his life-time sought the honor of acting as his pall-bearers. Editions de luxe of his books were printed and bought by his rich opponents.

* * *

I have often wondered whether the tribute of respect paid to deceased disturbers of our self-sufficiency, like George, Gompers or La Follette, is due to the fact that these men being dead, can do us no more harm, or is it because the shock of death chastens us and reminds us that we are all frail mortals, each performing his task during his short span of life according to his gifts and his understanding of his task? Who can fathom the depth of the human mind?

At all events, it is well that we pause sometime to reconsider our views of public men though it be after they have passed away.



PROFESSOR FELIX ADLER

XV

FELIX ADLER

"As light is light when it strikes on objects, so life is life when it smites on other life. We live truly in our radiations. We grow and develop in proportion as we help others to grow and develop."

FELIX ADLER.

ON Sunday mornings we used to go to the meetings of the Society for Ethical Culture, then at Chickering Hall, Eighteenth Street and Fifth Avenue. The great attraction at these meetings were the addresses by Professor Felix Adler, the founder of the Society. Dr. Adler was then at the beginning of his career as an expounder of his ethical philosophy. His dissent from all theological dogma, and his faith in man's inner consciousness of the moral law appealed to me greatly. His eloquent denunciations of social and economic wrongs and his constructive remedial proposals aroused my admiration and I became a regular attendant at his meetings. Dr. Adler spoke in beautiful, clear, understandable English,

and that was no small help to me. In later years I was privileged to report his addresses for the *Leader* and that gave me an opportunity to gain a closer view of Dr. Adler. Though ordinarily austere, Professor Adler has a charming smile for those whom he favors with his confidence. He was a forerunner and pioneer in all movements for practical social betterment, and the Ethical Culture School which he founded is today recognized as the model for all private and public educational institutions. The celebration in 1926 of the fiftieth anniversary of the Society was an occasion of public congratulation on both its educational achievements and its founder.

Professor Adler's influence and leadership have spread far and wide beyond the limits of our city and country. The American Ethical Union, which he founded, consists of Ethical Societies in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago and St. Louis. Affiliated with it also are societies in Germany, Austria, France and England, the organization of which Professor Adler inspired.

It is significant that Theodore Roosevelt, when President, designated Dr. Adler as the American Exchange Professor to the German Universities.

In particular one remembers the discussions on Sunday evenings of current questions held in the rooms of the Workingmen's School (as the Ethical School was at first called) by the Young Men's Union of the Ethical Society, when for instance, the two Samuels—Untermyer and Gompers—would discuss labor conditions from opposite viewpoints, to the keen enjoyment of the audience.

XVI

LILLIAN D. WALD

An idealist of the purest kind yet always the most practical of realists.

TO know her is a privilege. To count her as a friend is good fortune. For she is a rare woman, blessed with a keen discriminating mind, and warm, kind heart. To an air of old-fashioned dignity she adds the charm of democratic simplicity and sincerity. Her great talent for systematic organization has not hardened her tender personal touch.

A visit to her "House on Henry Street" is a thing to remember. The furnishings seem to breathe an air of friendly refined hospitality. There rich and poor are made to forget their material difference.

It is more than thirty-five years since Miss Wald came to New York as a graduate in nursing, opened the House, and began serving the people of her neighborhood both as a physical and spiritual nurse. Before long her House became a



LILLIAN D. WALD

radiating center of energizing influence for every worth-while movement for civic betterment throughout the entire city. Much has been written of the vast free nursing service which she organized, spreading from the Bronx to the Battery. Her own book "The House on Henry Street," issued on the twenty-fifth anniversary of her coming to New York, gives one a certain insight into her character and purposeful life. But few are wholly familiar with the extent of Miss Wald's broad sympathies, her manifold interests and many-sided activities.

Though receiving her main financial support from the rich, she has never concealed her radical views as to the unjust distribution of wealth and its consequences. Always fighting for the underdog in life's battles, she has befriended all sincere fighters for a square deal in industry, and for the maintenance of the old-fashioned American ideas of free speech, free press and free public assembly. No wonder her name appears on the blacklist of the super-patriots, linked together with Chicago's greatest woman, Jane Addams. Her house is a veritable *salon* where distinguished artists, intellectuals, statesmen, captains of industry and proletarians meet and converse without formality or affectation.

FATHER McGLYNN

"No monk was he—no cloistered soul,
But one who warred for righteousness
Where'er humanity might press,
Where'er its troubled stream might roll."

JOSEPH DANA MILLER.

I CANNOT fully account to myself as to why Father McGlynn made so deep an impression on my mind. As a lover of history and biography I have read a great deal about church martyrs; I have been stirred by reading of Spinoza, Savonarola, Giordano Bruno, Galileo, and others. Yet Father McGlynn, who fortunately had suffered only moral and mental torture, clings closer to my memory. Perhaps one reason is that I lived through the most dramatic period of his life and saw his fine beaming face, and heard his charming eloquence. Another reason is, that at the time I met him I was in my youthful, impressionable age.

The Reverend Edward McGlynn was born in New York, in 1837. For twenty-one years he was priest and rector of St. Stephen's Church on East 28th Street. He became involved in a seri-

ous controversy with Archbishop Corrigan because of his open advocacy of the election of Henry George as Mayor of New York in 1886. But that was not his first offense. He had been previously rebuked by Cardinal McCloskey when he refused to build a parochial school in connection with his church. His reason for this refusal was that he believed that the common schools were the cornerstone of American institutions, and that parochial schools of any denomination tended to segregate children into separate social groups, which prevented mutual understanding and comradeship in their maturer lives. To quote his own words:

> "The American people for many a day have very justly looked upon the public schools as the palladium of their liberties, as one of the most necessary, if not the most necessary of conditions for the maintaining of justice, for the preservation of the republic. It has got to be peculiarly an American institution, of which we are, as a people, justly proud. It fosters and promotes the usefulness of the American citizen. It is one of the greatest and most potent instruments for building up and

maintaining one great, free, common nationality."

"If I could reach the mind and heart of the whole American people—if I could reach them as a commonwealth, as a political and social community, I would say: 'Cherish your public schools. Listen not to their enemies, no matter whence they come. Make your schools as complete, perfect and adequate and satisfactory as you can in every respect.'"

The Catholic authorities regarded his views as contumacious, but bided their time to reckon with him. When, however, Father McGlynn became a convert to the Single Tax theory of Henry George and electrified audiences with his eloquence at Cooper Union meetings, certain Catholic laymen high in Tammany Hall councils complained to Archbishop Corrigan against McGlynn's teachings, which, they claimed, attacked property rights and incited the poor against the rich. The Archbishop ordered Father McGlynn to cease his land propaganda. He replied that his preaching of the Single Tax was not contrary to the tenets of the Catholic Church, and that he would not permit any interference with his rights

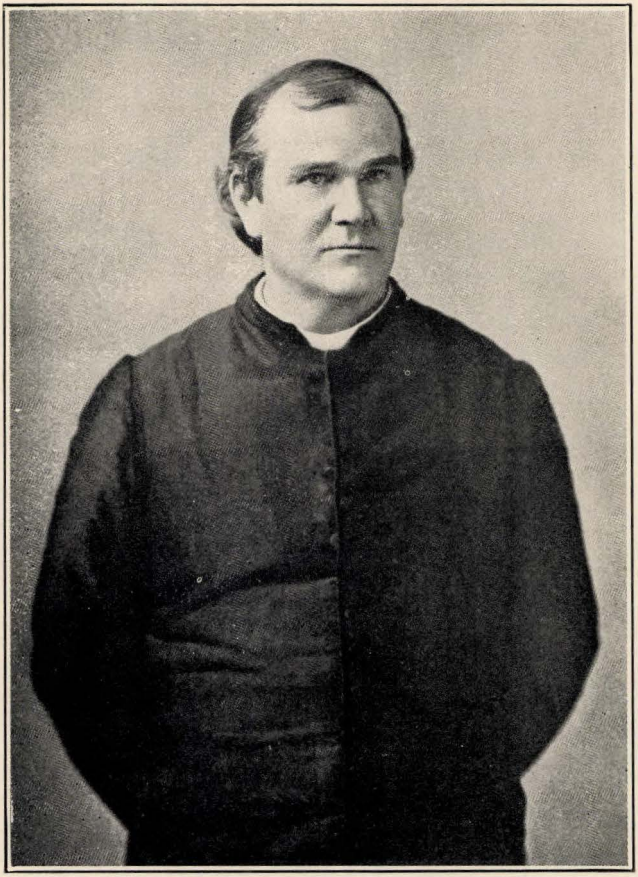
as an American citizen. The Archbishop suspended McGlynn from his priestly duties and sent charges against him to Rome. Father McGlynn continued to appear side by side with Henry George at campaign meetings. In one of his speeches he expressed his hope that some day the head of the Catholic Church—an American Pope—would be seen walking on Broadway. He soon received a command to come to Rome and defend himself in person. He refused to obey the summons, declaring in the words of Daniel O'Connell, that he would take his religion from Rome, but not his politics. This declaration only added fuel to the fire, and soon news of his excommunication reached New York. McGlynn was evicted from his Church and parish house, and the story goes that one day, when found praying in a rear seat, he was ordered from the church edifice.

On Sunday, March 14, 1887, when the bull of excommunication was read in all the Catholic churches, two great protest meetings were held in the evening, at the old Academy of Music and at Irving Hall. Both places were packed with Father McGlynn's former parishioners, who had formed an organization called the Anti-Poverty Society, with Dr. McGlynn as its president

and Sylvester Malone as its active organizer. Father McGlynn appeared at the two meetings and repeated his defiance of Rome in ringing words. The Anti-Poverty Society held meetings every Sunday night at the Academy for a long time, and they had the aspect of Church congregations. As a protest against the excommunication a night parade was organized in which more than forty thousand people participated.

The loyalty to Father McGlynn of his former parishioners and the following he gained among non-Catholics could not sufficiently ease his anguish over his separation from the Church he loved so well. For he was spiritually a Catholic and to a discerning eye he seemed like a fish out of water when mingling exclusively with Protestants and non-believers.

Father Ducey, Father Malone and Dr. Burtsell, the latter a recognized authority on canonical law, defended Father McGlynn openly. Father Burtsell was punished by Archbishop Corrigan by removal to a small country church. Nevertheless, many influential Catholics pressed McGlynn's case in Rome and pleaded for his restoration and their efforts began to show results. Evidently the Catholic hierarchy both at Rome and in New York were disturbed over the continued



FATHER EDWARD McGLYNN

agitation in favor of Dr. McGlynn. When Monsignor Satolli arrived in New York in 1889 as the Pope's representative at the inauguration of the Catholic University in Washington, he telegraphed to Father McGlynn asking him for an interview. But they failed to meet because Father McGlynn was then outside the city on a lecture tour. Three years later, in 1892, Archbishop Satolli returned to this country as the Pope's Ablegate to the Catholic Church in America, he received Dr. Burtsell and told him that he had been commanded to inquire into McGlynn's case, and that he had full power to settle the affair. Dr. Burtsell presented to him McGlynn's views of the Single Tax doctrines, and after they were submitted to four Catholic theologians in Washington, who declared them as not containing anything contrary to Catholic teachings, Archbishop Satolli, on December 23, 1892, declared Father McGlynn "free from ecclesiastical censures and restored to the exercise of his priestly duties." In June 1893, McGlynn went to Rome and was cordially received by Pope Leo XIII, thus confirming his reconciliation with him.

I was present at the meeting in Cooper Union which Father McGlynn addressed on his return

from Rome, when, with a radiant face and ringing voice, he said that "if anyone stated that he had won his restoration by recanting, the mildest term he could use was that the statement *was not so.*" He proclaimed that to his last day he would preach the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man in his American way. He was sent to St. Mary's Church in Newburgh, where he served until his death in 1900.

Father McGlynn's death caused an outburst of genuine grief throughout the country. Protestants and Jews, as well as Catholics, mourned the loss of this great and kindly soul. His body was brought to New York and lay in state in his beloved St. Stephen's Church where more than 45,000 persons took a parting look at their bebeloved priest and friend. The highest dignitaries of the Church, including Archbishop Corrigan, attended the funeral ceremonies.

Father McGlynn's many friends raised funds for a statue which on completion was offered to the City of New York. But, after so many years, our city authorities have not found a place for it acceptable to the friends of Father McGlynn.

XVIII

THE SOCIAL REFORM CLUB

"We live in our activities, in our influence. The success or failure of life is determined, not by our conditions, but by the effort we put forth despite our conditions." FELIX ADLER.

THE Social Reform Club was formed for the interchange of views between employers and representative labor leaders. When I joined it in 1894, the membership was about equally divided between the two classes. Reverend Dr. Lyman Abbott, Professor Felix Adler, Jacob A. Riis, John N. Bogart, Josephine Shaw Lowell, Lillian D. Wald, Edward King, Charles B. Stover, Charles B. Spahr, James K. Paulding, Mrs. Florence Kelley, Leonora O'Reilly and a host of others were members. Ernest H. Crosby was its first president. Meetings were held in a couple of rooms at 28 East Fourth Street. Discussions of the problems of the day were usually opened by a speaker conversant with the subject

and another speaker would reply with his views from a different angle. Theoretical or futuristic problems were excluded. The Club, because of its serious minded and substantial membership, exerted quite an influence on legislation affecting labor conditions. The passing by Congress of one of the most important series of laws bearing on the treatment of sailors was due largely to an investigation made on behalf of this Club by Charles B. Stover and James K. Paulding, assisted by Andrew Furuseth of the Sailors' International Union. These laws compelled a complete change in the treatment of sailors on sea or in port. It put a stop to the previous frequent brutality of captains and shipowners towards their crews.

This large result of the Club's activity on behalf of sailors grew directly out of the above Committee's espousal of the cause of the crew of the "T. F. Oakes," which had arrived at the Port of New York in the Spring of 1897, with all its crew either dead or sick unto death of scurvy, due to the captain's utter indifference to the needs of his crew.

Another important piece of legislation had its origin in the Social Reform Club due mainly to the activities of one of its members, Miles M.

Dawson, who framed the New York State Compensation Insurance Law and fought it through to a successful passage. It took several years of strenuous agitation to secure a satisfactory law.

I remember one very exciting evening at the Club with Theodore Roosevelt, then Police Commissioner. He came to speak about police reform in New York. I happened to act as secretary of the meeting. Colonel Roosevelt spoke extemporaneously about the various things he had accomplished as Police Commissioner; such as closing saloons on Sunday, stamping out dives, driving out suspected crooks, etc. At the close of his address, Moses Oppenheimer, a former Socialist deputy in the German Reichstag, obtained the floor and read from typewritten sheets a scathing attack on Roosevelt's policies and methods. Commissioner Roosevelt fairly boiled with wrath and showed his famous teeth in a threatening manner. When Oppenheimer's critique was greeted with some applause, Col. Roosevelt jumped up and paid his compliments to Oppenheimer in true Rooseveltian fashion. He was mollified only after I offered a resolution of thanks to him for his address. As a sequel to this meeting two things happened. The newspapers of the following morning carried Oppenheimer's attack

on Roosevelt in full, with big display headlines. When Roosevelt read the papers he wrote to his friend Jacob A. Riis, requesting him to resign from the Club. Also as a result of his violent criticism of Roosevelt, Oppenheimer shortly received an appointment as Deputy Controller, under Tammany. Subsequently he was ousted from this office by Comptroller Grout on charges of insubordination.

* * *

With the formation of smaller discussion groups in various parts of the city, the Social Reform Club went out of existence, but with a record of useful and far-reaching service.



JOSEPHINE SHAW LOWELL

AUGUSTUS SAINT GAUDENS

XIX

JOSEPHINE SHAW LOWELL

"In memory I see that brooding face
That now seemed dreaming of the heroic past
When those most dear to her laid loyal lives
On the high altar of freedom; and again
That thinking, inward-lighted countenance
Drooped, saddened by the pain of humankind,
Though resolute to help where help might be,
And with undying faith illuminate."

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

NO recollections of the Eighties would be complete without mentioning Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell. For this remarkable woman had in her quiet way devoted a lifetime to the advancement of women, especially workingwomen. Though by birth and family connections a patrician, she showed by her sympathies and activities a rare democratic spirit. At the age of twenty she lost her husband, Colonel Charles Russell Lowell, who was killed in action, in the Shenandoah Valley, in the Civil War. She took her great loss as a sacrament, and gave up

the rest of her life to serving the weak and unfortunate of her sex.

For thirteen years she was a member of the State Board of Charities, as an appointee of Gov. Tilden; in her official position she brought about many changes in the treatment of women in public institutions. She was one of the founders of the Charity Organization Society, organized not merely for temporary relief of the indigent, but rather for systematizing charity work and to make it more effective by study and close attention to applicants for charity. Her labors in this field led her to the conclusion that most of the cases of misery and destitution brought to the doors of charitable institutions were mainly caused by wrong economic conditions, such as underpayment and unsanitary working conditions. She then became interested in the relations between labor and capital.

She was an interested member of the Social Reform Club, where these problems were discussed impartially by representatives of both classes. Together with Mrs. Maud Nathan she founded the Consumers' League for the purpose of educating the public to the need of buying goods only from fair shops and factories. (This splendid institution has broadened into a na-

tional organization, with Mrs. Florence Kelley as its Secretary). In her later years Mrs. Lowell was particularly interested in promoting arbitration and conciliation between employers and employees, in order to prevent needless and wasteful strikes.

In her time the Woman's Suffrage movement was still in its primary stage. But without striving for the voting privilege, Mrs. Lowell was successful in promoting many legislative reforms affecting women and children by pressure of an enlightened public opinion. She organized the Woman's Municipal League, which made an earnest effort to induce women to interest themselves and study matters affecting their municipality.

There stands a beautiful fountain in Bryant Park in the rear of the New York Public Library. This fountain was given to the city in 1912 by friends of Mrs. Lowell as a memorial to her noble public spirit. I can best conclude my tribute to Mrs. Lowell by quoting the following lines from the address of the late Seth Low, former Mayor of New York, who presented the fountain to Mayor Gaynor and Park Commissioner Stover:—

> "For more than fifty years she continued to give lavishly everything that was in her,

time and service and all her wealth of mind and heart, to the people of this Country for whom she as bravely and cheerfully lived, as her Husband and Brother had bravely and cheerfully died. This is the manner of woman, Mr. Mayor, of whom this sparkling fountain will beautifully sing; and its song shall be like the song of The Brook; and like the song of her own triumphant Spirit, 'Men may come, and men may go; but I go on forever.' "

XX

THE EAST SIDE CIVIC CLUB

He who is true to his neighborhood
Is true to his city and to his country.

THE East Side Civic Club was an association formed by residents and business men for the purpose of securing needed improvements for the lower East Side. Many of the younger men had gained experience appropriate to this work in the Chadwick Civic Club, which was organized in the University Settlement, under Charles B. Stover and Edward King. Paul Abelson, Henry Moskowitz, Louis Lande and Emil Fuchs were among the active organizers.

A number of "uptowners" interested in the welfare of the East Side were "contributing" members. Among them were Fred M. Stein, Joseph M. Price, Wm. English Walling, George W. Morgan, Robert E. Simon, Jacob De Haas,

Elias Cohn, James K. Paulding and Alexander Mayper. The Club was strictly non-political, being devoted solely to the discussion of practical measures for local civic betterment. I was induced to serve as president for one year, with Stover serving as secretary. My duties as president left me little time to attend to my own business, as we held frequent meetings at the Club, and also attended many meetings of the Board of Estimate, on the calendar of which were many items of interest to the East Side. Improved transit service, street-cleaning, more school buildings, push cart markets, small parks and playgrounds were our constant demands. Although we did not get all we demanded, we were always treated with consideration and courtesy by the Board, who recognized that we knew what we wanted and that our demands were not unreasonable.

The most important enterprise we were engaged in and which we brought to a successful conclusion, was the laying out of Delancey Street as a parkway. When Delancey Street was widened to provide a parkway from the Williamsburg Bridge, the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company demanded that it should be permitted to continue its tracks from the bridge on an elevated structure through

Delancey Street to the Bowery. The East Siders were up in arms against this, and our Club determined to use every effort to prevent the turning over of Delancey Street to the B. R. T. for a car yard. It was a strenuous battle. The B. R. T. used its publicity bureau to good effect; it secured the support of the Brooklyn newspapers and even persuaded the clergy of Brooklyn to preach Sunday sermons on the need of an "L" road on Delancey Street for the comfort of Brooklyn passengers. We, on the other hand, held public meetings, distributed circulars and gathered petitions by the thousands, which we presented to the old Rapid Transit Commission, presided over by Alexander Orr. The Commission held many hearings which were alternately packed by the B. R. T. and by our Club. Former Transit Commissioner Edward M. Bassett* was the leader of the Brooklyn protagonists of the B. R. T. plan. Fortunately we had the support of three members

* By a strange coincidence three years later, when I settled in Brooklyn, I had to lead an opposition movement to Com. Bassett's proposed plan for the construction of an "L" road along Nostrand Avenue. However, to his credit be it said, that he surrendered gracefully to our opposition and laid out a subway instead, which is now used as a continuation of the Seventh Avenue, Interborough line into Flatbush.

of the Board, Charles Stuart Smith, Morris K. Jesup and John M. Starin. The last named stood adamant against the demands of the B.R.T. advocates and told them that he was ready to talk subways with them, but not "L" roads.

Our fight lasted more than two years, but we won in the end, and the parkway on Delancey Street stands as a monument to our efforts. I must admit, however, that our success was in some measure due to the secret wire-pulling of the Interborough Rapid Transit officials, who were very anxious to prevent the B. R. T. from getting a foothold in Manhattan. We were quite unaware at the time of the Interborough manipulations.

Under Mayor Gaynor and Park Commissioner Stover grass plots were laid out, trees planted and a promenade with park seats opened in the center of Delancey Street. As a mark of respect for the public spirit of the late Jacob H. Schiff, Delancey Street was renamed as the Schiff Parkway.

Another important purpose which the Club helped to promote was the purchase by the city of part of Neponsit beach and grounds in the Rockaways for the Jacob A. Riis Park. This project was first undertaken by the Outdoor Recreation League and its president, Chas. B. Stover. After

many years' effort the city took over the property. Unfortunately, during the last war the Navy Department took part of this property for aviation purposes, and though the Department abandoned the place two years ago, the development of the park is still awaiting action by the City.

* * *

Because of the steady movement uptown and to Brooklyn the East Side Civic Club eventually disbanded. Some of its members joined the Grand Street Boys' Club in its gilded house west of Fifth Avenue. Gold-braided attendants guard its portals. There the "boys" play pinochle with mayors, senators, judges and city marshals. The meetings are opened with prayer by cardinals, bishops and rabbis. As the membership is ninety per cent. Tammany and ten per cent. Republican, politics is *verboten,* except in whispers. But the "boys" still take great pride in their *alma mater,* the East Side. They look back pensively to the roofs and fire-escapes of the old tenements which were their only fresh-air camps in the olden days. They also glory in the large contributions they make to charitable institutions, without discrimination as to race or creed.

Doubtless the angels in heaven will record this to their credit.

XXI

THE TWILIGHT CLUB

Come, let us break bread together and—talk.

THE Twilight Club was the pioneer dinner club in New York, if not in America. It was founded in 1883 by Charles F. Wingate, by profession a sanitary engineer. Mr. Wingate was highly versatile, sociable and civic-minded. His ruling passion was for the artistic, unique and picturesque. He was president, secretary, director and constitution of this unique Club which boasted of the fact that it had no constitution, no dues, no officers, no full dress and no boring speeches. Every subject under the sun was discussed at its dinners, from every angle. A list of the Club's members or of those who gathered around its dinner tables would read like a selected copy of "Who's Who" in oratory, business, law and politics of that period. Mr. Wingate had a talent for picking witty presiding officers as well as brilliant speakers. Their peculiar views didn't worry him. He rather liked cranks or people

with hobbies. "Tell us what's your hobby," he would say, "we will either ride it with you, or rid you of it."

* * *

I remember one of the dinners at which Wingate gave his guests a surprise by having Leo Hartman, the Russian terrorist, tell the story of how he and Sophie Perovskaya had mined with dynamite the railroad tracks near Petrograd, upon which Czar Alexander II. was to pass. A prize of $10,000 was set on the head of Hartman, but he escaped from Russia into England, from which country he was advised to go to a safer asylum. As this country was then the sanctuary for political refugees, he came to the United States, where he worked for many years as an inventor of electrical novelties. He reached a peaceful end in a Western state.

* * *

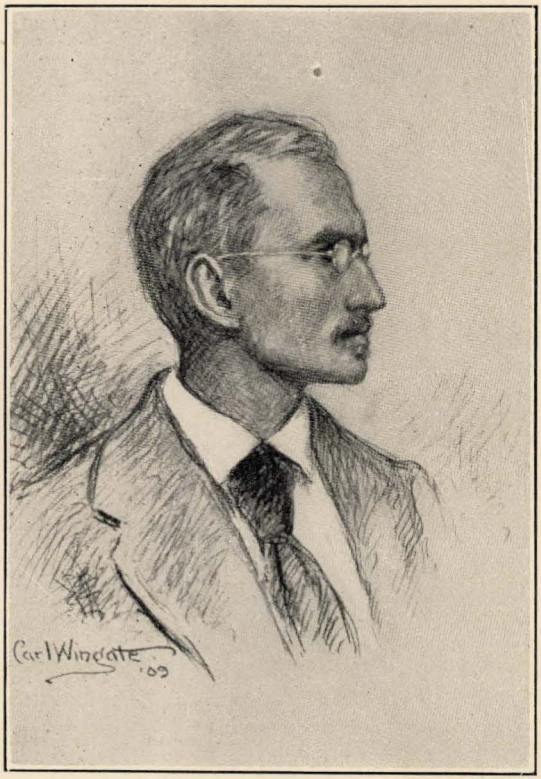
I spent two very interesting years with Mr. Wingate as his secretary. He was then employed by the New York *Morning Journal* (a newspaper owned by Albert Pulitzer) to make a survey of the tenements of New York. Together with another young man I inspected almost every tenement house on Manhattan Island, from 59th Street to the Battery. My job was to make a com-

plete record of the number of families in each tenement, its sanitary conditions, the number of infectious cases annually, and the mortality. Mr. Wingate would elaborate my reports and write up startling stories for the *Morning Journal.* While inspecting some tenements on Ludlow Street I took away with me a fine case of malaria which stayed with me for several years. But that was all in the day's work.

As a result of our survey and Mr. Wingate's articles, public opinion was aroused to the need of tenement house reform. The Legislature appointed an investigating commission and, upon its report, tenement house laws were passed, which brought about a great change in the building of new apartments and tenements.

Mr. Wingate would surely have been appointed tenement or health commissioner had he stuck to his job. But at that time he was persuaded to go to Haines Falls in the Catskills, to lay out an exclusive colony for professional people. He gave several years to this project, building up an artistic settlement, which he named Twilight Park. When he died, his remains were laid to rest in the beautiful park he had built.

A revival of the Club was later attempted, but it failed because the spirit of the Club had passed away with its founder.



CHARLES F. WINGATE

XXII

THE LIBERAL CLUB

A dogmatic self-sufficient liberal is only a shade better than his antagonist—the stand-pat fundamentalist.

A DIFFERENT kind of a club was the Liberal Club on Fifteenth Street. Most of its members were admirers of Colonel Ingersoll. A good many of them were readers of the *Truth Seeker,* the atheist publication. Those who attended the meetings of this Club enjoyed hearing speakers who would show up the fallacies of the Church and the sins of priests and ministers. Edward King used to delight in poking fun at the dogmatic atheists who advocated the uprooting of all religions and the razing to the ground of all churches. Occasionally, however, one would listen there to worth while addresses by such men as Courtlandt Palmer, Thaddeus B. Wakeman, and others of the positive kind; men

who knew something of the history and continuity of mankind, its changing gods, and its religious development.

Mrs. Cynthia Leonard, mother of Lillian Russell, was a frequent speaker at the Club. She was one of the forerunners of the militant Woman Suffrage movement.

* * *

Of other clubs which were prominent in the 'eighties, I recall the Century Club, which was the exclusive meeting place of the *literati.* Richard Watson Gilder, the poet, was the moving spirit of that Club.

* * *

The Social Science Club, started by Arthur Brisbane, father of Hearst's editorial genius, gave much promise of great results to follow its studies and researches, but it died very quietly after a few public meetings.

XXIII

COOPER UNION

Peter Cooper left to his fellow men: A Public Library, Arts and Science Classes and a Public Forum. What more enduring monuments can one leave to posterity?

COOPER Union is still sending out well-trained chemists, engineers, architects and artists. A diploma from Cooper Union is a highly valued parchment. But because of the spread of similar institutions it has lost some of the renown it had enjoyed in the Eighties and Nineties, when it was the pioneer in free technical and art education. In the days when I knew it first, Cooper Union had a hallowed name. I was fortunate to enrol in two classes while the venerable Peter Cooper was still alive. I remember seeing him walking with his cane down the stairs from the library floor, looking quizzically at the young men loitering in the broad corridors. His eyes seemed to tell us not to idle away our time, but to go into the classrooms. Saturday night used to be the great event, when gathered in the Great Hall, we listened to debates by the students un-

der the presidency of the dean, Prof. Zacchos. The subjects of the debates were mainly along literary lines. I could name quite a goodly number of men prominent in state and national affairs who received their first training in oratory and debate on the platform of Cooper Union.

Aside from its free library and art classes, Cooper Union is entitled to undying fame as the first public forum for the free discussion of city, state and national issues for almost a century. On its platform Abraham Lincoln delivered his first memorable address in the East. Here Horace Greeley thundered for the abolition of slavery. Here protest and indignation meetings were held by Republicans, Democrats, Socialists and Anarchists. John Most and Emma Goldman preached their favorite doctrines without hindrance, though closely watched by a hundred bluecoats.

Since 1897 the People's Institute has been holding Sunday night public forums, directed by Charles Sprague Smith and after his death, by Everett Dean Martin. For several years Walter and Frank Damrosch conducted in Cooper Union free symphony concerts with the most renowned artists. Prior to the erection of Carnegie Hall and other meeting places uptown, Cooper Union was the only Town Hall.

XXIV

THE ASTOR LIBRARY

Books are made by men;
Men are made by books.

WHENEVER I pass the present H.I.A.S. building on Lafayette Street near Astor Place, I cannot help regretting that the fine Astor Library which was formerly housed in that building, is no more. Many are the hours of the day and the night which I spent in that beautiful, majestically-columned building. It was indeed a haven of rest and a home for self-education for many generations. Whenever I was out of work, I would hie myself to its warm, high-ceilinged rooms, pick out my favorite books and forget myself until the bell rang. There was not much red tape there. The private alcoves were inviting, but these were not for dilettantes like me; they were occupied by bespectacled college men engaged in research work.

On the way out, I would linger in the lower hall and look at the statuary of the old Greeks and Romans — Sophocles, Socrates, Demosthenes, Julius Caesar, and others. They must have since been sold to second-hand antique dealers, for I still see the ancient figures standing in front of some junk shops on 28th Street. They look rather forlorn and badly chipped.

What a pity that this landmark of our city when Astor place was uptown is now gone forever! Gone with it is also the balcony of the old Colonnade Hotel, which was opposite the Library. On that balcony I enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. James Redpath—fine types of old New Yorkers.

When the Lenox, Astor and Tilden Libraries were consolidated and their books moved to the New York Public Library, the Astor Library was closed and then turned into an immigrant house —a splendid institution but not a fit successor to our old place of book-reading, the Astor Library.

XXV

POLITICS, THEN AND NOW

"Politics is as much abused a word as charity."

FATHER MCGLYNN

NEW YORK in the early Eighties was under complete control of Tammany Hall. Its leadership, from Croker down to the district captains, was on the lowest level. Saloon-keepers and vice profiteers were prominent in Tammany's councils. Ballot stuffing, repeating and strong-arm methods ran riot on election days. The Republican Party, regarded as the party of the wealthy and the highbrows, was then as now, in the minority. Occasionally, with the help of the County Democracy or Irving Hall Democracy, the Republicans would win a few city offices. There were sporadic attempts to put up independent Labor tickets, but in most cases they failed to win the union vote. The Socialists al-

ways had their own ticket, but as they had more orators than voters their vote was then quite negligible.

* * *

In 1886, when Henry George ran as the candidate of the United Labor Party, he received the full support of the trade unionists and the Socialists, besides that of his converts to the Single Tax. As previously stated, Richard Croker, scenting the danger of a real popular uprising, succeeded in nominating a foe of Tammany, Abram S. Hewitt, to run against George. Hewitt was elected by a rather slim majority over George. Roosevelt ran third. I took an active part in the George campaign, serving as delegate to the County Committee from the eighth district.

Henry George's campaign, though failing to elect him, gave an impetus to independent political movements, culminating in the first election of a fusion candidate, William L. Strong. George's appeal to the intellectual and wealthy young men to take an interest in city politics led to the establishment of the City Club and of Good Government clubs throughout the City. Men like Robert deForest, R. Fulton Cutting, W. Harris Roome,

Madison Grant, Wm. J. Schieffelin, John Jay Chapman, Isaac H. Klein, Joseph M. Price, Charles H. Strong, John Brooks Leavitt, George McAneny, broke away from their party allegiances and worked for fusion in municipal campaigns. It was in this campaign that William Travers Jerome won his spurs as a magnetic vote-getter. On the stump he really did not say anything startling, but his manner of saying it always caught the crowd. His popularity elected him twice as District Attorney. Nor should one forget to give credit to Dr. Parkhurst and Frank Moss for their great contribution to the election of Mayor Strong. Their sensational but effective exposé of commercialized vice under Tammany helped the Fusion movement very largely. Dr. Parkhurst's Vigilance League played an important part in this campaign.

The German Americans organized with their own banners under the leadership of Arthur von Briesen, Jacob H. Schiff, Ludwig Nissen, James Speyer, Percival Knauth and other prominent Germans, who were anxious to see New York a clean and orderly city. But they had to contend with Herman Ridder, of the *Staatszeitung*, who had a strong following among the Germans and who inclined towards the Democratic or Tam-

many wing. Even before election day Mr. Ridder became the real boss and was in a position to demand places on the ticket for his followers. The press used to refer derisively to the German politicians as "Garoos" and "Gazoos." The election in the same campaign of A. J. Tamsen as Sheriff and of Dr. E. Hoeber as Coroner supplied the newspapers with material for comedy and farce.

Mayor Strong did not prove in his appointments non-partisan but rather multi-partisan. He was much surprised when prominent workers of the Good Government clubs declined to take office under him, merely on principle. He believed that they were entitled to their share of the jobs.

Mayor Strong gave to the city the services of Theodore Roosevelt as Police Commissioner and of Colonel Waring as Street Cleaning Commissioner. Both of these men shed glory on Mayor Strong by revolutionizing their respective departments though they kept him under a constant nervous strain. On the whole, Mayor Strong's administration was a great improvement over Tammany rule. But the Republicans charged him with breaking anti-election pledges given to Tom Platt. They never forgave him for the ousting of some of Platt's close friends and

they hindered him whenever they could, with the result that at the end of Mayor Strong's term the Republicans did not fuse, and Tammany came back with Van Wyck. Four years later a new campaign brought about the election of Seth Low. At the end of his term, Tammany again got on top by the election of George McClellan.

* * *

In my study of the various political fusion movements, I have observed that in spite of solemn pledges made by the fusionists to disregard party lines in municipal campaigns, they do not stay "fused." Before long, the old party affiliations begin to pull them back to their respective party attachments. This happened to the Good Government clubs as well as to other non-partisan movements. The only organizations which have so far survived are the Citizen's Union and the City Club. These are held together by a handful of civic-minded people.

Nevertheless, even the intermittent attempts at fusion had their effect on Tammany, compelling it to put up a higher type of candidates. The retirement of Croker and of other Tammany braves of the old school brought to the front a different set of leaders and new political methods with a large share of "outward decency." The adminis-

trations of Gaynor and Mitchel have contributed largely to the social betterment of New York. Mayor Hylan, who gave us eight years of tumultuous excitement, should have it to his credit that he provided nearly one hundred and fifty new school buildings. In other respects he showed better obstructive than constructive abilities.

* * *

There is considerable doubt among disinterested people as to whether the change in recent years in Tammany methods is merely "window dressing" or a real change of heart. I wish that I could whole-heartedly testify to the latter. But who can be blind to the favoritism shown by Tammany to loyal party servers in small as well as in large affairs? One must bear in mind, however, that in our complex city life, there are but few citizens who do not require a protecting hand against the law or a favor of some kind, and it is commonly understood that the political leader or office-holder is the one to go to for protection or favors. Even the civic reformer or puritanic Republican runs to the politician for help when he is in trouble. This is to me the crux of all graft, favoritism and corruption. When men will cease looking for special favors in the courts, preferences for office or jobs, or other emoluments

which they could not get without influence, then graft and corruption will cease. Whether this ideal social state can be realized is another question.

Besides, it cannot be denied that what is charged to Tammany in New York may equally be applied to the Republicans in Philadelphia or Chicago. Moreover, the Tammany graft in New York is but "piker's pickings," compared with the Washington grabs during the Harding administration. But because of our love for names or slogans the word "Tammany" has become proverbial as a synonym for misgovernment.

* * *

The saddest thing about American politics, both local and national, is its low tone, its base level. "Everything is fair in love and war" is supplemented by the words "and politics." Parties which had been formed for carrying out great and important policies have long since lost their differentiation one from the other. To retain their offices and jobs no trick is too vile to be used in order to win an election. The American method of holding frequent elections was meant for spreading educational information about real issues and candidates. But millions are spent by both parties on false and misleading publicity.

What seems even worse to me is that the foreign language newspapers, the press that the newcomer or the foreign-born relies on for correct news of his new country, is generally bought up by one party or the other, and its readers are fed on prepared misrepresentations.* The readers of the foreign language press learn thus early that American politics is an insincere game.

* * *

However, one should not be too pessimistic about politics or about anything else in our young growing country. Now and then a Roosevelt or a Wilson secures the highest office in spite of the party bosses. And it is decidedly refreshing to see at this writing the nominations for the Presidency by both the Republican and Democratic parties of such eminently capable public executives as Hoover and Smith. The leaders of both parties have promised that their campaigns will be run on a high plane and that contributions and expenditures will be published in detail before election.

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* There are, of course, exceptions to this general charge. Many foreign language newspapers, such as the *Jewish Forward* (edited by Abraham Cahan), the *Volkszeitung,* and other independent papers, will not even accept advertisements from political parties not in consonance with their editorial policies. Other publications will sell space in their advertising columns but refuse to sell their editorial columns.

XXVI

LABOR IN THE EIGHTIES

Labor is not a mere commodity: behind everything produced by labor there stands the laborer—a human being with human wants.

LABOR conditions in the early Eighties were extremely bad. The great influx of immigrants gave employers their chance for greater production through exploitation, which they used to the limit. The union wage scales in most of the industries were about one-quarter of what they are now. In the unorganized trades wages ran from a dollar to two dollars a day for fifty-four and sixty hours a week. In the needle industry most of the work, except the designing and cutting, was done in sweat-shops run by small irresponsible contractors who distributed the work to men and women living and working in dark and filthy tenements. Children of tender age were used to sew on buttons or to pull out bastings. Now and then a contractor would abscond,

leaving the tenement workers without even the miserable wages due them for the week. Baking bread and making candy were done in basements and cellars of tenements.

Organized Labor, hard pressed by the immigrants who submitted to such conditions, raised an outcry full of bitterness towards all newcomers, culminating in a spread of racial hatreds and conflicts. A few enlightened citizens within the Labor movement and without, saw the dangers of these conflicts and tried to organize the workers in the various industries concerned. They were met, however, with the difficult task of finding competent leaders within the ranks of the lowest paid workers, who were ignorant of the English language, besides lacking the training required to match their wits with their astute and well organized employers.

Edward King and Samuel Gompers sought out from among the recently arrived Russian immigrants a few young men of intelligence and education and used them to help organize the workers of the East Side. I was one of the volunteers. For this purpose we organized a committee, called the Jewish Workingmen's Union, and we took up the task of arousing the lowest paid men and women to the need of bettering their conditions

through organization. As a result of our efforts almost every branch of industry was organized into a union. Our job was not an easy one; in many cases we had to serve as officers and leaders of very ignorant and undisciplined followers. Many a time we found it difficult to restrain them from breaking out into a strike before they were prepared to hold out to a finish.

One incident in connection with the great cloakmakers' strike against sweatshop work in 1885 impressed itself on my memory. Calling with a delegation on one of the largest cloak and suit manufacturers, the late Mr. Meyer Jonasson, we were received courteously, and during our conversation about terms of settling the strike he told us of his great interest in charities, especially in Mt. Sinai Hospital, which was treating many sick cloakmakers and members of their families. I ventured to suggest to Mr. Jonasson that if the cloakmakers were given better wages and better working conditions, there would be fewer patients in Mt. Sinai. Mr. Jonasson looked at me quizzically and asked me whether I had read Goethe in German. When I answered that I had read some of Goethe's works, he quoted to me: "Wenn der Sklave seine Ketten zersprengt, zerstört er die ganze Welt" ("Should the slave break his chains,

he will destroy the whole world"). I am not sure that his quotation was correct, but I fully understood his Nietzschean philosophy.

After a few years of effort the organizations we had helped at their start became better stabilized. More intelligent men from their own ranks came to the front and took hold of the management. Men like Joseph Barondess* and Meyer Schoenfeld worked like beavers to solidify and discipline their members, so that year after year the unions in the needle industry became more powerful and could force the abolition of the worst evils of the trade. When comparing the wages and hours of labor—(forty hours per week, five days' work)—of today with those prevailing in the 'eighties one is really astonished at the progress achieved.

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* As I write these lines, I am informed of the death of Joseph Barondess, after an operation, at the age of 63. During the past twenty years Barondess was actively engaged in Zionist and charitable activities to which he gave generously of his time and means. He should, however, be gratefully remembered by workers in the needle industry to whose betterment Barondess devoted his early years. I recall his trial and conviction on the charge of extortion in 1891. It happened as an aftermath of a strike in the clothing shop of Popkin & Marks, which Barondess, representing the Union, was trying to settle. The Union demanded the sum of five hundred dollars as compensation

Union funds with millions of dollars from dues; offices with high-class managers, industrial arbitrators and university-bred statisticians; daily newspapers of their own, successful national banks—all these things we had never dreamed of in the 'eighties.

* * *

It seems amazing that the workers in the needle industry, most of them foreign born, who had been regarded as likely to pull down the American standard of living, should set an example to the native born workers, of progressive improvement in the scale of wages and working hours.

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for loss of wages. Barondess persuaded the Union to accept one hundred dollars. The firm made out the check to the order of Barondess and then prosecuted him for extortion, though Barondess had turned over the check to the Union.

On appeal by Barondess, the General Term set aside the conviction and ordered a new trial. On an appeal to the Court of Appeals by the District Attorney, the reversal by the General Term was reversed and the conviction upheld by a vote of four to three. The case created great public interest and a monster petition was presented to Governor Flower for a pardon. The Governor became convinced of Barondess' integrity and granted him a full pardon.

Incidentally, Governor Flower was later provoked by the fact that in the following gubernatorial campaign, Barondess worked for and voted the Socialist ticket.

It is also true, however, that their leaders have to contend with the so called "left-wing" elements in their unions, who would rather see their organizations destroyed than compromise their demands on their employers. Evidently these younger radicals have not known former conditions and the sacrifices made by the older generations to bring about the changes in the industry from the past to the present stage.

These conflicts between the old and the new generations are, alas, as old as history itself. Youth must have its own experiences; it delights in building over the ruins of the old bulwarks.

* * *

I could tell some interesting stories of strikes won and of battles lost during the early days of the Labor movement, and of the great changes which have taken place in later years, but volumes have been written on this subject by others more competent than myself. I am satisfied, however, that our early pioneer efforts among the worst paid and the weakest wage-earners have not been in vain.

XXVII

THE SOCIALISTS

"Society will take out of the Socialist program and adopt only what it can digest at one time and no more." GIDDINGS.

MOST of the Socialists in the early Eighties were recent arrivals from Germany, Austria, Bohemia, and a few came from Scandinavian countries. Quite a large number of trades were almost exclusively in German hands. Musicians, waiters, cigarmakers, bartenders, cabinetmakers, painters, brewery workers, all had their international unions. They were the backbone of the Socialist Party in New York and Chicago. The *Volkszeitung,* edited by Alexander Jonas and Sergey Shevitch, was their daily newspaper. There were a few peaceful philosophical anarchists of the Prince Kropotkin school and a smaller but noisier group of rabid revolutionists. The latter were led by Johann Most, who was driven to become an extreme revolutionary by the persecu-

tion of the police in every country he dwelt in. Most edited *Die Freiheit.*

In the public mind at that time all the three classes were grouped together and all were referred to as "anarchists," just as now all who stand for progressive ideas are classed as reds or bolsheviks. The police of the East Side precincts seldom missed a chance to break up a socialist meeting, especially when they needed to regain lost public confidence.

I was present one evening at a peaceful public meeting in Progress Hall on Avenue A. The hall was filled with men and women of all ages. In the midst of the speaking, a platoon of police rushed down the three aisles to the platform, turned round with uplifted clubs and without any warning drove every one out of the hall, using their clubs indiscriminately on anyone who could not or would not move fast enough. I was fortunate to escape injury by jumping on the platform when the police rushed in. It was a horrible spectacle of police brutality. I well remember a similar outbreak on the part of the police in 1887 when without any provocation they broke up a peaceful open air meeting on Union Square, and nearly ten thousand people were driven with clubs from the Square. Quite a number were seriously

hurt. The police offered as an excuse that they had dispersed a rioting mob. These unlawful violent attacks happened again and again until Gaynor became mayor. To his credit be it said that he insisted that even meetings of radicals with red flags were to be respected and protected in their right to peaceful assembly.

One of the results of police persecution was that socialist propaganda was advertised to people who would not otherwise have known what the socialists aimed to do. The newspapers began to give publicity to socialist programs. Journalists like John Swinton; clergymen like Heber Newton; professors like Daniel DeLeon came to the defense of the socialists and before long churches and society parlors were opened to socialists for the exposition of their theories. In this manner they gained adherents and sympathizers among native Americans, until year by year the socialist vote in New York grew to larger and larger proportions. This steady growth continued down to the War, when the Socialist party ranks were split on war issues and the membership dwindled to a small number.

* * *

Though I aided the socialists to get a hearing before open-minded non-socialists, and though I

sympathized with their aims to establish a more equitable state of society, I never fully accepted their platform nor joined their party. One could not join the Socialist Party without pledging himself to the entire platform.

* * *

Quite early in my thinking it seemed to me that the successful establishment of a socialistic state could only come through a military industrialism and the dictatorship of one class. The Russian experiment has illustrated my contention and it has also, no doubt, had a sobering effect on many American socialists who, though loyal to their principles, now use the term "socialist revolution" in a different sense, piously hoping that its success in this country will come in a different manner and take a course different from that in Russia. They are entitled to their hopes and aspirations. They deserve credit for standing as a challenge to the ultra-conservatives and standpatters. The sacrifices the members of the Socialist Party make to keep up their movement, call for admiration. But I fully agree with Professor Giddings, who said that "Society will take out of the socialist program and adopt only what it can digest at one time and no more."

What I have always regretted about the socialists in this country is their self-segregation from all civic movements, as if their cooperation with people of other political beliefs would contaminate them. Their implication that nothing can be done for the improvement of social and economic conditions unless the entire capitalistic system is superseded by a new plan, implies a despair really incompatible with the propaganda of a new faith. Just think what the community or the city loses through the non-participation of brainy and honest men like Norman Thomas and Morris Hillquit in its non-political councils. They do things differently in England. There the socialists cooperate in every worth-while movement with other citizens, and both sides gain thereby.

XXVIII

THE CHICAGO ANARCHISTS

"Law and Order must be maintained at all costs." JUDGE J. E. GARY

"Laws must be based on justice and fairness to all. Order cannot be maintained if the scales of justice are not evenly balanced."
GOVERNOR ALTGELD

THE recent excitement over the unfortunate Sacco-Vanzetti execution recalled to my mind afresh the memorable execution of the so-called Chicago anarchists in 1887. Indeed, at times, I thought I was back in the exciting days of my youth. The trial, and their condemnation to death by Judge Joseph E. Gary, created nation-wide interest. As in the Massachusetts case, so in Chicago, a great many people who had no sympathy or connection whatever with revolutionary propaganda but who loved impartial justice, felt that the condemned did not receive impartial justice at the hands of judge and pro-

secution, owing to the inflamed and hysterical state of the public mind in Chicago which was at that time disturbed by continual strikes and labor troubles. It was believed further that while two or three of the accused may have been in favor of violent propaganda, the others were simply evolutionary socialists, opposed to violent methods. The bunching together of all eight men in one group at one trial jeopardized the defense of the majority of the accused.

* * *

The New York Joint Committee representing the Central Labor Union and the Knights of Labor was organized to arouse public opinion to the injustice of the death sentence and to gather petitions for a new trial. Isaac Wood, a veteran of the Civil War, was chairman and Edward King acted as secretary of the Committee. King pressed me into service and it fell to my lot to attend to all correspondence and to visiting the clergy and fair-minded influential people. I remember my call on the Reverend Howard Crosby (father of Ernest H.) who listened with polite patience to my pleas, but replied that he wouldn't be mixed up with anarchists and social-

ists. When I called on the Reverend Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity Church, he also refused to sign the petition. To my plea on grounds of Christian mercy, he sternly quoted to me:—"He that taketh the sword, shall perish by the sword!" On the other hand, we were quite fortunate in eliciting the support of Doctor Lyman Abbott, R. Heber Newton, Father Ducey, Felix Adler, J. H. Rylance, W. S. Rainsford, Father James O. S. Huntington, Father McGlynn, Leighton Williams, Robert Collyer, Abner C. Thomas, and many others of the clergy and prominent people.

* * *

After the Illinois Court of Appeals refused a new trial, our next step was to appeal to Governor Oglesby for a commutation of sentence. Professor Adler and many clergymen delivered Sunday sermons at our request. Father Huntington, Prior of the Order of the Holy Cross, called a meeting of clergymen of all denominations at the Chapel of Calvary Church on East Twenty-third Street. Quite a goodly number attended and adopted a resolution petitioning Governor Oglesby to pardon or at least to commute the sentence on the condemned.

As I had attended the meeting both as a delegate from our Committee and also as a reporter of the *Leader,* I hastened from the meeting to the editorial office and wrote out my report, which was printed the same afternoon. Next morning the *Sun* printed a long story implying that my report was a pure fabrication, as the clergymen mentioned in the report had each denied to the *Sun* reporter that he had attended such a meeting, and furthermore the janitor of the Chapel had denied that the reported gathering was ever held there. I was shocked by the yellow streak of the clerics, who "lied like gentlemen." Father Huntington was much grieved, and said in a letter to me that it would have been better if the meeting had not been reported.

* * *

Our Committee organized a great meeting in Cooper Union at which many prominent clergymen and others spoke for a commutation of sentence. Edward King and Samuel Gompers were sent as representatives of the Joint Committee to Chicago to plead with the Governor of Illinois.

I recall my visit to the office of General Benjamin F. Butler, of Civil War fame, who was as-

sociate counsel for the defense. A big husky Negro took my letter of introduction, opened it and started reading. When I told him that I wanted the General to read it, he replied haughtily that he read all letters to General Butler first. When the General came out of his inner office I was shaking at the knees. His immense bulk and almost closed eyelids scared me stiff. Close to him stood a white mastiff dog of enormous size. I almost stuttered while telling him the object of my call. He reassured me with a few words, which he spoke in sepulchral tones, promising to intercede with Governor Oglesby.

* * *

My next call was at the office of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll in Wall Street. I felt rather timid standing before that great man,—great in eloquence and the humanities, as well as in the size of his body and particularly of his long, bald head. He spoke to me in a sympathetic manner, but told me that if we wanted to save the lives of the condemned we should use every effort to restrain and repress the noisy crowd of revolutionists, who were threatening to destroy Chicago if the Governor did not commute the death sentence. "Governor Oglesby is an old friend of mine," he told

me, "I know him as a stubborn Yankee, and the more threats he receives from the wild anarchists and irresponsible revolutionists, the surer he is to call their bluff." Colonel Ingersoll promised to do his best with the Governor. I knew that what the Colonel said about wild talks and threats was true. Our Committee had considered different methods in trying to prevent loose-tongued sympathizers from going to Springfield.

Despite all pleas with Governor Oglesby, coming from men and women all over the country—from men and women of all classes of society—people wholly opposed to violent propaganda, the Governor refused to stop the execution of the condemned, commuting only the death sentence of Fielden, Neebe and Schwab to life imprisonment.* Albert Parsons could also have been saved from the gallows had he been willing to sign a petition for clemency, but he refused to sign. August Spies begged that the others be spared and he himself be executed, to "satisfy the fury of a semi-barbaric mob." Ling committed suicide in his cell. Parsons, Fischer, Spies and Engel were hanged on Nov. 11, 1887.

The execution of the four men gave great de-

* These men were pardoned by Governor Altgeld in 1893.

light to the Chicago police and many others who believed that law and order can be maintained only by wreaking vengeance on any who protest against existing economic conditions, whether they are guilty of violence or not. In other circles, the execution of the four men was greatly regretted and produced an atmosphere of sadness very much like the one we lived through recently after the Massachusetts electrocutions.

XXIX

LOOKING FORWARD

"There is a city to be built, the plan of which we carry in our heads, in our hearts. Countless generations have already toiled in the building of it. Let us arise and take up the work they have left unfinished." FELIX ADLER

MY admiration for the ardent leaders of the decade of the Eighties and for the movements they inspired does not blind me to the fact that the succeeding decades have also produced outstanding men and women who have fought bravely and selflessly for the betterment of their fellow men and for the maintenance of their American traditions of freedom from every kind of oppression. Indeed, during the World War, which brought forward a frenzy of bureaucratic oppression and interracial hatreds, there were not few, but many courageous men and women who labored to stem the tide of reaction and who helped to bring about a return to sane

judgment and calm reason. It is true, that at the close of the war, attempts were made in some quarters to lower the standard of living for the masses. But these efforts have mostly been successfully resisted, and it can scarcely be denied that the increasing comforts of life, produced by labor-saving machinery and new inventions, are enjoyed today by a great many, instead of by the privileged few, as in former days.

Of the outstanding movements of the last decade it is well to point out the successful Woman's Suffrage movement which has enfranchised almost half of our population. The changing of the hours of labor in the steel and iron industries from twelve hours, seven days a week, to eight hours and six days, is another step forward of tremendous consequence to our nation. The vast endowments for philanthropic and scientific purposes established by American millionaires show the new attitude of the wealthy classes toward the communities which gave them opportunities for wealth and service.

Education in all its branches has taken great strides within the past twenty years. Our high schools, our colleges, our universities are crowded beyond their capacity. Where formerly hundreds took advantage of a college education, thousands

upon thousands are now clamoring for admittance. Mass education in college or university may have disadvantages, but the popular striving for higher education is surely a sign of potential progress.

Another sign of progress is to be found in the widespread health propaganda by official and private agencies, and especially in the care of children and the provision for their recreation in small parks, playgrounds and summer camps. All these hold out a promise of healthier generations, both physically and morally.

In industrial, business and professional spheres there has developed in recent years a tendency toward closer cooperation and working together rather than working against one another. Employers have learned the need of curbing the predatory instincts of man by friendly association and mutual helpfulness. Their Codes of Ethics may still be regarded by some as mere "scraps of paper," but they have set up ideals of potential value.

Many problems of vital importance are still demanding proper solution, and as Miss Wald has indicated in her Foreword, there is and always will be occasion for men and women of independent thought and courage to inspire and to

lead the never-ending battle for a juster and better life.

To me it is quite apparent that human progress does not run in a straight, undeviating line. Rather does it travel in zig-zag fashion. Our human development has its ebbs and flows, tides rising and tides receding, just as in the play of the waters upon the shores. But a comprehensive study of the history of mankind must lead one to an abiding faith in our ultimate progress, slow as it may come.

Such is my belief.

Edward King

In Memoriam

XXX

EDWARD KING 1846-1922*

"The dead are not dead if we have loved them truly. In our own lives we can give them a kind of immortality." FELIX ADLER

ONLY about a dozen friends of the late Edward King gathered around his bier on a Sunday afternoon last July, at Mount Pleasant Cemetery. Not a word of eulogy was spoken. We stood at the grave with bowed heads, as the earthly remains of a great man were lowered into their resting place. Silently the few friends bade their final adieus to their departed leader; slowly they walked down the sloping roadway towards the cemetery gates.

Then and there came to my mind a scene of a different kind. My memory took me back to a banquet held fourteen years ago at Clinton Hall. More than three hundred and fifty people of all

* An address delivered at the Edward King Memorial meeting on January 28, 1923, at the University Settlement, New York.

racial descents—men and women in all walks of life: labor, capital, education, law, art, music, the church and social service—were present to pay homage to Edward King, on his completion of thirty-five years of service to the people of New York.

Mr. King lived and died a poor man. Measured by the standards of modern efficiency, he was a complete failure. What then was the secret of his power to compel the love and admiration of all sorts and conditions of men?

I met Edward King just forty years ago, on East Broadway, at a lecture by William Frey, a Russian refugee, on Comte's Positivist Religion of Humanity. King and Frey were kindred souls, though springing from two different races. When the latter decided to depart for England, he begged Mr. King to take charge of his group of Russian immigrants, and to continue his lectures on Positivism. Mr. King readily consented, and from that day became our guide, teacher and philosopher.

He quickly found out that our experience under the despotic rule of the Russian czars had driven us into rebellion against all political, social and religious systems of the old world; that most of us had been fed upon the negative, critical and

pessimistic literature of the middle part of the nineteenth century; that many of us had come to this country with the idea of starting life anew on a socialistic or communistic basis. He also learned that all we had seen of America during our first year were the dark and filthy tenements, the dirty streets and the openly flaunted vice then prevailing on the lower East Side of New York. As to our means of earning a livelihood—there were only two ways open to us; either to work in tenement sweatshops for a mere pittance, or to be hired out as strikebreakers on the docks or railroads. We confided to Mr. King that we had tasted the pleasures of both.

With his rare gift of keen intuition, Mr. King quickly sized up our state of mind, though we were hardly able to express ourselves clearly. He divined that most of us had been terribly shell-shocked by the contrast between our preconceived ideas of a free America and the stern realities we had come in contact with, and perceived that in our confused and bewildered state of mind we were easy prey to any eloquent preacher of revolution or anarchism if he only promised us a short cut to the millennium of our dreams and hopes.

It was indeed a lucky day for us when we met Edward King, for though we did not fully under-

stand his philosophy or ideas, his serene countenance, his sense of humor and sympathetic interest in us acted as a calming tonic on our overwrought nerves. He humorously suggested to us that it was not America's fault that we had nourished fanciful and exaggerated notions of the country we were coming to; and that the East Side of New York was not quite typical of America, but it was rather what the stream of newcomers from the Old World had helped to make it.

Long before Coué was heard of, Mr. King preached and inspired *self-mastery*—self-mastery of emotions, self-mastery of impulses, self-mastery of mental tendencies. And above all, he laid stress on mental integrity. "There may be an excuse some time to bluff others," he used to say, "but beware of deceiving your own self."

His lectures were never pedantic or didactic; they were quite informal, round-the-table talks, with endless questions and answers. As he very seldom carried a watch, time never counted with him for much. But we profited most from sitting with him in old time Canal Street or Bowery coffee houses, or when listening to his speeches at some protest meeting at Cooper Union, where his voice rang clear and defiant; or at some public debate where he matched his wits with the keenest minds of his day.

Because of Mr. King's versatility and readiness to defend many movements, supposedly contradictory, some good people were puzzled as to his real convictions or principles. Those, however, who knew him more intimately were well aware that he had a very definite philosophy and well defined principles guiding his life; that, though averse to joining any Positivist church or cult, he was a firm believer in the cardinal principles of August Comte—namely: "Order our basis; progress our aim; work for others; live openly." These principles he fully lived up to, especially the injunction to work for others.

Mr. King fully accepted Comte's view of humanity as a living organism, which, subject to the laws of nature, is slowly developing and growing out of its primitive state, and he regarded our life and all its experiences as a never-ending educational process, helping on humanity's progress and evolution. To prove the continuity of humanity, he urged the reading and study of history —modern and ancient.

The wealth of his stored-up reading was marvelous. The books of the Hebrew prophets, the works of the Greek and Roman philosophers, French romanticists, German metaphysicians and Russian realists—were all open to him, and

he had a wonderful gift of translating to us in simple language the complex theories of Aristotle, Spinoza or Kant.

During the ten years between 1882 and 1892 I saw a great deal of Mr. King's daily life. While he worked in Farmer's old type foundry as a type rubber, he spent all of his spare time in helping to organize every branch of industry, particularly those trades in which the foreign-born predominated. He saw in organization the only means of combating inter-racial prejudice and warfare.

Those were interesting but trying years, when the newly-formed labor unions, composed of heterogeneous masses, under idealistc but inexperienced leaders, were testing their new strength. Strikes, lockouts, boycotts were of daily occurrence. The Central Labor Union, which Mr. King had helped to organize, was the battleground of all the mixed, antagonistic, warring elements. Internal strife for control was furious, especially after the Henry George adherents captured the Central Labor Union for a time. The socialists were fighting the progressives; progressives were against the conservatives; Knights of Labor against the Federationists; the Germans against the Irish, and the Irish against the field. There were not enough Russian Communists then

to add to the turmoil. A Sunday meeting of the Central Labor Union was often as good as a Donnybrook fair. In those exciting days Edward King proved his mettle. Calm in the midst of a storm, he used to pour oil on the troubled waters. His sense of humor helped him to pacify and allay bitter antagonisms. His integrity, disinterestedness and sanity made him a frequent arbiter in internal disputes. I am glad that he lived to see some of the weak unions he had helped to organize grow into the powerful bodies that they are today, though I have heard him speak of the abuses and excesses some of the unions are practicing now.

To Mr. King, organization was not an end in itself, but a means of educating the workers to a sense of their common interests, and to prepare them for the time when they will be called upon to take a larger part in the management of the industry they are working at. For this reason he was particularly glad to teach and lecture to any group of working men and women. He never worried about the kind of name or banner the groups which invited him were following—radical, ultra-radical or conservative. The less popular a group or cause, the better it suited him. As long as they were willing to listen to reason, he

was with them. He believed that most of our troubles and difficulties were due to ignorance, suspicion and prejudice—that the first thing one ought to do was to clarify his opinions to himself, and next to try to understand the viewpoint of his opponent, no matter how contrary or opposed to his own.

Mr. King was drawn to the settlement movement in New York at its inception. He saw in it an earnest effort on the part of college-bred men and women to learn by direct contact "how the other half lives," and also an attempt to bring into the lives of the unprivileged masses the joys of refinement and culture enjoyed by the select few. He lived and worked in the University Settlement House for many years. Dr. Stanton Coit, in a recent letter, emphasized Mr. King's influence upon college men and women, as well as upon trades-unionists.

As a preacher of the Religion of Humanity, Mr. King was a strong believer in internationalism, but he insisted that there could be no international entity before its national component parts have become strongly and highly developed —in other words, that nationalism must precede internationalism.

He believed that no theory was dangerous to

society, if given a hearing, and it was mainly due to his efforts that the Socialists of the early days, for the most part of foreign origin, were given a first hearing in the liberal churches and clubs of this city.

He had no patience with the latest type of one-hundred per cent Americanizer who regards anyone as an alien who does not conform to his particular cut or pattern of Americanism and loyalty. Patriotism to one's country did not mean to Mr. King blind acceptance of things as they are, but rather the duty to study how to advance the country's progress and enlightenment.

He especially delighted in bringing us in contact with the best types of real Americans—people of the finest culture, who were giving the best of themselves to help solve American problems in their own way; men and women laboring to raise the standard of our political and civic life; men in the churches, possessed of a higher vision of the relations between the Church and the people.

During the last ten years of his life, when the labor unions became more firmly established and were run like well-oiled machines, by practical business agents, Mr. King devoted most of his time to teaching the new generation of young

people, mostly the sons and daughters of his former pupils, and tried to instill into their minds an appreciation of the real values of life. He loved to see his young friends growing into manhood and taking their parts in useful occupations and professions. Thus he proved his friendship to two generations of William Frey's group.

Edward King was not a man of action. His temperament and mental equipment kept him from joining any particular party or group. He was pre-eminently a teacher, a sane philosopher, a torch bearer, always glad to shed the light of his wisdom on the long and tortuous path leading toward a word based on justice and righteousness. His sincerity and simplicity, his optimism, his utter selflessness and calm serenity—these have surely left a deep impress on those he came in contact with.

Grim death has taken from us only what was mortal in Edward King. His great soul is with us, and will remain with us as long as our memory lasts.

LIGHT BEARERS

Bringers of hope to men,
Bearers of light,
Eager and radiant,
Glad in the right,
'Tis from these souls aglow
Man learns his path to know.
They as they onward go
Bear on the light.

What though they fight to lose,
Facing the night!
Morning will find them still
Seeking the height.
What though this stress and strain
Makes all their hopes seem vain!
They through the bitter pain
Bear on the light.

Brothers of all that live,
They aid us all.
May our hearts, touched with fire,
Leap to their call.
Their voices, clear and strong,
Ring like a rallying song
"Upward against the wrong!
Bear on the light!"

ANNIE WINDSOR ALLEN.

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