

THE FIRST PART

Grandma, tell us the story of when you first came to America. When I first came to America, oh, that is a long time ago and it is a long story.

It was in 1873 that we first landed in America. My dear sainted mother left the old country more than a year before that a lone woman with three little children, two girls and a boy. This boy came to her after she had lost her three first babies in Russia at childbirth. Well, when this boy baby came, my father and mother were overjoyed and so they took all precautions to keep him well. He was a handsome child and by the way, he grew up to be a very handsome man. The first my parents did was to hire a good nurse or a nana as she was called by the children in Russia. She stayed with us for many years. She nursed my sister and me as well until we left Russia.

In Russia, my mother was a business woman so she had a good nurse, but she was a loving mother as well, looking after our health, our education and our religion, for mother was a most devout woman and very observing of all religious rules. Mother always kept a wash woman, now we call them a laundress, and such other help as was necessary. My mother also had teachers for us children. My parents being very frum, the first teacher was a Hebrew teacher for my brother, also one for Russian, German and French. For us girls mother had a woman to teach us Hebrew. I really do not know nor realize many things in the first six years of my life. I know we did not like our Hebrew teacher. She was very fat and very, very frum. We did not like her so we did not learn very much from her. Then there was another woman whom we loved very much. She had no children of her own so she made a great deal of us. She gave us many good things to eat, but she made us say a prayer over everything that she gave us. The remarkable thing is, she herself was a convert to the Jewish religion, not because

she fell in love with a young Jew, but because of conviction she and her people were Sabbathtenans, ^(?) so she became a full Jewess and what a Jewess she was. She was taken into the fold. She was as good as she was frum. We learned a lot from her, more than from our teacher. Well, all I remember we had a carefree life. My mother gave us all the advantages of friendships with our non-Jewish neighbors. Our friends were really the officials of the town, the doctor, the judge, the Clerk of Courts and business people. We were in a fine environment. One Friday evening my father brought home a young man for Shabbos. He always brought home a stranger for Sabbath and Yom Tov. He was an officer in the army and we called him Yankel Granidier. He was so big and tall and good-looking, but not too big to play with us children. He taught us to dance. As we had no music, my sister sang for us, she was a natural singer, and that was our music. We loved to sing and dance.

It was from this life that we made ready to go to America. Of course, my dear father was the first to start out. From the time that father came home from the army, he felt a discontent. He had a brother in Pittsburgh, Uncle Baker, so he thought he also would like to go to America. After many talks with Mother, he decided that he would go to America that summer. My father made all his plans, invited his friends to a going-away party and finally left with all their good wishes and blessings. I was too young to know or understand what was going on, some of these things I have heard from my dear mother, some things I think I remember. The first letter that came from my father was very encouraging. He had arrived safe and well and was well received by his brother and sister-in-law, (Mume Perz). After this letter he was to see what he could do. He sent my mother some money and told her to prepare to come to America. My mother was very happy to receive such news. She commenced to get ready to leave Russia at once where she had lived for

some years - there she had some very happy years - and there she had some very trying years. My mother gave some of our household away, some she sold and some she packed to take with her, such as our books, silver, linen, bedding and our clothes. We had some very fine clothes, also some fine books. We lost a great many books in crossing over, but somehow we saved our old Hagodah that is stained with salt water. How we examined it every year. You remember the pictures in it, they are wood cuts and very interesting. This past year when we were all together and your daddy led in the prayers and praises he used the old Hagodah. It is now more than 87 years old.

Well, just as mother got ready to travel, she was waiting for a letter and money from father to start on her way. The letter and money came all right but my father wrote, "Do not start for America, I do not like it there." I can always get along in Russia. The money I earn in ~~America~~ ^{Vladimir}, I can always earn in ~~Gladimier~~. My mother was thunderstruck. She did not know what to do, here she had already made every preparation to start for America and here my father says he does not like it there. Something must have happened between him and his brother. So she asked advice of her friends and father's friends. They all advised her to start out at once as father wrote that he would leave America after Pesach and as it was still before Purim, she could stop him from leaving America when he knew that mother had already started on her way. The next letter we received when we were already in ^{Königsberg} Kingsberg. He again sent us money and said that since we have already started we should go on to Manchester, England where he had some cousins and he would meet us there. While we were in ^{Königsberg} Kingsberg, both my sister and I got the measles and as is often the case, one is more sick than the other. I being the little one and not very strong, I was very ill. My poor mother very often cried over me because you see at home we had good beds,

we were warm and had all the medical attention necessary, but here in a strange land, among strange people who were not very kind, all this was very hard on mother and it delayed our departure from Germany to England. At last we became short of money, ~~so~~ my dear mother had to do something to earn money so she took a job of nursing a very sick woman with the provision that she must not see her ^{poor} children and the children must not see her. So, there we were right across the hall in the same Pension. I could not see my mother at a time when I was very sick. I can tell you, my dears, it was a tough time for all of us. My brother, who was like the apple of my mother's eyes, used to run to the depot to carry luggage. You see, in those days there were no red caps to help a traveler as we have now. It was a good thing for us, for with the few pennies he earned, I got something to eat, for mother was not to get paid until her patient got well. We were in Königsberg for more than six weeks. At last we got that letter to go to Manchester, England, where we would meet father and go on to the new world. But we never saw our father again, for instead of waiting until after Pesach to leave America, my father left right after Purim, so that father was on his way to Europe while we went on to England by a different route so that he could visit his mother in his old home. In later years we learned that our ships passed each other on the ocean and we never saw our father again. He took sick, was ill a long time and then died. My dear mother did not like Manchester, so we only stayed there one week. The rich cousin to ~~whom we had the address~~ ^{there} did not even let us in her house, but her sister who was poor took us in. We stayed with her a week and then went on to London.

Right here I want to say that in years later when I was already married, this poor cousin came to America. I repaid her a hundredfold for her kindness to us in the past years when we needed her kindness,

same?

and I have helped her son while he lived here and only last week I was kind to her grand-daughter.

After we came to London, we were again stranded, so mother settled down to work to save enough money to take us to America, for my father was sick and we could not get help from him, and he always said in his letters to go on to America, our first goal/

It took more than a year for mother to get enough money to pay for our passage on an emigrant ship to get to America. I remember well the crossing the English Channel, the same channel that the Germans are unable to cross and I hope they will never cross. It was awful. We were all very seasick. The sea was very rough. I really do not remember how long it took us to cross the Channel, but I do know that we lost half our luggage and all our goods. But why think of those things. We finally came to New York after a voyage of twenty-four days at sea. We came sometime in July. We had no friends in New York, no relatives, no money and nowhere to go. There was mother with three children, so she thought of the school with the same name as the town where she and my father were born and where they lived and were married. Well the landsleit were very kind. They let us sleep that night in the Beth Medrish on the bare benches. In the morning my mother looked for and found two rooms which she rented. We moved over there and once again this mother of mine who was used to being waited on, who associated with the finest people in Vladimir, both Jewish and non-Jewish because you see I had a most wonderful mother, she was also a most wonderful woman and very resourceful. She immediately got some work to do so that she could take care of her children, for the children were still too young and little to be of any help to her. My brother was by that time twelve years old, I was seven years old and my sister was nine. We did not grow very much in that year while we were in London, nor while we were

in Germany. Children do not grow well without the proper food and shelter. We had an uncle in Pittsburgh, my father's brother, but mother did not like him. She always felt that he and his family were the cause of my fathers going back to Russia. But my uncle, having heard that we were in New York, came to see us when he came to New York on a buying trip. He felt very bad when he saw our rooms. We had no chairs no furniture, no stove, no table, nothing only a flat top trunk which we brought from Europe and we got little herring barrels to sit on. In the fireplace, we built a trufuss to cook our tea and sometimes coffee. In the inner room we had our bedding and there we slept on the floor. When my uncle saw all that and my mother's independence, he was moved to lend my mother ten dollars. Then he left and we did not see him again for more than six months. This was fortunately in July and we lived that way until December. It was then that I took sick again. We had no money so we were told to go to the dispensary to see what was the matter with my leg for it had swollen to double its size. I was very lucky to find a very fine doctor in attendance. He was very understanding because he was a good man and a good doctor. He looked at my leg, sat me down on a chair with my foot over a box of sawdust and without a word he started to cut. He cut me twenty-one times. The blood just flowed. I was too scared to even make a noise, but I did cry very hard. He bandaged my leg and gave me some medicine and told me to go home. My sister, who was only two and one-half years older than I, took me home. She almost carried me. When my mother saw the blood flowing, she thought they cut my leg off and she fell into a dead faint. Finally they got me in the front room for I could not go any further so my bed was made in the front room on the floor. Luckily it was still summer so I did not suffer from cold. When mother asked me how I felt, I said he hurt me very bad and very much, but

my leg does feel much better. To this day I do not know what was the matter, but the doctor being wise as well as good did a very radical operation on me there and then. We carried out his instructions and in a week or two I was able to walk and my bed was ^{put} in the nice front room and not in the dark one. All this time my mother did not buy any furniture nor clothes. We used what we had. The money that my uncle gave to mother she saved and to that she saved dollar by dollar from her hard work until she had enough to take us to Pittsburgh. It took us one year and a half to get to where my father started out to be. We arrived in Pittsburgh on January 1, 1874. I was too young to know or to realize what my brave mother went through in those years from the time we left ^{Vladimir} ~~Gladimir~~, Russia, until we landed in Pittsburgh. This is how your grandmother came to America.

Our Home in Pittsburgh

Right away we all felt that we were at home. Pittsburgh has been my home I might say all my life. Here I went to school., here I had my friends, both Jewish and non-Jewish, for you must remember that there were not many Jewish families in Pittsburgh at that time, and my mother was a most liberal minded woman, though very religious. Here I met my dearly beloved husband and with him and through his kindness, his charity, his liberality of heart and soul. I was able to reach a high position in charitable and communal life. All this took time. It was not easy. We did not have freedom nor the privileges that our children have now. I will say more on that line later, q I now have to go back to the time I started school. It was one week after we came to Pittsburgh, my mother rented at first only one room. We had not the time nor the money to look for something better because she did not want to be beholden to my uncle any more than it was necessary. So, one week after we arrived, we moved into our own room. It was easy to move because we still had only our foot top trunk and some bedding. We only lived there a very short time. The very first thing my mother bought was a Singer sewing machine. My aunt Backer said, " Chia Sarah must be crazy, she has no bed, no table, no chairs, but she buys herself a sewing machine." " No, I am not crazy. This machine will enable me to buy all these other things." True enough, mother bought a beautiful white material called cambric at that time. This she made up into fine skirts, and then sold them. I wellnremember seeing her at six o'clock in the morning sewing and at nine o'clock she would go out to sell these. How she learned to do this work I do not know, but as I said, mother was very resourceful, she did all kinds of things just to get along without troubling others.

It was at this time that my education started, My mother used to tell how I begged her to let me go to school. We still had our Russian manners, so I kneeled down in front of mother and begged her to let me go to school. I said, "Mother, I will wash for you, I will clean for you, only let me go to school." In after years I often amused my children by telling them that I went to the Hancock school on Webster Avenue in the Fifth Ward, which was then called the "Bloody fifth ward." It was Democratic. My principal, Mr. Dolan, was a Democrat. As a child I dearly loved that man. He was such a gentleman, so clean, so fine-looking, so kind to me, a little emigrant girl, I simply loved him. Yet I grew up and became a Republican and I am a Republican to this day! As I said, we did not live in that room very long. We moved from there to Wylie Avenue. There we had more comfort. I started in my school work and I was very happy that I was learning the English language. I started in number one and finished in number six and that was the extent of my formal education. I did not mind being in a baby room, but my sister thought she was too big so mother got her a tutor to teach her at home. It was very hard on mother but she was wise, she knew that one must know how to read and write. My dear mother had no trouble with me. I wanted to learn and I did learn. I learned to read, I learned to sing all of the old songs, I can still sing more patriotic songs than my children can- I often tell them that I am more American than they are for this reason. My one regret is that I was not born an American that I am only a citizen by virtue of having married a citizen. When I remember back, I must have been a funny little girl, for I loved all my teachers and my teachers really showed they liked me. I only had about four teachers in my life. One was Miss Clinton. She was a beautiful young woman. I was crazy about her. I always loved beauty whether in color or in people, in anything so that it was beautiful. Miss Clinton

must have liked me a lot for when the First World's Exposition was held in Philadelphia in 1876, Miss Clinton called me to her and said, "Annie, I will be glad to take you along to Philadelphia if you could come. Ask your mother." I knew it was no use but I did ask ~~her~~ but ~~and~~ I knew the answer before she even told me. First, I was the youngest, second, mother did not have the money. So, I had to tell my Miss Clinton I could not go. We both felt very bad.

My first reading books were little penny fairy stories that I bought in a little candy store on Wylie Avenue, ~~Mae McKelvy~~ by name. When I got a penny to buy candy, I bought a book instead. That was the beginning of my library and you know what a beautiful library I have and always had these many, many years. From these little books I ventured into reading the Fireside Companion and then to high literary reading. My schooling was so spasmodic. ^{One} thing my mother was not so wise as far as I was concerned; ~~she~~ she looked after by brother, she looked after by sister, but as for me, she let me look after myself. ~~and I, in turn had to~~ ^{and also let me} take care of some of our friends' children. How well I remember one of our favorite families with five children and a helpless mother with a kindly though thoughtless father. I really loved the little girl, her name was Goldie, a beautiful child. It gave me great pleasure to wash and bathe that child and comb her beautiful hair. When I was through with her, I washed her little brothers. There were other children in that same place who were very poor, and whose father had just died. They did not have enough to eat, so I would take them in and make them a tea party, give them bread and butter, cook them corn and tomatoes. This I did when I was a child myself. My mother would ^{ask} say, "What kind of a party did you make this day?" I was near crying but I could see my mother was not cross and then I would tell her, "You know Emily, Eddie and Rose were very hungry so I

made them something to eat. We lived there about three years. I went to school all told about four years. From Wylie Avenue we moved to Tunnel Street. It was there that my dear mother first met my husband and he met me. I was then about eleven years old so I paid no attention to him. He was a young man who was very hard up for work, so he hired himself to a man who had a horse and wagon, and on and about April first, which was then the moving day, we were moving that day, and this tall grey-eyed young man helped to move us. My husband-to-be dropped an old kitchen table and broke it. My mother commenced to scold him but when she saw his stricken face, she said ^{to} never mind-it was an old table anyhow. I do believe that my husband loved my mother as his own mother from that time on and as I grew older, he loved me, but at that time I was too young to bother about love. I loved only one man and that man was my principal, Mr. Dolan. I still went to school and in order to get up to where my cousin was, I used to invite my little friends and play school at my home. By this method I learned much faster so that in that first year, I was up to them in my school work. By that time I was reading the Fireside Companion. You can imagine how much I knew; in this paper was a continued story, so when I finished the first chapter, I thought it was the end of the story. So I started the second chapter where I found the same names, the same characters. I went back to my first chapter and then it dawned on me that it was the same story. I was entirely in the dark. My mother did not know ~~the~~ English language. Our home was very modest and I had to work out everything myself. My brother was getting to be a big boy. Though he had rather good education in Hebrew and in Russian, ~~but~~ he did not know ~~the~~ English. So he asked mother to let him go to school for about six months. He entered in what is now called High School where he finished his formal education.

I am happy to say that ^{neither} both my brother nor I remained ~~standing just~~ ^{just} with that much learning. I can truthfully state that we were both self taught. It was harder for me because I was so young and so little. But many times I tease my children saying I went through a greater university than Harvard and Pitt, I went through the World University. I still cannot spell very well, but my sons tell me it doesn't matter so long as I make myself understood. In addition to going to school, I learned to crochet nice winter bonnets. These I made and my friends bought them from me for they were rather nice. I also learned to knit and do nice handwork. This I still love to do and now at the age of seventy-six, I am making and have made lovely quilts. Now I am making beautiful bedspreads. My brother could not find himself any work here without working on the Sabbath, so he went to New York. My mother was a very religious woman. She suffered much rather than desecrate the Sabbath, so she never let us go to work the Sabbath day. One day my aunt's sister came here on a visit from New York. She said to my mother, "Chia, Sarah, with two girls in New York, they could get work and you would not have such a hard time. My sister by that time had been apprenticed to a dressmaker, where she learned to sew very well, and I, always the baby, would get along somehow. So my sister started to nag mother to let us all go to New York. We all went to New York and true enough, we all got work without working on the Sabbath. My sister at dressmaking and I at tailoring. I became a fine hand sewer and earned more than my sister. But my dear mother never liked New York. She did not like the life there. At home she could bake bread, make fine preserves, put up pickles, make sauerkraut, though we were not such great eaters ourselves, but mother liked to give these things to those who did not have them. I cannot tell at this time how many of these things I took over to poor people. I think

After we had lived in Pittsburgh for five years, mother became well known as a fine woman. Here she had some friends from the old country, here we were raised, here I went to school, here was home. When we came to New York it was to a strange city with no friends, no money for by the time mother paid off her little debts, paid for the tickets, she had seventy-five dollars left. From that she had about enough money to pay a month's rent, buy a few things and keep us going for about a week or two. My sister got some work with a dress-maker. My brother worked and somehow I got myself a job for two dollars a week. After working two weeks I asked for a raise, so I got discharged. I nearly died but I got myself another job. There I received four dollars a week. There I worked about four weeks. I saw I was doing nice work, in fact better than another girl, so I again asked for a raise. Then again I was told to go and get it - I want. This next job got me six dollars a week. There I worked for some time. Mr. and Mrs. ^(my employers) Ash were very nice. I could see that they could not afford to pay me more. I liked them a lot so I stayed on until they closed up shop. My next place was more pretentious. They had a lot of fine work to do and I could do it. There I got top wages. I used to bring nine dollars a week, all of which I gave to Mother. This I did the whole time we lived in New York. Later on I earned more by working extra. I was happy to bring more to my mother. I worked for nine dollars a week and more until we moved back to our old home town, Pittsburgh. But as I said, being the younger, I gave all my money to mother. She did what she thought best, but I have very little clothes and no winter coat.

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that is how I grew up to real social work. Though my mother never had a bank account, still she always had enough to give to the poor, to the shule, for the burying ground, she always gave for the Passover and the Holidays. As children we would tease mother saying, "I bet they have more than you have." Her answer was when you give ten times and you only find one worthy of your charity, then it was good. Her idea was give first and investigate afterwards. I learned that lesson so well that in my own life I did or practiced the same method and I am happy to say that in my experience I ^{have been} ~~was~~ fooled very, very little. ~~few times~~ little.

My mother was never happy in New York, so after ~~a~~ three years trial she decided to go back to Pittsburgh. We did not have enough money to take us all together so mother left my sister and me with an old friend of hers from the old country, a very fine family. The daughter was a friend of my sister's so we thought we found ourselves ~~in~~ a nice home. It was a nice home but it was in great disorder. There were two young sons, the mother, a daughter-in-law and Lena, the sister. I thought it would be ideal but as I said there was great disorder to which we were not used to, for in our home we had everything in its place and very clean. In New York we only had two rooms but really we entertained as though we had a whole house, for everybody who came from Pittsburgh always landed at our home. Some stayed for dinner only, some stayed a few days and some stayed for weeks. Mother always made room for them. I well remember how she did it. We had a horsehair lounge which opened up into a bed for two, so we called this our spare room. In this spare room my little uncle stayed with us for three weeks, a cousin coming from Europe on her way to her husband in Pittsburgh just stayed with us for three days, just to rest up from her voyage, and there was a lovely family from Pittsburgh coming to live in New York who stayed with us for some time until they found rooms. By the way, this family became very

wealthy. The girls married nice men who made good in the fur business. The son also became very wealthy. He wanted to marry my sister but she did not like him enough to marry him. A young cousin from Pittsburgh came and also stayed with us for some weeks. My brother taught him English, he went to Boston, got a position in the Carter Ink Company, worked there for more than fifty years, all owing to his knowledge of English. He worked up to be head man in the company. In these same rooms we had a man come to us every Tuesday for his "good meal," as he called it. The charity my mother did is not to be estimated. She did so much and ^{did it} so quietly that many years after she passed away I had men and women tell me what she did for them. In these same rooms a man came to us from Russia. He was a friend of my father and mother from the time they lived in Moscow. We thought he came to see mother for every time he came we would invite him to stay for dinner or supper. One day he asked mother to allow him to take me to a show. When I was told that I might go, I was delighted. My sister teased me, "Would you go with an old man," she said. "Oh, I don't care, I will pretend he is my papa," ^{and I did, and} which I did. It was a beautiful play, "Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots," and I was thrilled. It was my first real play and I was about sixteen at that time. Years later when my dear mother died in Jerusalem, a Mrs. Smith came to see me. She heard that my mother passed away. "Oh, Mrs. Davis, you don't know what your mother was to me. All that I have and all that I know I owe to your mother." All the time the tears running down her cheeks. "You know, Mrs. Davis, I came here a young country girl and it was your mother that befriended me. She taught me to sew, she taught my little girl to play the piano. By helping me to buy the piano and advising me to let her have lessons, she made my whole life, for you know though my husband was a good man, he did not know very much, so it was your mother that taught me what to buy first. My little

girl was a cripple, but she loved music, so buy her a piano so hthat she could have what she loved, and at the same time be able to support herself in time to come, and how thankful I am for all that she did for me."

Another woman, Hannah Lewis, stopped my sister one day to inquire how mother was, for you see by that time mother had come to Jerusalem, Palestine. She said, "When you write to mother, tell her that the girl she gave Annie's red silk dress to is now married and has a store and two houses." It was only then that I found out where my nice wine-colored dress went to. At another time, a Mr. Wm. Simon, whom I went to see about one of my own cases, said to me, "You know Mrs. Davis, my family cost me a lot of money. I gave one son a store, one of my daughters cost me ten thousand dollars and you know, Dave is a fine doctor, that cost a lot. The other children also cost a great deal. Now where do you think all this came from?" Why don't you remember, it came from your mother who gave me that money and it was with that money that I could do all this for my children, my family. Without a note, without interest, but just with loving kindness and a good luck to you. That made everything possible." Of course, he did exaggerate, but I understood his appreciation. I could tell lots of these stories about my mother, but I have to go back to when I was about sixteen when mother left us with this lovely but disordered family. My sister and I could not stand such disorder and even though we had our own bedroom, we simply couldn't eat as they did, without knives and forks, because they were not to be found.

^{one day we said}
 So after work, we would ~~say~~ to the young girl, "Lena, come on now,
 let us hunt up these knives and forks and spoons because we cannot
 eat without them." ^{we found them used in a few days} ~~Oh, yes, we have everything so we set to and in~~
~~a few days~~ we had that house running ~~very~~ smoothly. The two sons
 who were attending the New York City College were so pleased at the
 change that we became very good friends and it was then that I fell
 in love, first with the younger one - he was so handsome, and light
 and gay, then I fell in love with the older one who was more serious.
 You remember ^{That} ~~that~~ was already my second love affair. First with Mr.
 Dolan, then with Bernard, then with ^{Jonas} ~~Jonous~~ - two brothers at the
 same time. I learned a lot from them. They did not know that I
 was in love with them. To them I was a little girl. My brother al-
 ways called me his little sister and one day two of his friends came
 to see the little sister. What was their surprise to find a nice big
 little girl and not a baby as they thought of me. I learned a lot
 from them for it was then that I first realized how little I knew, they
^{were} ~~being~~ the first college men I came in contact with. ~~Though~~ I had already
 started to read some very heavy books. ~~It was really my~~ ^{my} brother who
 started me off on good reading. He bought me Charles Dickens' works
 all in one volume. He also bought me a dictionary and an encyclopedia.
 These three books were my first real educational standards. I read all
 of Charles Dickens before I read any other books. Then I got ^{the} ~~the~~
 Wandering Jew by Eugene Saire at the time I met these two young college
 men. I had by this time given up the Fireside Companion. When I told
 my friends what I was reading, they gave me the "horse laugh" ^{and} that made
 me angry. "What are you laughing at?" "At you, ^{because} you will never finish
 that book." But I kept up and found I could differentiate between a
 beautiful passage and a dull one, or something that was light or heavy.

I learned a lot from Bernard. He was a wonderful ^{painter} ~~maker of pictures~~. One day he brought a picture home. He showed it to me. I said it was very good for he ^{had} caught the very fine expression of pain on that face. ^{and his portrait}. He was pleased for he said that his professor at school told him the same thing. } *miss?*

We lived with these friends for about three months. I learned a lot in that three months, not so much from them as ^{three} the experience of looking out for myself and ^{appreciating} seeing how wrong they lived ^{but} taught me how right my dear mother ^{had} taught us to live. I even taught the man whom I thought was just perfect how to honor and respect and love his mother. Just because she did not look so dressed up he was ashamed to walk with her when she was going to buy him his suit for his graduation, so He walked on one side of the street and she walked on the other. The poor mother was heartbroken. She was so proud that he was to graduate from college and he was ashamed of her. She cried to me when she told me. So though I thought the sun just rose and set on him, still I could see how wrong he was to hurt his mother. I told him how wrong he was but he said he could not help it. I told him if his mother spent the money on herself that she spent on him, she could look very nice also, ^{then} but where would he ^{have been?} be - not at college I am sure. I made him feel very bad. I think I did a very good piece of personal service work for though I have not seen him or his people for many years, I ^{had} been told by my sister who visited them in later years that he well remembered me and the ^{lecture} ^(he has become a very fine doctor) talking I gave him. He assured my sister that he had ^{everything} made up to his mother by his care of her until she died. He never married, and he did remember the little girl with the beautiful brown hair and dark eyes. That is about all he remembered of me. ~~He became a very fine doctor.~~ I know that we raised their standard of life, from the setting of the table

to the lighting of the Sabbath candles in the proper way. There are a lot of mistakes people make in their way of living. I never did believe to this day in fancy dressing, but one must always look out for their own self-respect, that they dress properly, live cleanly and arrange ^{their} ~~the~~ homes beautifully. It really does not take more money to be careful than it takes to be slovenly, so that when that family saw us do things in the three months that we spent with them, it really opened their eyes. I ~~have still another story about this family, but I must go on with my story.~~

After living in New York for three months, Mother wrote us to come back to Pittsburgh, which was really home. Now we were all together again. I was then seventeen and my sister was nineteen years old. She started to go out with all of her old friends. I had a few girl friends and ~~the~~ boy friends did not matter much. I had sort of become spoiled ^{since I always local} ~~as I~~ compared the ^{local} boys to my two boys in New York so I did not bother much about ^{them} ~~boy friends, as they are called now,~~ though one of my old friends did come to see me from the country where he worked. He was nice but I did not care for him. ^{and besides} So sister was the one to be considered. She did have some pretty good clothes, still she wanted more in spite of the fact that I needed a winter coat. Well, she nagged and nagged mother for a velvet jacket until I said, "For heaven sakes, Ma, get her the velvet jacket and I will wear her coat whenever necessary." So mother got her a beautiful jacket. It was a good thing because she met an old beau of hers at a party and very shortly they were engaged to be married. I was delighted because then I could ^{have} ~~have~~ a good time ^{and} ~~with~~ going out with some of my old beaus. Until this time I was held under cover, as the saying is, because I was the younger. I had commenced to hear about a young man called Big Barney. I was intrigued by the name Big Barney. My beaus all happened to be short, even Sam Baum, a New York man. He also was not big though very nice.

omit?

during this lean period

He always said it was too bad I was so young. ~~Even~~ young as I was, I knew that times were hard for Mother, ~~and~~ I found myself a position with a Russian who needed someone to do fine handwork. ~~and~~ If I worked five days, I received five dollars, but sometimes I worked on Sunday and I received six dollars. I was very happy anticipating my freedom. — ?

Now I could go out, so when I heard about Big Barney, I was very anxious to meet him. My ~~dear~~ mother knew him, my sister knew him, my brother-in-law knew him, but I did not get to meet him until my sister's formal party, or as we call it now, engagement reception, to which my brother-in-law to be invited him. He was very happy to accept as he often said he had seen me at Shule on Simchas Torah, but could not get near enough to be introduced. I was so happy that night. I was having such a good time. I had Sam Baum around me all evening. By this time, I had forgotten my two boys from New York. Then all at once I saw your grandfather to be. I did not know who he was, but at once I thought he was the nicest man I ever saw. He was tall, he had blue-gray eyes and he was handsome. I turned to my cousin Sarah and asked her who that man was. She turned to me and laughingly said, "Why, that is Big Barney." Well, without a thought I said, "I bet I make a mash on him." That was the slang ~~word~~ ^{expression} at that time. I surely must have made a strong impression because he edged over to where I was standing and asked my cousin to introduce him to me. I must have blushed for after that my cousin teased me unmercifully. The evening ended. I wondered if I would ever meet him again. I did not have to wonder very long for Wednesday evening I had a caller. Big Barney came to pay us a party call. You must remember that was before telephone time. We were more formal then than we are now. We spent a very pleasant evening with the result that Mr. Davis made up a theatre party for Friday evening, which we all enjoyed very much. On Saturday afternoon as I was reading my

Charles Dickens, the story of the Bleak House, I heard a knock at the door. I called "come in" and Mr. Davis walked in. I was very glad to see him. He must have sensed that for we sat and talked for more than three hours, then he went home. I was too shy to ask him to stay for supper. On Sunday after lunch who came in but Mr. Davis. I was in for some teasing. Everybody wanted to know whom Mr. Davis came to see. The mystery was soon solved. As I was going down the cellar to get a scuttle of coal, Mr. Davis came following after me. There he asked me if I would accompany him on Monday night to the play. I told him that I was not used to going so many times to plays, but if mother would allow me, I would be pleased to go. He said that was all right as he had asked mother already. My ~~dear~~ mother was mother to him from that time on. I must confess I was all in a dither. ~~First~~ I had no nice hat, I had no good gloves, I had no warm coat and it was November by this time. Mother could not buy me many clothes because she had to buy a trousseau for my sister. But by eight o'clock I was all dressed. I did have my own dress, but my sister let me have her hat, her gloves and her coat. I went off with my feet on the air and my head in the clouds. I really did enjoy the play. It was "Miss" by Bret Harte. ? *Melrose?* I read all of Bret Harte's works. They are masterpieces of literature, though not many think so. I guess I am prejudiced in his favor. After the play we went to have some refreshments. I ordered icecream and cake. Had I ordered anything else my name would have been mud, and not Mrs. Davis, for there was much talk even in such a short time. — ? We started for home. It was only a few blocks away so we walked it. It was during that walk that my husband-to-be proposed to me. I think I had the most beautiful proposal that any girl ever had. Of course, it was sudden and for awhile I did not know what to say. He, being an understanding man, said, "I know this is a surprise to you, ^{but} it is not

to me for I ^{have known} ~~knew~~ you a long time ^{long} ~~since~~ I saw you in Shule on Simchas Torah, ^{and} so I will give you three days time to consider the matter." I think I considered this matter more in those few minutes than I could have in three days, and being a person ^{who always did what was to be done} ~~that if I had anything to do I~~ ^{at once} ~~always did that thing at once~~, I said, "The answer I could give you three days hence I can give you now, so I will marry you." My husband often teased me about this. First he said that he nearly died not knowing what the answer would be. Then he would tease me and tell the children how I caught him around the neck and would not let him go. But I teased back by saying that I was smart. I saw a good man ~~and~~ ^{and I} grabbed him. We were both very happy. I had forgotten all my other loves. I had forgotten that I wanted to be free to have a good time. I just knew that I was very happy with this big young man, for he was very young, only twenty-four. Compared to me he seemed much older. I was always the baby, the little sister, but he had to make his own way in the world from the time his mother died and his father left for America. Father did not want a long engagement but mother said she had her older daughter to marry off first, so we would have to wait. I am not sorry I waited for I had the happiest time of my whole life during my engagement. Mother wanted to marry her oldest daughter off in comfortable style with nice linen bedclothes, nice personal wear and nice dresses, ^{as well as} ~~also~~ a nice wedding. We waited. ~~Here I was with all my other beaux gone, just one beau left, but I had nothing to regret. In all my life I have never been so happy as I was during the nine months of our engagement.~~ I was lighthearted as a bird. My word seemed to be law. My fiance took me out almost every evening. If we did not go out we were together at home. He never came in that he did not bring something. Sometimes it was peanuts or cucumbers or McDonald's caramels, or early strawberries, always something. Right

at first he came with a very large box. No, it could not be flowers, the box was too large for that. We were wild with curiosity until we cut the cord, opened the box and took out a very beautiful fur-lined circular with a beautiful chinchilla collar. He knew I did not have a fine warm coat so he bought me one instead of the customary ring or watch and chain. Oh yes, I did get a ring, but not a diamond one. The ring could not keep me warm, but this beautiful garment all fur-lined could. He asked no questions, he got what was best for me, for had he asked ^{if he} ~~should he~~ do this, the answer would have been no. I got a lovely hat to go with the circular fur-lined garment. My dear one was very proud of me.

My sister was married in March. My brave wise mother went into debt to make everything nice. The bride was beautiful in my eyes. She was a white bride and I was her maid of honor. She was married in a shule which was then on Grant Street. Every detail was carried out as if we were the most moneyed people, for my mother believed in a fine standard of life. She also believed that ^{as} ~~if~~ you set the standard in the beginning so you will carry on. I think she was quite right. After sister married and moved to her home in Washington, Pa., I was happier than ever, if that was possible. In the meantime I kept on working at my handwork. My fiance did not want me to work anymore, but I told him I needed the money. He said very ^{generously} ~~largely~~, "I will give you the money that you need," but I said "no, and don't talk foolish." We would not take any money from you, besides I have to teach another girl to do this work. So I worked until sister was married and then I quit and my dear one was very happy. Everything went well until one month before our wedding date which was to take place on the sixth of September, 1883. I was cleaning house and making ready for the wedding when in comes Barney right in midday. I knew at once some

thing was wrong. "What is the matter, my dear?" So he said, "I gave a check to cash for seventy dollars and I only had fifty-six dollars in the bank balance." I said, "Well, what?" "But do you know we are to be married in four weeks time and I have no money." I seemed to know instinctively where his money was. He had extended his business in the diamonds ^{in which he was dealing} and overlooked that he had paid a great deal in cash, ^{and thus} so paid out all his money. But I was not dismayed. I told him not to worry that money ^{would} be coming in in the next few days, for I knew that on Monday and Tuesday money always came in, so that by the time our wedding day came around, my Barney ~~had~~ ^{would have} plenty of money for our modest needs. We were married on September 6, 1883, in the same Shule that we attended and where my husband first saw me with seeing eyes. That was a happy day for all of us. By that time we were very familiar with each other for my Barney had moved over to our house some months ^{previously}. He asked mother to take him in our home. Mother said, "I can't do that. Annie can't cook and I cannot stay at home to cook for you." So he said, "Well, I will have to get used to her cooking, I might start a little sooner." While mother did not want to do this, he coaxed so hard she took him in and would you believe it, we never had one fight or dispute in all that time! Everything went along as smoothly as a clock ^{work}. The week before the wedding, a friend of my mother's, friends were friends in those days, Mrs. Jacob ^{Bernstein} Beistein, said, "Chia Sarah, I will bake Annie's wedding cake for her and it will save you time and money." So I took all the ingredients over and we baked the cake at her house. It was grand. I could have done it at home only she did trim it very beautifully. We had an arch with two birds on a nest under it. I still have some of the roses. While Mrs. ^{Bernstein} Beistein

was busy trimming the cake, she said, "Here Annie, you fry the fish for supper." Everything else was done. I nearly died for I had never fried fish before. I could bake cake, make pies, fix a salad, but I really never cooked or fried fish, but ~~when I had to~~ ^{it had to be done} ~~do~~ so, I did ^{it} and did it so well that the family wanted to know who the cook was for they never had such good fish in all their lives. We were old friends so we could tease each other. I am still very good friends with one of their relatives that was there that day. This was my first attempt at serious cooking.

~~Right after I was married, I had a very lovely wedding, as I said the ceremony was the in-shule.~~ We had four carriages and I only had one bridesmaid, my sister, and my brother-in-law stood for me. My dear brave mother in the excitement forgot to put on her new shoes, so she went to my wedding in her old ones. We came home to a grand dinner where our most intimate friends were with us. Just after the songs were sung, the prayers after meals were said, a whole group of my husbands friends came in. They were at a lodge meeting so they decided to adjourn and come down in a body, even though they were not invited. Places were made for them, tables were set and they fell to. Then speeches were made and toasts were sung. This went on until midnight. After the goodnights were said, all our company left and we locked up. Just then there was a knock at the door. My husband went to the door and ~~there were~~ three of the poorest looking tramps standing. ^{were standing there.} "We heard there was a wedding here this day and came to wish you luck," ^{the said.} "Thank you and wait a minute," ^{we answered.} I went back, filled a tray with meats, cakes, wine and whiskey. Right at the front door these down and outers had a fine feast. My husband gave them a little money for a night's lodging. That ended a full day, a most happy, happy day. We lived together for thirty years and three weeks.

What I put in those thirty years I know ~~it~~ will be impossible for me to tell. ~~At this time, I will go back to my first year of married life.~~ ^{But let me} I was a most carefree girl during my engagement. I seemed to grow into womanhood all at once, ~~where~~ I was a baby to my mother, ~~for I was mother's baby.~~ ^{and suddenly} ~~Where~~ I was a petted young ~~little~~ girl to my husband-to-be, I became a responsible woman. All the burden of the home descended on my shoulders. It seemed I did not marry only my husband, but I married my entire family and his entire family and friends. Where there was anything to do, I did it. First my brother took sick in Boston, so my husband went to Boston and brought him home. I had a hard time with him ^{but} nursing ~~him~~ him back to health. Then my husband's cousin with two girls came from New York. We had them ^{with us} until they settled in Pittsburgh. Then my sister and brother-in-law came for the holidays, ^{and} ~~then~~ stayed a whole month. Then my little uncle came in from the country. He was with us in New York and he brought his wife and son over from the old country, so their first stop-over was in my house. It was quite a strain for a young girl only eighteen years old, almost a baby herself, ~~being the youngest in the family.~~ You see, Mother lived with us, or should I say we lived with mother. These people really came to mother but I had the burden ^{to} ~~to~~ take ^{ing} care of them because mother, being a business woman, could not stay at home to take care of anyone. Then my sister came home to be confined. She had the dearest little girl. We dearly loved her but it was hard on me. This was mother's second grandchild. She was named after mother's mother, Teckel. We called her Tillie but she did not live very long. Through an epidemic my poor sister lost her baby when she was two years old. That was a great trial for us all. Even to this day, I cannot forget how sweet she looked, — like a little angel. All these things tended to make me older. I

learned a great deal, but not enough. About nine months after we were married, Pa came home at noon and said, "Annie, do you want to go to Chicago?" I said, "Yes." "Well, get ready and we will leave tomorrow at noon." I did not ask the why or the wherefore, I got ready and the next day at noon we were on our way. How different it is now to take a trip. One must go shopping, must get tired out, get cross, have a fight about the train, the time ~~and~~ everything is different now. I put my few clothes together and I was ready to go. What a wonderful time we had at the home of my father-in-law. What a different home it was from ours. Even though I was a guest there, I was not a burden, that I know, ~~for~~ I saw a frail old lady. I would not let her wait on us. I waited on my husband and myself. I even helped her with her modest home work. It gave them great pleasure to see their son and his little American wife, for by that time I was an American. The old lady was my husband's stepmother. For some reason my husband's father did not come to our wedding, so that was why my husband took this trip. My husband took me everywhere. He introduced me to all his friends. Some of them asked him if he got married or did he take a baby to raise. I never knew I was so small compared to him. Pa, you know, was five feet, eleven and one-half inches tall and I was only about five feet one inch, but I never knew I was a small person. I did not feel small. One morning we stood in front of our dresser looking in the glass, ~~and~~ I, for the first time, realized the difference in size, ^{and} that was after twenty years of marriage. I said, "Look how little I am." My husband said, "Yes, you are ^{at} little big woman, my dear." We always were very happy together. To go back to my first year of married life, as I said, my home was a house of shelter for so many people. My husband, ~~you~~ ~~know~~, came from Chicago, when he was a boy so I had a whole family

come to us who at one time lived in Chicago and knew my husband's people, so they thought they would stop at our place while passing through Pittsburgh. There was a husband, wife and four children. That was the last straw. I said, "No more." "I cannot stand this anymore. I want to move out of here." So, as I was heavy with child at that time, my husband, who always did things on the impulse, went out and in a day rented three rooms without my seeing ~~them~~ ^{what he had rented.}

Before I was married, mother had her little household. We were so busy preparing for the wedding. I was always very undemanding in my needs so that I did not say much about furnishing our home and as I knew that just one month before our wedding my dear one was so short in money that furniture just did not bother me. I knew mother wanted to buy us a bedroom suite but also did not have enough money so my husband-to-be added to her amount and they bought a very nice suite. In my front room or parlor I had nothing but a carpet on the floor.

We did have a nice kitchen with all the dishes and cooking utensils but what to do with my little front room? I could not leave it empty so I did what so many of my non-Jewish friends do in an emergency. I had ^{Window} blinds ^{and} so I put up some lace curtains, then I brought down my bedroom chairs and a nice marble top table. I put a few pictures on the walls, one or two nice knick-knacks on the mantle and I was fixed. Of course, I was disappointed, but if I had to wait I would wait with good grace. ^{in these three rooms} So we lived ^{from there} for a year and one-half. When we moved we then bought other and more suitable furniture.

I did not allow myself to be unhappy nor did I make my husband unhappy. I was well repaid for my waiting. My husband, who was the business man of the family, did all the buying for many years, sometimes good, sometimes not so good, but I never fussed for he really had good taste.

So in April of that year, 1885, we moved but even then we did not move alone, for while mother moved in a little place of her own, we

were saddled with my husband's brother Charlie. We had him with us for some time. What we and I myself did for that man would take a great deal to write about. I only know for all the kindness, personal service and expense that we extended, we received only sneers, disputes and criticisms until one day when it was too much, my husband said, "Charlie, if you do not like the way we live and as I have put you on your feet, you can find yourself another boardinghouse." After he left us ^{we had} ~~was really~~ ^{peace} the first tranquil day we had for more than a year and a half. Our new home only had three rooms and a little room which today would be called a kitchenette. ~~My dear mother lived by herself so that our friends and relatives did not have enough room to go to us.~~ ^{that we did not have enough room for} For all of that, I had a very lovely wedding at my little home. My sister and brother-in-law moved into town from their home in Washington. Their sister was engaged to marry. My sister lived a little out of the way so the wedding was at my house. The result of the wedding was a very tired young woman, a very upset house and a ruined chair. ~~When we moved we refurnished, or I should say, furnished our house.~~ We had a very fine silk velvet chair and the bride's cousin came from Bellaire, Ohio to the wedding and sat in this chair the whole evening. When he got up he left his whole imprint ^{on it.} ~~on the chair.~~ I cried when I saw the wreck. My husband took me around and said, "Never mind, I will get this all fixed", which he did. In fact he returned the chair to the factory and got another in return.

In the two years that I lived in this modest home we were very happy and tranquil. Only one visitor I had here. One day an old friend of mine came to see me. I saw something was the matter, so I asked her what was wrong. She started to cry. "You know, Annie, I have nowhere to go, so the only place for me is the river." I was

shocked, but I did not let her see how I felt. "Why you silly, you will get wet in the river. ^{You} had better stay here for awhile until you feel better." Then she told me her story. It seems she fell in love with a nice young man. She was a Catholic and he was a Protestant. His mother would not let him marry her on account of that. She fell out with her whole family, so she went away but did not know what to do. She came to me and I made her welcome. We found her some work with the dressmaker that worked for me. After she got her first pay, she went to an old friend of hers, Mrs. Young, ^{whom} but she would not go ~~there~~ without money. We kept our friendship for all these years until my friend died.

My husband kept up his habit of bringing something home at all times. Once he came home with a lovely sealskin coat. "Why you silly man, I have a beautiful coat." "Well, so you will have another one." One day he sent in a lovely old organ, even though we could not play it, but there it was. In these three rooms I learned to love the very fine accessories to our home. After we laid down our carpet, put up the blinds and placed our furniture, ~~my~~ ^{he} ~~father~~ bought for me three pairs of very fine Irish point lace curtains. They were four and one-half yards long. You should have seen how proud I was when I put these up and stretched them half across the room. They were grand. Oh, I was very happy again. I had two very tranquil years. Then my second child was born, a little girl. My husband was so delighted that he went to ^{Schule} ~~shule~~ that same day and named her after his grandmother, for she was very good to him when his father left for America. ~~I was feeling very well, so he thought he would donate in honor of his daughter and her mother, so he~~ ^{in honor of his daughter} ~~donated \$76 that same day,~~ some for the shule, for the Chazan, the Shamas and other charities. It was from him that I learned to give in goodly amounts. While we yet lived in our

first home, the first year that I was married, a committee of men came to our home and asked me to contribute to a Synagogue in their town. I did not know how much to give. It never dawned on me to say ^{to them} "you will have to see my husband for this," as the women say these days. These men came to me, I had to answer their request. I was only 19 years old at the time. Not knowing how much was expected of me, I asked to see their subscription list, ~~so I~~ ^{and} gave in accordance with the rest of the givers. I was afraid to tell my husband for it was quite a sum for us to give. As soon as my husband came home, I said, "Barney, you don't know what I did today." He looked at me and said, "Well, what did you do now?" for he had already learned that I did something every day. "Well, some men were collecting for a ^{Synagogue} ~~shule~~ in some town and I gave them as much as the other subscribers, (who by the way were much older people and long-established) I hope you will not be cross with me." No, he was not cross. He said, "My dear one, never fear about giving charity. Always give as much as your heart and mind prompts you to give." That showed me what kind of a man I married. We lived like that all our lives together. I would wish my children and my children's children should do as we did. Our home became known as a very charitable home. We gave of our means to institutions, to organizations, to Talmud Torahs and to private people. We gave our home for weddings, circumcisions, for meetings, for public receptions, and we gave of ourselves. That first privilege that my husband gave me I kept all my life and even after my dear husband died, and I thought that one-half of me died with him. I always remembered how he would in a given circumstance do, so I would do in his dear memory. I hope my children, God bless them, will always follow in their father's footsteps as they do now, for they are giving of their own free will in their own names.

We lived in that little house on Old Avenue for one and one-half years. For all the responsibilities that were put on me at so early an age, I was very happy, but did grow older for there my first son was born. My, my how different times are now. My husband was a well-to-do man. We had money for everybody, but for ourselves we were very economical. I very often feel resentful even at this day when I think of my first birth, of my first born son. When my son Allan was four weeks old, we celebrated the traditional ~~Pidyon~~^{Ha Ben} ~~Hafan~~, the Redemption of the first born. We had a very nice party. We moved the same day, for the people who rented our house had to move so we got out. I took my baby, my husband and mother managed the rest.

While the place we moved to was very modest, we were very happy and tranquil. The place was too small to harbor strangers. My husband increased his business. I was much relieved from having a house of shelter in my home. Still, I had my brother-in-law. I also had my dear mother most of the time. I had so arranged with her that she come to my house for her dinner at least, as she thought that my mother would be by herself for the main meal made me very uncomfortable. She agreed to this arrangement for she dearly loved her grandson. It was really at that time that I did my first bit of social work. My husband and some of his friends made a picnic for a Talmud Torah. I was too young and had a young baby, so I did not do anything for this picnic, but as my husband was interested, I went to this affair. When I got out to the picnic the men were having a good time with some politicians. For their benefit the committee provided some beer and hard liquor, and shortly they were all pretty well lit. In going around to the different stands, each of the committees asked me what to do with the money. They were closing up and no one told them how and what to do. I advised them what to do. It seems the advice was

good, so they said that I should take all the money. I did not want to do that, but they insisted so earnestly that I consented. We counted the money taken in at each stand, made a notation of the amounts, then I took all the money and we all went home. The next day I asked my husband how much money they took in. He very sheepishly said he did not know, nor did the rest of the men know. The women teased them for some time, then we turned over all the money that I collected, which amounted to about \$250. That really was my first organization effort, though I had already done many small deeds of loving kindness, especially ~~so~~ for my friends and neighbors. After living in this place for two years in peace and harmony, my husband said one day, "You know, I want to move from here." "I want more rooms. I do not want to live with another family. I want a house of my own." We figured that a house of the kind he wanted would rent for about \$45 a month, which was much more than we were paying where we were living, for the rent there was only \$12.65, so we both thought the best thing we could do was to buy a home, but ~~what should we buy a home with.~~ ^{with what?} ~~So, I said, "I will show you."~~ ^{I said.} I went to the safe, took out my bank book and showed him a saving account of \$1,400.00 which I had saved in the two years that we lived in those three rooms. "My goodness, how did you save this amount of money?" Well, I ~~had~~ soon learned, my dear husband was not the saving kind. He loved to have a lot of money in his pockets which very often cost him a lot, for it was, "Barney, have you ten or twenty dollars to lend me?" He would hand out the money and many times he never got the money back. So, when my dear husband came home with a pocketful of money, I would encourage him to put it in the safe until the next day when he would bank it. He always put this money in the cash drawer. I also had a drawer in the safe. He very often left the money there for a few days without

counting. So when I went to the safe for myself, I would just transfer some money from one drawer to the other, then I would take it to the bank and in this way I saved up \$1,400.00. So when he thought of buying a house, I gave this to him. It was no sooner thought of than it was done. He went out one day, saw a house and without my seeing it he bought it. Very luckily the house was a nice one. It had six rooms and bath, a fine hall, a nice cellar with furnace and laundry, also a finished attic. It did not take us long to clean and paper and fix this house up. We bought new carpets and furnished it very beautifully. I still have some of the furniture and it is still very beautiful. We moved into this house with two little children. We lived there thirteen years. These years were years of progress. We both grew older and wiser, our family increased every two years until we had eight children. Of these eight, we lost one dear little boy, a beautiful child. He was so darling, so smart. It nearly broke my heart. I mourned him for more than thirty years, even now when I think of him I suffer a great pang. One never knows where and when death comes. I had gone to the country that summer to be out of the city, to be in the fresh air, and there it was that he contracted pneumonia. He got over that but complications set in and four days after I brought him home, he died. As I have said, I had the attic partitioned and two rooms made of it and a large storage cupboard. Our big boys used these two rooms, but as the street began to run down, I asked my husband to let us move. Even though in that home I really got to be a very well-known woman. ~~For~~ ^{that I continued to look} it was there, with all my work of caring and raising a family, ~~looking~~ ^{after} my dear mother, (I had mother come with us as soon as we moved to this home) and ^{it was there that} I again had my brother-in-law with us, ^{it was there I made} making a wedding for my husband's cousin's daughter, ^{it was there I got} getting two of my Polish maids engaged and married, ^{it was there I made} buying their trousseaus, ~~making~~ ^{and bought} collections for families, also making

It was there we built

and collections for poor brides, ~~building~~ *building* a large and beautiful succath^{ah} and ~~having some~~ *had* very religious men come and stay with us during the whole week. ~~Friday~~ *Friday* I would like to tell of a discussion we had in that Succath about the advisability of making a collection for a bride. My husband could not see the good of marrying off two young people that were so poor that a collection had to be made, and yet it is supposed that this was a great mitzvah. So we asked this one gentleman who was here from Jerusalem to explain this to us. I thought he gave us a very good explanation. He said, "Mr. Davis, if a man came to you who was hungry, you would certainly give him something to eat, and if he were naked you would give him clothes. Now, here are two young people who have reached the age that they should be married, then it is your duty to see to it that they marry, and that you help them in this marriage that they do not start off too bitterly poor. It is a great mitzvah." It was very interesting to hear this elderly pious man expound what the great rabbis have said on this subject. In view of the fact that just a while before this, our doctor, Albert Blumberg, was talking on the same subject. He said that if the Jewish parents understood life well, they, the parents, would marry off their sons as early as they try to marry off their daughters. Youthful marriages would keep young men moral and healthy. Well, ~~as I said~~, I grew in my personal social work, though we really had some very nice social life also. But the public work is really what made me big. Where there was need, I was there. When a man needed a hospital, I sent him there, some to the West Penn Hospital, some to the Mercy Hospital, some to the Passavant, each of these cases have interesting stories, I may as I go along tell some of them. I became ill and overburdened so I asked my husband to let us move from this crowded street and home. It took Pa two years to make up his mind to

move, but when he did he wanted to move right away. In these two years I was given the very large job of starting the Hospital Aid Society. I will tell of this later. Looking for the house this time was my job. It did not take me very long until I found one which was a great improvement over the one we lived in and while I grew mentally even without my knowing it, I had experienced many things in my first home. I learned to do many things. My husband was a busy man providing for us. The least I could do was take care of home and family. I learned to put up fruit, make jellies, put up pickles, make sauerkraut, do hundreds of things that I, as a young girl, did not know. Of course, by this time I was thirty-five years old, but I might say that my life's work was only starting, for my husband said to me when our first son was old enough to go to school and to learn Hebrew, "Annie, the raising of the children, their education and their welfare is your work. My work is to provide for you and our children." We both kept to our arrangement until the end. What do the young women of today know of the work that a mother of a large family does? ~~I even learned to sew.~~ I made my little girl's coat because I wanted something fine, but did not want to pay so much. I made little pants and cute little coats for my boys. I sewed their blouses all trimmed with embroidery. I shall never forget the first time I made picalilly out of our own tomatoes which we raised in our own back yard. We always had a garden, ours was the envy and the pride of the neighborhood. So I picked about a half peck of tomatoes and as many onions, seasoned them just right, cooked them and they were just grand. I was very proud of my work. All at once my dear mother saw that I used the wrong knife in slicing the onions. It seems I used the regular kitchen knife to slice the tomatoes and onions and then I used a large milk pot to cook them in, so you see, I mixed the cooking utensils up so I had to give my picalilly away to a non-Jewish neighbor. This might show how very strict my mother was about

the dietary laws. Then one day my mother came home and said, "You know, Annie, everybody is making wine. I think you ought to make wine for Yom Tov." I said, "But mother dear, I do not know how to make wine. That is an art in itself." She said, "If this woman could make it and that woman could make it, you could make wine too." So I thought that if I made wine then Mother would not make Mead, for she almost set herself on fire, ^{when she made it. one time} ~~another time~~ she almost set me on fire. ^{too!} When the maid saw the fire she called me. I ran down with the material of a new dress hanging around me. ^{a dress and} I was getting fitted. How we got the fire out safely, only the good God knows. So I started making wine for Pesach every year or two. This seems funny, but that first wine was the best wine I ever made. It was so good that one of my maids got at it. She took so much it made her sick. I thought she was washing, but I soon heard such moaning and groaning that we went down to see. There was my girl lying on the floor dead drunk. We got her upstairs to bed. The next day I sent her off as I could not trust her. Then I learned to have locked spigots on my wine barrel. I got another girl. ^{Julie.} She was grand and stayed with me for more than two years, but I was afraid of her. You know I always had a baby, so if we went out in the evening she always scolded me for staying out so late. She would not leave the baby, so I learned to stay downstairs until my husband went up and sent her to bed, then I would come. She was a very good girl. ~~It was for her that Mother bought the whole outfit when she got married. She was very well married.~~ ^{her her} She gave me a picture, I still have it. One day Julie came to ask my advice about a house she bought. It seemed the agent got her money but would not give her the title to the house. I sent her to one of my lawyer friends and he arranged the matter for her. At another time she came to see me. I saw she was very sad. I said, "What is the matter, Julie?" She told

me that her baby died and the Rust [?] did not want to bury the child without money and not knowing where she could get the needed money, she came to me. Of course, I gave the needed money and the next day the little child was buried. After Julie, I got a very young girl. I thought she was too young to work for me, but her brother, who was all she had in America, asked me to take her in as she was so lonely and friendless. He was sure that I would befriend her and teach her the American ways. I did take her and it was like taking in another child to raise, but I never regretted doing so. I taught her to read and speak English. Sometimes right in the middle of straightening up the dining room, she would pick up a paper, stop to read it and then ask me what it meant and how to pronounce the hard words. In that way, she learned how to speak properly, ^{and} ~~also~~ to read ~~very well, for~~ ^{As} a child she was taught Hebrew and German, and Hungarian, so it did not take her long to master ~~the~~ English. It is now forty-eight years since that time. We are still very good friends. I mean really friends. I often meet her in ^{Schule} Shule on the Sabbath day, where we talk over old times. I am very fond of her. She was with me more than two years. She had her beaux come to see her in my homes just as she would have had them in her mother's home. At last she was engaged to a very nice young man. We made all arrangements for her to leave. I took sick and she would not leave me to get married, so she stayed until I got better. In a few days, just as she was about to leave, I took sick again. I was sick off and on for more than a year at that time and she would not leave me. So one day when her fiance called, he said, "Well, if you like Mrs. Davis better than you do me, you can stay." ^{she answered} "All right, I'll stay." I would not leave Mrs. Davis while she is sick. You don't know all that Mrs. Davis did for me. Mrs. Davis taught me everything I know. She taught me English, she

taught me to cook, she taught me how to be a good housekeeper. I, who had no home, no friends, no money and I who found everything here. I could not forget such kindness to me no more than I could forget my mother." After her young man left, I called her to me. "Listen, dear, I am getting better. I will get another girl, but it is not so easy to get a husband, so just as soon as I am able to get up, you fly." She laughed and said, "Well, you know I have another girl for you, so don't worry." I got better but still was not well, so the doctor told me to leave my family and go to the country for the summer. I took the baby and went to a very large farm. It was so nice there. I loved the country so I sent for my other children. My husband brought them out to me. While we did not have all the comforts of home, we did have the quiet and rest of the country. Then I sent for a young niece, my brother's child, who used to come to us every summer. It was not so peaceful after she came. I got much better after being there for three weeks, ^{and} then I came home ~~right away~~. I was busy again. This child had a lovely voice, was very musical, but untrained so I started her musical education. She became a very fine singer in later years through the fine influence of my oldest daughter, ~~but my God what a price I paid. She cost me a lot of trouble as well as unhappiness.~~ After my very good girl left to get married, I got another girl. She was a wonderful worker, but I found her stealing. One day she came to me with a diamond ring on her finger and asked if it was really a diamond. I looked at the ring and of course I saw at once that it was one of the rings out of the safe. I asked her where ^{she got} ~~did she~~ get that ring and she said a young man gave it to her. I asked her was the young man so rich that he could give her such a ring. She laughed and said, "Yes, he owns his pants." I said, "how come he would give ~~you~~ such a ring?" She laughed again and said, "You are mistaken, Mrs. Davis, this is not a diamond." Well, I knew better so I commenced to think

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how I could get the ring in my hands again, for she took the ring from me. I went up to my room. There I dressed, I put on my diamond rings and made ready to go out. When I came down, I asked her to let me compare her ring with mine, so she gave it to me. I put it on my finger, "Look", I said, "It is just like mine. Now tell me where did you get it." "Do you say I stole it?" "No, I do not say that, but you tell me the young man's name and if he says he gave it to you, I will give you the ring back." "In the meantime, I will keep it." When my husband came home I told him all about the ring. He looked at the ring. It was brand new in a Tiffany mounting that we were then wearing, ^{give} but my dear husband did not want to think that this girl stole it out of his tray of rings, but when he looked he saw at once that one ring was missing. But my good man was fearful, so he said, "Sally, tell me the truth and tell me the man's name and where he lives. I will go to him." So she said, "He lives in McKeesport." Well, my good man went to McKeesport, spent a whole day there, found the young man, but he said, "Where would I get such a ring to give to anyone?" "In the meantime I sent for this girl's brother and the poor girl confessed. It seems my husband left the safe door open for a little while while he was talking to a salesman in another room. She went to the safe, and took out the ring, never thinking that it was such an expensive one. Her brother was very cross with her. Of course, I let her go at once.

Just at this time my friend and neighbor needed help and asked me if she should take her in. I told her if she wants ^d to risk it, she should go ahead. Well, Sally went to my friend. Sometime later I heard terrible screaming. I said to my husband, "Run over there must be fire. He ran and I ran after him. I found the mother fainting,

while Sally was screaming and the baby was in convulsions. I never saw anything like this, but I had to do something, so I said, "Sally, stop that screaming and bring me the baby's bath, get hot water, get mustard, get me blankets." In a jiffy, I had the baby in a hot bath. I brought him to then I gave him an enema and by the time the doctor came, the baby was all right. This baby grew up to be a fine boy and a handsome man. He was drafted in the last war. He got in the army and was sent across with his company. Some time after when there was something very dangerous to do his Captain called for volunteers. He said, "I will go." He went and was reported among the missing. His poor mother mourned for him very bitterly. Some time after, the men of his company found him, they gave him a decent burial. When the war was over the government permitted the men to be brought home. His mother wanted him brought home which was done. I attended the military funeral. I never saw anything so dignified and solemn. They brought the body into the Synagogue where he attended as a boy. Rabbi Ashinsky pronounced the most impressing eulogy I ever heard. The Rabbi spoke to the poor mother, among other things he said, "Do not mourn for your son, but rather be proud of him. For like Abraham of old, when the Lord said 'Abraham, Abraham,' Abraham answered, 'Here am I,' and when your sons Captain said, 'I need men who will volunteer', your son said, 'Here am I'". I never was so moved by any address as I was by that one given by a strict Orthodox Rabbi in a strict Orthodox Shule. Only this day I saw his cousin whom I knew as I knew this soldier that I attended when he was a very little baby, and maybe I saved him then to live to be a brave man who answered his Captain's call at the risk of his life. He died gloriously. I will never forget him. His mother died shortly after the military funeral. His father passed away sometime after. There are only one or two brothers

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into

left. His cousin, Dr. George Feldstein, I met at my old friend's funeral, a woman well over eighty-four years old. I had known her for more than sixty-six years. I was a child then, a buddy of her sister-in-law. I used to come to their home as they came to mine. She was a young bride from Washington, D.C. She was lonesome though she was much older than I, still we became good friends and valued my friendship as I grew older. We continued our friendship until the day she died, even though they had moved to Braddock. We were separated for sometime but when they moved to Pittsburgh we renewed our old friendliness. I visited her a few days before she passed away. I went to her funeral though the day was cold and damp. I could not let my old friend go to her everlasting rest without accompanying her to her last resting home. There I saw many of the younger generation - men and women grown gray though I knew them all when they were little and young. The Rabbi made a most fitting oration over this little old woman. She had suffered much. She had all kinds of trouble, sickness and death of some of her children. Still she had faith and hope. Her religion was a great solace to her, even though she was very ill in her last days, still she greeted all her friends with a smile. I feel that if one must pay up for our misdeeds, either here or hereafter, this poor dear little woman paid. At last she was at rest and all was well with her and her Maker. She used to say to me when she saw me, "Death is no trouble, ^Pliving trouble is worse." ^{for} She had both, but I feel the pain of the death of my children very keenly. Their loss is so great to me I do not know how to get over the pain of their loss, but on account of my living children, I smile, I join in their laughter while all the time I want to cry out for my dear ones that have gone. My only consolation is that sometime, somehow, there will be a resurrection in God's own time, until then my dear ones sleep.*