

THE THIRD PART

In the course of building up the work of the Hebrew Ladies Hospital Aid Society, I had been advised to do many things, one of which was to go to see Dr. J. Leonard Levy. I did not want to go to see the Rabbi. I was fearful of what he would say to me, but when I was advised to go, I went.

I explained my mission, told him of my plans, and asked him for his assistance. By that time we had already established a Montefiore Hospital Association of Western Pennsylvania. After listening to me very carefully for awhile, the Rabbi said, "Mrs. Davis, you are all wrong and you are too proud. What you want to do is to buy a large building, an old home, start there and then grow up from that. But before even that advice, I was told we did not need a Jewish Hospital. Just make arrangements with the Western Pennsylvania Hospital, make a Jewish ward there by paying so much a year and that was all. These good advisers did not take into consideration that we needed more than just a ward for the sick. What we needed was a place where our young medical men would have a place where they could train for better and bigger work.

I had already had an experience with the West Penn Hospital where I had made the arrangement to take our poor sick in and I would pay for them by the Hebrew Ladies Hospital Aid Society. We had no sooner started to send our patients in when I received a letter from the Superintendent, *Repeated* I think his name was Mr. Howell, in which he said that he never thought there were so many Jewish sick people. I went to see Mr. Howell. I said, "The folks I sent in were sick I can assure you they are poor and have not the proper place to be sick in. Now I and my society are willing to pay for them so what? If I did not send them in possibly they would have been sent in through other sources." "No doubt, no doubt, Mrs. Davis, we will let our arrangement stand as is." So when Rabbi Levy said get a ward, I knew what that amounted to. I made my report of my visit to Rabbi Levy. I also added that if we wanted to do anything we have to do this ourselves.

Henry Jackson President for a year

So after due deliberation the Board decided to appoint a committee on finding a building that would be suitable for our purposes. This committee got busy and after proposing several places, the Morewood estate was decided on. Mr. Charles Sacks was the attorney in the case. Mr. Henry Jackson, President of the hospital, had taken a trip to Europe to be away for about a year. The Board of Directors elected me Acting President, in the absence of Mr. Jackson. Mr. Abraham Sippman, who was first Vice President, would not act, I being Second Vice President, was elected so I accepted this duty. While the Montefiore Hospital Association had no money, the Hebrew Ladies Hospital Aid Society had twenty-five thousand dollars. With this money the committee bought the first site where there was a very large colonial building which the committee thought could be used very comfortably for the time being. This was done, the papers had to be signed so as I was confined with my ninth baby, Albert, at that time, the papers were brought to my home for me to sign them as Acting President of the Montefiore Hospital. Later I signed the contract for the remodeling and extending of the old home into a Hospital. We enlarged it 30 x 40 feet on the first and second floors and made an entire third floor with suitable bathrooms, operating rooms and all accessories. The building was finished in April. We furnished it through the month of May. We opened it after due deliberation on about the month of June. We had no money on hand when it was ready to be opened, only about \$600 in our treasury. Our Board of Directors were fearful of opening the hospital with such a small sum on hand but I contended it would cost us money to keep it closed for a time. We already had engaged a Superintendent. We had a staff of nurses, we had household help engaged, so it seemed to me we might as well open up our doors to the sick and also keep our promise to the public. The Board saw the wisdom of my

arrangement so we opened the Montefiore Hospital on June first.

That first day we had a life and a death in our hospital. The death was of an old man sent in to us from the Home for the Aged in a dying condition. The same day a little baby was born in the new Jewish Hospital which I had worked so hard to establish. By the end of the month our hospital was running full capacity and it has been running so ever since. I can tell many, so many, stories in connection with the Montefiore Hospital, The hospital Aid Society, the work of our Board of Directors of the hospital, the selling of rooms, the collecting of money, the working for men members, the establishing of a staff (I was chairman of the conference committee), the hundreds of details connected with the opening of the hospital, but first I must tell of how I sold the first room to my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Marks Browarsky. I said to Dr. Sanes, "You sell my friends the first room." "How much must I say?" "One thousand dollars", I told him. He nearly fell over. "Why, Mrs. Davis, you will never get that much money for a room from anyone." You see it was when a thousand dollars was a great deal of money. I said, "You never can until you try." But he would not try so I took Mrs. Browarsky by the arm. "Come with me, I want to sell you the first room. I want you to be the first buyer." Mrs. Browarsky was very fond of me so she said, "Now what and how much do you want of me?" "I want you and Mr. Browarsky to buy the room number one for one thousand dollars." She said, "You think I ought to do this?" "By all means, you should be the first one to buy the first room where so many sick people will get well, with the help of God." "Well, if you say so then Mark and I will buy it and Mark will give you the thousand dollars", which they did that same day. That was only the start. Very soon all our private rooms were sold. Dr. Sanes could hardly believe his eyes or ears.

That same evening I saw a man go over to the table to give a check. I said, "Please come over here." I took him by the arm and showed him our marble tablets. "You see, if you give us one hundred dollars, your name will be placed on this tablet, smaller amounts just go into the book", so he changed his check from twenty-five dollars to one hundred dollars. I got twenty-five dollars where men only wanted to give five, I got fifty dollars, I got ten dollars, I got five dollars, I took all I could get. Another sum of money I received not quite so much nor was it so easy. Mrs. Louis Gordon, who was a member of our Hospital Society, got busy all at once. She said, that if I went with her she could get a lot of money from a man that she knows but I must go with her. So we made the appointment and we started out. I said, "Minnie, I don't know this man nor do I know where. Are you sure you know where you are going?" "Of course I am sure." So we started out. We had no autos in those days so we took the streetcar and we went. After a time I could see that my friend looked puzzled. I said, "You seem to be lost." "Yes, I am lost, this is not the place." In the meantime, I saw there were a number of Jewish names on the business places, so I said, "Well, since we are here, let us see what we can do" so we went into a furniture store. I told the owner that we were out collecting for the Montefiore Hospital. "Oh yes," he said and he handed me a silver half dollar. I saw that I had to say something so I said, "Well, you see, mister, you don't seem to understand, we are collecting for a hospital. "Yes, I know, the Jewish Hospital." For a moment I did not know what to say to this man. So I said, "I tell you what, better you become a member of our hospital. "How much is a membership?" "Ten dollars", I told him in fear and trembling. "All right, I will better be a member" and to our surprise, he gave us a ten dollar bill for his membership. So the next store we

went into we did not try to collect any money but rather we asked for memberships, which we got very readily. When we were through with that neighborhood, my friend said, "Well, now I know where we have to go." So we got on another streetcar and again after a time I saw that my friend was again lost, but the neighborhood was familiar to me so I said, "I think I have some friends here." It was on Butler Street so we took still another car and landed at my old friend's store, Mr. & Mrs. Max Weisberg. Well, when Mrs. Weisberg saw me she made such a fuss over me that I felt ashamed, so I said, "If you knew what I came for you would not be so pleased to see me." "Oh, I know that when you go so far out of your way, it must be something worthwhile." "Yes, it is worthwhile, it is for the Montefiore Hospital, I came to you for a nice donation." "Well, first come on upstairs, have a cup of tea, then we will talk about money." The tea was very welcome because it was getting late in the afternoon and we had no lunch so we had our tea. We sat and talked about old times, about my dear mother, about the time when Mr. & Mrs. Weisberg were married, and then it was time to go. We all went downstairs into the store. Mind they were all working in the grocery store. they were not rich but they were kind. "Well, Mrs. Davis, how much do you want?" "I want a hundred dollars from you." "All right, a hundred dollars you shall get" and to my surprise, Mr. Weisberg made me a check for one hundred dollars. Just then their son, Harry, came in. We were all shaking hands over again, laughing and talking, when I said, "Harry, I just got a hundred dollars from your father so I want a hundred dollars from you." "But I just gave \$25 last night." "Yes, I know, but I want your name on our tablet. If you give \$75 more, that will place your name on the tablet along with your father's name." Without another word he also gave me a check for the \$75 so we went

out rejoicing. Outside we thought of another man who gave us \$25. One person gave us five dollars, so that in a very short time, we had \$285 besides linens, memberships, and various other things, besides making a lot of friends for our hospital. I was ready to go home when Mrs. Gordon says, "Oh, now I know where my man lives", so she took me all over the 28th street hill. Then she took me across the 33rd street bridge and up a big hill. I was so tired I could hardly walk anymore for I was heavy with child, so I said, "If this is not the place, I will not go another step." Thanks be, it was the place her man was in. He was not very nice. After talking to him for some time, I let her do the talking for he was the man she knew. I had never met him. When she introduced me, he said, "Yes, I know Mrs. Davis. I know Mr. Davis also, but I am sorry, I will not give you any money for no Jewish Hospital." I saw there was no use to talk to this man so I did not waste any time on him. So we went home. I was so worn out and worried about my husband because I knew he would be worried. At last I reached home. I found my dear husband standing at the door looking up and down the street. When he saw me he took me in an said, "Oh, Mummie, why do you wear yourself out like this?" "Please do not scold me, Pa, I am awfully tired" so Pa almost carried me into the house. He took my shoes off, he ordered a plate of soup for me. After I had rested he asked me to go to bed. I rested all the next day but in the evening we went up to the hospital and turned in all the money and the records. The Secretary, D.A.L. Lewin, could not get over wondering at my getting so much money. "Why, I live there but I could only get \$5 from all the people I went to see." I tell all this, not because I got so much or so little money that day, but because that 33rd street bridge seemed so long. I was so worn out, I was so heavy, the impression made on my mind remains with me

until this day, thirty-two years after. Everytime I ride down the Bigelow Blvd., I visualize that trip. I have received many and various sums of money for my hospital but never did I put in so much effort and after all, I received nothing but praise for my wonderful work from this man who disappointed Mrs. Gordon so.

I received the first very large pledge of fifty thousand dollars from our Vice President, Mr. *J.* W. Frank some time after. I should say years after. It came about this way. Our very rich Reform friends did not want a Jewish Hospital. We had quite a lot of trouble to convince some of our very rich friends that a Jewish Hospital is not only for the care of our Jewish people, but it was also our contribution to our city and also a place where our young professional men could have the freedom of sending their patients to a hospital. Mr. Frank later became our Vice President. I always got along with him very well. At one of our Board meetings, I heard that the hospital needed eight thousand dollars. The men did not seem to know how or where to get this money. It was for a payment on our mortgage. The next day while I was cooking, I got a plan how I could get the money so I called up Mr. Jackson. I asked him if he had time. He said, yes, to go ahead. I told him I had three ways of getting this eight thousand dollars. Mr. Jackson did not like my first plan, nor my second plan, but my third plan was good. He said to go ahead, it was a good plan. I asked if he would help. He said, yes, he would. After him I called Mr. *J.* W. Frank. He also liked my third plan so well he said he would give me six hundred dollars towards my plan. He also said he would help me. The next day Mr. Frank called me. He said, "Mrs. Davis, if you get me five thousand dollars of Federation membership I will give you five thousand dollars toward your plan." I said, "All right, it is as good as done." I called a special meeting of my Hospital Aid

Society women. I explained the matter to them. In a few days, we got the members for the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies and I got a check from Mr. Frank for five thousand dollars. My Society gave two thousand dollars and one thousand I got from our Board members. My dear husband gave one hundred; I gave a hundred; my friend, Marks Browarsky, one hundred; and the other seven hundred came from the other men. Mr. J. W. Frank always had time to talk to me. He really was a very nice man, even though he was a multi-millionaire. So one day, when years later we were talking about a new Montefiore Hospital, he said to me, "I want you to know, Mrs. Davis, that I will pledge you fifty thousand dollars towards a new hospital". I got so excited. "Oh, Mr. Frank, allow me to make this announcement public." He said, "No, not now, but when in good time." When the time came he did give fifty thousand dollars. But why talk about these big sums. I must first tell you how we worked up our first little hospital. When we were about to open up our hospital, of course, we needed linens so we made a linen shower. This was held at the home of our Secretary, Mrs. M. A. Goodstone. This was during the month of May. It is hardly believeable but true that we received enough linen to last us for some years. All kinds of linen necessary for a hospital all through the hospital. The private rooms, the wards, the dining room, the operating rooms, the kitchen, doctor gowns, everything. Then our good mothers started to give us pillows. Every pillow was sterilized, put into new ticking. They said it was a great Mitzvah.

When I was in the West Penn Hospital they gave me two pillows. One was made of chicken feathers and one was made of corn husks. I felt something hurting my head, when the nurse looked to see what was hurting me, she found half a dry corn with the husk on it. I could

not have such pillows so I sent home for my own pillows. I then could appreciate our good women's knowledge of what was good for the sick.

Seeing how successful our ingathering was, I appointed a permanent sewing committee, or rather circle, which provided everything the hospital needed for years and years and is still going on in a lesser degree. We opened our hospital the first week in June. My baby daughter, Sarah Helen, was born in the first part of September. God bless her, she was then my eleventh child. I was dreadfully worried and much afraid for I was always so sick. Just as I started to cry and thought that I still had another twenty-four hours to go through, I got one spasm of pain, then another, and another, we called for the doctor to come at once. He had been with me all day but just then he had to attend other sick. He knew when my nurse called him he had to come at once. What joy when I was delivered of a little girl, God bless her, and give her a joyous life, because she has always been, and even though she is married with a family of her own, she is to me a most devoted daughter.

I don't know if I was wise to give so much of myself to the work that came to my hands to do but somehow whatever I had to do, I always did my very best. There was no other way - the best way.

By this time we had moved from Washington Street to 815 Bluff St. I came to that home very suddenly. Pa said one day, "Well, Annie, if you want to move, you had better look for a house, either to rent or to buy. Pa did not have to tell me a second time. I went looking for a house. I had some friends living on Bluff Street so I went there first. There were many large houses there. It was hard to get there but once you were up the hill it was very beautiful. I looked at several homes to rent. The agents asked me if I had any children. Of

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course I had children. What would I want with a 12-room house if I had no family. Besides the houses did not suit me anyhow. Then my old girlfriend, Mrs. Bernstein, told me that there was a beautiful home for sale right around the corner. A beautiful house - 12 rooms - lovely bath, tiled kitchen, a fine cellar, a good laundry, everything that I wanted, a nice lot in front with two trees. It was a big improvement over my home in Washington Street. I said, "I love this house but I must bring my husband to see it." My husband saw the house and thought that it was good so he bought it. We lived there for nine years. These nine years were fruitful years. My oldest son, Allan, who was a brilliant boy, started Harvard College - at that time Harvard College was not so popular as colleges are now. He really made a big name for himself. He was a very brilliant student and made the course in three years with a Magna Cum Laude, a very handsome man but a very unfortunate one. Our other boy was still in high school. The other children attended public school, Hebrew school, dancing school, music, singing. We lived above the normal American Jewish life. This was all my job as my husband always told me. I will try to provide but you must look after the children's education and I did my best. In addition to my Hebrew Ladies Hospital Aid Society work I was interested in the Beth Hamadush Hagodal Shule. The council of Jewish Woman, the House of Shelter, the Gusky Orphanage and Home, The United Hebrew Charities. Then I became interested in the Zionist Organization of America. I got into this work through my son Allan. He had joined the ^{Tifereth} Zion Society at the earnest request of some of the older boys that knew him. In fact, they waived the age limit for him. I was pleased to have him join when he asked me for I did not know anything about Zionism at that time. But my, my, what a tremendous amount of work I did for that cause. I was a Sister

Zionism

of Zion, my husband was a Dorsha Zion, my daughter, Freda, was a daughter of Roses of Zion, and my young son, Isaac, was a member of a Zion Literary Society, in fact my whole family, as they grew older, became members of some Zion society and in those days how we worked for that Holy cause, and we still are. After more than forty years, I wish I had the power of the pen to exercise in writing the value of this great work for the good of Palestine and the Jewish people. I am happy that I can truthfully say that we, my whole family, have played a great part in the upbuilding of this organization which has yielded such tremendous power for good of the Jewish people in America and in the whole world. It came to us from the old world. What a power for good it has been and still is and I hope will always be for Palestine and all the people that go there.

I have to tell of my first big work I did for the Zionist Organization. About 1898, the Pittsburgh Zionist invited the coming Convention to be held in Pittsburgh. In making their arrangements, they found they needed a chairman of the Hospitality Committee. Some of the young people asked me to be that chairman. As I said before, I did not know much about the organization. I had never been such a chairman. I understood that it was a big undertaking. I asked them what I had to do. When they told me I was appalled. I said I never could do all that they asked me to do. They said they would do all that they could to help me, but that they would be lost without me. I realized that a great many people would come to our city from many other cities if our young Zionists treated them nice, then our city would be nice and our ^{city} people would be nice. If, on the other hand, we did not have everything fine and nice then our city would not be nice nor would we be fine. I have always had a great pride in my city when I was very young and now after 66 years in Pittsburgh, I still love my city and have a great pride in it. I have a little

story about how I love my city. But I must go on with our Convention. Well, I hardly knew what I let myself in for. The first was a reception on Saturday night to all the delegates and their friends. Our Zionists did not know how to arrange this. I said, "We will just have light refreshments for those who come. We will just stand in line to receive them all with a friendly smile, introduce each to the other so that they become acquainted." I had a very beautiful tablecloth. I still have it after forty years. I used my cloth, my silver, my beautiful candlesticks. I decorated the table so beautifully that hardly anyone dared to disturb the arrangements. We served about five hundred guests. The late Mr. De Haas spoke. He was a wonderful speaker. An ardent Zionist, Professor Richard Gottheil was President. In all we had almost successful evening. The next day we served a plentiful luncheon to the delegates only and Sunday night we held our banquet. It was a banquet in every sense of the word, beginning with fish and ending with nuts. I really did too much but at \$5 per plate, I made it good. We sold every bit of ~~had~~. I was told we had five hundred to that dinner. How I did it I can hardly tell, I was too busy, but I did have splendid help from my Hebrew Ladies Hospital Aid Society. The women were just grand. They did everything I asked them to do from making noodles for the soup to serving the tables and looking after the guests. I hired a cook and a couple of helpers. They did one part of the work, my women did the rest ~~and~~ received three hundred dollars for all the food. I did my very best but what with hiring dishes and table silverware, paying for the cook, making another luncheon the next day, I had to ask for a little more money which I received. It was some work but everybody was satisfied and happy. After that I became a full-fledged Zionist and worker. The whole organization knew me for in addition to the food we had music, speakers, and singing, a very

enjoyable affair. The Pittsburgh Convention made a lot of money for their work. After that I became a great worker for the Zionist Organization. What my husband and I gave to and for Zionism is really more than I can tell. During a period of 40 years of giving the sum counts up. There are a number of things that stand but clearly in my mind that I did. One was the establishment of our Hadassah. Our good women in Pittsburgh could not nor would not see themselves as Zionists. They thought that was for the men. I thought the matter over very earnestly. Finally I spoke to a woman who was at that time a Zionist. I pointed out to her that if we could interest the women in this great work we could do some good. ~~Mrs. Blum~~ ^{Blum} tried for some time to start but somehow she could not make a go of it. So one day ~~she~~ ^{she} invited Mrs. Richard Gottheil, whose husband was the first President of the American Federation of Zionists, ~~so~~ she knew me. When she came, I arranged a tea at my home which was then on Aiken Avenue for Mrs. Richard Gottheil and her sister, Miss Leon. I invited 125 women and 125 came. Mrs. Gottheil told us of a visit that she and her sister made to Palestine. It was then that she first became aware of the terrible condition of the Jewish sick women in Palestine, especially so in the city of Jerusalem. Mrs. Gottheil came back with the determination to do something for our people, especially the women and children, so she was glad to come to Pittsburgh. I had just moved to my beautiful home on Aiken Avenue. Mrs. Gottheil spoke very feelingly about our sisters across the seas. I spoke, pointing out that what we did hereto help the sick we could also help the sick over there. After a very fine tea at which coffee was served with all the sweets and cakes and candy and nuts, 125 women became members of the Pittsburgh Chapter of Hadassah. Most of these good women have gone to the great beyond for it is now more than 40 years

but it was a great beginning. While they lived they were grand, good women who established something that is going on all these years. This same Mrs. Gottheil and her sister, Miss Leon, at another time used their influence over another group of women of the Congregation Rodef Sholom where Rabbi J. Leonard Levy was Rabbi. With the help of Mrs. Sol Rosenbloom, myself and the good will of Rabbi Levy, we were able to organize a Palestine Welfare Society composed mostly of the women of the Rodef Sholom Congregation. This Society flourished for about two years. They did some good but they were not true Zionist at heart, so they disbanded. Rabbi Levy did ask them to establish a Chair of Religion in Palestine, but it did not work. The people of that group were anti-Zionists. Without the Zionist's ideal, this society could not live. I was very sorry that Mrs. Rosenbloom proposed to disband the society for I could see that with the proper person it might have lived. I am happy to say a great many of these women are now cool members of our Hadassah.

At another time I came to a meeting of the Board where they were talking about selling the Zionist Institute because they could not raise the money to pay their interest. I felt very bad about it. I asked will we lose much money at this time. Of course, we will lose much money so I said, "Give me about a week's time. I will see what I can do." I started a subscription list. Everyone I approached gave me his check. I only asked for twenty-five dollars from each. I, myself, headed the list. I really had no refusal. One young friend of mine, A.C. Stein, said, "Mrs. Davis, I don't know one reason why I should give you the money but since you came for it I will give you my check." I appreciated that check a little more than the others because he was young, just beginning his law practice. He was a handsome man. I liked him a lot. We were friends for many years. When

I visited San Francisco years later, he lived there. He came to see me at once at my Hotel, then he took us out. My daughter, Sarah, was with me. He had his wife and a very fine young man, a cousin of his from Chicago. We spent a delightful day with him talking of the past and looking forward to a bright future. There was every reason for him to have a bright future with a nice wife and two growing sons. I was much grieved in later years when I learned of his tragic death. He was only a few years older than my son, Allan, who also passed away much too young. It is such a great loss to the world for such men to die, who might have been of great use to their people and to their country, for both were brilliant men, with fine minds, great ideals, handsome, useful, great Zionists, but both died, he by his own will, my son, Allan, died very suddenly from pneumonia, which he contracted while I was very sick and his family was just getting over being ill. I never saw him in this illness for I was in the hospital at the time and he was sick at his home. I nearly died when the doctor told me that my son, Allan, passed away and I grieved for my young friend whose check helped me to raise enough money to pay the interest and other debts, so saved the building for a great number of years. When the property was high this building was sold for thirty or thirty-five thousand dollars. There was a great scramble for the money. Mr. Louis Lipsky came from New York. He wanted the money for the Zionist Organization and there were different committees wanted the money for their work. My son, Allan and I and a few of the old timers and cool-headed members agreed this money should go to the National Fund towards a Pittsburgh Colony which was done. I think it is a very flourishing Colony. I had done many things. I had given much money for this cause. We did this together when my husband lived and I had done much after my husband passed away. I held many

as a result of

him very deeply

offices for many years in the organization. I am still a member of the Board of Directors. I am proud of the work I have done for this organization. Many years ago, I prided myself on the work I had done to help Mr. Pincus Ruttenberg when he was in Pittsburgh in behalf of the Electric project which he had for Palestine. I did not know Mr. Ruttenberg. I did not know that he was in our city. One evening I met a friend of mine, Mrs. Morris Kriger, who asked me to go with her to hear this Mr. Ruttenberg. I did not want to go. I was out shopping for my family. I was too busy. "Oh, come along, I want to hear this man. I hear he is very earnest." "All right, I go just to please you. My husband is out so the evening is my own." We went to the Beth Jacob Shule on Franklin Street. There were not many women there but a goodly number of men. The place was not very bright. I knew many of the men and they knew me. There was a man standing on the Bemah and talking in Yiddish. At that time, I did not know Yiddish very well. I hardly understood what he was saying but all at once I heard some of these men contributing ten dollars, twenty-five dollars, five dollars and so on. There were not many gave over twenty-five dollars. I thought it was wonderful. These men were not rich, in fact some in poor circumstances but they gave with a free hand. After the meeting was over I was introduced to Mr. Ruttenberg. But before this I was dumbfounded when someone called out that he moved that Mrs. Davis be elected treasurer of this fund. I did not want the job, but Mrs. Krieger insisted as did a number of the men who knew me with the result I was made treasurer of this fund for electrifying the land of Palestine. How happy I was later when I was in Palestine I found that Mr. Pincus Ruttenberg had brought great light, not only in Tel Aviv but also in Jerusalem, that great historic city. I had the privilege and the pleasure to visit the Holy Land. This was after my dear husband died.

I would wish that all my children and all my good friends should take such a trip as I took but with their partners together. I almost knew the land through my dear sainted mother who lived and died there, still I was thrilled when I visited there. Every place, every town, every institution was known to me. But I really loved the old city of Jerusalem most. One day as I was leaving my hotel very unexpected, I ran right into Mr. Ruttenberg. He recognized at once. We spoke together for awhile. He was very busy with a convention of some kind. He said that he would send me his secretary to explain everything to me and show me what he had accomplished. Then when he came to see me we would talk personally like old friends, for he said he well remembered the tea he had at my home a day or two after that eventful Saturday night when I first met him. It seems I invited him to my home to meet my husband and family which he did. He remembered so well how we all spent a very pleasant afternoon. The next day he called at my home and asked me to help him in his mission. It seems somebody promised to take him to a few of our very wealthy people - when he named the men he wanted to see, I said it was no use, these men were not interested in Palestine. But I would give him about two hours of my afternoon as my day was already taken up with my hospital work. We went to see the men that he had the names of. I was beautifully received but they were not interested. I told them that someday they will be sorry that they did not have the honor of building up the Holy Land. After two visits to such very wealthy men, I said, "Now let me take you to some men that I know who would be more sympathetic to our cause." In a very short time we had received about \$350 from people who were true Zionists. Then I turned Mr. Ruttenberg over to a Mr. Morris Sando, a plain, simple man. He went with Mr. Ruttenberg the rest of the afternoon. I received the money

they collected the next day. I just do not remember how much they collected but it was a goodly sum. I do believe that was the first real money that was collected for the Electric work that Mr. Ruttenberg received which enabled him to start his great work of bringing electricity to the Holy Land, and so again it shows that from little acorns great trees grow. Many millions has been spent on this work but none of the latter millions could have been possible if it were not for the sum of money received in Pittsburgh through my efforts. Mr. Ruttenberg had given me many compliments while in my home. He thought he had never seen anyone so well-received as I was and he had never seen anyone ask for money in the way that I asked for it. All this time that I gave to my Zionist work I did not neglect my Hospital Aid Society nor the Montefiore Hospital. We had bought the grounds, we had remodeled the old building, we had added to it almost as much as was the old house. I was Vice President in the absence of the President, Mr. Jackson. I was Acting President during all that time. I was also Chairman of the Conference Committee. You can see that in the beginning we had to meet very often. My husband was treasurer. Most times he would come with me to these meetings. Sometimes I had to go alone. I was then heavy with child. It was rather hard for me to go out at night, even though Dr. Sanes said that we should have a Conference meeting. I said, "No, I will not call one." "Why," he asked? "Because I do not want to go out anymore." "All right, we will come to your house. We do love to come to your home anyway." So I called my committee together. There were three doctors, four laymen and myself. We conducted the business of the meeting. After the meeting I served refreshments. We then spent some time together as we were all friends-in all spent a very pleasant evening. In a very few days my little daughter, Sarah Helen, was born. We were all delighted that at last I had a little daughter. After eight boys, God Bless her, my oldest daughter Freda took her in her arms, looked at her and said, "My late little sister, you came

late for me you dear little sister." Yes, she is a dear sister though I was dreadfully afraid and dreadfully sick, still Thank God, she is a blessing to me. I pray God give her a long and happy life full of prosperity, health, happiness, and everything good in life. I cannot and do not have words enough to tell how good and helpful my family were to me in my public work and also in my work at home. I will never forget how kind and thoughtful they all were of me. My oldest son, Allan, always helped me. He always had a chair ready for me. He ran up and down the stairs for me, in all ways he was as helpful as could be. One day, I was so nervous and upset about my coming ordeal. My dear daughter, Freda, took me in her dear arms, and said, "Never mind, mother, we are all with you so you will have another boy. See what a fine lot of boys you have." "That is it, I do not want another boy. I want a girl." "Oh, mother dear, do not worry. Let me take you to your room and rest a little." My family were very good and kind to me. When a little girl was born, we were all very happy. My sister said to me, the next day when she came to see me, "Why, Annie, you look twenty years younger." "That is owing to my little girl baby," I said.

I did not go out anywhere for more than six weeks. The first trip I made to the hospital. Dr. Sanes met me. He said, "Well, Mrs. Davis, where were you all this time?" "I was home having a baby girl." Well, for goodness sake, I never knew it." Then Dr. A. Lewin met me and asked me the same question. I told him that I had a little girl. "Well, well, a little girl. I never knew it was coming." Then I met Dr. N. J. Weil. He asked the same question. I made the same answer. He said, "Well, you do look a little peaked." I laughed at these men. They saw me very busy all the last year with the Montefiore Hospital but were so unobserving that they did not know that I

was with child. They were fine physicians, specialists in their different lines but they had no eyes. I was so happy with my little girl, I did not mind what anyone said. I was forty-four years old but I was very active, for at this time I was again elected on the Board of the Hebrew Relief Society. That Society was just another source of education for me. There we spent more time going over cases week after week, not doing anything in the meantime. I had charge of a case of poor simple woman as I went visiting among the sick poor. She had a little child about three years old. She was getting some help from the Hebrew Relief Society. I looked into what she was getting. I found a very large rye loaf of bread. She had potatoes, but she never had any milk or butter or eggs or meat nor any of the fruits so I went to the Board meeting of the Hebrew Relief Society and asked them to allow her to buy these other things more suitable for a little child, instead of every week the same bread, the same potatoes, the same beans. I am glad to say that they allowed me to give the order to a grocer to let this poor woman have the things she most needed. In going to see this woman I met another woman. She said, "You are Mrs. Davis." I said, "Yes." She said, "You ought to know me as well as my husband." When she told me her name I knew her whole family. They were all well-to-do. Yet this woman and her three children were hungry. Her husband was sent to a Federal Prison for using the mails in sending out some tickets for a Woman's Club. However he was not cold nor hungry. I asked her why she does not ask her family to help her. "My family know my situation and if they do not come to me, I cannot go to them." So I said I would see what I could do. The first thing I did was to send one of her children to a Blind Asylum where they treat the eyes, also teach the patients how to do things, to work with their

as he was nearly blind

hands. I sent her some food.

Then I took up the matter of her husband's problems as he had already served the greater part of a year. I wrote a letter to the Parole Board. I told them that he was a good husband and father, while he was free, that he is protected, housed and fed, but that his wife and children are hungry and much in need of medical attention and if it is in their power to pardon or parole him, they would do a great mercy for I feel sure when freed he would again take care of his family. The man is a good man as I know him.

I am happy to say the man got his parole. It was not long until they were on their own again. Very wisely they moved to another town. Some years later I attended a wedding at the Hotel Schenley. There I saw a fine-looking woman sailing down the ball-room floor smiling all over her face, with her arms extended to me. "Dear Mrs. Davis, how are you, my dear good friend?", and there was my poor distressed woman whom I had helped and befriended years ago. It made me very happy to see them. They had come to Pittsburgh to the same wedding. They took me around. They petted me, they wanted me to come to visit them, they promised to give me a good time. They fully realized that my letter to the Parole Board did a lot of good, for the Board wrote me that they would take all I said under consideration. They also told the family that when they had such a woman as Mrs. Davis plead for them that was enough. I thanked my happy friends if and when I would come to their city I would be happy to accept their hospitality. I have not seen them for some time. I am not a great traveler, so I never got to their city. By this time their children are married. It is better that they do not see too much of me, for it would only remind them of a very unhappy time.

The other case was not so easy. Even after I got them ^{charities} to allow her to get what she needed for herself and baby. I got a grand laugh from the members of the Board. I could not see the joke so they told me that they would not bother with this case. They would put the poor simple mother in Mayview and put the child in an orphan asylum. I could not see the wisdom of such action so I said, "Let me have this woman and her child for six months and if there is no improvement, then I give up and you can do what you want to do." Well, they let me have this case. It was not easy I can tell you. The charities had made this poor woman afraid, even though she knew that I was her friend and wanted to help her.

The next time I went to see them I found the little girl could hardly breathe. I asked what was the matter. "She has a cold" the mother said, but I could see it was something else so I tried to examine her. I started to take off some of her clothes. Well, I cannot tell how many things that child had tied around her chest so tight that the poor baby could not breathe. The mother thought sure I was going to kill her child but after I sponged the little body, put a clean shirt on and loose gown, she saw how much easier the child felt. She was satisfied. I had the doctor come to see the little girl. He said there was not much the matter. I worked with this case that six months. I got the little girl to go to the Irene Kaufman Kindergarden. The mother went with her. There she learned different things-in the end, the little child taught the mother. I then reported the progress of this case. The Relief Society allowed me to keep on. I worked with these two for a few years until the child could teach her mother. I am very happy I had the power to help and keep these two poor strays until they could help themselves. It took time and patience and loving kindness, also money

for I also dressed the child properly, but I did accomplish wonders. I could tell so many stories about the many and varied cases. Here I must tell of an entirely different case.

This was a very fine family who got along very well. They lived in their own little home on Bedford Avenue. All went well with them until the husband took sick. I put him in the West Penn Hospital. That was where he wanted to be. He was in a bad condition. He lingered on for some time. The Hospital did everything possible but they could not cure him. He was predisposed to tuberculosis. After some time he died. The wife was devoted to her husband and as they had this little house on which they had paid one thousand dollars, she loaned a hundred dollars for funeral expense. I went to see her during Shiva. She felt she had a friend in me. So after a week or two, she came to me and said, "Mrs. Davis, if I could get a loan of one hundred dollars, I think I could make a living for my family." She had three children and a sister living with her. For this money she would buy material, her sister would make up skirts, aprons and other things and she could sell them as her husband did. I promised I would try to get the loan for her. I went to the Hebrew Relief Society. I told them of this case. I did not ask for a loan but for a gift. We could tell her it was a loan but on the books it should be a gift for I felt sure she would have a hard time to make a living and I did not want them to think that either this little woman or I fooled them. Well, after talking and explaining a lot, I finally got fifty dollars instead of a hundred from the United Hebrew Relief. The woman did as she said she would. All went well for about six months, then one day she came to me again. "What is the trouble now?" I asked. She said, "You know, dear Mrs. Davis, my little girl used to take music lessons. If she does not get her

lessons she will forget all that she knew. I had hoped that she will know enough music to be able to make her own living by it later on-with her knowledge of Hebrew, German and French, she could be a good teacher." I thought the matter over for a moment. I said, "All right, I will get your little girl the music lessons that she requires." She was then about twelve years old. I inquired among some of my musical friends. One good woman, Mrs. Blumenthal said, "Send the child to me. I will give her music lessons." I was delighted because I knew Mrs. Blumenthal as a very fine pianist, she having studied in Europe. Mr. Blumenthal was a very fine musician. This child would be in a fine musical atmosphere. Sometime after I inquired from Mrs. Blumenthal how our little girl is getting along. "She is getting along very well under the circumstances." "Why, what are the circumstances?" "Well, you see, Mrs. Davis, the child has no piano to practice on." "For mercy sake, how does she manage?" "Oh, she comes to my studio every day after I am through with my other pupils." "That will never do." I never thought nor knew that this talented child had no piano so now I had to get a piano. So I went to a very wealthy man that I knew and who thought that I was a wonderful woman and did wonderful work, in fact, he embarrassed me one day by telling me that he was sorry he did not know me long ago for I was such a grand woman. Well, I thought that all I needed to do is to ask him for a check for the piano and I would get it. Instead he said to me, "Mrs. Davis, I always thought you were a smart woman, now I see you are not smart at all." That after I had told him about this child, her heroic mother, her fine father, what refined people they were, what a fine education was already started, what could this delicate child do in time to support herself. Put her in some woman's kitchen, she will be much better off. "Mr. Arons, some children are fitted for some woman's kitchen, some are

fitted for music. I came to you for a check - only twenty-five dollars. I know I could buy a piano for that much. If you can give me that much, well, if not I will have to see one or two other friends." Mr. Arons looked at me and said, "Only that I know you so well I cannot let you go out without anything", so he took \$2. out of his pocket and laid them on the table. I looked at the \$2. and said, "I came for \$25. If you cannot give that to me I cannot take two dollars. You will please excuse me for troubling you and I can still remain friends." I left him standing dumbfounded. In an hour I had the \$25 I needed. I went to C.C. Mellor & Co. and asked them to show me a piano for \$25. "Have a heart, Mrs. Davis, we have no piano for \$25 but we have one for seventy-five dollars." "Its no use, I have only twenty-five dollars, but I will look at the one you have." They took me upstairs and showed me an old-style square piano. "Do you want \$75 for that piano? Why, I ought to charge you for taking it off your floor." We laughed and talked. I told them my story with the result I got the piano, a lovely bench also. They even hauled it upstairs for me. Happy? I never saw anyone so happy as that child and her mother was. In the end, the little girl became a lovely young woman, independent in the ability of making a living by teaching piano. In later years, the mother remarried to a nice man and raised her other children very well. She also always took care of her sister-in-law who was not very strong, helped her brother's wife and his children when her brother died and until they were able to help themselves. I am happy that I helped these people to keep up the standard of life they had set for themselves in the good times.

There are so many cases come to my mind that I had handled in the nine years that I lived on the Bluff. Some were very pitiful,

some were sad, some were even humorous, each very important to the applicant. Right there on Locust Street, around the corner from where I lived, there was a little business section. There was my butcher, Mr. P. Pink; my grocer, Mr. Kramer; there was the plumber and one or two others. They all got to know me with great respect. I was the President. I could do everything. Whenever there was a little trouble, they came to me with their troubles. I seemed to be able to help them out. One day a woman came to tell me that the United Hebrew Charities had stopped paying her rent so she wanted me to get her rent for the amount by that time was only five dollars a month. I asked her how long they were helping her. She said, "It is now seven years since her husband died. At that time her baby was three years old and she had seven children. Now her children are grown and one girl is a Kallah. So I said, "I think the charities have really treated you very nice. When all your children were little, your hands were tied. You could not do anything so they helped you but now you should be able to help yourself." "But how, Mrs. Davis, how?" "Well, let us see. They have reduced you to five dollars a month. If you divide that, it comes to one dollar and a quarter a week. When you divide that into seven days, you get only about eighteen or nineteen cents a day. Now any woman who feeds a family of seven should be able to save seventeen or eighteen cents a day from her expenses. In a short time your daughter will be married. You will have less expense so you will be able to get along without charity money. Also it is not becoming that your daughters young man should know that you get money from charity." "Oh, my, Mrs. Davis, he must now know." "Well, it is better that you stop now. So go home and be content that you have come to a time when you can get along without the charity." "Thank you, Mrs. Davis." But five dollars was five dollars. She got along all right.

Another case was of a woman who came to me that I get her a divorce. I said to her, "You made a mistake my good woman. I am neither a Rabbi nor a Judge. Besides I do not like divorce nor do I believe in them. So you better go home." "Dear Mrs. Davis, I heard you are such a good woman. You help everybody. Won't you listen to me?" "No, I will not listen." "But, Mrs. Davis, I have come to talk my heart to you. Please let me talk to you." "Well, talk." I was very impatient with this poor woman. She did not strike me right. She told me her husband is a huckster and he only gives her six dollars a week. She has a little boy. She has not enough to buy the child a pair of shoes or a pair of Pantskis. "So I want a divorce." I said, "If your husband had more, would he give you more?" "Oh, yes, he would." "Does he try?" "Yes, he tries. Sometimes he comes home very cold and hungry." "Well, do you have something hot for him to eat?" "Hot to eat? Why I look at him like on a dog." "Still you want the divorce yet?" I said, "No, you don't want the divorce. You mean your husband wants the divorce." "No, Mrs. Davis, I want it." "Look," I said to her, "How can a man have the courage and the willingness to work for you when you treat your husband like a dog. You do not make anything hot for him, even a cup of tea. You do not let your little boy climb on his father's knee. The child never kisses his father. And yet you have the nerve to come here to me to ask me to help you get a divorce. You are not a good woman nor a good wife nor a good mother. Your husband gives you all he can. He would give you more if he had it. He never is cross with you. He ought to get the divorce." She sat there for awhile then said, "Well, I guess you are right." She went away. I never heard of this woman getting a divorce. Well, these neighbors of mine used to hear of me and my work. So one day, two women came to me. "Mrs. Davis, you know Mr. Pinks

cousin came from the old country and she has to get married because her young man sent for her." "Well, let her get married." "But she can't. She is so poor she hasn't even got a decent dress. So is her young man very poor." "Well, that is too bad, but what can I do about it?" "That is just it, you are the only one that can help them." "How can I help them? I do not even know them." Mrs. Kramer said, "I know them, these people, and I know you are the only one that can help by making a collection for them. You know if we go out we will not get the money but if you go, that is different." Well, I gave them five dollars. "Here now, you go. You can do as well as I." "No, Mrs. Davis, you do this for this poor, young girl. You know the butcher. He cannot do much but he will give a dollar." Mrs. Kramer picked out a dollar from her little purse. The other woman gave a dollar. Well, they persuaded me. The next day I went among my friends and before long, I had over fifty dollars. That was not enough. I had to do the buying so I went to Bennie Neiman. He was then on Fifth Avenue. What I bought for that fifty dollars was enough for Mr. Neiman would let me have everything for almost nothing. A dress, underwear, sheets, tablecloths, blankets, pillows, and cases, towels. I felt I had to call enough. The young people were married that evening. The next day they told me that for what I gave them in cash they bought a little whiskey and some beer. The butcher gave the meat. I was going to be very cross. But I considered I had made them very happy so why scold? A few years later, Mrs. Kramer told me the young couple were doing so well they bought a house and they had two stores. I was very happy to hear this.

At this time I was very busy with my dear family. It was during these nine years I had the most work to do. We had moved into this beautiful home at 815 Bluff Street. I came there with my family of seven children, six boys and my daughter Freda. I moved there with

sorrow and regret that I had lost a dear little boy, such a darling child. I mourned him for more than twenty years. I never forgot him for one day but when I had other great sorrows the memory became less hurtful but I will ever remember that dear child.

Just as I was ready to move into my new and beautiful home, my dear mother told me that she decided to go back to Jerusalem where she had been on a visit about two years before. Mother did say that she would go back some day right after she came home but I never quite believed that she would. I did all I could to persuade my dear mother to change her mind. I told her she could do just as she pleased in our new home as she always did. I showed her the two rooms she could have - a beautiful, bright bedroom and a sitting room. I said we needed her to keep us strong in our religion for my mother was very religious. I used every possible argument but it was no use. Finally I said, "Mother, dear, I will have to call you to a Dimm Torah." "You may do so but it will do you no good. I have made up my mind there is where I want to live and there is where I want to die when my time comes." So I saw that it only grieved mother to have me say anymore. I agreed that she go after the spring season. It was all settled. She was with us in our new home three months. My dear mother left us and I never saw her again. This was thirty-five years ago. How many, many times I cried after she left. Every time I wrote to mother I cried-very often I had to stop before I could finish my letter to her because my tears would drop on the paper.

I learned a beautiful lesson from my dear husband. Mother left her little property in my husband's charge. Every time he sent her her money he would inclose ten or fifteen dollars or more to give away to the poor. One day I said, "Pa, if you have money to give away, give it to me. I can give so much among the poor for it was still hard times in Pittsburgh." My husband looked at me. "You know, my dear, it gives

mother great pleasure to have money to give to the poor. Here you can do as you please anyhow." I really felt ashamed that I did not understand the art of giving pleasure to my mother. After that I never sent a letter that I did not inclose some money. But I could not refrain from saying, "Mother, dear, you can do as you please with the money, but if you would please me, you would buy yourself something." But I know she would give so much more away. Years later I had the privilege to visit the Holy Land in Jerusalem. I found her name in a year book of the Esrath Noshim recorded where she had given her own money and in another place where she had turned in money that I had collected from her friends and sent to her, each name with the amount recorded in that book. I was given a book to take home with me and which I value very highly. I am happy to be able to say that I contributed in memory of my mother one hundred dollars to this same Institution and I send money there every year. There are a number of stories I can tell about my mother while she lived in Jerusalem. This one comes to mind first. I received a telephone call from a Mr. Wilson, a non-Jewish friend of my mother's. He said, "Mrs. Davis, I have three friends who are going to Jerusalem. They would like to have your mother's address, also if you have a memento to send her, they would be happy to take it over." I was very happy of the opportunity to send a personal message to my mother. So I hurried over to Joseph Horne's. I bought her some lovely large handkerchiefs, some fine white aprons, a lovely white lace scarf and a lace bonnet with lovely orchid ribbon bow. I took these over to Mr. Wilson to hand to his friends who were ministers of the Protestant Faith. I did expect to see them after they got back but somehow they each hurried back to their own towns. I never did see them again. My dear mother, to show me that she received the presents I sent to her, had her picture taken with some of the presents on. She had

the white fichu and her lace cap. That picture nearly broke my heart. I could see that my mother aged very much since she left home. I wrote to these gentlemen. I asked them what they thought was my duty to my mother. Was it my duty to go to Jerusalem and bring her home or was it my duty to let her stay in Jerusalem as she seems to desire. And as one man, the two gentlemen answered that they thought I should let her stay in her new home, Jerusalem. She seemed happy so why disturb her. The third man answered me some months later. He had mislaid my letter, that was why the delay. He said the same thing. She was happy where she was. So I never distressed her anymore with my letters asking her to come back as we missed her very much. Mother did not want to come back. So only in one letter she said that I should never write to her again to come back. So I answered her and said that if she will not come back to me that someday I will come to her. I could not come just then because I was with child. Mother answered that I must not think of coming to her until I had all my children raised, then I should come to her. I will find her in her everlasting place, her neighbors will be such holy men and women who had already passed away. It was seventeen years after that I did have the privilege to visit Jerusalem and the whole of the Holy Land. But the very first place I visited was the Mount of Olives where my dear mother was buried. As she wrote, about two or three hundred feet from the road running between the Mount of Olives and Mount Morra, right at the roadside is the Monument of Absalom, the son of King David. A few hundred feet away from there is the grave of the Prophet Zachariah, everything in good order. I was moved as I never was in my life when I saw my dear mother's tombstone which she had ordered during her lifetime. She even had the stone engraved this way. "This is the grave of Chaia Sarah Jacobs of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, America, which I have

arranged during my lifetime." I only had to put the time of her decease - the grave, the gravestone, the surroundings in very good order. After I kissed her resting place I cried as I had cried at the time I received the cable telling me of her passing away. The morning of that day my dear husband left for his office shortly after he called me and only said, "Annie, I found a cable on my desk." I cried out, "Oh, my mother, my mother!" He came to me to comfort me in my sorrow for I did mourn for my mother very deeply and sincerely. I loved her and revered her during her lifetime. I tried to do my duty by my mother so I felt her loss even though I had not seen her for years. Even now, after thirty-five years, we still talk of my mother. She was a wonderful woman, as one other story will show. We had an opportunity to sell a right-of-way to the Catholic Church back of my mother's property. The transaction was so agreeable and carried out so satisfactorily that when the Bishop of the Pittsburgh Diocese was going to Palestine and Jerusalem, he came to me that I give him my mother's address. He wanted to see the mother of the children with whom he had such fine dealings. I gave him mother's address, then I wrote to my mother telling her that the Bishop of Pittsburgh was coming to see her and that she should be on the lookout for him. In due time, I received a letter from mother saying she did not wait for him to look for her to come to her. But she went to see him because you know my dear, he was a stranger in my city so it was my place to go see him at his hotel. This from a very religious woman and he a Bishop of the Catholic Church. But it was just because she was so wise and so religious that she knew the nice ways of life. I am also happy to say that Bishop Canavan came again on his return to our house to bring personal greetings from my dear mother. My dear mother died at the age of seventy-four, after having lived in

Jerusalem six years. It has always been a great comfort to me to know that mother was not sick very long - only three days. Also that my dear mother had enough money with her to pay all expenses and even had enough to give out to charity all along the funeral procession.

The American Society to which mother belonged wrote me all the details. They even wanted to know what to do with her household, her clothes, her silverware. I wrote them to give everything to charity. All I wanted was her candlesticks, her ring that she wore and a breast pin but I only received the breast pin, nothing else. As I said, I visited her grave the very first day that I was in Jerusalem. I went there just as I would have gone to her home had she lived. I also went to see the place where she lived when she passed away. It was very nice - two rooms. I took and have a picture of the place. A young couple lived there at the time. I visited. This young woman's mother-in-law seemed to have known my mother during her lifetime for she brought me an apron which she said my mother gave her. I recognized the handmade lace. This woman wanted to give me the apron. I told her to keep the apron as I had some of the lace which my mother made and sent to me while she lived in Jerusalem. I have this lace as yet. Someday I will make something nice out of this lace for my daughter as a keepsake from a grandmother whom she knows only by hearsay. My dear daughter, Sarah, often says she must have been a wonderful woman. God bless mother's memory.

Mother had left a will with my husband when she went away but sent for it a year or so later. My poor sister was very fearful that mother give all her little property to the people in Jerusalem. She sent us another will made out in Hebrew. We found a most liberal

and wonderful document in the Preamble. She said, "Since I lived in America and earned my money there in America, I will and bequeath that my property be divided into one-half to go to my son William Jacobs and the other half to my daughter Rachel and my daughter Annie after the following bequests be paid." So much to the Gusky Orphanage and Home, to the Beth Medrish Hagodal, to the Montefiore Hospital, even though it had not yet been built, some to the House of Shelter, some to our burying ground, some to charity in Pittsburgh and some charity to Jerusalem. The sums were modest but they were there. I said to my brother and sister, "If we each add to what mother left, we could have her name placed on the marble tablets where there are tablets," so we have her blessed name on the tablets of the Montefiore Hospital, the Gusky Home, the House of Shelter. We also sent the money to Jerusalem as bequested. I even sent more for a little sum which no one seemed to know where it should go. I sent it to Jerusalem, knowing that would have been her wish. A sum of \$25 was returned to me from the postoffice which came to mother too late. Mother had asked that much for tablecloths. I asked my sister to give half but she did not understand so I sent this myself. I was grieved that my mother did not live to give these tablecloths herself so I gave it in her dear memory.

In this connection, there is still another story which has given me great comfort. My brother came to Pittsburgh to make his home here. He needed the money which mother left him in her will. The only way he could get it was to sell the house mother left so he came to my husband and said, "You know, Barney, I can get seven thousand dollars for the house if you would sell it now." My husband and I knew we could get more if only we would wait a year or so, but my brother did not want to wait. He needed the money. So one day I

went to my husband's office to talk to him about this sale. I said, "Listen, dear, when men want to do some crooked thing, they find a way. Now, if we want to do a good deed, we must also find a way." What would suggest for my husband knew that I had some plan in mind about the sale of mother's property, so I told him to buy this piece of property for the seven thousand dollars, give my brother his share of \$3,500, give my sister her share and when in time we sell this house for more then both my brother and sister would come in for the additional amount. So confident was my brother that my husband would treat him right, he was very glad to make the sale on these terms. This was done without a lawyer, without a witness, without a note or any written thing. It did make my husband short in his bank balance for a time. In about a year, my husband sold this piece of property to the same Church and the same Bishop that we sold the right-of-way to some years previous. The Bishop was very glad to pay us the sum of ten thousand dollars cash. My husband called my brother and sister and gave them the additional money - \$1,500 to my brother and \$750 to my sister, leaving my amount with my husband. I never did get my inheritance. One day I said something about this to my good man. He got so cross about what I said that I never did say anything more for I knew that my husband works and worries in his business just to earn money for me and the children. He always bought the most beautiful things. He gave me most beautiful diamond earrings, rings, diamond breast pins, a gorgeous sealskin coat, a very fine house. He gave me and us everything that we needed and a whole lot that we could do very well without - everything for me and the children, for himself he bought very little. He was modest in his dress. So why should I claim anything that I had gotten from my mother. I never made him cross about this again.

I mourned my mother very deeply for a full year. At this time I was a very busy woman. I had a thousand and one things to do for my Hospital Aid Society and other public duties but my home and my family had their full share of my supervision. It was my job to look after their welfare, their education, their health, and their general well-being for in the beginning of time my husband said to me, "Mama, the children are your job. I will try to provide for them but you must look after them, the rest is yours and true enough, the rest was my responsibility. When my oldest son, Allan, was through High School, it was I that he consulted. Of course, we always called Pa into our considerations and if he agreed it was done. Hebrew school, dancing school, music school, it was I who had to arrange and pass on. The college my Allan selected was Harvard and three of his brothers followed him to Harvard and now his son Laurence is a Junior at Harvard with the possibility of my other grandson, Richard Max, going to Harvard. I sometimes question if it was wise. For in those years Harvard was much New England with all the New England repression which did have some effect on these young western boys. My daughter, Freda, entered the P.C.W. where she studied her music and singing. In raising a large family, a mother goes through so much that I often wonder how I can remember anything at all. But one incident or accident so impressed itself on my mind that I wonder I did not lose my mind. One day I was sewing in my room where we had double windows. My machine was in front of the window. I thought it was fastened when my little son, Maurice, God bless him, and give him a long and happy life, climbed up on the window sill between me and the machine when all at once the double window opened outward and my little child fell out of that window a distance of about twenty feet onto a rough, asphalt. I was frantic. I ran down the stairs

crying at the top of my voice for Mary, my maid, for somehow I knew I needed help. When I got to the front door, I saw my little boy lying there in a heap. I thought he was dead. I picked him up. I heard him say, "My leg", then I thought his leg was broken. I carried him into the kitchen and laid him on the table by the window. I was so bewildered that I ran for the doctor, forgetting that I had a phone. When I was half-way out of my yard, I remembered so I ran back, called the doctor. I must say that he came right away. All this time I was afraid to move him. He was very quiet. My maid brought a pillow and blanket. The doctor examined him but found nothing broken so we carried him upstairs to his room. The doctor helped me undress him. He examined him again but found nothing wrong, not a drop of blood, only a little discoloration of one cheek. The doctor thought it was wonderful, but my next-door neighbor, an old German woman, said, "You know, Mrs. Davis, the Angels spread their wings under him." I really do believe that the good God sent his Angels to spread their wings under him. We kept him in bed for about two weeks, then he wanted to get up so we let him out of bed. At first he waddled when he walked. My husband said, "Annie, I don't like how or the way Maurice walks." I said, "Let us thank God that he walks at all." It was a miracle he was quite all right in about two weeks. We liked to tease him about his pink eye. My little Maurice grew up to be a fine, handsome man, God bless him and give him a long and happy life. While I lived on the Bluff, I helped in the delivery of two babies, one was my niece who had a very normal birth without any trouble. Today he is a big, fine man. The other was my niece's sister-in-law. This young woman had a mother, a married sister and three other sisters - still her husband wanted me to be there. I came and found the room all upset. The patient

had her head tied up and the three girls were hysterical with laughter. I looked at them and said, "What is the joke? Why are you laughing? Get out of here." I was so cross that I was rude. "Where is Nate?" "He went for the doctor and the nurse", Beckie said. "Well, first take off that cloth from your head. Here is water. Wash your face and hands, comb your hair, put it up, try to control yourself and be a good girl. All will be well." She was not very sick. I could see that but the girls had her all upset. I then fixed her bed. She was not going to any hospital. I arranged her room. I made her as comfortable as I could, then the doctor came. In a few hours she was delivered of a nice, little boy. It was then that I was given a lesson of how to take care of a baby's eyes. The young mother got along very well. She lived to have another boy. She had a very nice husband. She had everything to live for but she died at a very young age. Only this week I heard that her youngest son is to be married, the oldest boy also is married and doing very well. What a pity that a mother did not have the joy of seeing all this.

I lived in this house on Bluff Street for nine years. I made friends of all my non-Jewish neighbors. When I first moved there I found that there never was a Jewish family living in that block so they did not welcome me with my family of boys. My German neighbor had two old maid daughters. They took a fit about a Jewish family living next door to them but they did not take a fit when they had on the other side of them a good shop-lifter. I heard all about this woman who was found guilty. She was caught stealing. She had hundreds of articles from every store downtown. Her husband said he knew nothing of this. She was convicted and sent to prison for two years. I did not believe him. I did not think it possible

that a woman would take into her house thousands of dollars of goods and he not know it. I think he was a German skunk. He let his wife take the rap for him. While she was in jail, he married another woman, even before he got a divorce. Well, it seemed at first that these German women would rather a thief and a rogue than a good Jewish family live beside them. I let them alone. I minded my own business. Then it came to my mind that every house in that block had a spite fence. My, I did not like that so one day I spoke to my German neighbor, "Mrs. Wolf, why should you and I be separated by an ugly spite fence. I am going to take mine down. The good God gives us everything free - the beautiful sunshine, the cool, fresh air, all free without any charge. Let us see how nice this place will be with these fences down." "Well, you can take yours down, I will think about mine." So the next day, my fence was down for I like to do things right off. Well, the next day Mrs. Wolf came to her door. She called to me, "Why, Mrs. Davis, I can see the Himmel." I said, "Yes, of course, you can see the Heaven, so you do the same and see how nice it will be." The poor benighted people could not see how beautiful that Bluff could be. The next day she had her fence down and in a very short time, every fence on that street was down. We became very good friends. Many quarrels I made up between the two sisters and much comfort to the old mother for they would come to me separately and tell me their troubles. It became so that they would come to me and my husband with all their difficulties. They dearly loved my husband and my children became their pets. Miss Tillie really should have been a wife and mother. She played in their games, she played ball, she played cat and dog, she should have had children. Miss Millie was a real old maid. Well, their old mother died, then they came to me, even though I had already

moved away. They told me they sold their old home. Did I think it was right? I said, "Yes, I think it was very right. What would you do in that great big house of twelve rooms? Of course, you did right." We then had tea. "I knew we would get comfort from you, Mrs. Davis." And so they would come to me to spend an afternoon with me and be comforted. Then Miss Millie died very peacefully and then Miss Tillie passed away, her restless soul at last at rest. I was always very sorry for them. They were good neighbors. They had all the requirements to be useful members of society. They had lots of money, but they did not have the hearts nor the hands to do anything for others so they lived for self and they died for self without love or joy. Well, I lived in that house for nine years. I was a very busy woman. I came there with seven children and I moved out of there with ten children. I really never knew that I did the work of three women. I took care of my children. I did my own cooking and baking. I did a great deal of sewing. I made all my own layettes. I made very fine little dresses for my baby boys. My husband always welcomed every baby as though it was the first. I did my charity work. I attended to my Hospital Aid work. I helped with our Shule. I did everything that came to my hands to do. My children were growing up so I made parties for them. I often wonder how I managed it all. I had only one girl at that time so I made parties for my boys. I was always careful of the children's appearance. My husband always wanted the children's pictures taken from time to time so I had all their pictures taken at one time by a very fine photographer. I have some of their water color pictures even to this day. It was a big job taking them down in relays but I loved them. I worked in my garden, I always had a garden. I even influenced my neighbors to make gardens. When I moved in my present home, there were not any

flowers on the whole street. I made my garden. I worked there when I could, so that little by little, the whole neighborhood had beautiful gardens.

I seemed to do so much that one of my younger friends came to see me. In the course of conversation she expressed her doubt that I was not a good housekeeper. Well, I burned up. I took my friend by the hand. "Come with me and I will show you whether I am a good housekeeper or not." I marched her upstairs. I showed her my bedrooms. I opened up my cupboards. I opened up my beds. I took her to my cellar, to my laundry, my parlor and library, beautiful and well-stocked with books. I had a very large dining room and fine kitchen. I showed her my garden. "Now go and tell my friends and your friends what you saw here and tell them that I have time for my husband, my children, and my friends. The only thing I have no time for is playing cards or to sit and gossip", which brings me to a little story.

One day I had something to attend to for the Hospital. After lunch I dressed and went to attend to my work. In going to a street car I had to pass some of my friends. I had a number of friends living in the same Bluff Street. So, Mrs. Diamondstone called over to me. "Well, I see you are going out already." I said, "Yes, I am going out." About two hours later, I was coming back. I had to pass her house again. This same woman called to me again, "Oh, you are coming back now." I stopped. "Look," I said, "I went out. I attended to my hospital work. I did some good, I assure you. What did you do? You sat here rocking and gossiping about me and others. You commented on all who passed. You are not dressed as you should be in the afternoon. My dinner is done, I assure you, but have you your dinner prepared? So you better go in, fix your hair, and then prepare your dinner and don't talk about me and others." I left her

I left her literally with her mouth open. A few years later I met her at a reception. She said, "Say, Annie, that was some going-over you gave me that time." I had completely forgotten the incident but she remembered. I hope it did some good but I fear not. Mr. Diamondstone was a friend of ours. He was a brilliant man, well-read, a keen mind, but somehow not successful in worldly goods. His family and my family were friends for many years. His wife was not a great help to him, either mentally, otherwise how could she be. Well, after living there for nine years, I found it was very hard to get anywhere from where I lived for in one direction we had to walk up one hundred steps to get up to the Bluff, and in the other direction, we had to walk about seven blocks to get to a streetcar. This was before automobiles so I commenced to look around for another home. When I did so, I was surprised to see how many of my friends had moved away to East End or to Squirrel Hill.

I had a beautiful compliment given me by an old lady, a Mrs. Levenson. "Mrs. Davis, you have a darling daughter." I said, "Yes, I have, but what did she do?" "Well, you see, every time she meets me coming up these terrible steps, she takes my bundles from me and carries them to the top of the hill. She is the only one that does this lovely thing." My daughter Freda, of Blessed memory, was a great help to me and a great comfort during her dear lifetime. Such a short life but such a beautiful one. I had always hoped and thought that she would take my place and be a mother to my children. I had never hoped to live to seventy-six years though I used to think I was a strong woman. Still I did get very sick many times. When I was sick she was such a tender nurse to me. When the children were sick she was such a great help to me. She was a dear daughter. I had her for thirty-three years, then God took her unto himself. It was my daughter Freda that helped me to find

my other beautiful home but before I must tell how I got so dreadfully ill. I attribute this illness to these one hundred steps. The story runs like this. One day I met a cousin of mine, Mrs. Dora Levenson. We stopped to greet each other, then she said, "You know, Annie, Max is very poor. He and his family are really suffering hunger." "Oh, that is dreadful, we must do something for him." "I thought so too, so I thought I would buy a gold watch and we could make a raffle at ten cents a chance", she said. "No, that is not a good plan," I said. "We must not go to any outsider to ask for help for our cousin." "Well, you are smart, what would you do?" "I tell you what, I will start the list with ten dollars. We have a number of cousins. We could go to them and if each one gives us five or ten dollars, we could make up a sum of money and start him in a little grocery store for which he is fitted as she really told me." "Yes, you are right, so I will give five dollars. My sons will give five dollars." I said, "I know my sister Rachel will give five." So right there and then we started and in an hour we had about thirty-five dollars. The next day we made up the rest so we had one hundred dollars. "Now you have to hunt up the store," I said, "but you keep the money." So we parted that night after Yom Tov she would get the store. I deposited the money in the bank on Fifth Avenue. In a few days it was Rosh Hashomah. I again met Dora in Shule. She turned to me and said, "You know, Annie, Max had nothing for Yom Tov." "My goodness, why did you not give him some money. You know we have one hundred dollars for him. You should have given him some money for Yom Tov." "But this money is for a store. He will take money for a store but not just to eat." I felt very bad. Here I was all dressed up in a new outfit enjoying the beautiful singing of the Chazan and a cousin of mine and

his little family were in want. I felt very bad so I said, "Right after Yom Tov I will give you the money for you to give to him. He would not like to get this from me. If you will need more money, we can get some more." So the day after Yom Tov I hurried. I helped the maid straighten up the house. I put away the children's good clothes. I arranged for my dinner. I watched the clock that I should not be too late for the Bank. I got dressed. I hurried down these hundred stairs. I got into the bank just before closing time. I got the money and just then I got very sick. I could not see. There were a number who spoke to me but I was too sick to answer. All the time I was wondering what to do. I knew I needed a doctor but there I was on Fifth Avenue, a street busy with men. Just then I remembered that Dora lived right across the street so I started for her house. I just landed in her kitchen when I collapsed. I commenced to flood. I bled so much all over their kitchen floor they laid me down on a couch. They wanted to give me Brandy. I said, "No, send for the doctor, send for my sister, send for a carriage to take me home and give me a drink of lemon juice." The carriage came in short order. My cousin came with me. I gave her the money for Max so in case I died she would have the money. I found the doctor in my home. He attended me at once. After he made me comfortable and safe, I said, "Thank you doctor for coming so quick." "I am thankful also. If I had been a little late, you would not have been here to tell the tale." I was ill for weeks. But Max got his store. He still has it. The store bought with the money that I nearly lost my life getting to him. It is now forty-five years ago that I got this money for him. Strange to say, I have never seen him though we are friends from a distance. Once in awhile, I get a kind greeting from him. Just lately I met a brother-in-law of his. He told me all about the family. They live across the river on the Hill. Maybe that

is why I do not see them. I am often asked, "Mrs., how do you manage your family? Do they ever get sick?" "Of course, they get sick just as any other family of children."

I well remember the time my son, Isaac, took sick with what seemed a little cold. He was then in high school so he did not want to go to bed until the weekend. I had him in bed. I had the doctor to look after him. The doctor said, "If he stays in bed until Monday, he will be all right", so he stayed in bed until Monday. He then insisted to get up and go to school. He said he felt all better. He went to school four days, then he came home sick again. The doctor did not seem to think that it was anything serious but a day after he developed pneumonia and was very ill. While I was taking care of him, my Maurice took sick, then Albert, who was then the baby. These three children were very sick. I took complete charge of Itzie. My daughter, Freda, took charge of the two other children and every afternoon my sister Ray came over to help. I asked the doctor to please let me have a nurse. He said, "You are doing very well with Isaac, and the other two are too young to take kindly to a strange nurse. We will get along as is." Just when Itzie passed his crisis I got up in the morning feeling pretty well. I attended to my three children, gave them their medicine, sponged them down, filled their ice caps, brought them their refreshments. I made their beds. I had everything ready by the time the doctor came. The doctor said, "The children are getting along very well." But he looked at me and said, "You look tired." "I am not feeling very well just now." "Well, no doubt you are tired so go to your daughter's room, lie down for a couple of hours. I will see you in the afternoon." Well, the result was I did not get up for about two or three weeks for I also was stricken with pneumonia. I was very, very sick. Of course, then we got a nurse to take care of me. She was a fine woman, a good nurse.

For days I knew nothing. All I did was sing some silly song that I had heard years ago. My dear daughter said it was awful to see me, my eyes either closed or glassy, singing that song. This lasted for five days. In the meantime I could not retain anything but a bit of ice and then they got me some champagne. It seemed that I could not retain anything else. I was so sick for in addition I was with child. The doctor feared a miscarriage so he had me part way in ice and my chest and back in a warm jacket. Then I started to ask for my sick babies. My dear husband, and the nurse were afraid to bring them to me but one day as I was so uneasy, the nurse brought each one to the door of my room. I did not see my big boy for about three weeks though we were on the same floor of the house. Well, Itzie got well first of all. Then I got better but I was very weak, but the little ones did not do so well. At last my Albert, who was then the baby, got better and was well enough to get dressed but Maurice still had a temperature so I could not dress him. He cried so hard. He wanted to be dressed. The nurse did not know what to do. So I said, "Yes nurse, we will dress Maurice also." She looked at me as though I had lost my mind again. But I knew what I was doing. The child was very sick. He was so weak he could hardly cry, so I thought I must do something to quiet him. We dressed him in fresh pajamas. I put his stockings on. I got his little felt slippers. I put a warm bathrobe on him, then while I held him in my arms, I had the nurse make up his bed completely with bedspread. By that time, he was tired so was willing to lie on the bed. I covered him up with covers. He was content but sick and very hungry. He always wanted six dishes. The nurse did not understand how she could bring him six dishes, when the doctor only allowed him a little orangeade or lemonade or a little junket. She would bring him a little orangeade in one hand and lemon-

ade in the other hand. That poor little boy would throw himself around the bed and cry he wants six dishes, so I had to go downstairs even though I could hardly walk. "I will show you how to make six dishes." I had her take a tray, put a nice doilie on it, put a little glass of water, then a little junket in a fancy dish with a plate under, then a little milk in a little baby cup, then orangeade, then a little lemonade, then a little clear jelly. Then I put a napkin and spoons, then I sent the tray up. He would look at the tray and count one, two, three, four, five, six, then he would give a sigh of contentment and take a little drink for he was not able to take more but he was satisfied. It was then I realized what the doctor meant that a little child does not always thrive under a nurse's care.

In due time my family got better. I was better though I could hardly walk. One day my dear husband came home very quiet. I looked at him. I could see something was the matter. I looked again. I saw one of his arms hanging down. "What is the matter with your arm, Barney?" "Oh, nothing, I fell and I must have hurt my arm, so what?" So I sent for the doctor. The doctor examined his arm. "It is not broken but I will bandage it for Mr. Davis." I was so weak and nervous that I started to cry. I felt that hard luck was after me. My husband took me in his arms. "Now, now, Mamie, everything is all right. I am all right, you are all right, the children are all better. Now be a good girl. Don't cry." So I started to smile. I felt that was the end of my trouble. I was very happy. My Allan was coming home for his first vacation from Harvard. I made him a stag party. If anyone wants what big boys can be then make them a stag party. I never made another one. The next year I made a lovely Halloween party for my dear daughter Freda and her friends. They went downtown in the Halloween parade. They had a lovely time. Then they came home for a good midnight snack. They danced, they sang, they played the piano.

The party was a great success. I had the table beautifully arranged. It looked lovely. The next year I made a lovely party for my son Itzie. His friends were not so nice. After I had everything so beautifully arranged, they fell on that table like a swarm of locusts and in less than no time the dining room table was a mess. I was so annoyed with them that I never forgave them. I was always doing something for my family, for my friends, for my organizations. I made a beautiful reception for the Zionist Organization. Mr. Jacob De Hass was the honored guest. There must have been about 150 people that evening. Mr. De Hass was a fine speaker and a very ardent Zionist. He was young. Then the cause was young. We had to do great things to arouse the people. I never could have done all these things if I did not have the cooperation of my husband and children. In that home on the Bluff, three of our children were born. My husband always wanted to celebrate the Brith Mellia with a fine dinner. One of my boys is named after my doctor. I was very ill so after all was over he wanted the baby named after him. My name is a perfectly good Biblical name. What is your Hebrew name, doctor? Aron he said but in English he was called Albert. So he came to that dinner to see that we named the baby after him. My family told me afterward that the dinner was fine. The doctor stood up to toast the mother and the child. He did say then that much as he admires Davie and his family of boys that they were the nicest children he came across, but I never want Mrs. Davis to have another child, that it might cost her her life. My Albert is a handsome man, bright, fine. I will tell about him later on. The last entertaining I did in my home on Bluff Street came about in a strange way. My dear husband had a sister living in Oklahoma whom he had not seen for more than thirty years. One day he received a letter from this sister asking if he were not her brother. She had

found his name in the Jewish Encyclopedia and she thought he might be her brother who had left her in the old country so many years ago. They corresponded and found that this woman was his sister. My dear husband went to see her in her home in Oklahoma. There she asked him to invite her daughter Isabella to visit us. Had I known what a lemon she was, I would have left her out west. But as my husband asked me to invite his sister's daughter, I could do no less. Well she came and stayed at my house thirteen weeks. I never met such a girl. She just sat there to be entertained. My dear daughter Freda invited another girl from Cleveland, Ohio, and she stayed about four weeks. I helped my daughter all I could to entertain these two girls. She had many friends - both girls and young men - so she invited them to help her entertain her two visitors. They did have a very fine time. I think the first cloud showed in my sky from that time. I will come to that later. After they left, I first realized what a busy and hard thirteen weeks I put in. I never had such a lazy, disagreeable person to deal with in my home but I went through with it and when they left my home was heaven. Still as I went about my work, I found that a great many of my friends had moved away. It came to me very forcibly. One day when I went to call on one of my dear friends, Mrs. J. N. Wolk, just as I got off the car I met a gentleman who tipped his hat to me and said, "How do you do Mrs. Davis". Before I went another ten feet, I met another friend and before I entered Mrs. Wolk's home, I must have met ten or more men and women that I knew in the city. They had all moved to the East End. After my visit, on going home I had to walk about eight blocks. In that space I did not meet a single person that I knew.

I then made up my mind that I must move. My dear husband agreed with me. Then began a hectic time looking for houses. I had set a maximum price that we ought to pay for our next home. I was shown homes from \$35,000 to \$65,000. I got very cross with one or two of the men who showed me some of the homes. I had told my agent that my limit was twenty thousand dollars. That was all that I could afford to pay. Well one day I got a call from this man. He had just the house I wanted. He took me out and showed me a very fine house. I did not think to ask him how much it was. This house was on Aiken Avenue. I looked around at the neighborhood and everything looked well to me. Suddenly I asked him how much do they want for this house. He said \$35,000. I said, "What do you mean by taking me out here to see a house for that much. You know I can not afford such a price. Now you take me home." He said, "Now that you are here you might see the inside of the house." "No, I do not want to see it. I know I will like it but I can not afford it, so take me back home." About a year later I, or rather my daughter Freda, saw an advertisement in the Sunday paper for a quick sale for twenty-two thousand. She showed me the ad. I said it could not be but we could easily find out by calling up the real estate office. It was Monday morning that I called up the office. They had a man out to see me that same afternoon. Sure enough it was the same house I looked at last year. I could see it was a very house, so this time I went in. I found it in very bad repair. I made arrangements to take my husband to see it. He also saw it was a very fine house and could be made into a very fine home. That was on Tuesday and

on Thursday we bought the house after seeing Mr. Shanon. I pointed out to him that the house needed a great deal of repairs so Mr. Shanon let me have five hundred dollars for repairs just because I said, "Now listen you two big men, I love this and I know I can make it lovely but if you get mad at each other I will lose my house. Now you two come together on the price and let me have the house." Both men laughed and said all right, you win. It really was the most satisfactory transaction. In the spring of 1909 we bought that house. I knew then that I had become quite a personage for my husband said to me. "Now you can go ahead and fix this place up the way you want it." So I got a couple of firms to tell me what and how to do. It was interrible repair. I really do not know how a nice family could live there in such conditions. At last I made arrangements with a decorating firm by the name of Hoffman. This firm undertook to do all the work. We made an entire bathroom. The master bathroom was terrible so I had all the fixtures taken out, a cupboard taken out, the wooden floor and wainscoating replaced by fine tile and just a corner cupboard put in. Also a fine sink with built in looking glass with two electric lights and an extra large tub for my husband, because he was a large man. I had the partitions taken out of the back sitting room. I had a bay window put in to give us more and equal light. I had a blank wall taken out and a beautiful arch put in. We really enjoyed that part of the house. Then we had all the plumbing fixed, all the electric lights changed and fixed. The woodwork in that house was grand and the mantles were fine. Then we had all the walls cleaned of the plaster and the whole house was decorated beautifully. We had a beautiful music room, a very

dignified library, my dining room was old English, my kitchen and pantry were painted, the center hall was beautifully decorated, all the bedrooms were made like new. I did have a little difficulty with Mr. Barbritra, the manager, but all the workmen were with me and they did what I asked them to do. We had all the floors done over to the grain - beautiful floors inlaid. We do not have such floors any more. The whole downstairs was muslined first, then painted and decorated. I did have trouble with Mr. Barbritta. He was an Italian and wanted everything in heavy colors, but I wanted light, fine decorations. After I had him take down some of the heavy decorations of the music room ceiling, he saw that I knew what I wanted and instructed his men to give me the colors I wanted. In the end I had a most beautiful home. At last we came to the outside. I wanted a white paint on the porch and he wanted a dark green. I asked why I couldn't have white. "Well you see, we would have to give an extra coat." "Well give it an extra coat." So he made it white. After it was done he loved the whole house. Later I had a driveway put in. We built a garage and I had a fountain in my back garden. I took down the old fences and made our yards like a park. My neighbors saw how lovely my house looked so little by little they all used light paint. Of course all this took a great deal of money but my husband, who was a very clever business man, approved of everything I did. He only did not want, nor did he have the time, to look after this kind of work. He let me attend to everything. After the whole house was done, it really looked like new. Then I had to look after the furnishings. I selected rugs. Mr. Beck of Joseph Horne's was very much interested. He sent

out enough rugs to lay in a dozen rooms. I only needed three and a hall rug. Well, we selected so well that I still have them and they are still very fine. I bought fine lace curtains also at Horne's. I did not buy much furniture as I used the most of what I had from my old house. After we had settled down, then I arranged to get hangings. It pays to buy good goods. The hangings were lovely and I still have them. I am using some in my living room and in my dining room. The rest I have put away. I think I had said that I was a shy and timid soul, but my work among the poor and association with hospitals, doctors, Sisters of Charities and all kinds of people has helped to broaden me. It has enlightened me in dealing with my husband and children and has taught me many things that I would have missed had I just hidden behind my shyness.

In my other house I had all my children, I had many aggravations, and I had many contentions with my dear husband as he no doubt had with me. I am one of those women who know I am not perfect. I know I had as many faults as had my husband. The difference was that I did the shouting and my husband was tolerant and more easy going, but for all that we got along very well. We never ^{DIS}puted, we never said harsh and cutting words. I never let my husband go out of the house that I didn't go to the door with him. In that other home we had a great deal of happiness, a great deal of joy. Both my husband and I observed our religion in a beautiful manner. Our observance of the Sabbath was beautifully done. We both gave to charity. We gave personal service. I have written so much as to what I did in my life but I must say that my dear husband always did his share, not in so many details, but he did

his share. Right here I must relate one of the many kindnesses he did when he was still very young. We were married only a few years at the time. A young man of my husband's friends died very unexpectedly. He left a young wife and a little child and no money even for funeral expenses. So my husband together with another friend made a very quiet collection, starting the list with a considerable sum. They got enough money to pay all his expenses for funeral, doctors and home, with three hundred dollars for the wife and little girl. They gave one one hundred dollars to the young widow to go to her home in New York. The other two hundred was left with my husband for the little child. My husband deposited it in the bank. No one knew of this money but his friend Sol, who had moved to Chicago where he died a few years later. This money was in my husband's possession for more than twenty years. When my husband heard that this child was to be married, he sent her a check for about four hundred dollars. It was like something from her dead father, for it really was as if he had sent it. It was gotten in his name and save for his child and she got it when she most needed it. When my dear husband passes away, we found many such little bankbooks which were in his safe keeping. No one knew anything about them. It had always been my husband's ambition to be like an uncle of his in the old country. This man had what would be called a free loan trunk. In this trunk he would keep the collateral which the poor people would bring to the amount of three dollars and over. He never charged any interest to the hundreds of people who came to lend money from him, for loans of one dollar for shabbos to ten dollars for other needs.

Well Pa started out with such ambitions but the loans here would start with fifty dollars to hundreds of dollars. It did get very heavy for him. He had one man who always came for a hundred dollars. My husband would give him the hundred dollars and in due time he would pay back, but his very paying back cost us many thousands of dollars, a loss of two years business and a great deal of aggravation. At another time he lost \$1500.00 by a man to whom he was most kind. It almost ruined him for it came at a time when we were going through a panic - it was in 1892 and 1893. We were really going through a dreadful time. Pa had arranged to get fifty dollars a month from his supposed friend, but he never paid. So one day I thought I would go up to their house and have a talk with his wife, whom I had befriended so much when she was sick. I asked her to try to at least pay five dollars a week. She said she could not do so as she did not have the money. Just then their music teacher came in and right before me she paid the music teacher but she had no money to pay a debt that was given her to keep her out of jail. I left. I could then understand why my dear husband got so bitter for a while. We went through this panic. Then it was that we moved and lived in this really lovely house for nine years. I really have a very lovely story about my husband. He loved to give money to our shule, The Beth Medush Hagodal. On the High Holidays, he always bought one of the Mitzvahs, the one where the Holy Ark is opened and closed a number of times during the Musof Services on Yom Kippur. Then he would present this Mitzvah to some of the old men who could not afford to buy this for themselves. He did this for many years, in fact until we moved away from that neighborhood. At nother time he wanted to

buy Mafter Jonah also on Yom Kippur afternoon. His men friends ganged up on him so they raised the bids to eight hundred shillings, which meant about one hundred dollars. He did not care. He would have given more for he was used to reading this Mafter Jonah year after year. After Shule was over, they all got around me. What do you think, your Barney blew himself today, did you see him? I said, "Yes, I saw him and I heard him. I hope we all live until next year and my Barney should do so again." The men looked at me. We thought you would be ready to scold him. We all teased him and told him that you would. "No, I would not scold my husband for giving money to our Shule." We all laughed together and went home very happy. Oh, I could tell many lovely things that my husband used to do. He had an old man come to him for twenty-five dollars. I somehow did not like the old man but I never interferred so I would give him a little book and every time he would bring me a dollar I would mark it down in this book. This went on for years. One day I got real cross with this old man. He came real early in the morning. I did not want to wake my husband up so early but he came downstairs and, of course, he gave the old man the twenty-five dollars. After the man left, I said, "I bet that old man banks this money that you gave him and then he comes here every week and I have to bother with him." My husband looked at me, "Well, if that is the only way he can save a little money, why not help him." I then felt that my husband knew all the time that was what he did. I really started to write about what I had lived through. I am now seventy-six years old. I do not know how long I will live. I have been told many times that I should put down in writing some of the stories I had lived through.

So just lately I started. I hope I will be able to write down many events in my life. My life has been a most eventful one. I have been rich in much happiness. I had great, great sorrows. I have been very, very ill. I have done big work. How I ever lived through all the things that happened to me, only the great God Almighty knows, I do not know. My heart breaks and my mind turns when I think and try to *all I went through* remember. I will come back to the time when we bought our third home. We sold our first home in order to buy our second home and we sold our second home in order to buy our third one. This was the very beautiful home on Aiken Avenue near Center Avenue. We moved in after I had the house renovated, and made very beautiful with fine decorations. I bought my Oriental rugs from a Mr. Beck at Joseph Horne's - three beautiful rugs and a very fine hall rug. They were so fine and good that I still use them in this my fourth home. From my carpets that I had on Bluff Street, I had made rugs. These carpets were so grand that I still have one and it is still very beautiful, though it is more than forty years old. I have one set of dishes for a table of twelve that are fifty-eight years old - very fine Lemoge china. I tell my friends and family that when I serve dinner in these dishes that I am really honoring them. I still have my first set of silver, a very fine old pattern. I love them but they are so large that I have had them at parties more than I have used them at home. Well, I can not tell all that I have done in the nine years that we lived on the Bluff. But this I do know, we expanded, we grew better and bigger from a very modest young couple to a very substantial family. My husband's business grew and we were getting along very well. I am thankful to God that I can say that our charities

My son Allan and my daughter Freda had done
much for the Zionist Organization of America,
in fact Allan was known a great Zionist from
the beginning of time untill he died as was my
dear daughter Freda.

grew also. My family also grew so that at last we bought our beautiful home on Aiken Avenue. After having all the alterations made and after having all the decorations finished, we moved into our beautiful home in April, 1909. I then bought very fine rose point curtains and very fine hangings. I was very happy. I loved every nook and corner of that house. Then was the first cloud over my horizon. My dear daughter Freda by that time had a number of suitors, all very eligible men, but one was more persistent. My dear husband did not like him. I did try in a very gentle way to talk her out of the thought of him. She was such a darling girl. She was worthy of the best in life, just to tell how good she was. When she graduated high school she wanted to go to College. My son Allan was at Harvard so, of course, the thought was that she would go to Wellesley. When we talked about it I felt so bad. I said, "I don't know what I shall do when you go away." She kissed me and said, "I won't go away from you, I will start right here at the Pittsburgh College for Women." I often wonder if her dear life would have been prolonged had she gone away. My dear darling daughter Freda did not live a long life. But she lived such a beautiful life, she was just like a queen. Well we went to the Pittsburgh College for Women. I made all arrangements and my daughter started college. When she came home she said, "Why mama, they are only just beginning where I had already finished. You know in some of the studies I am two years ahead." I went to the Dean and asked her to advance Freda to the higher class. The Dean said it was true that Freda was far advanced for their Freshman Class. I said, "Well you might give her credit for her advanced work." "But you see, Mrs. Davis, our Freshman Class is so small this year, I can

not do that." "It is too bad but I can not make my daughter unhappy for more than a year just to enlarge your Freshman Class." I came home and we talked the matter over with father. We decided that as Freda was very much interested in music, she could take her musical education at the college. P. C. W. really had a very fine musical department. I spoke to her music teacher, Professor Gittings. He was the head of the P.C.W. musical department. He thought that was just what she ought to do, so she started her musical work in earnest. There she advanced so well that they presented her with a gold medal. She also started her singing and in due time became a very fine singer. And this dear girl was rushed by the man that she finally married. He was very persistent. She liked him and he promised her everything. I must say that he did treat her like the queen that she was. We announced her engagement that summer and she was married on Sept. 6. I made her a most beautiful wedding. I had wanted to have the wedding at the Schenley Hotel, but at that time they had no facilities for a kosher wedding, so I had a Marquee made out in my garden and had it all covered with climbing roses with a center square filled with flowers. The tables were most beautiful. It was done by the Schenley Catering Co. The bride was so beautiful it was breath taking. The ceremony was performed in our music room and everything was grand. I did not know it then but the man she married was not worthy of such a fine good girl. They went to Europe on their honeymoon. At first I received lovely letters from my dear daughter. Later her husband wrote that my dear one was ill. Here I was thousands of miles away from her and my dear

daughter was ill. I did not know what I should do. They were then in the city of Vienna where there were the best doctors who could and did take care of her. In the next letter I received word that she was better and shortly I received a letter in her own handwriting, which made me very happy. My dear one was away for a whole year. Her husband made the honeymoon a pretence for going to Europe but in reality he went there to take a special course in nose and throat work. Well that year was sort of uneventful. I looked after my family and I did my hospital aid work. I was still president. I worked for the Montefiore Hospital and I was busy with my charity work. I had one case that was a very hard case. This was a young family. The wife was a beautiful woman with lovely brown eyes and most gorgeous hair. She was the Christy type. Her husband was a nice looking big man. They had about three children. I received word that a young woman was wandering around the streets. She did not know where she lived so the police wanted to send her to Marshelsea, which is now called Mayview. I had a doctor go to see her. This doctor knew her and he also knew what was wrong with her. She had just given birth to a baby. While she was in the hospital she was quite all right, but when she came home her home was so poverty stricken, she had no one to look after her and she had no nourishment. Her husband used to go away in the morning and did not come back until night and then he used to rag her unmercifully, so that in her weakened condition she lost her mind. After we found her I had her taken care of. I sent her milk, butter, eggs and other food, both for her and her family. She got better. After that I found that she left her husband and went to Boston where she had her family. She took the baby but left the boys. Of course, being a man,

her husband could not take care of the children, so the United Jewish Relief put the children away somewhere. This lasted for some time until at last her husband went to Boston and brought her back to Pittsburgh with them. Time passed. I do not know how they lived until I was called on again to take care of this poor woman. She was to be confined but for some reason of her own, she did not want to go to the hospital. She was delivered at home of twins - two lovely little girls. I wish I had the gift and the power to describe the condition of that home, of that poor woman and those dear little girls. I took my nice fur coat off and I cleaned up the best I could. I opened up the sink as it was stuffed. I made her comfortable and by that time it was nine o'clock. I asked her where her husband was and she did not know. He told her he had to stand with a push cart - that was how he was making his living. The dirty lazy loafer, to me he was the most contemptible person I ever met. He was so big and strong and yet he stood here on the corner of Logan Street and Fifth Avenue for years and years. Well our Family Welfare Society sent her to her people in Boston. They sent the boys to some reform school and the husband and father was relieved of all responsibility. This went on for years. I could not do anything as that was not my branch of charity work. One day about twenty-five years later, I went to see about another case. After I was through I saw a woman hovering around me. I stopped and asked her if she wanted to speak to me. She said, "Yes, I see you do not know me, do you Mrs. Davis?" I looked at her more closely. "You are Mrs. Neuman are you not?" "Yes, my dear Mrs. Davis, I am that unfortunate woman that you were so kind to when I had my little girls. Oh, how are they?

Thank God they are all right. God took them to himself and I thank God every day." I then asked her about her other children. She told me that two of her sons were bad. They learned how to be bad when they were placed in the Reform School. Now they are out-of-town. The third boy is good. He takes care of her. Her husband and she never divorced but they have not lived together for years and years. I have again lost track of her. She no doubt went to Boston again but what a wreck that once beautiful woman was and what a wretched life she had. I hope God is good to her now.

from my daughter
Well, after the year was over, I received word that they were on their way home. I could not wait so I went to New York to meet my dear one. She was so good to me. God Bless her memory for the love, the joy and comfort that she gave me and to every one that knew her. Her life was a sweet one but a short one. Why, oh why was it God's will that my dear daughter had to go so young and I who had lived and suffered should be left to mourn my dear one. With the marriage of my dear daughter, I thought that now I would have great joy, and we did have great joy. My son Allan had already graduated from Harvard. I went to his graduation with my daughter. It was a wonderful event. They certainly knew how to arrange the affairs. First, of course, was the graduating exercises held in the Chapel with all the dignitaries who had different degrees conferred on them. Then the class, they looked quite subdued. Dr. Charles Elliot was really a great man. When he spoke, one knew that a great man was speaking. The whole affair was very imposing. After that was the outdoor affairs. The march to the Stadium the Snake Dance, the different receptions in the fellows' rooms

then the reception and the dance of the faculty and their wives and last but not least the grand ball, which was arranged months before. My Allan had a very lovely reception in his room. The elite of Boston society were there with their daughters. Allan was a very handsome and brilliant young man. He had many friends and they all came to with him well, also to meet me and Freda. After our reception we made the rounds of the other receptions. I met the boys of the Gold Coast, as their place was called, and I met one of Allan's friends with his mother and father. His father was of the Kunn Leob Company of New York. We became very friendly. They were very nice in spite of their great wealth. I could have become very friendly with them had I or my children been self seeking. But you know those sad words of tongue and pen. The saddest are these it might have been. Before I came to Boston, it was arranged that I let my cousin, Max Frank, know when I would be in Cambridge so that he could arrange his daughter's wedding the week after Allan's graduation, as they also wanted to take part in all the grand affairs. After that we would have time for the wedding festivities. The wedding was to take place in a Hall in Boston. Everything was ready, the guests were there, the Rabbi was there and then something happened. The Bridal Party did not show up so I went back to the Parlor where the bride was. There I found them all in tears. I was scared. What is the matter? This was what had happened. The bride to be was the adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank, who really were the girl's aunt and uncle. They had taken her when her own father died and to help her mother who was very young and very poor. Max had no children so they thought this a very good arrangement. Time went

on ~~and~~ the child's mother married. She prospered ~~and~~ she had other children so she did not miss her little girl until this first one was about fourteen years old. Then the real mother insisted that this girl should be told of the circumstances. In fact she wanted this told to the child two years earlier, but I advised to wait until the child was older. At the age of fourteen, the father-uncle told the whole matter to his young adopted daughter. She said, "I only have one mother and father and they are you. I love and honor you and mother and Aunt Lizzie, but I do not love Aunt Rachel, who was her real mother." That was the way the matter stood until the day of the wedding. Then the real mother insisted that she march with her daughter to the wedding canopy. The bride said, "I know no other mother but my mother Beckie and I will walk with no other mother." There they all stood with all the guests waiting and no bride. I said "You are all wrong. The style is that the bride walks with her father. The bride's mother walks with her brother and the real mother should walk with her husband. It was so arranged in a jiffy. It was a very fine wedding with a lovely dinner and dancing. Many years after my cousin Max died and his wife died. The real mother came to see me and she brought her daughter with her and also her granddaughter. It was a surprise visit, a very pleasant surprise, especially so since they told me that it was only through my tactful arrangement that a great deal of unhappiness was averted.

When my son Allan was a senior at Harvard, my other son Isaac was ready to go to College, so no other college would do but Harvard, so he also went to Harvard. I had two very frightful scares during that

year. One was my son Isaac. He took cold during that winter and was again stricken with pneumonia. I thanked God that Allan was there to look after him. He got better and then Allan took him away for a few weeks for convalescing. He got all better and went back to his studies and was getting along very well. He finished his college course. Isaac was not the brilliant scholar that Allan was. It took him the full four years where Allan made his in three. I know that Itzie, as we called him, was hampered by three or four boys who always hovered around him like a lot of flies. I have always felt that they hampered him in his work. He is and always has been a kindly and easy going man and they took advantage of his good nature. After finishing his college, he entered Johns Hopkin Medical School in Baltimore. My dear husband and I saw him established there in his medical work for that was what he wanted. He wanted to be a doctor. At the same time my daughter Freda was studying music at the Pittsburgh College for Women. The other children were at school. My David was at High school and then he entered the university of Pittsburgh. My son Max was at High school and the other children were at public school. They were all studying Hebrew, music and dancing. My good husband provided for all these expenses. When my dear husband died, I counted out that we paid for Hebrew lessons either to private teachers or to Hebrew Schools for more than twenty-five years, and when he died I continued for many years more because we believed in Hebrew education, in all kinds of education.

Here I have to go back to my son Itzie's Bar Mitzvah. He was very well prepared in Hebrew. All was well until I read his English speech

which his teacher prepared for him. His teacher, Mr. Morris Rubin, made a most literal translation of the days portion in which a very harsh expression was used. I said "Mr. Rubin, can't we turn this sentence around and say 'Blessed be the children who are mindful of the honor of their father and mother' instead of the terrible sentence that you have written here?" "If you do not like my speech, which I prepared for your son, then he will have to do without, for I will not write another." "Oh well, then my son Allan will write a speech befitting a nice boy without any ugly expressions." There were no offensive words in it and my Itzie conducted himself in a most commendable manner. In this connection, I must refer back to my oldest son's Bar Mitzvah which was held in the Beth Hamedush Hagodal and was the first public Bar Mitzvah ever held there. My husband was so happy to have this Bar Mitzvah for my Allan was a fine Hebrew scholar. He sent for his father to share in our joy. We had a most beautiful Bar Mitzvah. He was a brilliant boy and he grew up to be a brilliant man, very talented and handsome, something a mother would want. But I lost him at a very early age. I will write about him later. Grandfather Davis had the joy of his life. It was the first time that he visited us. We had a fine dinner. I had all my friends rejoice with me. In those days a friend was a friend. It was much better than it is today. Now if I want to call on any one of my friends, I must call up to see if I may come or would I be interfering with your card game or do not come today, come some other day, until there is hardly any friendship left. Still I can truly say that I have retained my friendships for many years. I had a party given me by some of my friends about sixteen years ago, on the

eve of my going on a trip to Europe. It was lovely. One after another stood up to toast me on our friendship. One was of fifteen years standing, another stood up to our twenty-five years, another to our thirty years, thirty-five years and another dear friend stood up and said, "Go on, I know Annielee for more than forty years, since she was a little girl." I had the joy of hearing her say to me, "You know Annielee. Who is Mrs. Davis? I know Annielee, to me you deserve to be Mrs. Davis for it was you who opened up my brain, my loving Annielee." I loved those expressions and now sixteen years later I still have some of those dear old friends, though many, many have gone to the great beyond. My very oldest friend that I have cherished since childhood, I just lost this past year. Ours was a friendship of sixty-four years and she was a dear soul. She also had gone through great trials. Many people have told me that I have opened up their brains. I think it was because of a great deal of patience that I have with people and possibly it is because I have the knack of teaching. I have years back told a man that he should move his private office from a back dark, damp place to the front of the business place. At first he could not see how he could move his desk from where it was. I took him by the hand and showed him if he would make his office right in the front, he would have light and air and be able to see his customers. After he moved his office, he said to me, "I can't see how dumb I was all these years." Another man, a big business man, who was very friendly with me, took me to his private office to talk some matters of charity over with him. After we were through, I looked around his office. It was way back of the store and poorly furnished, no light or air. So, I said to him, "You

know Mr. Leghman, I don't like your office. I don't like where it is. You should have a fine office where it is sunny and bright and airy." He laughed at me. I said, "Don't laugh, you know you are much more in your office than you are in your home and you should have every comfort." Well I went home and forgot all about my talk with him for some months. Then I went to see him again and he met me at the door. "Come on, I want to show you something." He took me up in the elevator to the second floor. We walked a little way then he opened up a door. Now, how do you like this office? I was flabbergasted. I was ushered into the most luxurious office I ever saw. It was beautifully decorated and it was furnished with a fine bit flat top desk and chair in one corner of the room and the rest of the room was furnished with fine easy chairs, a rich Oriental rug on the floor with glass windows and fine hangings. It was a room that a man could be at ease for a few minutes or whenever he would be able to use his office. That suits me fine. This is the kind of an office you should have. Well I have it now. Sit down and tell me what you want. I told him I wanted some money for my Babies Home and some money for my poor. He gave me one hundred dollars for the poor and a membership to the Babies' Home for fifty dollars a year providing I would not bother him with tickets. I promised so he was a member of the Home for a great many years at fifty dollars a year. I am very glad that now it seems the men have gone in for fine private offices. I saw many very fine rich ones in the last few years.

A great many others have told me I have opened up their brains. Among them was a Polish girl who lived with me and worked for me for about five years. When she came to me she was so dumb that my family said, Mother

what are you going to do with such a dumb bunny. First we will let her thaw out for she was frozen, then we will feed her up and then we will see. The next day she washed. Her washing was so well done that I said if she does nothing else but wash, I am going to keep her. But mother, how will you talk to her? Well, if she does not know English, I will learn Polish. Would you believe it - I learned Bohish. It was a grand mixture of Polish, Russian, Slavish and Lithuanian. We had many a laugh on how I said things, but I said them. I had to teach her how to dress from the skin out. I taught her how to do other work of the house. She could wash and iron, but I had to teach her everything else. She was a big girl or woman but she had a gentleness about her that was refreshing. When I was sick, she would say, "Come on, Missie, I rubbie you", and true enough she would give me a rub down with her big hand and fingers that it seemed to take all the aches and pains out of me. I asked her how she knew to do this work so well and she said, "I had a little mother like you. She always sick like you, so I rubbie her and she feel better." That was so. After five years, when her brain was op ened up, she thought she would take a vacation. Then she got married. One of the other things I taught her was how to save her money. So in addition with her brain, she had money to go home with. After her I had another P olish woman, but the only thing I can say about her is she was most faithful. She was with me only two years but in that two years she took full charge of my baby Albert. He was her baby more than mine. It seemed that only when he was sleeping that she did not have him in her arms. I really do not know how she did the work for every time you looked at Mary she had the baby in her arms. Every

time you looked at Albert, he was in her arms. I do believe that he filled her poor starved heart with the love that she would have given to her children. When she left me it was to go home to her family of four children that she had left in Poland. Oh, I have many stories I could tell about my maids and other help. I never had any trouble with them. I could always call on them to help me out when I needed extra help. I sent her away with many things that I thought she could use. She was very grateful. I never really had any trouble with help. I had one woman who served me with maids for more than twenty-five years, so that when one maid left we would call her up and she would get me another. I had one colored maid who served for more than fourteen years. My present maid, a most faithful darling girl, is with me more than eleven years. I am urging her to get married and have children for she is fitted to be a good wife and mother. I know I will lose a good girl, but she should be married so I am doing all I can to help her young man along. But she says she does not want to get married. She is happy here and has a good home. She has money in the bank which I taught her to save so why should she worry. But she does not realize that time is passing and she is getting older. I would like her to be happily married. I have seen many marriages that were started very modestly turn out so well.

I must tell of one of my cousin's daughters marriage. That was before my Albert was born. My cousin Lizzie told me all about this wedding and earnestly asked me to come to the wedding. We bought this girl a lovely bedroom suite. It was this gift that made it possible for the girl to be married, so I had to go to the wedding, even though I knew I was in

my last days. My dear husband looked at me. I said, "Dear, if I did not go to this wedding, they would not understand and they would feel very bad, so I got dressed in a nice black silk dress. I used to wear a lace scarf with it but this day when I buttoned the waist, it buttoned up to the last one which surprised me very much. My husband came to the hall and I was feeling fine. After the ceremony we all sat down to a nice dinner. After the dinner the dancing started. I sat down quietly but nothing would do but that I join them in the dance. I felt good and not wanting to offend, I joined but I did not stay very long. After a little I asked my husband to take me home. I bid them goodnight. It was then about twelve o'clock. I went to bed and slept about three hours. Then I wakened up and called for the doctor. He came after a while and said the baby will be born in a few hours. But instead after a few hours I was very sick. From Thursday night through Friday, Saturday and all day Sunday, the doctor had to give me what he called whiffs of chloroform. He also had to use forceps. It was the first time I was so dreadfully sick. The baby was still born but his heart was beating so the doctor and the nurse worked over him for more than two hours until he started to gasp and cry. After I was attended to the doctor left. The baby started to cry. He cried for more than a day and a half. When we told the doctor how the baby cried, he said the baby had every reason to cry from the beating he got in bringing him to. But he must not cry so much so he gave him some medicine which put the baby to sleep. He slept for about three days. We thought he would surely starve. We did everything to wake him up.

We bathed him. We washed his face and eyes with cold water. We shook him. We dressed and undressed him. We would try to feed him. On the third day he opened up his eyes, such beautiful eyes. The poor little thing got so thin. He looked around as much as to ask where I am. He was so weak that we could not have the Birth Melah that first week. I also was very sick the first week but after that I got along very well. On the second week, the doctor surprised me by saying, "Mrs. Davis, it is just twenty-one years since I had such a troublesome delivery. With that other child the folks called him after me so I want you to name your boy after me. You know mine is a perfectly good Bible name. What is your name in Hebrew? I know you as Albert only. My name in Hebrew is Aron. We intended to call our baby Hirsh. We then called him Aron Hirsh, or Albert Hirsh Davis. My dear husband was so happy that we both recovered so well. He arranged a very lovely Birth Melah. I was told that they had everything from soup to nuts and for the first time know, Dr. Albert Blumberg came to the Brith. He also reproved my husband for not giving our baby his full name, Albert Blumberg Davis, but my husband explained why so he was satisfied. At the dinner the doctor stood up to toast the mother and baby. He said, "Much as I admire the family of Davis, they are all such fine fellows, so interested in one another, still I do not want Mrs. Davis to have another child for another child would be her death." Well I recovered very well. My baby, God Bless him, got well and grew up to be a fine man, so handsome. He is a bright and brilliant boy and man. I will write about him later on. My poor Dr. Blumberg on whom I depended for the health of my children and family, also I

depended on his help for the Montefiore Hospital work, for I am free to say that it was his encouragement and assistance that made the Montefiore Hospital possible. Well this man in the prime of his life was killed by a railroad train after he had been to Braddock with another doctor in consultation on a case. The train killed him. He had turned to save his friend so he was hit. He never knew what struck him. I thought that now all my work would fall, but it is wonderful, one man dies and no other takes his place. So after poor Dr. Blumberg passed away, we started our work with three doctors instead of one and our work went on. As for me, my family and I did miss our friend and doctor for he was our friend. He was very fond of my husband. One day when the doctor was attending to one of the children, I was teasing my husband. He would not eat any chops because of a goat that we had for children, which we thought was a nanny. According to our Jewish law, a nanny must not be harmed, so my mother sold it to a butcher; when my husband heard that mother sold the nanny to a butcher, he would not eat any chops, though he was very fond of chops, for fear he would get some of our pet nanny. So this day I was teasing him about it and the doctor looked at my husband with real affection and said, "Well wouldn't you rather have him that way than have him callous." Yes, I would rather have him just as he is. This same doctor persuaded my husband to take our life insurance. It happened this way. One evening as my husband was coming home, he met his brother Charlie beating his horse. They had a few words. My good man was so aggravated that by the time he came into the house he was very sick. I was scared. I did what I could then ran for the doctor. I told the doctor what I did. I asked him to come

right away and he came at once. By the time the doctor came, my husband was much better. After talking and telling my husband how to take care of himself, he said, "Say Davis, do you carry any insurance?" My husband said no. Well, I don't think that is wise. You see, Davie, you have a little family. You are out every day and that in itself puts you in danger. You should protect your family by insurance. He explained everything so earnestly that the next day after consulting his cousin, Rabbi I. Davis, and being assured that life insurance would not be against the Jewish law, he took out his first policy. It was not a large sum as insurance goes these days, I am happy to say that he lived to be able to use the money himself. In later years he took out another policy with another company. This was left to me when my dear husband passed away. It was much, much less than people judged. I would rather have been without one cent if I could have saved my dear one all that happened. All this happened years after Dr. Blumberg died. I have reason to remember my family doctor kindly for the many times he came to us just when I needed him in our various attacks of illness, for his great fondness for my husband, for the good advice he gave us. After he died we were lost for a time. But I had to have another doctor so I called on Dr. Goodstone to treat me and my family. I am a great believer in having a doctor in attendance right in the beginning of an illness. I think the old way of having a family physician was very good. While living in the home on Bluff Street, I had two more babies. Thank God, though I was very sick with my youngest boy whom we called Bennett Gershon, after his grandfather who was a good man, the good God let me have my Bennett for thirty-four

years, then he took him so suddenly, in just one-half hour. The doctors had no chance to help him. My dear Bennett hardly knew what struck him. When I came to him that night, the doctor would not let me go up to him. He said, "Bennett is gone". Gone I repeated. I did not understand, for just that evening he was in my home. He looked so grand. I patted his shoulders. I told him that he had such fine shoulders. I wanted him to stay for dinner for his wife had just left the day before to visit with her sisters. He said, "No mother, the old man is alone and he is expecting me so I had better go home." All right, some other day. My Bennett then took off his hat, bent down to me and kissed me, just as he had done hundreds of times. It seems he went home and had his dinner with his children and his father-in-law, played around with his little boy and his little girl until eight o'clock. Then he got his car and went to the store in McKeesport. He was there until about eleven o'clock. Then he went home. He hardly got upstairs when he said, "Help me undress, I am sick." They put him to bed and sent for the doctor. The doctor hardly reached him when he died, so that when they phoned to us and when we came he was gone. I had the joy of him for thirty-four years. I also had the responsibility of him, the pain of him and the trials that a mother has from fine upstanding children, for I was left with ten fine children when my husband died. I also had his love, honor and affection. God Bless his memory. After my Bennett was three years old, I had my last baby, a little girl. God Bless her and give her long life. She is such a blessing to me. We had wanted a little girl all the time. When she came to me at last I could hardly believe that I had a little girl. My oldest daughter Freda took the baby in her dear arms and said "My dear little sister, you came too late for me",

for you see there were twenty-two years difference in their ages, but not withstanding that she is the most dear beloved sister. Thank God she is also the most loving and devoted sister and daughter. I can truthfully say that no mother ever had a finer or better daughter. Just as her older sister was. For my oldest daughter was a most devoted daughter. Without her help and encouragement I never could have done the great amount of work that I did. God bless her dear memory. When the baby was about three months old, we bought our beautiful home on Aiken Ave. I was then forty-four years old. I had attained my full growth. I assumed all the responsibility of remodeling and decorating our home as my husband wanted me to. He could not bother with our contractor or fuss with him over colors and design. Nor did he bother about the furnishings. I did the best I could with my own furniture from the old home, which I used with good taste. I did have to have three new rugs. I consulted my dear husband about what I should buy. You use your own judgment he told me, for he had great confidence in me. He knew I would not over burden him. So I bought three very beautiful Oriental rugs. One for the music room, one for the library and one for the hall. They were so good that I am still using them after so many years. They still look rich and beautiful. My dining room was old English. I just bought a new sideboard and table. I had fine chairs and a beautiful china closet which I am still using. I did have a very imposing dining room with its great mantle, fine windows and beautiful decorations. I had to sell my dining room suite after using it for more than twenty years because my present dining room is much too small for the old suite. When I moved to my present home, I had to buy a much lighter suite. It is a very lovely room but not nearly as imposing as my old room. In my

library I had open shelves for our books. I had given my one bookcase to my son Allan. The other, a very large walnut case, I gave to the Shari'ah Torah Shule. I had called the Reverend Rabbi Sivitz to ask him if he could use a large bookcase for their Beth Hamedush and he said that he could as they had a great number of books. I asked him to please have one of his men get a wagon for it and I would pay for the hauling. Well the day came but instead of a wagon three very nice old men came to see the bookcase. I wanted to tease them so I said, "Oh, you came to see if it was worth while to take this bookcase." I took them into my library and showed them what I wanted to give away. They were overcome. Why, we will make a Holy Ark out of this because it is very fine and large enough for what we want. I said if you will make a Holy Ark, I will pay for any adjustment it would require. They took the case and spent about fifteen dollars to make a platform. When I went to see the finished work, I was so pleased that I told them to buy a fine reading table also. Well that had to cost a great deal more so the president said, "Mrs. Davis, if that is too much for you I will give you a partner. I said I have a partner, I do not need nor want another partner. I told them to go ahead and have it done, then let me know and I would pay. When I came home I said to my husband, "You know, dear, this day I made you my partner." "Is that so," he said, "How much will it cost me." I looked at him and saw a little smile hover around his mouth and eyes. I told him it would cost about one hundred dollars. That is cheap to be a partner with you my dear in such holy work. This Ark served the Sha'arah T orah Shule for many years, or shall I say until I made a new Holy Ark in loving memory of my son Max who died at

Here I speak of our State

such a young age. He was such a loving son, such a loving and faithful brother and such a fine man. He was a great business man and a great singer. I had much joy between these periods. I also had much, much sorrow. How I ever lived through my great sorrows I do not know for I have had great capacity for joy and also for grief and pain as well as sickness. I do nothing by halves. When I am sick, I am very sick. When I am well, I forget my sickness and I am very well. When I do anything, I have to do that work well.

We moved into our beautiful home on Aiken Avenue. Our two boys were at college and medical school. My daughter Freda was married. My dear husband got interested in a little congregation called B'nai Israel where services were held on the Sabbath Day. It was a very primitive place, very unbecoming to the people who lived in the East End. One evening when my husband was going to a meeting, I said to him, "Barney if the men would want me to help them, I would be willing to do what I could." He was very glad to hear me say that for he was not at all pleased with our place of worship. My husband reported what I had said. The little group of men were very glad to receive this message. They wrote me a letter telling me they would be very happy to avail themselves of my services. I immediately called my friend Mrs. J. N. Wolk, or Annie Wolk. After talking the matter over we decided to call the other women of the East End together to organize a Ladies Auxiliary to the B'nai Israel Congregation. We called a meeting of about twenty-four women. Only seven came. We thought seven was enough to start with, even of these seven there were some who could not see the need of such an Auxiliary. Mrs. Wm. Wolk

said if our Shule needed anything we could make a collection to buy what was needed, but I said that did not bother me. What I meant was that we help the men to establish a permanent organization, not only to buy a few things but also to work with the men to help them do the greater work for the benefit of the Jewish Community of the East End and to have a place of worship befitting our children and ourselves. The result of this Ladies Auxiliary is that now after thirty years with their help and encouragement, we have a most beautiful synagogue, and a fine Sunday religious school which was started by the Ladies Auxiliary. It is to the credit of our children that they came to that crude place that we first had. I got our little Shamas to supervise. I got my dear departed daughter Freda to teach. Later I got my son Jacob to teach. I did everything possible to have our religious school live. I am very happy to say that from that little school that I started so many years ago, thousands of children have learned the first principles of Jewish education. My friend, Sarah Bernstein, bought a piano for five dollars that could still be played, so with the help of the piano, we learned the first Hebrew song which we still sing. I was president of that Ladies Auxiliary, which we later named Sisterhood, for twenty one or twenty-five years. I had asked the women to relieve me but somehow they insisted on my staying on until in sheer desperation I said, now my dear good women, you make me feel very bad if you do not elect some one else. I assure you I will not ever attend a meeting and that will make me feel very bad, but if you elect another woman for president, I will help along with all my might. So after asking me again and again, my friend, Mrs. Scheinman was elected in my place. I gave up my place

after twenty-five years. I am very happy to say that now the Sisterhood has been and still is a great factor in strengthening our hold religion and also a great help to our congregation and our beautiful Shule. My dear husband was very earnest in the promotion of the idea of building a Shule in the East End. At this time the Jewish people were moving in that direction. It is very sad that he did not live to see the fine accomplishment of his idea. My dear husband only lived to see our oldest sons graduate from college and our oldest daughter Freda married. Our other son Itzie, God Bless him, had entered medical school at Johns Hopkin. The other children were all very young yet, too young to be helpful. It was the first or second week in July, 1913, that I had any inkling that there was anything wrong with my dear husband. On that day he was as well as ever - a tall, handsome, upstanding man. I sat with him at breakfast and we chatted together for a while. Just then I remembered that I needed money to pay for a tuition that I had given for a scholarship to a little cousin of mine. I said, "Barney I need a lot of money today." "Why more today than any other day." "Well, you see, I have to pay for Jenny's tuition at the business college." He gave me a check without a word. I saw that it was not enough and I told him so. He gave me another check which was plenty. I kissed him goodbye at the door as was my custom ever since we were married. He attended to his business all day feeling well. In the evening he came home hunting me all over the house until he found me in the kitchen looking after my dinner. As was his custom after greeting me, he sat down with his paper until we all went into dinner. Everything was well.

The children were good and lovely. After dinner we went out and sat on the porch. My son Allan, My Freda and her husband went to a concert while the other children stayed around until as time went on each one went to bed all but Isaac. All at once and without any warning, my dear one said, "Annie, I am sick." I got greatly alarmed. I asked what was the matter. He said, "Lay me down." I laid him on our large swing. He said, "Sit me up." I had ordered ice and I had ordered them to call a doctor. I ~~found~~ he was very sick. We got him upstairs and to bed and then by that time Dr. ^{Sames?} Sames came. He gave him something and went away saying, "You know, Mrs. Davis, I do not attend such cases." I was wild with fear. At last my older children came home. They called Dr. John Boice. The doctor came and stayed with my husband all night administering to him. In the morning my dear husband showed signs of improvement so the doctor went home. He was back at nine o'clock and found my husband much better, so much better that my husband wanted to get up. I persuaded him to stay in bed until he was better. He said he was better so I had to tell him that it was his heart that went bad and he just had to stay in bed until he got all better. That great heart that suffered with everybody's pain. That great heart that wanted to help and was always ready to help anybody that needed help. That great heart was stricken. I did not know how bad at that time. I kept him in bed for five days. He wanted to go downstairs and it was then I had to tell him again that he was very sick and he must rest just as though he had a broken leg. After that he stayed in bed for about ten days getting stronger everyday. So he thought he was all better. One morning while I was getting his tray ready, I met him on the stairs. Oh my dear, why did you get dressed.

You see, I was just coming with your breakfast. I am all right, don't worry about me. There is nothing the matter with me. I did not want to cross him so I saw with him while he ate his breakfast. He stayed home that day but the next day he went to his office, so I thought it best to let him go to his office. A few days later I asked the doctor to let me take my husband to Atlantic City, for the few times he went to Atlantic City he seemed to enjoy the trip and regained in health and spirits, that was a year before he took sick. I could see that he needed the rest and change. At first I could not persuade him to consider a trip but when I said that I was tired and wanted to go to Atlantic City, at first he would not listen to me and told me if I felt so bad that I should take one of the children with me. We argued about that for a few days. At last I said that I would not go if he did not take me so at least he consented to take me. I always felt that this trip really prolonged his life for a year, that was why I asked the doctor to let me take my dear one to Atlantic City knowing how he enjoyed going fishing with a number of men whom I had overheard planning to go fishing early in the morning. I spoke up and asked them to invite Mr. Davis as I felt sure he would enjoy the trip. They were pleased to do so. The next day at sunrise they were off with plenty of provisions for the day. They stayed out until late in the evening. They were laden with fish and all sunbruned, but happy. It was the first time I heard my husband laugh since we came. After that we had a splendid time. We went swimming every day. He loved the ocean. My friends remarked how well he looked. We came home much refreshed. We were planning to go again in a week or two when this terrible unfortunate heart attack came on. I begged the doctor to let me take him away to Atlantic City,

say what I would Dr. Boice would not let us go. After a week or two my husband showed marked improvement so the doctor told me to take my husband to Cambridge Springs and I did so at once. There we found two men at the hotel whom my husband knew. They were splendid company so we stayed there as long as they were there. While we were at Cambridge Springs, my husband had one or two little sick spells but he enjoyed being there with these men. I made friends with the younger people. I well remember two young girls. One was a beautiful American girl from Pittsburgh. She could take care of herself. The other was a little immigrant girl who could hardly speak English. We would go out together. It was too funny for words. I would walk with a little sawed off and hammered down little man. The American girl paired off with a very nice looking young married man and this little immigrant girl always paired off with this sporty man who was more than twice her age. I was scared and so was another woman that was there. We talked the matter over and decided to talk to his friend who was more serious minded. We asked him to talk to his friend and to warn him that this child was a little immigrant girl and that she was fascinated and did not know the ways of the world and that he should not harm her. I am glad to say that his friend had already warned him. His answer was that he was sorry for the girl and wanted to show her a good time. She was to have left that week but she was having such a good time she prolonged her stay. We were much upset. All at once these men decided to leave. They were getting their auto ready to leave without one word to her. I did not know what to do. I saw she was very nervous. Should I talk to her and spoil her beautiful summer romance or should I let her eat her heart out, for I

saw that was what she was doing. I debated with myself. I decided that I would speak so I called over to her and took her aside. "My dear," I said, "I don't know if I have the right to speak to you for what I want to say will hurt you, but it is better now and be done than to go on hoping and be hurt for a long time after." Mrs. Davis, I know whatever you will say to me will be just like my own mother would say if I had one. So I told her to let him go out of her life, that he was not for her and that he was not free and that he only meant to give her a good time. He was going to his business and as I said worst of all, he had his own lady-love in Pittsburgh. By that time I felt so bad that my tears mingled with hers. I never felt so bad for anyone in my life as I did for this poor girl. Then she turned to me, took me around as I took her into my arms. She said, "Thank you Mrs. Davis, I was in a fool's Paradise for a little while but I see you are right. This man I left without even saying goodbye to me. I mean nothing to him." Still I felt very bad. What right had I to blight her romance. I went to my husband. Barney I did something dreadful just now. I told him what I had done. He said, "Don't worry, my dear, you were right. You did the right thing now before lasting harm would come to this poor girl." I was much relieved for if my husband said I was right then I was sure I was right. About twenty-five years later I received a call from the Mercy Hospital where there was a woman patient who wanted to see me. I did not know who this person was but as she was sick and wanted to see me, I surely must go. I went to the hospital with a friend, Mrs. Blessinger, who knew this sick woman. When I came into her room she turned to me, "Do n't you know me, Mrs. Davis?"

I looked at her. There she was a fat little bright eyed woman and even though her sister-in-law was present, she proceeded to tell them the story of how I saved her from herself and she thanked me most heartily. She told me how she married a very nice man. She has a family of five children. She has a big store where she worked so hard that she took sick but when she comes home she will give a nice present to her Shule in thanksgiving that she is better and that I made it all possible. After she began to speak, I was reminded of the whole scene. I could see the little girl in this fat little woman but without the hurt look in her eyes. She was very happy. We had quite a little chat then I went home.

To go back, my husband and I stayed in Cambridge Springs a day longer than he wanted to go home. I telephoned home to ask what I should do and I was told to keep my husband away as long as I could. My son Alln and my son-in-law came out to see us and when I told them how unhappy Pa was since these two friends left, we then decided to go to Mount Clemens. We were in Mount Clemens only a few days when my husband again wanted to go home. So I said we will not ask any questions of anyone, but just come home. So we took the train home and arrived there just on the day of our thirtieth anniversary. My husband was so glad to be home with his wife and his children that he took each one in his arms. Oh, it is so good to be home without a lot of outsiders hanging on. My dear daughter Freda had prepared a fine dinner in honor of our anniversary, even though we were not supposed to be home, so we all sat down to dinner. We were all very happy. I did not know what was hanging over me. I did not know that though my husband was apparently

better, he was not well. He did not believe himself, so after a day or two of rest, he started to back to his office. All seemed well. In the meantime I had a talk with my son Allan. He was a brilliant man and he always said that he would take up the law as his profession but in his second year at college he was invited to the Bakess dozen because of his record in English for he was a fine English scholar. His writing was superb, even in high school. In this class he wrote a play called "The Promised Land". It aroused great interest and even wakened up the cold blooded New England Professors, so they encouraged Allan to keep on with his writing until he finally graduated in three years instead of four. After he came home he asked his father for a year in New York to study the stage right on the premises. I objected to this but his father said if wants an extra year let him have it. While in New York he kept on writing plays. They were fine but it is very hard to get a play produced. He made contact with Henry Miller. Mr. Miller asked Allan to read his play. Of course Allan sent him the play which Mr. Miller kept a whole year and then sent it back. Allan's play was called the Iron Door. Mr. Miller produced a play very much like it but called it by another name. He still kept on writing until he received a call from the Jewish Educational Alliance in New York. He took up this work very well. They made a great fuss over him but he was not content so he left at the end of the year. He came home and I begged him to give up the writing and take up the law. So he went back to Cambridge. He finished his first year in the law for my sake. He came home for his vacation but kept on writing. He wrote many plays. Some were produced here in Pittsburgh, some in New York. He made just enough

money to keep him going. I was very much disappointed. Somehow I knew he could do better in the law than in anything else. He had a brilliant mind. He was a great orator. He was steady, honest, good looking and above all a fine scholar both in Hebrew and in English. While at Harvard, he won three scholarships worth two hundred and fifth dollars each. He would not accept the money because it was written that if a man did not need the money he should not take it. While there were many men who were much wealthier than my husband who did take every cent, my son Allan did not take any money. He won many speaking contests which netted him quite a sum. I still have a very beautiful evening coat that I bought with the money he sent me that he won. At the Educational Alliance he did not like the work so he resigned. The men of the Board of Directors of that Institution were all multi-millionaires. He did not like their hardness nor their point of view so he got out. He went back to his stage work. That was where he was when Dr. McCormick called me one day to ask where he could get in touch with Mr. Davis. I naturally thought the doctor was asking for my husband. After a while I understood that the doctor meant my son Allan. I told him he was in New York. The Chancellor said as he was going to New York that night he would look him up if I gave him Allan's address, which I did. In a few days we received word from Allan that he was engaged to come to Pittsburgh to teach english at the University of Pittsburgh. He would be home soon to take up his work here. We were all very happy. Allan came home and started his work at the University. He was very much liked and respected both by the Faculty and by the men whom he taught. I do not remember how long he taught. He was making

his living and he was doing his writing, still his father was not satisfied. He could not see a career in teaching or writing. He really wanted him to be a lawyer. So just when he was getting better from his first heart attack, I had a talk with Allan. I pointed out to him that time was passing. He was not settled as yet as to what would be his life work. After talking with Allan for a while, we agreed that as law school was to start in September, he would take up the law, but he would not give up his writing. I said that was quite all right. I would rather have him write half a day than sleep half a day, for law school only takes half a day's work. So after I had it all arranged with Allan, Pa walked in and we told him what we had decided. He said no, either he goes to law school or does not go, this thing of writing one part of the day and studying the other would not do. I said do not be unreasonable. If Allan has promised to study law, I know he will study law. What he does with his leisure time we should let him do. Well after we had gone over the plan again, Pa agreed. We were all very happy. That was in the middle of the week. My second son, Isaac, had gone back to his work at Johns Hopkin. He was in his last year of medicine. My dear daughter Freda was married. One day when Pa worried, I said, "See, Barney", we really have no reason to worry. Allan is going to finish his law course, Itzie will soon be a doctor, Freda is married and soon, soon we will have great happiness from our children, but it seems it was not to be. On Saturday evening, Pa came home. He had all the children around him. He was ready to make Avduluh. My little niece Anna was there also. Pa took her near him. Pa said the prayer. We were all gathered around him

and as he lit the brandy everybody was gathering the money out of the lighted brandy flame. We were all very happy. Nothing made my husband so happy as having his children around him. It was his custom every Friday evening before Shabbos to gather the little ones around him and give them their allowance. The baby got a nickel, the next one got ten cents and the older boys got theirs in accordance with their needs. It made him very happy always to give. How can I tell all the lovely things that he gave us. One day he brought a lovely brooch for me. Another time it was a beautiful ring. When I was much younger and before I learned to do my own shopping, he bought me a very expensive seal coat. I had a pair of diamond earrings and one day I was surprised with a string of very fine pearls. I always loved pearls and always wanted them but I always needed things for the family, either for our boys or for our daughter Freda, so I let the pearls go. This day he brought me the pearls I was so surprised that I did not know what to say so I said the wrong thing. The pearls were beautiful but small, the string was too small when I put them around my neck. I was disappointed at the way I looked. Without thinking I said, "Barney it is too late. I am too old and too fat." I never thought of the disappointment to him. After it was too late I thought of a dozen ways I might have improved this string of pearls but it was too late for me. I never wore pearls myself but I bought my oldest granddaughters two lovely strings of pearls. I also bought my own dear daughter Sarah a fine string of pearls. We have since added larger pearls to her string so that she has a very valuable string. I even started three little strings for my little granddaughters. My dear husband was very happy that he was able to give. He gave to the

B'nai Israel Synagogue, he gave money every year to three Shules for matzos for the poor. He sent money to Europe for all the thirty years that I knew him. At first he sent this money to his grandfather to distribute it and also fifty rubles for his own personal use for pocket money. When the folks in the old country found that my Barney sent money, then they asked that he send money for the old Shule, for the Talmud Torah, then for aunts, for cousins and as for his landsleit, they of course must be helped. This was his pleasure.

One of the quietest cases of giving was done by both of us. One day a little man came to me. "You are Mrs. Davis?" I said, "Yes, I am Mrs. Davis. What can I do for you." "Oh, I have a lot of trouble." He proceeded to tell me his troubles. It seems his son, a boy of about sixteen, was driving a junk wagon and a lot of boys ran after him teasing him and running in front of his horse. So he grabbed a bottle and threw it into the crowd. It so happened that he hit a little boy and cut his head open. They took him into the Montefiore Hospital and put him in a private room, gave him all the care and medical attention that could be given, so that in a short time the child was discharged from the hospital as cured. The father of the child was not satisfied, so he started trouble for the other boy and had the boy arrested. When they came to trial, the two fathers came together to arrange matters, so Mr. Harris undertook to pay the nurse, the hospital and the doctor. When Mr. Levin saw that Mr. Harris undertook to do all this, he was not satisfied so he backed out and threatened to put the young boy in jail. Mr. Harris pleaded to go to Rabbi Ashinsky to make all arrangements. They went to other men but somehow Mr. Levin would not come to terms. At

last they agreed that if I would take this matter up, all would be well. I did not know either of these men, but it seems that they knew me. We talked it all over again. Again Mr. Harris agreed to pay all expenses, but Mr. Harris was a poor man so he came to me to guarantee all the expenses to Mr. Levin. Then Mr. Levin would let up on this sixteen year old boy. I did not know what to say. We counted up all the expenses. There was \$90 for the nurse, \$95 for the hospital, \$150 to Dr. Finkelparl, about the same to Dr. Lewin, \$10 to Dr. Seigel and \$8.00 to a drug store. I did not know Mr. Harris so I called my husband in. I explained everything to him. After hearing all the trouble, he said to me, "You go ahead and fix the matter up for these two men." But that was not so easy. As soon as Mr. Levin saw that I was willing to guarantee the debt, he changed his mind and would rather send the boy to jail. I said, "See here, Mr. Levin, you can only have one of two things. Either let me help this man to pay all your expenses or go ahead with the trail and put this boy to jail. You can not have the two." Well, if I agree where will he get the money to pay. He has no money. My doctors have to be paid. I turned to Mr. Harris. What do you say. Dear Mrs. Davis, if you do this for me, I will bring my wife's jewelry and you can keep it until I pay you all back, so I said to my Barney, what shall I do. His jewelry isn't worth very much. There is about \$500 involved. My husband laughed and said, "This is your case, not mine but go ahead anyhow." But that did not end the matter. You see Mr. Levin wanted an agreement so I sent them to my lawyer. This man told me afterward that he would not handle a case like that for \$500 no matter how the other poor man wanted to please Mr. Levin. Mr. Levin would threaten him until at last the

boy got scared and ran away from home. Then I had another man on my hands, the man who gave the bail stood to lose the \$500 if the boy did not come back. Well, after a lot more trouble and aggravation, Mr. Levin finally did sign the agreement that if I paid all the money due his doctors, he would withdraw the charges. Poor little Mr. Harris did bring me his wife's jewelry, such a sorry lot they were not worth anything for it was not even good gold. My Barney had a good laugh at me. Now what are you going to do for money. Oh, all right, first you say go ahead and now you laugh at me. You'll see, I'll manage it. So I told Mr. Harris to bring me two dollars every week. I gave him a little book that my husband always gave to his cases. Mr. Harris was very grateful. He brought me the two dollars every week so at first I paid the nurse in full. Then I called the doctors and asked both men what they would take for their bills. As I knew them and they knew me, they laughed and said, just what ever you can get we will take. So I said all right. I paid the drug store and I also paid Dr. Seigel. That left the hospital and the two doctors. It took about a year to pay that much. The hospital and doctors were really very fine. They heard of all the trouble I had so they thought the joke was on me. As the Holy Days were coming on very soon, Mr. Harris asked me to lend him his jewelry so that his wife could go to shule. Since the little bit of junk was not very much to me but meant a great deal to him, I gave him his jewelry. My husband and friends again had a good laugh at my expense. But my little man fooled them, he brought the two dollars faithfully every week, only he asked if he could pay this to my husband's office as I lived too far away. So I would save up ten dollars and pay one man, then save

ten dollars and pay the other man. Another year was soon here. I was very sorry for the poor man so I asked my friends how much they would take for their claim. Make it half. It should only have been half. It took a long time but at last I had it all paid. I never did pay the hospital and somehow they never bothered me so I did not bother them. At last I paid all the claims and I felt relieved. In a day or two I got a call from Mr. Harris. What is the trouble now. Well the trouble is his horse died and he wanted me to get a loan of fifty dollars from the Free Loan Society. I had some trouble to get this loan but at last I had my man all fixed. His boy came back, his wife had another baby, and his friend got back his bond. All was well, when the Loan Society came one day to sue me for a little balance that Mr. Harris still owed them. My husband loved to tease me about this case. I said let them sue me, I'll tell them something. I spoke to Mr. M. Jackson, who was the treasurer and I told him to let this poor little man alone. So the balance of \$15 was never paid. I had all this trouble and aggravation because my dear one was so good. I could tell many stories of his kindness to other people, not always did they pay him back, but he remained kind to the last.

Well, on this day that he came home, we all gathered around him and he was handing out the supposed money from the flame of the Avdulah. We were all very happy, never thinking that this would be the last frolic we would have with him. After dinner, at which I picked out little tid bits for him, he asked why I was so good to him. I said, "You know dear, we have only one papa, so we must pet him." We went in to the

library, it was a beautiful room. I think my husband loved this room best of all the house. He always sat there. We had a large table desk there and we had very large chairs. There was a very fine old leather couch and the room was lined with open shelves for our books. Pa was very proud of our books. I had put up our beautiful rose point lace curtains and fine hangings just a few days before. After I had it all done, I turned to my husband who was sitting there and I said, "I really love this room, I love every nook and corner of this house." He looked around and said, "Yes, it is fine, but you are not at home enough, you are too busy with your hospital, with your Shule and all their work." I was ready to get real cross with him but I realized he was not so well. So I said, "Oh Barney, don't worry, I am going to give all this up soon. Now let us go over to Freda." "No, no, I am too tired, you go." I did not want to go and leave him, so I started to say again as I have said many times before, just let me finish this year then I will give up. All right my dear. After we had calmed down, I again said, come on, pa, I want you to come to Freda's with me. He said again, "No, you go and give her my love. I will go to bed and take a good rest." I went to my daughter Freda's home and we spent a very pleasant evening. She had such a beautiful home. She was so efficient. She could make her home look so grand. I had bought her very fine furniture, a grand bedroom, a beautiful dining room, a fine music room with her own Steinway grand piano and very fine lace curtains for which I paid forty dollars a pair and a beautiful oriental rug. Her hall was so beautifully furnished. She had a cozy den with bookcases full of books, fine pictures and everything to make a girl happy. I hope she was happy.

My husband did not like his son-in-law so he did not visit his dearly beloved daughter very often. I made my visit then came home. Well, there I was with my husband, with my sons, with my two dear daughters, for by this time I had my baby girl Saray, God Bless her, I had my beautiful home and I had my work. I also did do work inside my home even though I had two maids and a laundress. I still had enough to do to keep my home in good order. I had to be very careful of my expenditures for I fully realized that my husband had enough to do to provide for us without me being extravagant. I remember well a talk I had with Mr. Robert Lewin. He stopped over one day and we talked about the expenses of an automobile. He said, " You know, Mrs. Davis, it costs me ten thousand dollars to live a year as it is ." I laughed and said, "It costs us more than ten thousand a year to live, and I have to be very careful at that because you see Mr. Lewin, you have only four children and we have ten children with three boys at college - two at Harvard and one at the University of Pittsburgh." We had a Hebrew teacher in our home. He had the expense of music lessons. We paid for Sunday religious schools, and dancing schools. Of course, we had more than ten thousand a year expenditures. I knew it very well but I hardly think that my husband knew how much it cost him to keep us going. You see, he was so liberal. He gave us all we needed. I was the more practical. I knew every cent that I spent, even though I did not get an allowance. What money I needed I asked for or took it myself. I often teased my husband by saying that I was the poorest rich woman that ever was. I remember well one day I needed money in the morning, so without disturbing my husband, I went to his pocket and took what money I needed. I really

did not look to see how much I left. After breakfast my husband kissed me goodbye and went to town. He got on the street car and when he went to pay his car fare, there was no money in one pocket and then in the other pocket, he found no money, not even a nickel. Fortunately the conductor knew him so they both laughed. The conductor said, I know you will pay the next time. When P a came home he said laughingly, "Ma, the next time you take my money, you may take all I have but do leave me one nickel for my carfare. Why I almost had to walk to town today, only the conductor was so understanding. I guess his wife some times does the same." My husband's goodness is simply beyond belief. I could tell many stories of his goodness. I will do so as I go along. In this way we grew together, living in loving kindness. Then in one day all this love, this understanding, this helpfulness was taken away from me, leaving me so desolate, so shocked, so bewildered and so alone, even though I had all my ten children around me. I was alone for the man who was my husband, the man who was more like a father to me. He had been taken away in one small day. My God, my God, how could I live without him. He was so thoughtful, he was so good, so kind and so loving. The man to whom I looked up to, the man from whom I learned how to live a full life. He was taken and I was left alone. It all happened so quickly, so suddenly, so unexpectedly, like a bolt from the blue. I shall never forget that day for in his very last moments he tried not to hurt me when I misunderstood him for a moment. On my God, how can I put down on paper what and how I lived through that awful day. I knew I held him in my arms even after the doctor closed his dear eyes.

The doctor tried to take me away but I could not leave him until I was given something to drink. Then I did not seem to know very much. It is now twenty-eight years since that awful day. How many, many times I have lived through that day. It comes back to me time after time. I have suffered so much since that day. I thank God that my dear one did not live to go through that pain and suffering that I have gone through in these twenty-eight years. I know how hard it was for him to go through the little trials of the illnesses of the children and myself. He suffered with all of us.. The reverses in business, the unkind return for his kindness that he extended to others, all this made him suffer, so how could he have gone through what I have gone through. I have often been called a wonderful woman. I don't know why I am a wonderful woman. Is it because I have a great capacity to suffer both physical pain and mental pain and keep all the pain to myself when I wanted to go out among the hills and cry and cry. That is not wonderful. I learned through bitter experience. A number of my very good friends failed me in my most bitter hours and trying times. I asked why they neglected me so in my most bitter sorrow. They said do you think it is a pleasure to see you in your sorrow. No I don't suppose it is a pleasure to see me sorrowing for my dear one. Another friend whom I had known since childhood, said to me about a year after my great loss, "A nnie I feel guilty but you know I could not bear to see you when you were so bitterly crushed." I looked at my friend and I smiled, for by that time I again learned to smile. But you forget that a visit from you to whom I could talk about my dear departed one would have been a comfort to me. Well, from these two friends and a great many others, I learned the old saying,

Good

"Smile and the world smiles with you, weep and you weep alone." I hardly needed such pointed advice. I tried not to show my grief to anyone, not even to my children. My grief was my own. My joy I shared with everybody. As I had told my sister years before when she came to tell me about her children, I said, "Ray why do you tell me these things about your children that should be your knowledge and no one else. If it is unpleasant, do not tell anyone, but if it is fine, then you can and should shout it from the house tops." So I have regulated my life. My sorrow I keep to myself, my pain no one can bear for me, so I try to bear it myself. I have wanted many, many times to go to some mountain top and there to cry and cry at the top of my voice until I drop dead. Then I think have it the right to do such a dreadful thing. No, I have not the right. The good God has decreed these trials for me and I must bear them the best way I can. I must be thankful to God for His goodness to me, for having given me my dear ones for the time He granted to them to me, and when He decided that He wanted them, He took them unto Himself. I have been and still am a very fortunate woman. I have had great gifts given to me and I cherish my gifts from God. But I can not help but say He took His gifts away from me too soon. So at times I am bewildered. Shall I be thankful to God for the great gifts He has given me, or shall I lament that I lost such wonderful gifts, that I was not deemed worthy to have such riches, for who was so rich as I was. I had a devoted husband. I had a brilliant son. I had such a beautiful loving daughter. I had other grand sons and I have my other daughter. We had plenty for our needs. No this could not last. So after a most beautiful Saturday evening, when we were all gathered a round, Pa made the Avdolah.

I was busy serving dinner. I served my husband a special portion of white meat. He turned to me and said what is this, am I the baby. No, you are not the baby, but you are our only daddy. We all laughed. After dinner we sat around in our beautiful library. The younger children went to bed and the older children went out. All as well. We were planning for the holidays which will soon be here, so the evening passed. Later we went to bed and had a good nights sleep and rest. About six in the morning I saw my husband could not sleep so he got up, bathed, shaved and dressed himself. I asked him why he was getting up so early and he said he could not sleep so he thought he would go downstairs, and I should turn over and to to sleep. I said, all right, tell the maid to light the gas and make you a cup of tea. He went down and I had hardly dropped off to sleep when my maid came into my room. I was terribly frightened. I said you must'not scare me so. I did not mean to scare you but Mr. Davis is sick. I hardly heard what she said. I grabbed my dressing gown and flew downstairs to the library where my husband sat. He was deathly pale and when I took his hands they were ice cold. I cried, "Barney dear, don't give up, I will help you, don't give up." But he said, "Call the children, call a doctor, I am dying." We called the doctor and in the meantime we moved the couch over to him and laid him on it. The doctor came at once and he saw the attack was very serious. He wanted my husband in a more comfortable bed. He was a big man and the couch was not big enough. We commenced to plan how we could get him in bed. I thought at first I would lend a stretch from the hospital. I was afraid he would be scared so I said to the doctor how about bringing a bed down from upstairs.

That would be fine, so at once we cleared the room, put a bed in it and without disturbing him one bit, we changed him from the couch to the bed. He sort of stretched out his arms and legs and said that was fine. I really did not know how I tended him but I made him comfortable. We sent word for my son Itzie at Johns Hopkins. We called for his brother but his brother would not come no matter what was said to him. My dear one suffered all day. He seemed to know that he was dying. Only for one little moment did he lay with his eyes closed. I sat on his bed. I held him in my arms where he seemed to find comfort. At about ten o'clock that night he opened his eyes and said, "I am dying" and then he died in my arms. I cried aloud, don't leave me Barney, don't leave me. The doctor tried to take me away but I could not let him go. He was my husband. He was like a father to me. I never knew my father but I knew his fatherly love. I was crushed. I cried as I never cried in all the thirty years that we lived together, in good times, in hard times, in sickness, in trouble, in all kinds of times I did not cry. But as soon as my dear one died, I started to cry and I have been crying ever since. I pray to my dear good God, who helped me through all these years, that I will have no reason to cry any more. The thirty years that had past were years of joy, of comfort, of progress, or growth, of illness, of trouble, of money losses, of panic and even of death. For in those years, in our early days, we lost a dear little boy. ~~Such a good child, so smart, so handsome. I mourned him deeply, but at that time I had my husband's arms~~ to sustain me. Then when my dear mother died, it was he that told me the sad news and it was he who comforted me. In everything I did I looked for his approval. If he said, it was good, I knew it was good. If he said

he did not think it was good, then I would not do so. Oh yes, we often had our differences of opinion. We often had disputes. We both had minds of our own but we never said a harsh word to one another. If he had one opinion and I had another, he would say, all right have your way and I can have mine. We really never had personal disputes, but we often disagreed on public matters. I well remember we did not agree about the Hebrew Institute. My dear husband was much in favor of a large Hebrew Institute. I was in favor of a smaller one with a board of directors of Hebrew education for a number of schools in different parts of the city and a school in every Shule in the city under the direction of the Rabbis and the educational committee, but no they must have a large school to house all the children in the city. We differed on that subject very much. We also disagreed on the things that I was doing and sometimes we disagreed on what he was doing. But after all we had each other, so what do outside things matter. When I realized he was no more, I was desolate. I had no one I could go to for a word of comfort. At first I was like one who had lost her soul. I wore the deepest of black. I hardly knew when I was spoken to. I was dazed. But God is good to the fallen ones. My two younger sons simply shouldered the whole responsibility of their father's business and the family. My other sons, the older ones were finishing their professional educational training. These two younger ones were the only ones that knew anything about the business. They were very young to have such a responsibility but they did their work manfully and well. They made it possible for us all to live in the same manner as we lived when father lived. Just think, I let two young boys do all the

the work for the whole family. One was twenty, the other was eighteen. The other children were too young. They were still at high school and at public school. Some were taking Hebrew lessons, Sunday school, dancing and music. At first I was so crushed I let the household go on its own way. My Blessed daughter Freda took hold and did everything for me in such a perfect manner that I had no trouble with my family. Every child seemed to understand my condition. As time went on, I again started to live, but what a life. Though I had all my children about me, I was alone. It was sinful of me to be that way but that was how I felt. I did not know how I could live. I did not know how the sun could shine. How could any one laugh. My piano was closed the whole year. My children did everything to comfort me. My oldest son Allan was a great help to me mentally. He was a thinking man. He would reason with me. He would comfort me in many ways. He knew how to talk to me. But I was so crushed that for many months I hardly knew I lived. It was only the real necessity of looking after my family that I did not lose my reason. My dear daughter Freda was so kind, so tender with me. I can ever bless her memory. I had always thought of her as the mother of mine when I was gone. I so wanted to join my husband. But the dear God willed it otherwise. Whoever thought that I a broken woman would live and my dear loving daughter Freda, such a grand good soul, would be called away and leave me to mourn again. Such was my life. I tried very hard for the sake of my children to keep going. The need of my heart and soul made me go to Shule. I always went to Shule with my husband. It really was through his efforts that we had a Shule in the East End at all, for when we moved to the East End we found a Minion with a very small membership. They paid dues in a room on Penn

Avenue over a store. My Barney pointed out it was not becoming to us, to our religion or to our children that we keep on that way. The men listened to him with respect and so resolved to move to Collins Avenue where for the first time we felt we had some semblance of a Shule. It was to this Shule that I went to get some soothing for my hurt heart. One Sabbath morning as I was coming out, I was stopped by a man. He said to me, "Mrs. Davis, you know this man has no place to go to eat. I was embarrassed for a moment but I at once said, "Why he can come to my home if he wants to walk so far, for you see my home was about a twenty-five minute walk from the Shule. He will walk all right, so I brought him home. This was right before the high holidays. He stayed with us for a whole month. It seems the congregation engaged this man for their reader for the holy days. As he lived in town and his wife was about to become a mother, they could not move to the east End. He would not ride on the Sabbath so he had no where to go, so I took him in. At first my children said, "Oh ma, what did you do to us, you spoiled our holy days for us." I said, "No listen my dears, when you bring me company I take them in and treat them with respect. Now I invited this man and I want you to treat him with respect." They said all right mother, you win. I must say I was never sorry for being kind to that man. He was very young, very learned and he was very poor. He came over from Palestine and in time he was married so he was very happy to get this position. After the holidays he moved to the East End. Through the efforts of my son Allan, he had his pay raised so that he had enough money to live on. He really was very talented. He spoke in Yiddish though he knew English very well. As time went on, everybody called him Rabbi, so he thought it was time that he

became a Rabbi. He was learned coming from the great Yeshivah of Palestine. He went to New York where he stood his examinations and he was ordained Rabbi. We of the congregation were highly pleased to have him, so he was with us, for a great number of years. The trouble I had trying to Americanize him, his wife and his household. My son Allan became vice president of the Shule, with William Levy as President, so Allan helped a great deal. Allan wanted Rabbi Neches to start to the University of Pittsburgh as a special student, but that plan did not materialize till much later. Rabbi Neches was really likeable, which is a blessing. We always liked to have him at our home after that first time.

So one thing after another took my attention. I started to work again. The Hospital Aid Society would not elect another President in my absence, then the Shule work called me back and so I tried to go back to do the charities that I was used to. It was a great help to me. The men and women were very kind and thoughtful of me. I in turn gave them my best efforts. Sometime after Rabbi Neches came back from New York, he invited some of the men and women to his house for Brochah, which means blessing. We all went to wish him Mazel Tov on becoming a Rabbi. We really had a very nice Congregation of people who knew each other. We were all old timers so we enjoyed to go to the Rabbi's house. He showed us his Smichah, which means diploma. We all rejoiced with him. I was picked out to have trouble from a very new man who moved to the East End. This man never did anything for our Shule but for some reason he got very cross with Rabbi Neches. I being so good to the Rabbi and his family. This despicable man wrote a great number of Rabbis in New York to discredit this young man by saying that I being a widow was befriending him too much. I did not

know my name was being used. Somehow this matter came to the knowledge of my son Allan. He immediately sent for this man to come to his office. There he made this man retract in a letter to everyone that he had written this despicable letter, to tell them what he said before was a falsehood. I did do every thing I could to make the life of Rabbi Neches and his family better. I was often asked why I interested myself so much in this young man. I told them we did not have too many learned men in our midst so that if I could develop this man and his wife, I should do so. I think I did a good piece of work. When my Allan was Vice President and Wm. Levy was P resident, we all worked to elevate the standard of our Congregation. We did everything to make a better appearance, especially so on the Sabbath and Holy days. Allan suggested to the men that they buy the Rabbi a real Sunday morning suit and a high silk hat, which they did. The officers also dressed in formal clothes. This made such a fine appearance that the rest of the Congregation dressed more fitting for the Sabbath. The standard has somewhat gone down, which is a pity, for I still think we ought all dress in our best in honor of the Sabbath and in honor of our holy religion. Our non-Jewish friends and neighbors always look after their appearance when going to Church, which is good. I myself love good clean looking people, well dressed when in Shule. Well this Rabbi was getting along but poorly, even though his salary was raised from time to time. Rabbi Neches in the meantime made many friends but also many enemies. He came to me one day to ask my advice. What should he do? He had received two calls, one from Los Angeles and one from Columbus, Ohio. He did not know what to do. Here he was getting along but he had many people who were making his life miserable.

Yet to pick up now and move away seemed very hard for he already had two children by this time. After I heard all he had to say, I said, "You take up a new position. I would not advise you to go to Los Angeles, but go to Columbus, Ohio. That is not so far away from home." "Why do you tell me this Mrs. Davis? I thought you were a friend of mine."

"It is because I am a friend that I tell you to go. You were born and raised in Jerusalem in the old city. You came to America and settled in New York among your own people. You spoke the same Yiddish. Then you came to Pittsburgh and again settled among Yiddish speaking people. They are very good people but they are not real Americans. You did not develop among them. You are young, you will have to mingle with the second generation of America. You came to us and you have developed here. You have improved here but you still have much to learn. You do not quite understand our ways, you think we are asking too much of you. Now is the time for you to transplant yourself to another place, just as we transplant a little tree so that it can grow bigger and better." After thinking this over for a while, he said, "I think you are right. I will accept the position in Columbus." I knew I still had a little work to do for him. I had spoken to Mrs. Neches many times, teaching her how she must do to grow with her husband. I went to their home to see what they should take with them and what they should leave or sell here. Their household was very modest and plain. I said, "Rabbi, you must not take anything along to your new home." He asked me why and I told him, "Here we know you are a poor man, but you must not advertise this fact in your new position, besides, it will cost you a lot for shipping this household."

"If you sell, you will be able to buy the right furniture." The Rabbi could not understand my advice. Presently two men came in to invite the Rabbi to speak for them. As they looked around they saw that the Rabbi was getting ready to move, so one of the men said, "Rabbi, if you will permit me, I would advise you not to take any of your furniture along." That is what Mrs. Davis was saying to me, but I do not understand why. Well, you see here you have one browntable, a yellow chair, your books are in wardrobes each of a different make and color. You can sell all these and with the money that it will cost you to ship these things, you can furnish a nice place. So I went through the house with Mrs. Neches. I pointed out to her that she should not take anything but the rugs, her nice brass bed, spring and mattress. She saw the wisdom of my advice better and quicker than her husband, the Rabbi, could. Then I went to my Sisterhood and asked them to give me fifty dollars as a gift for the Rabbi's wife to buy an outfit for herself so that she would be presentable in their new position. I also went to her mother to ask them to assist this young couple to make the best appearance in their new congregation. I am very happy to say the people in Columbus were very understanding. They rented a nice house for the Rabbi, they furnished it very nicely and the Rabbi gave them good service for about five years. The call came to him again from Los Angeles, so he moved there. I visited them in Los Angeles some years later and found him getting along very well. His family were almost grown. The Rabbi told me that finally he did enter college and took a special course. He admitted that while in Pittsburgh he was still very young and did not realize what a great help such a course would be. Rabbi Neches always called me his second mother because I was the means of establishing him in his life work and making him and

his family's life so much finer and better. He always addressed me as his mother when he wrote to me. I was repaid for my work by the progress he made in Los Angeles.

Well in my very mourning for my dear husband, I had to plan and study how I should manage my family. Here I was with then children. My two older sons were going into professions, one in the law and the other in medicine. The next two were still very young. David was twenty and Max was eighteen, but they were the only ones who knew anything about the business. I had many advisers. Some said, you know Mrs. Davis, you have quite a responsibility. You ought to take in a partner, a man who would take hold and carry on. I looked at my friends and well wishes and shaking my head said, "No, I do not want a partner, I will see what I should do." Another friend said to me, Mrs. Davis you have made a success of whatever you have undertaken, so why do you not take hold of your business yourself. I am sure you could make a success of it. You are not so old - you could do it. I again looked at my other friend and said, "Thank you, I will think about it." I did give this much thought. I felt I could learn to be a business woman and possibly make good but would it do for my sons who were so in earnest. No, I would rather have my sons good business men with me in the background, than that I be a business woman and my sons in the background. So I gave my sons all my confidence and let them manage the best they knew how. Thank God I have never been sorry for my decision for they proved themselves trustworthy, steady, fine business men. Of course there were mistakes. There were worries, but always there was a fine feeling of confidence

between us all. We did not always see eye to eye, but I felt it was their work and it was their job to find the way. I well remember the first time they needed money from the bank where we always dealt. My sons only needed a small sum. The banker wanted them to borrow ten thousand dollars. He said they needed to carry a big balance always in their account. Ten thousand was much too much for them to borrow so I went to see Mr. McEldowney, the president of the bank. I had a good long talk with him and told him my circumstances. I told him what I did with my husband's life insurance. I told him he was my banker and it was his duty to take care of me. I do not want a large balance, I only want to see that our bills are paid. Well, I am willing to give you all the money you want. But I only want twenty-five hundred dollars, not ten thousand on which we will have to pay interest. When the time comes that we will need more money, we will be glad to avail ourselves of your kind offer. But you still will not have any balance. What do I care for a balance. I am not trying to work for a balance. You see Mr. McEldowney, I am dealing with two very young men. I do not want to overburden them or spoil them. I do not know what effect a big balance will have on them. In a month or two we will have lots of money, then we will be able to carry a big balance. I do not know if I was businesslike to tell you the whole truth Mr. McEldowney. He answered me, "You have shown the best sense of business by confiding in your banker. You are all right Mrs. Davis." We shook hands and from that time on we had no trouble with the bank, until a long time after we got too big for his bank, but that is another story in my life.

As time passed on, I began to gather up the loose ends in my life. I commenced to go out. I started my work of the Hospital Aid Society and the

Montefiore Hospital. My son Allan was in law school as planned. My son Isaac was at Johns Hopkin Medical School. They had to be taken care of with dignity and respect. My sons David and Max settled down to be real business men. The other children were still very young, ranging from about five years old to sixteen. They all had to be looked after. They had to be educated in Hebrew, in music. I had so much to do that I often said I had no time to mourn for the man who was like a father to me. He took such care of us all. Now I was alone. I had to decide what to do. Before long I hardly knew how time was passing, I received a letter from my son Itzie telling me he would soon graduate from his medical school and would I permit him to announce his engagement at the same time. I did not know what I should do. Here he was just out of school and he still had to put a year in as an interne. He did not have a cent in his pocket. As I thought the matter over, I wrote him yes, he could announce his engagement if he was sure that she was the girl he wanted to marry. I knew he had many girls before this one. I was told that I was crazy, that I did not know what I was in for, but I said I would not put a straw in my son's way. So it was arranged that we come to Baltimore to the graduation and the engagement. No one knew how I felt. Here I was in Baltimore alone - my husband was not with me. I knew how he would have loved to be there for it really was his desire that his son should be a doctor. I have often said, half in fun, that I was a good actress. When the lights were up, I laughed. When the lights were down, I cried. Many, many times had this been so in my life. I came home. I should really write about the affair, but how can I. I was so bewildered as it was only nine months after my dear one departed.

I took part in all the affairs in a dazed sort of way. I saw the young girl. I saw the mother and father. I saw all the other members of the family but I hardly knew what was going on. It was only much later that I began to realize what was going on though my family hardly knew what I was going through. Well my son came home and even though I was the mother of the Montefiore Hospital and even though my Itzie worked there all through the vacations, when it came to an internship, he asked me if I would care if he would apply to another hospital. He had two reasons- first the Montefiore was too close to me. It would be too hard for me if they refused him. Second, the Montefiore was a small hospital with not much room for many internes. There were other reasons also. I said, "No, my son, go where you will be most happy in your work" So he entered the St. Frances Hospital where he did very well and where he was liked and highly respected. Later Florence and her mother came here on a visit so I made a very fine reception for her. All my friends came to wish me joy. Before leaving for home, Florence and her mother asked me what I thought of an early marriage. I said, "You see my dear, Itzie is not a free man. He still has a year's work to do. It is better that you wait the year. I know it will be hard but it is better that it is hard now rather than after, for he would be hampered during his studies." They listened and my son was married just a few weeks before he was though as an interne. I was never sorry for what I advised nor what I have done. God Bless them. They are a happy couple and have two lovely daughters. One is married, the other is not married yet. I staked them to their honeymoon. When they came home I had them in my home for about six months. I could not have them live where my son had his office so they waited for a new

apartment that was being built on Center Avenue. Thank God my son made very good in his profession! They have had some trouble but who is there that does not have some trouble in life. My son had made good in his general medical work and now he is making good in his special eye work. I will come to other phases of his work and family. In the mean time I was compelled by force of circumstances to pick up my life and work both for my family and for my charities. What would I have done without work. Work was the saving grace. Without work and the obligation of my work, I might have lost my mind. I could not have stood all I have gone through. Who was and is so rich in all phases of life as I have been and I pray to the All Merciful God that He grant me peace and rest now in the last days of my life. My family and all my beloved ones and all who have loved me can comfort themselves when I lay down my work, when I am called to the great beyond, that I have had a great good life. I have been rich in all things that make a life rich. I have had great love showered upon me by my husband and children. I have had great respect showed me by friends and co-workers. I have had great appreciation shown me. People have been kind to me. They sorrowed with me in my sorrows. I have had great losses. I have had great sorrows. I have had great illness. My family have been ill and I went down with them in their sickness and when some of them died, I don't know why I did not die with them. I pray God I be spared from now on and I pray God that the Gates of Heaven be open to my prayer for my dear children and my children's children. I thank God for His great gifts to me. He has given me fine children. I thank Thee Oh Lord, my God, for they great good gifts to me, and I pray Thee my God that these gifts continue to the end of my days. I pray to God that my children continue to be great good men and women to the end of time. Amen.

What I went through after my dear husband died, only God Almighty and I know. I have had all kinds of experiences that I never dreamed of. While my husband lived, I had the joy of moving into my first home on Washington Street. I had the joy of fixing up the home and joy of having new things and living in my own home. I had two children by that time, a boy and a little girl. I had my dear mother with me, also my brother-in-law. Through them I had many trials. My dear mother almost set herself on fire. I had dangerous illnesses of myself and children. It was a great joy to come back to normal again. To me life was joyous. Every child that was born to me was welcome. I loved life and I tried to make the best of it. I could always see a silver lining; when times were bad, I had great hope that times would get better. I could always see the good. When we moved into our other new home on the Bluff, I was very happy for we moved into a better neighborhood, a finer home. We improved our mode of life and all that was a joy. Then the hope and ambition of having my oldest son start to Harvard College. At that time boys did not go to college so commonly as they do now. They were selected with care and had to have certain ability, qualifications and finances. Well, it was my husband's ambition that his sons and daughters should be highly educated. In the beginning of time, my husband said to me, "Annie, it is your job to take care of the children's education. I will try to provide for them but you must take care of their schooling." I think we both lived up to our agreement, so that when Allan was selecting a college and chose Harvard, I thought Harvard was not too good or too expensive for him or his brothers following him. Itzie followed him after he got through High School. My dear daughter Freda went to the Pennsylvania College for Women and so on until all my children were through, four boys at Harvard, two at the University of

Pittsburgh, my youngest daughter Sarah also went to the University of Pittsburgh. I kept up the standard that we set for ourselves in the beginning of time. My Allan made good at the law once he entered it. He was an honest man as well as a talented one. He was a thoughtful man, a man whom everybody trusted. He did so well in the law that when he died he was a rich man at the age of forty-three years, leaving a young son who is now at Harvard. My dear husband did not have the joy nor the sorrow that I had from our son Allan. I had all this after my dear one passed away. We had our disappointments but while we were together we were always hopeful, always looking forward, so after nine years in our Bluff Street home, we moved to our beautiful home on Aiken Avenue. It was not so easy for our Bluff Street home was also a large beautiful home. It took me three years before I found what I wanted. I did get a very good home for a most reasonable amount. Oh, I can hardly tell all my experiences, the times I had in that three years with agents and home owners, even though I had set the limit of about twenty thousand dollars, I was shown homes for fifty, sixty-five and even to seventy-five thousand dollars. I got so cross one day I said, it was no use. I did not want to see any houses for more than twenty thousand dollars. I felt that was enough to pay for a home. I also told them not to bother my husband as he was a busy man and had no time to go looking at houses. If they had something at my price, I would look at it. If it suited me, then we would take my husband to see it. I remember right at first the house in which we lived for twenty years was shown me. It looked very good to me but I had forgotten to ask the price until I was right there, then I remembered. How much is this house? The agent said thirty-five thousand. I looked at the man. I was very cross. I thought I told you what I wanted to pay. Why

did you bring me here. You like the location, the house looks good to you, why not come in to see the inside. Yes, this house suits me very much but I do not want to pay so much so I will not go in. You take me home and don't bother me unless you have a house that suits me at my price. So I continued to look. I am very glad I am not as lazy as some women are in most cases. I remember I went to see a young friend of mine who lived on Forbes Street. At first she paid forty-five dollars a month rent, that was all it was worth. When people started to move to Squirrel Hill, the rents got higher and higher until this same house which my friend was paying forty-five dollars a month, in the course of time this young woman was paying two hundred and fifty dollars a month for the same house. I said, "My dear, for that amount you could live in a twenty thousand dollars home!" She said, "Well you see, Sam has no time to go looking at houses." I said, "Why should Sam go, you go yourself. Oh, I would not go, what do you think I am. I think you are a silly woman. It is good to go looking. You would learn something. I have no time because as she told me she had her card club and other social affairs to attend to. I never had time for cards. I never spent time foolishly, but I did not live a dull life. I was busy all the time. First with my household and then with my charities and hospital and hospital aid. Well, I kept on looking until one day my dear daughter Freda saw in the Sunday paper this same house advertized at a much lower figure. See mother, this house is only \$22000.00. I said it could not be. As it was on Monday morning we called up about it and sure enough it was my house. In a half an hour I was on my way to see this house. In two days my husband bought it. It was a fine home, he could see, but it was sadly neglected. I could see at once that it needed a lot of repairs. I said to my husband that he must prepare

to spend a lot of money to make the house presentable. He said if I buy it at my price, I could do much. I asked the agent to take me to the owner. I said, "Do not be afraid, you will get what is coming to you but I want to see the owner." Well he took us to the owner's office. Right at once the two men were at odds. I said, "Now look here you two men. I like that house. I want it, but if you do not calm down, I will be left without a home and the agent without his commission and you without my money." They both looked at my husband though I was talking out of turn to tell any one that you like what he has to sell. The other man thought I was rather nice to tell him that I liked his house and wanted it but at a reduction. In a very short time he saw I was right. The house needed a lot of repair, so he said, "I will allow five hundred dollars for repairs." My husband said all right. There and then the papers were drawn up and never was a transaction more agreeably arranged. We became friends to the end of time. In a short time the tenant moved out. We really paid them for moving a little sooner so that we could start cleaning, painting, decorating and putting in a new bathroom. We made a big fine arch, a fire place in one room and we really made a very fine job of it. I was very happy there. There we were in a beautiful home with our ten children, all well, all handsome young men and a beautiful daughter. Well respected and busy, I with my family and my outside work, and my husband busy with his business and the children with their schooling. But there is always a flaw, my son with his writing, my dear daughter with her beaux. Of the many men who courted her, she selected one whom she liked best. I often wished he had never been born. The one great fault he had was that he was a great liar. He could not tell the truth. We nor my dear one knew this until after. She never complained but I often heard her caution by

him by saying, " Now Simon " and he would retract what he said. He was a physician. My husband did not like him. My oldest son did not like him, but he was very persistent. I had asked him not to come to our house. I even sent my daughter away out of town but he always came back and by his lies persuaded her. My daughter was much above him in character, education and background, but as I said he was very persistent so he won out. One day my dear one told me she had accepted him. After a while we announced their engagement. That was a great disappointment to my husband and also to me, but since she was happy, we accepted him and made him our own, not knowing that was the first step to shortening her dear life. My dear daughter Freda was married to Simon Seegman on September 6, 1909 or 1910. I also was married on September 6, so she chose the same day. To me it was a very happy and prosperous day. To my dear it was a most unfortunate day. At least I think so or is it the hurt in my heart that makes me think so unkindly of her husband. I made a very beautiful wedding. At first I wanted the wedding at the Hotel Schenley, but on considering the matter, I found I could not have a real Kosher dinner, even though I paid a very high price. At that time it was unheard of to have Kosher weddings at the Schenley Hotel. So upon consulting with my florist, I decided to build a Marche in our garden yard. It was a beautiful garden with roses climbing and a fountain in the center with the most gorgeous silver and china and fine crystal. It really was like Fairyland. The ceremony was held in our music room. It was very fine and very orthodox with Rabbi Ashinsky officiating under a lovely white Satin canopy with a background of flowers and plants. The bride was most beautiful. Everything was grand. Little did I know how short a life she would have. I was happy in my ignorance. It is good

and wonderful that we do not know what is in the back of us. My dear husband let me do all the buying. I bought my daughter a most beautiful trousseau, fine linen, fine clothes, fur coats, both summer and winter, as she was going to Europe for her honeymoon and later to stay there for a year with her husband for a special course in the nose and throat work. Everything was well for a while, then we heard that my daughter was not well. She was sick. I never knew just how long but finally she wrote she was all better. Finally they came home. I went to meet them in New York. I was so happy to have her back with me. They stayed at our home for some time until he started to get a practice. Then they rented a very nice house on Hobart Street. I did all I could to furnish that house beautiful. I consulted with my daughter and I told her what I could do and what I would do. She was satisfied so I bought a grand bedroom suite with a fine rug, a grand dining room, a lovely music room, a spare room and a den. Every room had a fine Oriental rug. All her husband bought was a bookcase with some books. Everything went well but my husband still could not like him. I could not understand it. My dear daughter was a fine housekeeper with everything in order. She was a grand hostess and a lovely singer and piano player. She was a queen among women, both Jewish and non-Jewish, for she had many Christian friends. She was a most devoted daughter and sister, everything a mother would want. I had in her but for such a little while. My God, why did I not go in her place. But I was happy. She and her husband would come over to our home every Friday evening and it was like sunshine when she was there. So they settled down. I had persuaded my son Allan to finish his law course, which should have made my husband happy but I saw that all was not well with him. We had just decided that in a week or so we would go to Atlantic City

when suddenly he was stricken and passed away in one day. I was so unprepared for such a shock. But as I said, I had to bear up for my children's sake. They were young and they had to live. I had no right to blight their lives with my sorrow. So when my son Isaac wanted to get married, I helped him to get married. After his marriage he just had to wait until patients came to him. A doctor is hampered by professional ethics. This was rather hard on him. I thought if he could get a position as a school doctor that at least would be doing something, so I went to inquire how and where to go. I became tongue-tied - I could not speak. The man looked at me and laughed, and said, "Mrs. Davis if it were for some one else you wanted some thing, you would know, but because it is for yourself you don't know how to talk." He was an understanding man so he told me what to do. Thank God my son did not need any ones favors. He found an opportunity to get a position in a store as a store doctor in Kaufman and Baer's, where Gimbels is now. He did need five hundred dollars for the same, so I wrote to his father-in-law to give him part of that money. Well, I ~~wrote to his father-in-law~~ ~~and he wrote me the following letter.~~ He called me a fool and a few other things because I said we should help these children. They were his as well as mine. I did get very cross and I tore up his letter. I saw that it would be good to help my son by giving him this money, so I gave it to him. I am very glad that I did because it really put my son on his feet, so to speak. He had a fine training and it did not take long for the people to recognize that he was a fine medical man. He soon had a fine practice. He was in the general medicine for nine years then he went to Europe for a year to study the eye speciality. In this he also became an expert in his line. He has been practicing the eye speciality ever since. He is Thank God one of the outstanding men in our city. He

makes a very fine income. He is a most loveable man and a most dutiful son. He has a lovely family, two daughters and a loving wife. God Bless them all.

After the funeral of my husband, my children observed services at my home for a week. Then Allen entered law school at the University of Pittsburgh. He just had two years. He did very well in his law course. Just before his examination, he took sick with the flu and he was ill for about three weeks. It worried him a lot so that even though he was still in bed, he started to review his work with one of the other men. It did him a lot of good for he passed his Bar examinations and in due time was admitted to the Bar. He started his law work and did very well. He was well known to be a brilliant man with a good mind but he still had the bug of writing in him and he kept on writing. He had written many plays. In the meantime my other two sons David and Max kept the business going and as they grew older they improved the business. They had no trouble with credit. They had no trouble with their bank. We were getting along very well. My Jacob graduated high school and went to Harvard. He was a splendid scholar. The other children were attending school, and I was going on with my work. Time passed. Even though I did not want to be president, the women out of the goodness of their hearts elected me time after time. I had then served eighteen years, then twenty. I told them that was all. I would not serve any more. Even in old Russia a man served twenty years. I think that was enough, so in all I served my Hebrew Ladies Hospital Aid Society twenty years and that was enough. By that time there were two aspirants for the office. One was Mrs. M. Goodstone who was my secretary for all these years and the other was Mrs. H. Finkelparl. It is too much for me to tell what had transpired enough to say Mrs. Finkelparl was elected after Mrs. Goodstone withdrew.

I did not mind very much but I was disappointed because I knew what a splendid worker Mrs. Goodstone was. She was a faithful secretary to me all those twenty years. I also knew Mrs. Finkelpearl was a flash. She was a good talker and the women admired her for the way she expressed herself. I am sorry to say she was not the success they all thought she would be. She kept her office for ten years but it was not with the love and respect that was shown to me. After she was elected for her tenth year, her very friends told her not to hold her office any longer. She resigned in the middle of the year. She became embittered and she separated herself from all her friends, for she found them wanting, then she became ill and it was too dreadful. Oh, how can I tell of these years. How can I tell all I had gone through. There I was with my family of boys. True, my two oldest sons were exempt, but my two business sons were drafted. My third boy, Jacob, was at Harvard. He was not yet of age. He wrote and asked me to consent to his enlistment. I wrote and told him that our country had arranged how our sons should go to the army. I willingly would abide by the law that was passed but I did not want him to go one day sooner than he had to, but he did not listen so he enlisted anyhow, but they found him ineligible because of his eyes and also because his one arm was a trifle shorter than the other arm. I was very glad. He was very young. I dreaded to have my boys go, but if they must, they must. I did not do anything to keep them out. My son Max for some reason always said he wanted to be a dough boy, but after I saw the pictures of the dough boys and how they were packed like sardines in a box, I could not bear the thought of him being packed, besides he was such a fine upstanding man, so capable, he really was worthy of a high position. I attribute the success of our business in a large measure to his ability as a good businessman and for him to be a dough

boy nearly set me crazy. So when I found out that at the Schenley Park they had opened up a training school for officers, I wrote to my son Max and asked his permission to make application for his entrance to this school. He was then on one of his long trips. After I had written two or three times to him, he saw how distressed I was. He at last wrote me and said "well mother dear, if it will make you feel better, you can do what you like while I am away." I made the application for him and he was accepted. I wrote him to come home to be ready to enter this training school right when it opened. He did so. They gave the men intensive training. I say men for the whole company were very fine men. The training took six weeks and at the end of that time his number was called. He was transferred to Camp Wadsworth. It nearly broke my heart to see him go away. In a day or two after he left, we received word that he was recommended and accepted at Camp Lee Training School for officers but he was already at Camp Wadsworth. I did not know what to do. I consulted with my son Allan. In the meantime I received a letter from Max that he was sending his trunk home. I was stunned as that means that his company is going across. I did not know what to do. We telegraphed him getting no answer. We phoned him and no answer. At last I said to my son Allan, I want you to go to Camp Wadsworth with the transfer papers. Allan said, "Mother you want me to go." I said, Yes, I want you to go to him. So in a very short time Allan was on his way to Max's camp. Allan was just in time. The reason we could not reach him was because his company was in quarantine. My Allan accomplished his transfer to Camp Lee where he trained and was again recommended to be a Lieutenant in the Army. At this time I do not remember how long he was in that Camp, but just as he was finished with his training, the Armistice was declared. While I was so taken up with his

welfare, I received my son David's card, so I wrote him to come home at the same time. I notified the draft office that David was not home but was way out west and that I telegraphed him to come home. I expected him home in a few days. My son Allan was past the age but he volunteered and was accepted. He prepared himself to leave home. I still do not understand why I was perfectly willing that my Allan go to the Army, even though I knew he was to go abroad, but I was so fearful about my younger son. I asked Allan about it and he laughed but could not give me the answer. Maybe he was so much older and was so self reliant that I did not worry about him. Allan had already closed his office, bought his outfit and was already to go with his company on Fri day, November 12, but the day he was waiting for was the day when the glad news came that the Armistice was declared just one day before. We were all very happy for him, but I know he was disappointed as I was. While all this was going on, my son Jacob came home after finishing his College. He went into the office and took charge of all the work. I often wonder how he did it. While at college he did not have a care in life, just to look after himself with all the finances taken care of by the office. But when he had to take care of the office and take care of all the business, he did it as if he worked there all his life. Thank God Max and David came home not long after. My son Maurice was at the University of Pittsburgh when the call came for more boys. I was then interested in work at the Congress of Women's Clubs. I was a member of Directors and was friendly with Mrs. Armstrong, the president of the Congress. She was a very fine woman, a D.A.R. I was doing big work for the War as I was President of the Hospital Aid Society. I really did more than the other clubs. Mrs. Armstrong said to me one day, if I had a son, I would not let him go to the Army. I said, "Oh

Mrs. Armstrong, you must not say that." "Well at least I would rather have him go in the Navy." What difference does that make, one is as dangerous as the other. She said, "Well at least he would have a clean grave." Her words so impressed themselves on my mind that when it came to Maurice to go in training, while he was at college, I asked him to go up to the Navy. He transferred from the University of Pittsburgh to Harvard College where they trained boys for the Navy, where he was for two years as a job. The horror I had for the war was so great that I could visualize our boys being shot down in great numbers. I thought being president of a Hospital Aid Society, my obligations were greater than any other. I had a Red Cross Committee. The chairman was a frail little woman. She was also much occupied with her own business. She could not do the work still would not give up the chairmanship because she loved the work. So thinking over what shall I do as we needed an active chairman. So I divided this work in three parts and appointed three chairmen. One Dr. Luba Robin Goldsmith for first aid, one for knitting and one for linen and bandages. I must say we had the most efficient committee. We did the best knitting. Our older women knitted the finest socks as they were expert knitters. My Red Cross Chairmen worked very well together. We sent cases and cases of linen and we sent cases and cases of goodies for the soldiers - candy, chewing gum, cigarettes and little personal presents. We became so well known in our city for our Red Cross work that when the epidemic of flu struck us, we were called on to provide orange juice and soup for the sick. We made gallons and gallons of both. I do not know how many hundreds of gallons. Because by that that I was stepped in sorrow and sickness. My dear daughter Freda was very nicely settled in her own home. Her home was very beautiful. I helped her

to buy it. I even loaned them the money in order to do so. I would have done anything to make her happy. She was happy the first two years. They were happy in spite of her two old maid sister-in-laws and in spite of her mother-in-law. They were not in the same class as my daughter. When she complained that she could not stand them, I advised her to go to see his mother to pay her respects to the old folks, then leave. But that was easier said than done so she would come away from their house a nervous wreck. This went on for some time. So one day we arranged to go on a trip. My dear daughter Freda, her husband, my son Max and myself. That was a terrible trip. Her husband was despicable. We just had one hell of a time. On the fifth or sixth day, her husband took the wheel early in the morning. The road was very smooth. He drove like a devil and he rode right into a Ford car that we had seen off and on during our trip. The little car plunged down a ravine and my dear one and I were scared almost out of our minds. My son Max jumped out of our car so fast down to the people and got them out of their car. I thought one of the women was dead but no, thank God, she was only shocked. The other woman was scratched by broken glass. The man was not hurt at all. Simon and Max took the people to a hospital. My dear daughter was quite unnerved. We went back to the hotel. It was a terrible place so I had her lie down on the porch in the air. My dear girl was very nervous as I was, but it affected us differently. I got over my nervousness but my dear one took real sick. I gave her a sedative but it did no good. She cried and cried. I laid her down on the porch swing and for a while she quieted down. She apparently got over her fright. Her husband made all kinds of excuses but in her heart she knew it was his fault. He was so stubborn, so self willed, so strong like a horse. What he did was right. He was never in the wrong.

It was the first time I saw him as he was. We finished our trip. We were bound for Atlantic City. When we got there I could see my dear one was not well, so after a few days we went home. For a little while she seemed better but not long after she knew she was not well. When she spoke to her husband, he could not see anything wrong. He himself was like iron so he did not believe another. She went to her brother Itzie. He said at once she was a sick girl and to go home and go to bed. He would see her in the morning. When he came in the morning, her husband laughed and said, there was nothing the matter with Freda. And since when did her brother know more than he, Simon. I don't know what his motive was but he constantly disguised her symptoms. My dear girl was getting worse and worse. About a year passed. At last we decided to go to Philadelphia to see Dr. Reesman. There too he did not tell of her nervousness but he consulted the doctor about a baby for there were no babies as yet. I was there but the two men ignored me altogether. I don't know what lies Simon told to Dr. Reesman but I do know he himself broke all the rules and directions that Dr. Reesman had advised. If her husband had deliberately set out to kill my dear girl, he could not have done better. Instead of letting her rest as advised, he took her to his sister's home in Beaver Falls. While they were away, he dragged her from one place to another. He was as strong as a horse and he did not believe that my dear one was ill. All this time she should have been in bed. My God how can I describe the heartless things he did. With his false laugh and his unbelieving mind. May the good God repay him in kind for what he did and for what he did not do to help my dear daughter. This went on for some time until on Saturday morning she called me up and when I answered the phone she started to cry. I was greatly alarmed so I said I would come right over,

which I did. I found her very much upset. I asked her what was the matter. She said she was sick but her husband again said it was nothing and laughing went to his office without letting me know and without getting her a nurse or giving her any encouragement, just left her along. While I was there she was taken with great pain and while I was telephoning for him to come home and bring another doctor with him, she started to flow and I could see that she miscarried. I made her as comfortable as I could. I also saved what she expelled. He then came home and brought Dr. B. B. Wechsler with him. But again denied the true state of her health. I told the truth of what happened. He shook his head but Simon told him other things so he listened to Simon. My dear girl was sick for about a week. Then he began to urge her to get ready to go to Atlantic City. I said, "Simon, if Freda was one of your patients, you would take better care of her. What is your hurry to to Atlantic City." He thought it would do her good. In spite of my better judgment I let her go. She came back worse than when she went away. I took her home. I tried to help my dear one but it seems everything I did, he did not agree to. I had a nurse but she was not so good. I could not discharge her and he would not. I was careful of his honor but at last I saw I had to have help so I called Dr. Sanes. When Dr. Sanes came, he was shocked at my daughter's appearance. Again he told the doctor a lot of lies. Dr. Sanes said we will get better of her miss than we will have to look after her heart, for he judged that was the most matter with her. With the care she received at my home, she did get better, then she asked me to take her home as it was too hard on Simon. So I let her go to her own home. It was in the beginning of the flu epidemic in 1918. After a few days at home, my dear one got sick and after about a week of illness, my dear daughter died in my arms.

Oh how terrible it is for a mother to see her dearly beloved daughter die. It was only in the last day that he called in other doctors. Dr. Milton Goldsmith did not know. Only Dr. McKelvy understood how bad she was. He told me and us how gravely sick she was, but it was too late. Her husband did not believe nor know for he went to sleep and slept while I and my son Itzie and the nurse stayed up with her. She lost consciousness. There I was. I saw it all. I lived to see my dear loving daughter close her dear eyes. Those beautiful eyes full of love and truth and honor. I had always hoped that she would take my place and be a mother to my children. I wanted her to take my place. She was so good, so helpful and she was so capable. I was crushed. After my husband's death and after my dear daughter died, I did not know what I was. My family took me away from that sad sight. They promised to bring me back the next day but the next day I was raving, singing and talking. I was out of my mind and very near death myself. In that dreadful time my doctor stayed with me all night. He just went home for a rest and came back. After two or three days I found a man sitting at my bedside. I asked who was that funny little man and they told me that he was my doctor. Then I realized and I wanted to go to my daughter. They told me I was too sick. I asked to be taken in an ambulance but I was too sick. They never thought I would get better, that I would live, but I lived and so many young women have passed away, especially so women who were with child or after childbirth. I did not want to live while my dear one passed away. My dear son Allan tried to comfort me for he loved her dearly. She was to him the dearest sister, so in his own grief he tried to comfort me. He sat at my bedside night after night when I could not sleep and quoted the Jewish philosophy. He quoted the Christian philosophy and he also told me of the

unbelievers philosophy, but I found no comfort. My other children did all they could to help me. They got me nurses, one nurse after another had to leave because they were sick. One little Jewish nurse was called to her home because her people were sick. I asked her what she wanted me to give her as a going away gift. She asked me for a prayer book. I was pleased to give her a very nice prayer book that I had. She nursed her family then went to the Red Cross ranks and there she died doing her duty for her country. May her soul rest in Heaven. She was a dear girl. I had another dear little girl. She was like a doll dressed all in blue and white. I wanted to know who that dear little girl was. She was so pretty but she was a good nurse even though she was not a graduate as yet. I was so happy to learn that she got better for she also took sick. It was a dreadful time. My sister who was so good to me during my illness and my deep sorrow, took sick and my son David who had just come back from Detroit was so glad to be home for this epidemic was bad there. I got up out of bed to greet him. We had our dinner and he sat down. I looked at him and saw that he was sick. My son Itzie who was so busy and attentive to me and his wife was to have a baby. Her mother came on from Baltimore and took sick and was taken to the hospital. His wife was taken to the hospital and she was delivered. She had a little boy. They were both very sick. The hospital doctors thought she was to have an operation but my son said no, they were sick with the flu, so he tried to do all he could but the little baby died. His other baby was left on the street so my neice took her in and cared for her for about two weeks. The epidemic was dreadful. Well thank God the rest of the family got better. My daughter in law Florence would have been killed if her husband

insisted that she was sick. It was a Gods mercy that he held out. Of course I did not know all this at the time. I learned of all this after I got better. Just as my son David got better, I received word that my sister needed a change of air, so as David needed a change, they induced me to go along. I did not want to go. I did want to get well, I did not want to live, but as David had to get well and Aunt Ray had to get well and If I did not go they would not go, so as sick as I was, they made me believe that it all depended on me to get them well. About February we all went to Atlantic City. I took sick the third of October and I was still sick in February. My sister and David recovered very rapidly but I was still sick though much better. David had to go to New York. He said he would leave us in Atlantic City and he would come back for us on his way home. I started to cry. I was afraid to let him go though my sister was with me, so he took both of us with him to New York. David loves to tell this story. He had no time to make reservations. Here he was with his sick mother and old aunt in New York's finest hotel. They had no rooms. David told them he did not care for himself but he must have room for his sick mother and his old aunt. The clerk said wait I'll see what I can do. After a while he came back with the keys of the bridal suite. That was all he had. David took the suite. Well it was a sight to see us, two old ladies, one very sick, in the most gorgeous rooms that we ever had seen in all our lives. Sister just gloried in such grandeur, but it did not matter to me. We came home. I was very tired but the trip did do something for me. I got better from then on. I again commenced to take interest in my home and in my outside work. You must not think I did not do anything between the time my husband passed away and the time my dearly beloved

daughter passed away. There are so many things I did. I will have to stop to think. If it were not for the many demands on my time and my natural tendencies to respond to all the demands, I do believe I might have lost my mind. Just think, I had such a God given child from the very day of her birth. She was a blessing to me and to all that came in contact with her. My first child was my son Allan and my second child was my daughter Freda. She came to me without much pain. We were so delighted with our little girl. My husband went to Shule that very day to name her. It was Shabbos and he named her after his grandmother who was a very good woman, so very kind to the lonely grandchildren whose mother died and whose father was in America. So he named her that day and while doing so, he donated the sum of seventy-six dollars in her honor. He also brought home with him a number of his men friends to Brochach. He was so happy. My dear daughter Freda grew up to be a beautiful girl as well as a very good daughter and a fine woman. She was a fine example for all her girl friends, by whom she was dearly beloved. She was among the first girls to be a member of the Zionist Organization. She was one of the first Sunday School teachers. Even at this late day, I meet men and women who were in her classes at the Beth Medrish Haglal. She belonged to the Young Ladies Relief Society, also of the Montefiore Aid Society.

Being very musical, she was a member of the Tuesday Musical Society and the Wednesday Music Club. When she was married she became a member of the Hebrew Ladies Hospital Aid Society. She was very religious so she kept a strictly kosher home. She was a fine Hebrew scholar, having studied Hebrew with her brothers. Her letters in Hebrew and Yiddish which she wrote to her grandmother in Jerusalem gave my mother great pleasure. When my Bennett's Hebrew teacher left him six weeks before his Bar Mitzvah, I was greatly worried about this. My daughter said, "Don't worry, mother, I will coach him his Chant for his Mafter." She was everything a mother could wish for and showed great promise for a grand life. She was taken away from me - from all of us, for as the Rabbi said at her Memorial Services at the Tree of Life Synagogue, she was a great loss to our city as well. It was well known that I could not have done all the great amount of work were it not for the encouragement and assistance of my dear daughter, as well as my husband. She often said to me, "You go mother, I will look after the salads and desserts." Even though I always kept enough help, she always was ready to help the girls. After she was married and settled in her own home, she had her own charities and social responsibilities. She always helped my maids when she came over to see me. She would hang up the childrens' clothes, wash their faces, see to their hands. She was always helpful, always kind. She was a lovely singer. The house was filled with her music. The Almighty took her from me to have her in His garden of Eden. I was left so poor without her. No wonder

I was sick so long. The wonder is that I could live at all. I could go on and on extolling her values. Very often in my great sorrow, I would blame her husband for her untimely passing away. He was not worthy of her. He was not deserving of such a wife and maybe that is why the good God took her. As a doctor, he did not help her. He was very selfish and in his selfishness he did not see how he was mistreating her. I pray God to grant me the power to forget him. He was so false to me. After it was all over he lived at my home. We all gave him our sympathy and every consideration, but he constantly lied to me and to us. When I asked him what he did with his household, he said, "Oh, it is all there." So one day when I felt I had to have some consolation, I went to see Mrs. J. Leonard Levy, the Rabbi's wife, to ask her what I should do to help me in my great sorrow, for she also had sustained a great loss in the loss of her husband, Rabbi Levy, a most able man as compared to those that followed him in his pulpit. He was a great man for had it not been for his work and ability and accomplishments, neither Dr. Goldenson nor Dr. Freehoff would have had the place nor position which he so ably filled and left. No, she could not help me nor console me. I just had to bear my sorrow. Being in the neighborhood where my dear daughter lived, I thought that I would go over to her home where she lived and died. I had expected to find her home intact as Simon said it was. What a change it was. He lied to me, for he had sold everything that belonged to my daughter, even to the last piece of furniture. He sold everything in the first week of mourning, sold everything to the woman who bought the house. It broke my heart that they had taken everything, her silver, her linens, her

rugs, her pictures, her diamonds, and all the time telling me that he could not sell anything, sitting at my table, eating my food, sleeping in my home and acting so false. The only thing left was the piano. He could not sell it for it was a grand piano and no one wanted it. It was too fine. I never dreamed that one could be so false. He was the greatest liar that ever drew breath. I had been unable to go to her funeral, and I was too sick to go to the cemetery for months. This one thing he did for me, he took me to the last resting place of my dearest dear, knowing how false he was to me. How I ever lived through that ordeal, I do not know, but as I lived through the great loss of her own dear self, so I lived through the loss of all she possessed. Everything was here, he brought nothing from home. I do not want to put in writing a lot of things that would explain my attitude towards him and his despicable family. May the good God repay him and his for what he did to my dear one. On this day, January 24, 1941, after so many years in which I have suffered great losses, in which I have been sick so many times, I want to thank God for all His goodness. I pray to God every day that He will let the gates of heaven open to my prayers, that He grant long life to the rest of my children and grand children in health, in happiness and in prosperity. That they all live after me, and that I have the daving grace to have my beloved ones escort me to my last resting place according to our customs and traditions. I will try to be ready and unafraid to go when my time comes. I am old. God granted me my full three score years and ten and now He is giving me additional years. May my last years be as helpful to those I love as my first years were. I have tried to help many, many others. I have been told I have helped others. I have

often been told to write down some of the many things I have done, but how can I make them interesting written down as when I tell of the many things. I have not the power nor the gift of writing. But there are some things that one must tell. They must not be forgotten. So I will pass over a great many years. Years of grief, of sorrow, of heartache, also years of joy, of happiness and of accomplishment. I will have to come back to my own life later, but now I will tell of two or three lives that I know I have made full and complete.

My youngest daughter, Sarah, asked me to shop for her new little baby. They were to come home the next day from the hospital to her own beautiful home with her new baby whom she welcomed so well. Her husband, her oldest little daughter, Maxine, are there to welcome her home. She has her nurse to help take care of them for the first few weeks. I thank God every day for all my blessings. While I was looking over the things that Sarah commissioned me to buy, a young woman came over to speak to me. I was delighted to see her, for she was one of the children that I raised in the Jewish Home for Babies and Children. She also was there to buy for the blessed event that was coming in about two months. Seeing her then took me back about fifteen years to the time that I first became president of the Jewish Home for Babies and Children. I did not know much about this work, but the out-going president, Mrs. M. A. Goodstone, asked me so earnestly a year to two before to help her in this great and noble work, so I allowed myself to be drawn in at first as Chairman of the House Committee. Then I was actually drafted to become President. It was a tremendous job I undertook, especially as we had a very inefficient superintendent and bad help.

I found a great number of children, boys, girls, little babies, from the ages of infancy to big girls. It was the girls that bothered me most. I gave the man thirty days to show me some improvement in the establishment. After this thirty days I found many, many things wrong so I discharged this man. He tried to make trouble but he did not succeed. I took stock of the most precious - that was the boys and girls. I found about five or six outstanding children among them. One was this young woman and a few others. The first thing I engaged a new superintendent and this took some weeks. I could not allow this place to be left without proper care, so I hired a very fine man for thirty days. He did not know how to conduct such a home, but as I had a religious supervisor and a few , I was assured that all would be well. The first hard task was to take all the girls to a woman doctor. There were all kinds of rumors. I will be ever grateful to this doctor. After a thorough examination, she told me that all was well with the children. Of course I became greatly interested in the human side of the work. The childrens' welfare came first. The aspect of the home later. Were I to tell all that I had to do in that first year, I could write a book about it. But I want to tell about these three or four girls. As soon as we engaged our superintendent, he was a very young man who was married about a month after he arrived in Pittsburgh, I took up the educational condition of the children, for in that first month I found that Mr. Ball, the man I discharged, lied to me about their grades. These older children were really good, nice girls. I talked to them about what they wanted to do. Like all children of their ages, they wanted impossible things. I let them finish their

public school and then they started high school. They were given Hebrew lessons, then I started them to Sunday religious school. I got tutors for those that needed extra help. I had young ladies come to play for them and they learned to dance. I gave them all advantages so that they come to me with all their problems. When they were in their last year of high school, they told me one wanted to be a teacher, for she dearly loved my daughter Sarah who was their Sunday School teacher. The other wanted to be a nurse like the nurses we had in the Home. I saw that they were talking like children. I took them around and said, " You know I am your friend. If you have confidence in me, I will advise you to your best advantage. You see, my dears, you are now sixteen years old and you have no money. To be a teacher, you have to go to college for four years then three years to a training school, then you have to wait for an opening in some school. The same holds good for you who want to be a nurse, for the standard of nursing is now very high. You have neither the time nor the money to do this. Neither have I the money to do this for you for so many years. I would advise you to let me take you to the Iron City Business College to take training for a business course. It will take you about one year and then you could be out on your own." I still remember how the great big tears came welling up in their eyes, how my own heart contracted and how my own tears started down my face. We all had a good cry, then I asked them to try to trust me as I really wanted to do the best for them. After their high school graduation, I took them as I promised. In a years time they finished. Two girls were very bright. I am very happy to say that they both got positions - Leah at Joseph Hornes, one of our fine stores,

and the other as a bookkeeper for an auto company. They both worked up from the very lowest pay to about thirty dollars. Leah held her position for years, even after she was married. The other one, Gertrude, was not quite so lucky. She took sick and we put her in the Montefiore Hospital where they took the best care of her. The doctor diagnosed the case as a tubercular kidney. They operated and she became cured completely. I went to see the doctor and he told me that Gertrude must not stay in Pittsburgh. She must go to Arizona. "Why, doctor, that poor child can not go any where. She has no one but me and us of the Home, no father or mother. Her little brother is still at the Home. How can she go so far away. She will die of loneliness. Here I can do a lot for her. Did she say she will go when you told her?" No, she said that even if Mrs. Davis tells her to go she will not go. I had a talk with my little Gertrude. I told her if she promised to take care of herself, I would help to take care of her. So that was a promise. I got her a nice home to live in. We paid board for her until she started to work again. I went to the man she worked for and asked him to get a rug for her feet, also to keep the office warm, otherwise she would have to get another place. Her boss liked her work so much he did all I asked. She work there until she married. Oh yes, she married a very nice young man. When Gertrude was to be married, I inquired from Mrs. Weitzman how she was for clothes and things. Mrs. Weitzman was sorry to say that Gertie spent all her money foolishly, also did not take care of her clothes, so that really she had nothing. Neither had her young man, though he was a very nice young man, and very capable. He had some money, but lost it all, the same as a great many others. I went home and thought the matter over.

I decided I would somehow raise a certain sum of money to help these two young people in a nice way. So I decided to make a nice reception to announce her engagement. I invited all my friends. I told them I wanted them at my reception but I also wanted them to send my little girl nice presents. I did everything to make a very fine affair. I had the house beautifully decorated. I set a very beautiful table with all the fine refreshments. I was very happy by the personal attention of all my friends and some of the people of the Home. I received a sum of money from a clue of young women to buy Gertie a coat, two dresses, underwear, shoes, silk stockings, handkerchiefs, a bag, a hat and everything that makes up a girls costume. When the affair was over my home looked like a store. I was highly pleased. With a little effort and a great deal of kindness, I was able to set this young girl up in life without the grinding poverty that she would have had to start life with. In addition, I went to the board meeting the next week and reported all that was done. The women were very glad. But I said as a board it would be nice to give Gertie a nice gift - a rug would be very good. So they all pitched in and I bought her a rug that she is still using. I personally gave her a pair of fine sterling silver candlesticks, which she told me she uses every Friday night. My little Gertrude expressed herself very beautifully and is very grateful for this goodness to her from me and the other ladies. She married and in due time she had a lovely boy. A few years later she got a little girl. The little family come to see me from time to time. Her husband is a very fine man. He is making good in his position and some day they will be very well off. And on this day when I was so happy with my daughter's recovery, and home-

coming, I met the other young girl, Leah, who also married a very fine young man, after he finished his law course. This day or which I write, I met Leah in the infants department where she was buying for her coming baby. It made me very happy to see her look so well and so prosperous. She made me promise to come to see her when her baby came. There we sat reminiscing about the time we all cried together and about their schooling. She admitted that I was quite right knowing what was best for them. Leah told me about her brother Carl. He was doing so well at the University of Pittsburgh. He is in his Junior year. Through the kind efforts of my dear daughter Sarah, we got him into the Pi Lambda Fraternity. He did so well that he was elected president. Before he finished his work at the university, I had a talk with him. I found he had a tough time with money matters. I thought it too bad that a young fellow should be so set about the ways and means. So I took him down to the bank where I thought these two children had a little money for years and years. Leah told me it was no use to inquire for this money as the bank closed and her money was lost. Her husband had looked into the matter and the bank said there was no money. But I could not give up so easy, so I made an appointment with Leah and we went to the bank. After a good deal of searching, I found there was three hundred and fifty dollars coming to her. Leah received a check of forty-five dollars at once and the rest of the money was given to her from time to time. I felt that Carl should have some money also. So I took him with me and again after a great deal of searching, we found that the bank had about three hundred and fifty dollars of his money. I made a demand for this money. The man in charge said that since Carl was still a minor, that I would have to get a court order or wait until

Carl was twenty-one years old. As his birthday was to be shortly, we thought we would wait. I know that getting this money was a real God send to him. I could tell many, many stories about my work in the Jewish Home for Babies and Children, but I must go back to my own life. How I worked, how I tried to raise my family, how constantly I advanced in my work for the Montefiore Hospital, how I helped in the work of the Congress of Women's Clubs, how I worked and helped the B'nai Israel Congregation and the B'nai Israel Sisterhood. These things I did with the encouragement and assistance of my dear daughter Freda and my sons. How I ever could do any thing after my dear daughter Freda passed away, I do not know. I could not realize the great calamity that had overtaken me. I was too sick to see my dear one after that one last look the day she died. The good God was good to me. He took all knowledge away from me. I just laid there. I wanted to die, I wanted to die with my daughter. I was selfish, I wanted to escape the heartache of my great loss. I just moaned and muttered while the dreadful disease was taking so many young people. I just suffered. My son Allan tried with his knowledge and his learning and his wise words of consolation. David and Max with their steady industry and responsibility to business and with the help of God, for He is good, for His tender mercies endure forever. Time is also a great healer. As I grew stronger and better, I again picked up the strands of my life. I used to say that if my husband had lived ten more years, I would not have mourned, but it is not so, the ten years passed and I miss my husband just the same. Then my dear daughter died. It is now a great many years and I still miss my dear daughter. She whom I had expected to take my place, to be the mother of my family. She would have

been such a grand mother with her dear arms around me. I can still feel their pressure. My son Isaac was a great comfort and joy to me. God bless him with his dear family. He could not do very much for me as he was busy with his own family. Only when any one of us were sick, he certainly was a great help and comfort to us all. I think I worried more for him than necessary. He lived on Center Avenue all these years. My dear daughter Freda helped to buy and furnish their home. They lived very happily. There they had their first baby. God bless her. We called her Barnetta, Barney for short. She was named after my dear husband, Barnett. After their other baby came and went, time passed on and God gave them another little girl baby. I did not want them to live in such close quarters. As I said, their second baby came right at the time when the epidemic was at its height. I was sick, my Freda just passed away, Florence, God Bless her, had gone to the hospital to be confined, her mother came from Baltimore and took sick and was put in the hospital. In the meantime, little Barney was left on the street so to speak. My son was beside himself with all his own trouble and trying to help those that needed his assistance. A niece of mine saw this child and took her in. Itzie after a day or so looked around for his baby girl and found her at my niece's house. They were rocking her to sleep. The more they rocked, the less sleep. Finally they asked Itzie how does he put the baby to sleep. He said to put her in her crib, turn out the light and the baby goes to sleep. They tried this and it worked all right. Well, thank God everybody got well. My David came home. He was so glad to be home. We had our dinner and David rested after dinner. I looked at him and saw something was wrong. I asked David, "Are you ill?" He said no that he was only tired.

I took his pulse and found it very fast, so I sent for the doctor. The doctor found him very sick. He was ill for about ten days. Thanks be to God, he recovered very nicely. My sister also got sick, then one night I received a call from my sister that she was very sick. It was then I tried to pull myself together. The doctor said that we should all go to Atlantic City. I went and we all came back very much refreshed. I grew stronger as time passed on. My little girl was getting older as were all the boys and they needed my care. My little girl does not remember her father at all and she remembers her sister only a little. Freda used to call her little sister "my late little sister, you came to late for me." The year after my dear husband died, my Albert took sick with pneumonia. He was a very, very sick child. I was wild with terror. I had nurses for him. The night nurse could not manage him and day and night I used to get in bed with him and hold him in my arms to quiet him. He was very delirious. One day he wanted cherries, another day he wanted a dog and when he was very bad he wanted to jump out of the window to save his baby sister. This day he was very bad, he had been talking all day and all night. I sent for the doctor again. The doctor did not know what else to do, so he gave him a sedative. It seemed he hardly had the stuff down that he fell asleep in my arms. He slept for about two hours and we could all see that he was better. His color got better, and his breathing was better. I did not dare move when he opened his eyes. We saw that his reasoning mind came back to him. I thanked God for his goodness to me. Albert got better and I again commenced to look about me. I saw that the place where my son Itzie lived was getting crowded. My Florence was to have

another child. She was much afraid of a hospital and her own home was small and crowded. Her mother, who had a very large home in Baltimore, would not invite her to come there. I said, "Don't worry, Florence, my dear, I will give you my room and you can have your baby in my home." So it was arranged. She came to me about nine o'clock in the morning and her baby was born about twelve o'clock. She was a dear tiny three pound baby, God Bless her. She is now twenty-one years old and is looking for a nice young man. I pray God she gets one that will be worthy of her.

I was always doing something for somebody. If it was not in my own home, it was for someone outside of my home. We brought over two cousins from the old country. One was Leon Ginsberg and the other Leon Esterson. We kept them, sent them to school and we taught them the American way of life. Then Eli came. He did not stay so long but it took months to get them on their own feet. Then I had Rabbi Samuel Cohen from the Theological Seminary of New York. Then as my children became older, each one brought me one or another of their friends. Some were very fine, some not so fine. I remember one gentleman came here to lecture at Carnegie Music Hall - that was when my husband was still with us. This gentleman was a great friend of my Allan. Mr. Percy McKye, a writer, a poet. I really did not know what a great man he was and how much greater he was going to be. But he was a friend of Allan's, so I welcomed him. He could only stay for the evening. He did not want to see any one, only to be with Allan. So, I made my usual dinner with Mr. McKye as our guest. We all sat down, Pa, the children and I. I never saw anyone enjoy a dinner so well. It was very pleasant. We all talked, we argued a little and our guest felt

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quite at home. He did not want to move from the table. Then when we went into the library, he did not want to move them there. He was so content that Allan had to remind him two or three times that he would be late for his lecture. In the course of our conversation, I said, "Mr. McKye, do you know you ate a perfectly kosher dinner and without butter." "I never missed a thing. I enjoyed every bite and your delightful family are the best ever." I only regret that I have to hurry away." He left that night. I never saw him again though he kept up his friendship with Allan to the end. I had in my home another of my Allan's friends. His real name was Will Wright but his book name was S. S. Dines. He stayed with us three or four days. He only came for one day, but as he said, he enjoyed being in my home. He was a very handsome fellow. He said he loved my home, my meals, my family and my little baby girl, but he was a pig. My Allan told him so in a very curt, short letter. Later he wrote a letter of apologies to Allan.

I have had some of the very finest men and women in my home. I have had some that were not so nice. One of the nice young men was a friend of my son Maurice. They came home from Harvard. It seems that he is from a very formal home where they have butlers and menwaiters. I saw that he enjoyed the soup we served and he looked longingly at the tureen that I was serving from. I asked him if he would like a second helping. "May I," he asked?" "Yes, you may and welcome." I never saw any man enjoy his dinner so well. I never had such a good tasting dinner as I had here. May I come again dear Mrs. Davis, I feel more at home here than I do at my own home. That was the way I always conducted my home then and that is the way I conduct my home now.

To come back to the time after Freda was born. My son's apartment seemed awfully crowded so I commenced to look around for a house for my son Isaac. I really do not understand women of today. They can buy coats, dresses, they can spend money right and left, they make beautiful parties, they spend lots of money on making elaborate luncheons and dinners, but when they ought to make some change in their home, or to go looking for a home, one would think they were asked to do the most impossible work. As for me, I love to do this kind of work now as I did years ago. I looked for a house for my son. I found one on Liberty Avenue. It seemed to me to be a house of great possibilities. I do not remember the details, but after looking the house over, my son decided to buy it. I was rather fearful for they did not carry out the plan of getting an income from the house, but when I heard my son say, "Mother, you don't know what it means to me to have such freedom here for the little ones," it made me feel that I had done right. After living there for some years, I saw that while the house was worth all he paid for it, it was not the house that this little family ought to have. So, I again looked around and found another house on North Negley Avenue where they are living at the present time. In looking for a house for him, I got acquainted with a young man from a real estate office. He showed me some very nice houses. As I had an order from my sister to hunt her a home, I told him to look around for me. I got very much involved with him in a deal, but that is another story. I went looking for a house for my sister. I found a very fine house on Millvale Avenue. I inquired about the house and found that the agent was Leonard Aronson of the Aronson real estate committee. When

I inquired about the house, he said, there were two houses and that I would have to buy the two. I explained to him that I needed this house for my sister who was living in Crafton in her own house, but she wanted to come back to Pittsburgh. She very foolishly left herself without a house the year before. I called her attention to the fact that she should start in the summer to find herself a house. She said, "Annie, that is your job. I can't go around looking for a house, you will have to do this for me." I was a broken and busy woman, but when she said it was my job, though she had a young lady daughter, a son and a daughter-in-law, I thought and felt it was my job. Well, the houses were cheap and I thought we could fix them up and sell one and my sister could live in the other. I sent my son Allan to negotiate with Leonard Aronson, we were friends at the time. They met in my son's office, which was the same building, the Union Trust Company, as the Aronson's offices. Leonard said it is now five o'clock and the girls have left the office. Let the matter rest until morning. Sure enough in the morning Leonard called my Allan and said that he had sold the houses for more money. My son said how could you do such a thing, to double cross me for a few paltry dollars. We had this deal closed last evening and now you tell me you sold the houses. Allan was as cross as a bear. He told him never to speak to him again as he did not want to talk to any one so low. I was very cross too. I was very anxious to have these houses, so I inquired who bought them. I was told that a Dr. Mishkin bought them. I knew Dr. Mishkin. I knew him as not a very good doctor at that, but as he knew me, I was sure he would let me have the houses, either one or the two, especially if I told him the circumstances. So, I went to the

doctor's office and told him my story. He said he knew all about it but he wanted to make some money on the deal. I said, all right, I would pay him a good days business if he would let me have either one or the two houses. He said morally they belong to you, but I want money. What do you call a good days business. I said, I will give you five hundred dollars. He laughed at me and told me to send Allan to him. I would not send Allan to him. I knew Allan would not deal with suck crooks and I told him so. I told Allan about my conversation and he said, "Mother, how can I talk with such thieves." I thought that was strong language not knowing all the facts, but later I found out that this Miskin was a blind for the Aronsons. When they sold a house he would buy it instantly for more money. The person who bought the property in the first place would become anxious and pay more than Miskin and the Aronsons would divide the profit. But as I would not give more than the five hundred dollars, for once they were left with the two houses on their hands. When I was leaving the doctor extended his hand to me saying "Goodnight" but I would not take his hand. I said "Doctor, I would not shake hands with you after what you have done." "Yes, the houses are yours morally, but you see I have them." You can keep them. I left his office and I never spoke to him nor to Leonard since then. I found out in later years that he was called a stool pigeon.

After that experience, I still was looking for other houses. I found one on North Negley Avenue. My sister loved it and lived there in comfort for many years. My son Allan made all the arrangements for her. I loaned her the money which she paid on the house. I had to wait three years for the repayment. My banker scolded^{MB} for doing this but I felt I had to help my sister live in a nice home and there she was very

happy. She lived in a beautiful home and she died there. After that her daughter lived there until she lost it by not paying the taxes, the interest and so forth.

It was during and through these transactions that I met a young man I did not know how to take. He was a young and handsome man. He trailed after me for some time. He showed me some property which I said some were good and some not so good. Then one day he said, "Mrs. Davis, you are the mother of a number of sons." I said, "Yes." Well, could you find room in your heart for another son. I want to be your son if you would adopt me. I said all right. We became great friends. I told my family about my adopting a non-Jew. They had a good laugh here. I was a good orthodox Jewish woman adopting a non-Jew. I did not mind their laughter. I kept in touch with this boy for a long time. We would have many talks together. He had no mother and seemed to derive great pleasure in calling me mother. One day he said, "Mother Davis, I want to show you some property." I said all right. He took me to St. James Street. There were two lovely Center Hall houses each worth twenty-five thousand dollars. One would be sixteen thousand and the two could be bought for thirty-thousand dollars. I looked the houses over. They were beautiful but how could I buy so much property. He said, "Let us buy these." I know I could sell them for much more in about four weeks." So I gave him five hundred dollars and he gave five hundred dollars hand money and in four weeks I would have a profit of about four or five thousand dollars. Well, when the four weeks were near, my adopted son who was so fond of me, fell in love with a very wealthy widow, ran away and got married and went to live in California. There I was with two houses on

my hands. My own sons did not know anything about my money project. But the time came when I had to confess. I did so in fear and trembling. But my sons, God Bless them, were not near as hard as they could have been. They said they would see what they could do but first I should go to Mr. Childs from whom I bought the houses and ask him to take these back. I would be willing to forfeit the thousand dollars hand money which we had given him. I explained the whole matter to him, how Mr. Denney suddenly and unexpectedly got married and moved away and as I was not in the real estate business, I could not handle this property so I would ask him to take these back and he could keep the money. He looked at me and turned the conversation to various other subjects. Then he looked up at me and said, "I'll tell you what you should do." I said, "Yes, tell me." "Well, you don't pay me. I will sue you so I will get my money." I looked at the man to see if he were in earnest. He seemed maliciously in earnest. So I said, "Mr. Childs, I thought I had explained the situation to you. I was willing to loose the thousand dollars to you. If I had wanted to be sued, I would not have come here. I also thought I was talking to a Christian gentleman but I see you are neither a gentleman nor a Christian, so I have nothing more to say to you. Good day." I saw he was squashed. I came home and told my sons the result of my visit. They put the houses up for sale. I am very happy to say that while they had a little trouble and worry, they got all their money out and some profit on the transaction. As for my Denny, I never heard from him since that first message that he got married and was very happy.

I could go on and on telling of all the fool things I did. Some are very interesting and helpful to lots and lots of people. I never spared myself or my money. My one thought was if I could help any one I wanted to help them and I really did help. And such stories came to me really stranger than fiction. One day a little woman came to me. I saw she was heavy with child. She said she was just coming home from work - she was a cook in a restaurant, - and she thought she would come to me before she went home to ask me to help her to the hospital when her time came. She told me her story. She had six other children and she was having trouble with her man. He left her and married another woman after she bore six children to him. She said, "Mrs. Davis, he is my husband just as if I stood under the marriage canopy with him before a Rabbi. I know no other man but him and now he left me. Not only that but he took one of my boys away from me." I told her not to distress herself by telling any more of her story. I promised I would take care of her when her time came, which was to be in about six weeks. I took her name and address. Also I told her to telephone me when she needed my service. In the meantime I investigated. All she told me I found was the truth. She worked very steady as a cook. She took care of her children and no other men came to see her, only her man as she called him. After he married, one of the social workers took this woman and this man into court. Without much ado, the judge gave one of her boys to her man, recognizing that this man was the child's father as were all her other children. This unfortunate woman was not bad, she made a bad bargain and was without the law. A week later she came to me again. She told me her man and his wife were moving to New York and taking her boy with them. She did not want this other woman to have her

boy so she kidnapped him and has moved to another part of the city. She wanted me to know her new address. I hurriedly told her not to give me her new address. I explained to her that she could get me any time she needed me. I was sure the social worker would come to ask me where she lived. If I did not know, I could truthfully say I did not know. This poor little harassed woman understood me and went away content. In a day or two, sure enough the social worker, a Miss Nanna Oppenheimer, an old maiden lady, came to me to ask where Mrs. Horwitz moved to. I told her truthfully I did not know. You promised to help her, didn't you, she said. Yes, I did and I will when the times comes. Now see here, Mrs. Davis, I will report you to the judge and he will cite you for contempt of court. Then we will see. Miss Oppenheimer, why don't you let up on this poor woman. She is with child. We are taught that a woman with child should be kindly dealt with and humanity should prompt us to be kind to a woman in such condition. Instead you hound her and she had to run away from you. You as a woman should at least leave her until after her ordeal is over, then you could carry out what you think is your duty. As it is you are making it nice and pleasant for two able bodied people who wronged this woman whether in the law or under the law, she is the one who suffers mentally and physically. Now you let her alone for the time being. No, Mrs. Davis, I will not let her alone. I will put her in jail for kidnapping. You know where she is and you have to tell me. I again said that I did not know where she lived. Frankly speaking, I would not tell you if I did know. I would not be a party to such cruelty. I again asked her to let up for the present time, but not

she went away from my home vowing she would have the law after me. I said to go ahead. This social worker, what did she know of love for a man, a child or any one. She was a social worker and she did not even understand that her first duty was to help the oppressed. This plain, modest Mrs. Horwitz, as she said, she loved this man and lived with him as his faithful wife. She thought she was married to this man forever. She was worn out with child bearing and work, but he, the scoundrel, left her as soon as he got a younger and stronger woman. I must say I never heard from Miss Nannie nor the Judge. I think the Judge was more understanding. A few weeks after, Mrs. Horwitz came to me again to thank me for my kindness to her, also to tell me that her sister came on from New York and was taking her and all her children home with her where she would have a good home. This sister had more love and charity in her heart than all the social workers put together. I could tell many stories of social workers. They do not know the first principle of social work. I must not take the time to express the contempt I have for most of them - Jewish and non-Jewish.

To come back to my son Itzie and his dear little family. One evening I went over to visit them. All was well. I was much better in health. I was doing my work outside and in my home. My family were well and the business was going good. I had lived to become normal what with all the love surrounding me and us. My son Max was the most loving son. His one responsibility was his mother and his sister and his brothers coming next. He was a large handsome man with a golden voice. To hear him sing was a treat. He sang as natural as a

bird singer, a most natural tenor voice. When his friends would say that he should have his voice trained, he would laugh and say he would rather be a good businessman than a bad singer, but he was both. I attribute the success of our business to the fact that David and Max were such a perfect team. David was the finance man and Max was the go-getter. He was full of life, of laughter and of song. I shall never forget the first time I heard him sing. I was busy upstairs doing something when I heard such beautiful singing. I wondered who it could be. After I finished I came down and asked who was here singing so beautifully. They told me no one was there. Then who was singing. Why that was Max. I could not believe it, so I had him sing for me. He laughed but he sang. I was amazed as it seemed his voice came to him all at once. He had great initiative ability. One Sabbath morning I was to Shule and there I met two men and two women from New York. They came out to our East End Shule. I saw that they were strangers so I spoke to them. They complained that our city had no kosher restaurants and they had no where to go for dinner. I said that is so but if they would come to my home I could serve them a perfectly good kosher Shabbos dinner. They were very glad to avail themselves of my invitation. Just before I started for home, I called up to tell my maids to set the table extra nice and to serve the Shabbos dinner at lunch time. When I came home everything was so perfect. I told the girls how pleased I was with their work. That is not our work, that was Mr. Max. He looked after everything. We just did what he told us to. While he was not a very handy man, yet he had pride in his home, so he directed that all should be arranged fine. I brought my friends home and we really had a very nice dinner. I was highly

pleased that my son, who was such a big business man, should take enough pride in our home to direct the girls to do things so well. When he came home the house used to liven up with his music and his personality. So that evening when I was visiting my son Itzie and his family, I got a call from home that I was wanted as my son Max came home sick. He was not very well. I went home at once. I found my son very sick. He had just come off the road and he was tired. I could see he was very sick. My doctor son came right with me. I at once tried to make him comfortable. I got hot water and washed his hands and face. I bathed him and put clean clothes on him. He stretched out on the bed and said "My it is good to be home." We called in another doctor to see him. It was night and he was extremely tired out from the train. He had traveled a great distance to get home. Dr. Sames did not do very much for him. He thought he would see him in the morning. In the morning he seemed to feel better. My Max thought it was too hard for me to attend to him, so we called in a nurse. She was splendid. She attended him most faithfully, but my Max did not seem to get better. Dr. Sames called it influenza of the intestines. In the morning he was better and in the afternoon he was worse. After a few days the doctor thought the hospital was the place for him, so he sent him to the West Penn Hospital. There they had exray pictures taken. They then found he had a bad gall bladder on which Dr. Sames proceeded to operate. My children did not tell me all that ailed my Max. After the operation I could see my Max was not getting along. I tried to see Dr. Sames to talk to him. He seemed to avoid me until one day I stopped him in the hall. I got a hold of his arm and said, "Doctor, my

my Max is not getting along." "Oh, you see too much and you worry too much." I do not mind the worry, but I do not want to cry. Never mind, mother, Max will be all right. With that answer I had to be content. We had the nurse from home and she was fine. We had another nurse and she was a devil from hell. She would come in the morning all starched up. How are you Mr. Davis? She would look at him first then at the chart. I wish to God I had thrown her out together with Dr. Johnson, who was Dr. Sanes assistant. They were terrible and between them they let my dear loving son die. I was blind and I did not understand. I did not know he was so dangerously sick. My family hid everything from me. The doctors told me my son was getting along so well they were going to take out the stitches, which they did that day. It was after two weeks. When I told the doctor that my son did not eat anything, he said that was all right. Max was fat, he could live on his own fat for a long time. My God, what kind of people are these doctors? Well, it seems the night nurse left him in fair condition. In the morning we got a hurry call from the day nurse that my Max was in shock. Whatever happened we do not know but I know it was neglect of that devil of a nurse. She must have left him by himself. He coughed and his whole incision opened up. They took him to the operating room. Dr. Sanes and the other doctors worked over him about two hours. Then they brought him to his room. His dear eyes were bright. He seemed to know everybody and everything. He in his big hearted way tried to make peace with one another, for in every family there is always some one who is not at peace with the others. We did everything to please him. I was numbed. I did not know what to do. I prayed to God to take me if one must go, but

spare him. Oh Lord, my God! I cried to God, I did not want to see my son die. I thought that if I prayed hard enough God would hear me. God would hear my prayer. I did not want to see my son die. But the good God did not hear my prayer. It is true I did not see him die. I was with him as long as he knew me. I held his dear hands in mine. I tried to give him all my strength but nothing helped, even bringing other doctors from Baltimore did not help. I held his hands until he became unconscious then the family took me away. They were too good to me. They took me away while he lay dying. I should have stayed with him. He was so good to me. He was so good to his brothers. He was so young, so handsome. He could have done so much in this world. What he did for me and his brothers, only the good God knows. He gave freely of his money. It was he who made it possible for Itzie to go to Eurpoe with his wife and two children and to take up the specialty of the eye. It was his money that paid for the whole year. He needed nothing for himself. A clean room, a clean bed and clean clothes, that was all he wanted. He was not a night club man. Music singing was his pleasure. Taking care of his mother and of his brothers was his responsibility. I do not think I can do justice to his character. He was good. Only one time did he show any interest in a girl that I know of. He was taking me home from somewhere and this girl was with me so I took her along. She was a beautiful girl. I got acquainted with her very recently but I loved her. She in turn loved me. I would have given anything had he followed up that short acquaintance but it seems it was not to be. My son Max passed away and in a short ime this young beautiful girl took sick and died in a few days. There too the doctors made a

From the Desk of

SEYMOUR J. COHEN

DATE _____

To:

SUBJECT:

mistake. She was treated for a headache and in reality it was spinal meningitis. When the doctors found out, it was too late. This beautiful girl died so I had to mourn for the two of them. I will ever remember how she used to kiss me when he met. Laughingly I would say to her if only the boys knew how heartily she could kiss, they would coup her off. When she was so desperately ill, I went to shulê, I had prayers said for but just as in my own son's case, nothing helped. When I think of all the things that he and my other sons made possible for me to do. I gave big money to our beautiful shule once and again. It was my Max who urged me to take a trip to Europe, but as I had given away such a goodly sum, I did not go that year, but to my sorry I went to Europe the next year. My family thought it would help me in my sorrow. The year he died I was with him to New York and to Philadelphia. There he wanted to buy me a suite of furniture for eleven hundred dollars, but on second thought we did not buy that furniture, but came home and bought a living room suite for eight hundred including tables and a chair or two. He was a big man with a big heart and fine mind, and the only thing I have left of him is his picture and the memory of him. How I lived through the agony of losing him I do not know, but I lived. The trip to Europe was a great help. There I was on my mother's grave. There I cried my heart out. It was in Jerusalem that I erected a beautiful monument for him and his father in the form of a very fine stone gateway to the great Etz Hyam Yeshivah and Talmud Torahs. I feel that is a fitting monument for them as they were big great men so I made a great big monument for them. I also gave in his dear name to the Jewish Home for Babies and Children. What pitiful things these are. How can I or any one do justice

to him or his memory. While he was sick he would ask "Ma, how much did you do and get this day." It gave him pleasure to know that I was doing some good. All the while the shadow of death was hovering over us. He was very proud of my work for the Montefiore Hospital. I did so much he would scold me a little. At the same time he would be very proud and always shut his eyes to what I gave away. In the end I had to give him to God. With a great cry I gave my son Max to God and in my pain and selfishness I prayed to God not to ever punish me any more. My God, my God how I was punished. I never thought that one person could ever be able to bear what I have borne. Oh, I have had trouble even before. My Max knew it was coming to me but in his goodness of heart he did not warn me. I often wonder if we do right by shielding our beloved ones by keeping them in ignorance of what is coming. I was kept in ignorance and this came to me like a streak of lightning from heaven. It was so hard that even now after all these years I can not write down what it meant to me - the disappointment in my oldest sons marriage. Well, he married the woman he wanted, not the woman he should have married. I was very unhappy for some time. I went to two Rabbis to ask what I should do. Rabbi Goldenson, who held the position in our Reform Temple and who everybody thought was a learned man, advised me. I know now and I felt then that he advised me wrong, without heart, without wisdom and without the law. So I went to the other extreme. I went to the late Rabbi Sivitz. I was afraid to go to him at first. He was such a staunch Jew, so strict. He stood so strong for his principles, like the Rock of Gibraltar for his laws and his principles. After hearing me, he said, "Take him back, he

is your son. Take him back. He is a fine man and you will yet have great joy from him. Take him back." This from an ultra Orthodox Rabbi, from Rabbi Sivitz of blessed memory. This advice gave me heart. I was never sorry that I did take the old Rabbi's advice. My son Allan was my son to the end. He was a great comfort to me at a time when I needed comfort most. When my Max passed away, when I was so lost in my sorrow and grief, it was Allan who talked to me, who tried to comfort me. I could not be as free and easy with my son's wife. There always was a shadow between us. Even when my son's son was born and even when I attended my little grandson's Birth Melah, I heard my son Allan name his child Elisa, the prophet the son of Elyia. His son is now at Harvard where his father and uncles were before him. He is a fine boy, handsome and good. I hear from him every now and again. My dear son Max tried to make friends of us all even on his death bed. For his dear sake I tried very hard to be friends. My God how I tried. We then and there offered our hands to each other. I think he died content. I was not with him when he died, I did not hold him.

How can I write of the great pain of heart and mind I suffered in the loss of my dear children, my dear daughter Freda then my dear son Max. I gave my Max to God with a great cry that welled up from my heart. I asked God to spare me any more trouble but no, some years after that I lost a dear little grand daughter ^(Sarah - Sarah). The little dear just passed away like a little bird without a struggle, without knowledge, without pain. The pain was all in my heart for I had to suffer with my son Jacob and his dear wife Florence. Poor girl, she hardly realized

what had happened to her. Here I was trying to help Florence, then my Bennett and his wife took sick. I was so busy trying to help them that I almost forgot my son Allan and his family until some days after as I was working in my kitchen cooking for the Sabbath. I remembered that I had not spoken to my son Allan, so I said to myself I must call him up as soon as I get through. But not Allan always said that if you have a good impulse you must carry it through so I dropped all my work and called Allan. The girl answered that he was not in, but just then he came in. I heard him at the door. I spoke to him and asked him how he was. He sort of reproached me that I had not called, that did I not know that his family was sick. I said I did not know, I was busy with Bennett and his wife, also with Florence. But how are you all now. They were better, thank God, so we spoke together a little then said goodbye. I did not know that this was to be my last goodbye to him for I never saw or spoke to him again in life. For it was that same night that I got so sick I thought that I was going to die. I wanted my Allan as well as all my other children. It was then I was told that Allan could not come that he was sick himself. Well, I felt better in the morning, I even wanted to go to shule, but since my family were so worried I did not go. In spite of this precaution I got very ill so the doctors decided to take me to the hospital. I did not know what was being done until I found myself in a hospital room. The doctors were puzzled but I commenced to get better. My Allan insisted to send me his nurse and also his doctor. I would ask this doctor how my son was and he said he did not know who would get better first. We were both

doing so well. The next day I asked Dr. Hutley, "How is my son today?" I am sorry to say that your son just passed away. My son Allan! Allan, my son! I cried to God again and again but he did not answer me. He often used to say his name should have been Elifah in English for that was his name in Hebrew. But I knew my son had a good name. Rabbi Sivitz of blessed memory loved him like a son for he was a great scholar both in English and in Hebrew. He left a great library in which there were many Hebrew works. He willed this to his son and if for any reason his son could not handle this library, it was to be given to Harvard University together with his writings. I really do not know what was done with all his works and all his writings. Had he lived he would have been a great man. Many people hold his memory in great honor and respect. He was not in the law very long, but he did make a fine name for himself. He was honest in his dealings. One day one of his clients asked him to buy a piece of property in his own name. This man gave him \$65,000.00 in cash. Allan said, "Mr. H. come up to my office and I will give you a receipt for the money." Mr. H. said, "Did I ask you for a receipt." Allan laughed, "No, but I have to give you one anyhow." "No you don't, when I ask you for a receipt then you will give me one." So Allan made a memorandum, called one of the girls to witness it, and put the money in the safe. Mr. H asked him why he did that and Allan answered to safeguard such a man like you. Well, he bought the property and transferred it to Mr. H. in due time. That was long before he died. Another time he came into court and there found a great number of Jewish men and women, about fifty. He stopped and asked them what the

trouble was. They were all talking at one time so he said to please tell him one at a time. One crowd cursed and called names at the other crowd. The other party cursed and talked against the other. He finally got the stories out of them. It was shameful. I know for I had had a hard time with this same crowd for about three months. They said they would abide by what I would decide. They had a sum of money which really belonged to the Jewish Home for Babies and Children, but they did not want to give it up. So one part of this crowd took the other part to Court. They were making such a scandal of this matter that it was a disgrace for the Jewish people. ^{Shlan} He felt ashamed for them, so he said, "Listen people, you are all taking the name of the Lord God in vain. Now let us calm down and see what we can do about this."

When these people heard this American man, this fine lawyer, this young person say to them that it was a Chillul Hashem to cause such shame to come to the Jewish people, they stopped as though petrified. Then as one they said, "Go to the judge and see what you can do." He went to the judge and asked the judge to permit him to arbitrate this matter. The judge said that he would be pleased to ^{arbitrate} ~~be~~ ~~of~~ these people so he took them into the Judges Chambers right there and then arranged this matter to the satisfaction of everybody. From a very large sum of money, there remained in their treasury about two thousand dollars which they turned over to the Jewish Home for Babies and Children. By the time they paid for printing and other debts, there remained only about eighteen hundred dollars, which they then turned over to the Home. These men and women often told me that their blood ^{ran} cold when he told them that it was a Chillul Hashem, a desecration of the Holy name, so they decided to agree to what he told them. They ever blessed his name for his

guidance. How can I tell what a man my son was. He was a Zionist from the very first. He was only about fifteen years old when he was invited into the Zionist organization. He really was too young but the age rule was suspended in his favor for he was tall for his age. When he went to Harvard College, he tried to form a Zionist organization there, but finding the boys there did not understand the Zionist ideals as well as they should have. They did not respond so well so he started the Menorah Society which was open to all shades of Jewish ideals. This organization seemed to have attracted the college men so they organized and elected Allan as the first president of the Menorah Society at Harvard. This Society was so well thought of at Harvard that it became a national society throughout all colleges and is still strong even until this day. He wrote his first play called "The Promised Land" at Harvard in 1903, which was produced and which got him great acclaim. I very often wish it were not so far from that play he went to others. He was talented as a speaker and writer. He did all he could to strengthen the Zionist work. He gave of his time and his money until the very end. He was known for his Zionistic work as well as his Jewish work. From the play "The Promised Land" he wrote other plays. He wrote eight or ten plays, each of which earned him enough money to go ahead and write more. He was a prolific writer. He wrote essays and he was a poet, but for all that his real money came from the law. He wrote a book of poetry and many other works which he left to his son and to Harvard. He was vice president in our B'nai Israel Shule. There he raised the Jewish standard very high.

He was elected one of the first delegates to the Jewish Congress. I will never forget that election. Eight men were nominated, four to be elected from the eight. Among these were Rabbi A. M. A shinsky, Mr. Sol Rosenbloom, a multi millionaire, Louis M. Avener, who was president of the Zionist organization of Pittsburgh, Morris Neaman, Mr. L. I. Arons, also a very rich man, Edgar Kaufman of the Kaufmann Dept. Store, Mr. Adolph Edlis and Allan Davis. He was the youngest of them all. I do not know why but they all put up a hard fight to get elected. Allan would count them all out and always found himself in fifth place. At first Edgar Kaufmann wanted Allan to team with him, but after he got all of Allan's ideas; he said he would run alone. Allan felt very bad for he was sure he would not be elected. But the day of election came and he was elected by a great majority. Before Allan reproached me for not doing anything for him. I was his mother, I could not do very much. Only one time I had a parlor meeting at my home. Many friends came and I said to them, "Four men are to be elected, vote for my Allan as one of these four." So it seems the men and women liked the way I spoke and they voted for Allan and he got the election by a great majority. As I said, Allan himself put forth a great effort. He saw he was weak in the Hill District so he went out among the people who did not know him. After they heard him speak there was no doubt about whom they would vote for. He was best qualified to be their delegate for the Jewish Congress. In connection with this election, I have to tell some about myself. I had made it a rule from the beginning of time that when any one of my children had to appear in public, I always went along. I did this when Allan was a little boy at school. When he spoke,

I was there to hear him. When my dear daughter, Freda, sang, I was with her. When the children went to dancing school and they had a dance carnival, I was there to see it. When my Jacob debated on the Single Tax, I was there to hear him. I always went along to hear and to see what my children were doing. At school, at college, at high school, at any and all performances. So when my Allan spoke on the street corners, I was there. Not only I, but I got my daughter, her husband and some others to tag along. Once I heard two men speak to one another in Yiddish, "Who is that man Davis? Oh, did he speak wonderful, I never heard any one better. I did not understand all he said, but he spoke wonderful." He made four speeches on four different corners, but he never repeated himself once, not a single line at any time. I also thought he spoke wonderful. Well, he won. In fact he came out ahead of the other three. He was a born orator. He started when he was very young. I remember well when he spoke at a very large meeting of the Hebrew Ladies Hospital Aid Society's first anniversary. It was held at the Beth Hamedush Hagodal, the place was crowded to the doors. The Rev. Massalansky was the principle speaker, so there was a great gathering. Yet this boy was not afraid to stand up and speak to this vast crowd of the accomplishment of the Jewish Women in times past and to the present time. In later years he spoke at the dedication of the first Montefiore Hospital where I was given the name of Mother of the Montefiore Hospital. Still later he spoke in behalf of the Irish cause in one of the largest theatres. The place was crowded with standing room only. He compared the Irish cause to the Zionist cause. He was applauded to the echo. He gave himself where he could and later when he had it he

gave of his money. Many times he gave me goodly sums of money to give to the poor. My Allan died much too young. He was just beginning to be helpful. At the start of the Jewish Federation, it was Allan who wrote all the letters and some of the speeches for Mr. Irwin Lehman. He also wrote the play by which the committee tried to stir the hearts and open the pockets of the rich Jews of Pittsburgh. He was a favorite of Rabbi Sivitz for his knowledge and his charities. I could tell many stories of his kindacts and his gifts that no one ever knew of, but what is the use. After his father died, he was completely out of the business and in a sense out of the family. We would not yield father's place to any one. I had much heartache from him even though I had much pleasure and honor from him. He did always honor me. At his home whenever he had some distinguished guests, he always had me come over. He always treated me with love and respect. Even when he was so sick and I was sick, he wanted to come to me but the families would not let him. His doctor said it would be fatal for him to leave his bed and his home. I often thought, God forgive me, how wonderful it would have been had he died on his way to see his mother. But no, I did not have the honor and my son did not have the honor to have died for me. As I write, I remember all the little nice things he did and said, even when he was very little. One day my dear mother was talking of my sister. She said, "You know, I can not go there so often. It is too far to walk and I do not have the carfare all the time." So my boy, who was then about seven years old, said, "Grandma, I will give you a nickel when you go to Aunt Ray", and with that he took the nickel out of his pocket and gave it to mother. As I said, he died much too

young, at a time when I was bowed down in grief at the loss of a little grandchild, my son Jacob's child. We were at the baby's funeral. This child died from the oversight of the doctor. The child took sick and her mother, Florence, sent for the doctor. He said it was nothing. The next day I saw it was something very serious. We sent for the doctor again. I asked the doctor to get a nurse but he again said it was nothing. I asked him to get a nurse as the mother could not nurse the baby, but the doctor said it was nothing. I helped to take care of the baby. The doctor said I was needlessly alarmed. At last I prevailed on my son to call in another doctor, but it was too late, our little Caroline died. When we were at her funeral, Allan said, "You know, mother, this is not a bad place to be buried." I was horrified at what he said, little knowing how soon he would be laid to rest not far away from my little grandchild, and later her dear mother. My poor daughter-in-law hardly knew what hurt her. I had to take care of her. Then my youngest son Bennett took sick and his wife took sick, so I was busy with the two little families. I hardly knew I was overtaxing myself. A few days passed and I had not heard from my son Allan, until all at once I remembered I had not spoken to him for some days. I was at that time preparing to stuff a duck for Shabbos. I said to myself "As soon as I get through, I will call Allan." Then I thought, no, I must call him right away, my son always said if you have a good impulse, you must carry it out right away. So I washed my hands and called his home. A strange woman answered me and said that Mr. Davis was out. Just then he came in so he took the receiver and said, "Hello mother, how are you?" "I am all right." How are you and

your family?" He answered that they were better now, did I not know that his family was sick. I said that I did not know as I was so taken up with Florence and again with Bennett that I did not know about his family. He said they were all better now. That was about one o'clock, we talked a little then said goodbye. I went to Itzie's house for dinner that evening. I sat down to the meal, but I did not feel good. I said, "You won't mind if I do not eat a full dinner." They said, "If you don't feel good, don't eat." After a while I said, "I think I will go home and you can all go to a movie." So I went home to bed. I fell asleep and in the morning I felt much better, so much better that I wanted to go to Shule. But I remember that the children always preached for me to take care of myself, so I decided to stay in bed. I often wonder which would have been better, to go to Shule and take sick there, or stay at home and take sick at home, for that is what happened. I stayed in bed and my maid brought me a tray. I just had a little fruit and coffee. I felt much better. About one o'clock my Florence came to see how I was. I am much better, I even wanted to go to Shule. As we sat talking, I became violently sick. I did not know what had happened. Florence immediately called my son Itzie. He came right away and called other doctors. It seems I was very sick but they did not know what happened. They held a consultation and decided to wait a few hours. They came together later in the evening. After looking at me for some time, they decided to send me to the hospital, even though they did not think I would live through the night. In some of my lucid moments I saw my children, but I did not see Allan. Where is Allan? I want Allan, I cried. They told me he was sick just

as I am and could not come. I was too sick to understand, so I again asked for Allan. At last my son Itzie agreed to let me be taken to the hospital, even though the doctors did not think I would live. I was taken to the Magee. My family stood around, I was surely going to die. But I did not die. I commenced to get better every day and everyday I would inquire how my son Allan was. His doctor, who used to come to see me even though I did not like him, said to me one day, "You are both getting better, the question is who will get up first." I was very happy to hear that my son was getting better. Then came that awful day, January 1, 1929 when I asked the doctor, "How is my Allan today?" The doctor said, "I am sorry to tell you your son just passed away." Never was a sentence more bitterly pronounced. How I ever got over the shock, I do not know. I only cried, my son Allan, Allan my son, until my night nurse told me I was crazy. Of course, the shock nearly killed me. My dear family stayed with me all that night. They thought that now I must die but no, I could not die, the pain, the despair was too great to let me die. I did so want to die. I could not stand that awful desolation. I had to give my son Allan up, my first born from whom I had expected so much, from whom I had such great pride and from whom I had such great sorrow and such great pain. Oh, the pain, and the disappointment, but I was getting over a great deal of that, and now that terrible great pain that no mother can get over, and I, I, who have such a great capacity for both joy and pain, I had to try to get accustomed to this great pain. I was told that while I was inquiring for my son, he was inquiring for me, his mother. It seems he was getting better every day

as Dr. Hutly told me from day to day for a week, so that on Sunday my son got up preparing himself to come to see me, infact that said he was trying to shave himself, but his wife persuaded him to go back to bed. He did so and never got up again. I do not know what had happened to him in that short time. I only know he was gone and I never saw him nor spoke to him from the time I called him at his home before I took sick. I was too sick to be told anything at that time, but later when I was getting better, I asked Dr. Hutly what had happened to my son and he told me that my Allan was reinfected by one of his family. I did not know, nor do I know now what he meant by that statement. No one was allowed to see him or go to his room but his wife, so it must have been she, for she did have the flu before he was sick. I attempted to say any number of bitter and unkind things but true things about his wife, but what is the use, it only hurts to remember them. All I know is that from the time he got to know her, I felt I had lost the pride and joy of my son. I know that he tried to make up to me all that I had lost of him but she stood like a shadow between us. She was not a fit mate for my son. I tried to accept her for his dear sake. I went to his home where he always made me the honored guest. He often gave me money to give away to the poor, not only five or ten dollars, but much greater sums. One time he gave me sixty-five dollars to give to the poor for the high holidays. It was a little hard to find the right families to give this money to. Had I wanted to give this to an organization or institution, I could have done so at once, but I knew he wanted to help some self-respecting family, which I did. I know the people blessed him for his kindness to them.

He always paid for a scholarship to the Hebrew Institute and also always paid towards the Rabbi Sivitz Talmud Torah. Charities have changed so much in these last years. We do give freely, but we do not give personally. It all goes through some social worker who neither use their heads nor their hearts in doing charity. I can tell so many stories about the inequality of charity that once I would start I would not know when to finish. But to come back to my Allan. I can truly say he was an unfortunate man in many things and very successful in others. He was a member of the B'nai Israel Synagogue. He did his utmost to help in the collecting of money. He was a steady attendant of the Synagogue. The congregation thought very well of him. He was always called up to the Torah when present. I remember how well and dignified he looked that Rosh Hasonah when with his Talis on his shoulders he repeated the blessing in pure Hebrew in such a fine manner. This man who loved his mother, who was such a great comfort to me in my hours of despair and who wanted to come to me even though death was hovering over him. He tried so hard to make up to me in so many intangible ways. He tried to cover all ill feelings and he was making a success of what he tried to do, for he never lost the love and respect that he had from our friends and associates. This young and robust man of forty-three died in one week, or was it in only a day. I do not know for my loss was so great, my grief so deep and irreplaceable and my despair so great, and with it all I was so sick. My nurse told me I was crazy and I thought I was crazy. I was dreadfully frightened. I sent for my son Itzie, Bless him God. He came to me early in the morning and he put his dear arms around me and asked me what is the matter, what was it I wanted. I said you know Itz,

I am crazy. Who told you that. Oh, I know, the nurse told me that, so I want you to get somebody to take care of me and you watch that somebody. He said, "Don't worry mother dear, I will take care of you. You are all right, there is nothing the matter with you." So he sort of reassured me and reasoned with me. Then they put me to sleep. I knew nothing that day but when I woke that night I saw a real pretty girl sitting in my room. I wanted to know who she was and I was told that she was my night nurse. I do not know anything about my son's funeral. My doctors and nurses had me under opiates the first few days. My family watched me very carefully. They gave me every attention, God Bless them, but they never told me anything about my son. I wanted so to hear all about him, how he was sick, how he got better and how he died. They never told me any of the details. I only know when I go out to the West View burying grounds, there he lies with an open book for his head stone, which is right and proper for he was a man of the Book. I lived on in spite of my sorrow and in spite of my illness. After a time I asked to be taken home. Upon consultation, the doctors allowed me to be taken home. An there again in that beautiful home, I mourned and bewailed the loss of my Allan, my child, for to me he was my child even though he was a man with a child of his own. A gain I could not rise up out of my despair until one day one of my physicians and also a friend, Dr. Dan Jackson came over to my bed and really talked right into my ear. He said, "Mrs. Davis, you have a great burden to bear; for your children's sake you must strengthen your shoulders to bear this burden." I looked at him hardly knowing what he said. So he started over again and repeated what he had said and then added that he wanted me to go South for the rest

of the winter. Dr. Jackson started me thinking and in thinking I realized that I owe something to my living children and for their dear sakes I must try to get better. My dear daughter Sarah, who was then a student at the University of Pittsburgh, got everything for me and took me to Hollywood Beach, Florida. I will never forget the sensation when she took me to my room. I got off the elevator and as I started to walk down the hall I could not walk. My dear one almost carried me, still I cried I could not walk. I will help you mother dear, and she did, God Bless her with all that is good, for she was good to me. I went to bed there in that beautiful place and was in bed for two weeks. My daughter was my devoted nurse. She never left me even though there was light, music and laughter, but she took care of me. At last I was commencing to get better. At that time I had the nicest kindness shown me by two of my young friends. Very unexpectedly I found Mr. and Mrs. Seder in the same hotel, or I should rather say they found me. Really, they were very nice to me. They would come in with a most cheerful "Good morning, Mrs. Davis. How are you today?" It was most heartening. This they did for two weeks. They would bring me foolish little trinkets. I don't know when I appreciated anything more than I did their kindness. They also were nice to my daughter. After I was able to go down to the sun deck, I met others whom I knew. We all talk and think that only the poor need to be looked after. That is true for the poor are doubly sick because they are poor. But the well-to-do or the rich need a friendly act shown them also, for when one is ill, one is poor indeed and needs to depend on a second person to help him. It helped me a lot to have my friends so nice to me and I appreciated

it a lot. When I was well enough to walk, I realized that my daughter was a young person who should have better companionship than a sick and sorrowing mother, so these friends who were young asked me to let my daughter go out with them. I fully realized that we had both been housed in a hotel bedroom for weeks. I hardly know anything more depressing than a hotel bedroom to be sick in. I tried very hard for her sake to smile when I would rather have cried. I smiled when heart ached so for my son. There I was where there was laughter, music and gaiety. We so admire good actors - I think I was a greater actress than all of them for I have laughed and smiled when my heart was breaking with pain and grief and sorrow. So, for her dear sake I smiled and said I was enjoying myself and told her to go out and enjoy herself. She met, among others, a very nice young man, who became very attentive to her. He was nice. He lived in Miami, Florida, which was about twenty miles from where we were. He offered her his car, but she very sensibly refused to take it, for she understood that she must not place herself under obligations, so as I got better but not much stronger, I rented a car so that she should not miss the use of a car. As time went on, he became more serious. I was scared. I did not know what to do. I was afraid to say anything and I was afraid not to say anything. My friends went home. The Hollywood Hotel closed but my family insisted I stay in Florida a while longer as the weather at home was still very cold, so we moved to Miami Beach. It was even worse there for he was in closer touch with her. Somehow I felt this young man was not for my dear daughter and strange to say the people at that hotel called me aside to tell me to be careful, that my daughter was a beautiful girl and I should

hold her back. This young man was really all that one could ask for but no one thought he was good enough. I was in a quandry. One day he invited us both to dinner. We went early for my daughter wanted to buy something so she went into a store and her young man went to a drug store. I sat in the car waiting for them. As I sat there I saw a man coming toward me. I thought what a funny little man that was. When I looked again, there it was ^{Leonard} ~~Harry~~ himself. I was shocked. When we got back to our hotel, I told her of my impression. She laughed and said I was foolish. It was all very romantic but I hardly knew what I should do. I was very thankful to hear her laugh for that showed me she was not very serious. At last we made ready to go home. I was much benefited by my stay in Florida. The sun and the ocean does something that no doctor or medicine can do. Time is also a great healer. My household and my poor cases again claimed my attention so I again took up the burden of life. But strange as it seems to me now, I did not want to go back to my beautiful home, so I wrote the children that they should sell the home and get me something different. I told them I did not want to go back to my home where I had been so happy at first and then I had suffered so much there. I had sustained such great losses in that home. I did used to say that I loved every nook and corner of it, but I got so afraid, even though my Allan did not die there - he died in his own home, a most beautiful place. It cost him a lot of money and it cost him a double amount to remodel and redecorate. He bought the most beautiful expensive furniture. I think he told me it cost him about forty thousand dollars. He had a most valuable library which he

willed to Harvard if his son did not want or could not house it. I really do not know what they did with the library. His wife sold that gorgeous home for almost nothing. She turned everything into money. I do not understand how women can be that way. The men work and worry to provide and their wives as soon as the man dies all they want is the money, money, money. His wife gave me a little book of his poems. That was all she gave to anyone. She got money for everything. As I said, time is a great healer. I had to give up mourning for the sake of my family. I had a responsibility - how best to take care of my daughter. I must not say one word too much, and yet I must not be dumb altogether. I was mighty glad when the time came to go home. It was like getting out of a fog. I came home, but I had no home to go to, so I again went to a hotel until we bought this home where I am now. I had hoped and prayed that with the change of my home I would have better luck. But who am I to complain though my heart is again. I try to console myself with the thought of the many many mothers who cry for their children. It is said that the trouble of many makes one's trouble less. But I do not think so. Each one has to carry their own burdens and to each the pain is their own to bear. I wonder, I wonder how it is possible for one to bear so much. I who tell my children that I was a shy, timid soul in my youth should grow up to be so strong, so responsive to all the ills of mankind. I often wonder how I was able to do all the things that I did. I assisted at births, I assisted at deaths and I saved some people from death. But I could not save my son. I sent men and women and children to various hospitals in the city. I took men out of jail

who were so frightened that they would not go out with anyone else but me because they trusted me. I testified at a murder trial for a poor little woman who was accused of killing her husband. I knew her to be a good, kind, charitable woman and I said just that. It must have helped her for she was acquitted. I loaned money to people to start them on their way of making a living. I helped save a colored woman from prison. I helped people to buy their homes. I helped people to furnish their homes. I sent young girls and boys to business colleges, I paid for them myself. I got free scholarships for young men to universities. I got a special scholarship for a Rabbi. My Allan outlined what courses. They needed special courses in English. This they got free of charge. I helped to bury a Polish little child because the Church would not or could not do this without money so I gave the poor distracted mother money. I made collections for poor brides and helped them to get married. I walked miles and miles delivering baskets to the poor. I shall never forget how tired and worn out I was when I was through. I helped blind children and grown ups to get their sight. I have helped the deaf to hear. I even spoke to the deaf and dumb. When I say I have done these things, I have done them at my own expense, at my own personal service. Each one of these cases have very interesting stories. Some time I will tell these stories for some are very interesting. Some are very sad and some are pathetic. My accountant always tells my children that I give away much too much for my capital. I have placed many homeless children in childless homes. I have worked for institutions. I have worked for the Hebrew Institute and have given good money there.

I have worked and am still working for the Free Hebrew Talmud Torah, founded by the late Rabbi Sivitz of Blessed memory. I have had built and given a beautiful Holy Ark at a great cost to myself and before that my dear husband was my partner in building an Ark and Pulpit which the President of the Shule thought would be too expensive for me, so he offered me a partner. I said no, I have my own partner. When I came home I said to my dear husband, "Barney, I have this day made you my partner." Well, how much will it cost me. Oh, not so much. Well all right, I am willing to be your partner, in whatever it is. That was one way we trusted each other. I have given away my beautiful book cases to two Shules, so a third Shule called me up and said, "Mrs. Davis, are you going to give us a book case also? We need one very badly." So I gave them a lovely book case. I have paid big money for binding great volumes of the Talmud. I have had marriages in my home, beginning even when I was very young. I have even had Birth Melahs in my home, other than my own children. That is a story in itself. I have nursed my non-Jewish neighbors. I have been called and at all times answered the call to come and save very sick little children. One from poisoning, one from convulsions and one from something else. My God, my God, how can I remember to tell how many, many things I have done. I have bought so many horses and wagons for poor men that I became known as the horse buyer. I have placed men to work in our beautiful Schenley Park until now I feel I have a part in that park. I have bought and given away pianos for poor children and also to institutions. I have worked for the Council of Jewish Women and held office there. I have worked and given much money to Zionism. I have

and still am giving and supporting all the institutions and organizations in our city. I have lectured in all the towns in and around our city, for Sisterhoods, for Ladies Auxiliaries, for the Council of Jewish Women, and for the Mizrachach Women. I have worked for the Congress of Womens Clubs. I have worked very hard for Womens votes. I have a lovely little story to tell about this Womens votes. I have worked for years for the Beth Hamedush Hagodal Shule and brought in much money. I have worked for the Jewish Home for Babies and Children and was president there for seven years. I worked for our B'nai Israel beautiful Shule and gave much money there. I have worked for the B'nai Israel Sisterhood and was president for twenty-one years. I contribute yearly to the Children's Hospital, yearly to the Pittsburgh Free Dispensary, the New Future Association, The Volunteers of America and the Improvement of the Poor. I have worked and established the Montefiore Hospital, both the first and the second Montefiore Hospital, also the Hebrew Ladies Hospital Aid Society and was president there for twenty years. I founded this society as well as the Montefiore Hospital. I am being called the Mother of the Hospital. I gave much money to the Hospital. My dear husband gave the very first five hundred dollars to the Montefiore in the very beginning of time. I was its first Vice President. At another I was acting president of the Montefiore Hospital for one year. Oh my, how can I remember to tell all and each of the private and public works that I have done. All and each of these things entailed planning, work and personal service as well as expense, for I never asked for expenses nor did I ever receive any more than a "thank you".

I have tried to do my share of religious work. Through my encouragement and planning, my sisterhood established Kosher dinners at weddings and banquets in our finest hotels. I have worked for our cemetery. I collected the money with some assistance of my friend, Mrs. Rosenfield. We put up a fine fence and fountain. I have had streets graded through my efforts. How can I say in this small way of what I have done, for each and every one of the things I mention has a story of years or effort and work. Some of my private cases I have worked on for four, five and ten years. I am happy to say that all my work brought about happy results. I loaned money to families and only one of these did not pay me back the sum of two hundred dollars. I found that they never paid back. I have raised thousands of dollars for hundreds of different purposes. Thanks be to God, I never asked for money from anyone that I did not give of my own first. Above all I have born and raised eleven lonely children. God Bless them and give them long life. I lost one little fine boy at the age of five. But the hardest pain of all was the loss of my grown up sons and daughter. I can truthfully say that I attended to my children's needs to the utmost. I nursed all my babies. They were not bottle babies. I nursed my babies through all the childish ailments. I went with my children to all their entertainments. All their joys were my joys, all their difficulties were my difficulties. I shopped for them, I was always home to have lunch with them at all times, as I am now, at this late day, at home looking after my grandchildren. While I have always thought I was a strong woman, I have been numerous times sick unto death, but with the help of God, I would get better. The births of my children

were very severe. I seemed to be worse with every child until with my eighth child I suffered very severely for forty-eight hours, and with the other two I was very sick for more than twenty-four hours. Somehow the good God helped me and let me live through pneumonia, through sickness, through trouble, and through loss of money by panics. But what is all that compared to the loss of a dearly beloved daughter, to a fine strong loving and beloved son, Max. I who had such and still have such a strong feeling of responsibility to my fellowmen. I also have a strong nature to love as I dearly loved my husband, so I dearly loved all my children, and to lose such dearly beloved sons in the prime of their lives was and is indeed a hurt that is not in my power to express. I only know I have been crushed and bewildered. I say "Thy will be done" and in the next breath I say "Why, why should this have happened." I even went to some of the Rabbis to make some of my bewildered thoughts clear to me, but I found no consolation. I just had to work out my own salvation for I always had to remind myself that I have other children. God Bless them and give them long life in happiness and prosperity so I must not distress them my sorrow and my pain. It is enough for them to know when I am physically ill. They must not know how ill I am in my heart and mind. After losing my son Max at the age of twenty-nine, I lived, I worked, I sorrowed and I got used to other trouble and disappointments. I thanked God and prayed that all my other children be spared. Then my son Allan passed away. I was very ill at that time, still I was not ill enough not to know what a loss I sustained. Only I and my God knew what I had suffered from all my lost beloved children, for though they were men and women, to me they

were my children. And so when this last calamity happened in the passing away of my youngest son, Bennett Gershon Davis, so young - only thirty-four. He was so strong, so handsome and so full of life. I pray to God and I pray that God will hear and grant me my prayer that my children will be spared to me. That they live to be as old as I am in happiness and in good health, without any of the trials and tribulations that I have gone through. It is enough that I have suffered all this. I hope and pray for them all that they be spared because they are such fine useful men and women. They saw and do such kind good acts in their way. Ever since my dear husband died, it was my children who looked after my welfare in every way. They have suffered through me and with me in all my trouble, pain and suffering. That is why I have made such a great effort to bear my losses. I did not want to distress them more than their own sorrow would distress them. Often I have felt if I could only go out on some high hill or mountain, lift up my hands to God and cry and cry and cry out loud until my heart would break. But I always restrained myself. How did I ever do it? How did I ever do anything? I, a little old woman without any education, with a shy timid nature, I had to be a tyrant very often. Sometimes the children call me a battle axe. I am not naturally a hard hearted woman. I am not a battle axe but it must be my sense of responsibility that makes me do all the things I have done and am still doing. I have protected young girls with babies. One I sent away, out of the city, a deserted woman. God forgive me but it was best. The results showed it was best. I have letters from people - men, women and girls - who have thanked me and blessed me for helping

them the way I did. But all this did not save my Bennett. He passed away so very quick we could not realize how it all happened. My son David does not say very much, but at the loss of our Bennett he cried out, he went wild. Only once did he express himself. "Mother, you don't know, but I lost more than my right arm". Well, I lost more than my right arm, I lost a son, my youngest son. No more will I call him my baby boy, that is what I used to call him. He was very patient with me for many years, then when he was a great big man, for he grew very tall, he said to me one day, "Oh ma, how long will you call me baby boy?" When I saw he was somewhat annoyed, I stopped. Bennett was a great historian. He knew more history than all of us put together. It was very interesting to start him off on the pages of history. He made men and events live for us when he told us of the wars of the past, - in France, in England and in America. He knew of Germany also. He was just at the age of development. All his life he was sheltered. When he was sent to New England to take over a business, he told me that it was a great experience. The trip had enlightened him and broadened him, in that short time he broadened more than he would have at home. And this young son of mine went out just like a breath of air, in less than a half an hour, leaving a wife and two small children. God bless them and bless them. How can one refrain from asking, why, why? Just a bout two years before my Bennett passed, his wife's brother died by his own hand and under very suspicious circumstances. My Bennett went to Erie, brought his brother-in-law home, gave him a decent burial and arranged his insurance for his wife and boys

so that they may have decent living and the boys a good education. He even went so far as to move the little family to decent living quarters. I was really surprised and highly pleased for my Bennett did everything as his father would have done and as his father did do in his early life time. Oh my, how can I remember all the fine acts of this young son of mine. In one minute the bell rang and my son David got the message that Bennett was sick. When I came there fifteen minutes later, I was told he was gone. Gone? I did not understand! I was struck dumb! I was bewildered! I was crushed! My Bennett, my Bennett who called me his sweetie pie, who came to see me even on that fatal day, whom I patted on his shoulders and told him how fine he looked. It was only about six hours before. But what a difference six hours made in my life. It made me poorer by one son. It made me desolate. It made me afraid. It left me without mind, without memory. I have heard people bemoan their lot because they lost money, or they lost their home, or they lost their income, or they could not buy themselves the lovely things they craved. To me all these losses are like a joke. For in time all these can be recovered. But once one loses a child, that can never be recovered. Only in God's own time when there will be a resurrection. This one thought, this one hope is and has been my one great help to me and a great comforting thought. Following my Bennett's passing away, I was sick in heart, mind and body. It was only the great kindness and goodness of my children that made me try to respond to their loving care. I felt that I owed them some gratitude for their care. I could not let them know how I wanted to close my eyes and fall asleep. For what is death but sleep of a deeper and

souder nature. Sleep until the end of time, all unconscious of the terrible pain that gnaws at the heart in the loss of a beloved child. I pray to God that he spare my dear ones such pain. Yes, I know they have lost a dear brother. I know what that loss is for I have lost my only brother, but he was a man who has lived a full life and at his passing out, he said, " I have nothing to complain of for I have had a full life." I had also lost my sister. She died in my arms. But we were content to let her go. She had also lived a full life with much pain and sorrow, with trials and tribulations, and with much sickness, so that when she closed her eyes at the age of seventy-one, I and her family could truly say "Thou art a True Judge". But a young man who has just commenced to live and to realize how to live, and was planning to live well, my God that is hard to reconcile one's self to. It is now over a year since this dreadful loss came to me. How wonderful nature is and time is a great healer. I have already begun to be able to see people, to go out shopping and marketing. You see I have a family at home who still seem to need me and my directions, so I try to strengthen myself, to laugh, to talk to them in their own language. My Jacob, his little girl and his boy Richard still seem to need me, so I must keep on and on even though I am tired, very very tired.

I go back to the time when my son Jacob married a lovely girl, Florence Bacharach of Philadelphia. We were all so happy. Her family were very happy and highly pleased that their daughter married a man from a fine family, a brilliant man, a college graduate with fine native good sense and nature, also a fine Hebrew education. Having graduated

from college with high honor as he did from high school, in spite of the fact that he and a couple of his friends would get into mischief every now and again. Dr. Sumstein would send for me to tell me about their troubles, for I always had to take care of his friend Malcolm as well. One day I said, "Dr. Sumstein, that is not fair. Malcolm has a perfectly good father, why do you not call on him?" "Well, you see Mrs. Davis, you can do so much more with these boys, that is why." Their misdemeanor was not very serious, but required a reprimand, so I had to help Dr. Sumstein. At the same time, it was Jacob who won the silver cup for his school in his debate with another high school. From this he went to Harvard. Thanks be to God, I had no trouble with him while he was away. Only once in a while he would ask my permission for some foolish thing, but when I said no, it was no. He was a brilliant scholar. He made a Magna Com Lauda. In his last year at college, he asked me let him enlist before he was of age. I said no. I explained to him that our country had passed a law as to how the men were to be drafted. I was willing to abide by that law but I did not want any of my sons to go to the Army one day sooner than their time called for. He finished school and came home. Luckily he came just when we needed his most. My son Max was already in the Army and my son David was called and was making ready to go. The other boys each had their duties. Maurice and Albert were too young, though Maurice was at college and was training in the Navy. Itzie was a doctor and had a little family. Allan was already passed the Army age with a family. So that the office, our business, was being left without a director. When Jacob came home, he took up the work of our business all by himself.

It was a brave and daring thing to do, but I trusted him as I trusted my other sons. Than God he did very well until the others came back home. Everything he did well. I well remember how he took hold of my sister's property. My dear sister took care of her property in a haphazard way, so she was always in the red. So one day when my doctor ordered me to bed for a couple of weeks with a very slow heart condition, I had time to think about her financial condition. I figured out that she was not getting as much as five per cent on her property, so I called her daughter Anna and explained that everybody was entitled to at least six per cent on their money invested. I tried to interest her in her mother's affairs so that she would do something. She said to me, "You know Aunt Annie, I can't do anything. Mother would not listen to me." So I had to talk to my sister myself. I asked her if she would raise any of her rents as I knew and she knew she was not getting what she was entitled to. She said she might raise them a dollar or two. I saw that she did not know nor understand the renting condition so I told her to turn this matter over to Jacob. At first she was loathed to do so, but after due consideration she let Jacob do what he could about the handling of her property. Jacob did not know either, so he went to the Chamber of Commerce and asked them about the renting and how much certain kinds of property were worth. They explained to him everything about the price per room. In no time he raised the rents accordingly. He allowed my sister as much as she always had and had enough left for repairs, back taxes, back water rent and back interest. I really thought he did a wonderful piece of work. He did it well and with good judgment. He kept this up for some

years until he had them all cleared and then turned the matter over to sister. In this way and with the same judgment he made friends and in this way he met and fell in love with his wife and in due time they married. They were very happy. She was a darling, good girl. She understood him and they got along very well. In due time God blessed them with a baby boy. Her family was very happy. To grandfather Bacharach, the boy was precious because there were no boys, only girls. He used to come here very often and enjoyed his stays with his daughter, son-in-law and grandson. Then Florence had another baby. This time it was a little girl, just a darling little girl. They named her Caroline. She was a sweet child but one day she caught cold and my daughter called in a baby specialist, Dr. Price. He said it was nothing, she will be all right. The next day I saw that the baby was worse so I called the doctor again and again he said it was nothing. The next day I called the doctor in the morning and asked him to come over and bring a nurse with him. He got rather cross with me and I told him that the baby's mother was not a good nurse and to be sure to order a nurse. He came and still insisted that I was unduly alarmed. Then at my insistence he called in a Dr. Riener. This doctor agreed with Dr. Price. But the baby got worse, so my son called Dr. George Feildstein, but it was too late. The dear little baby died that day, after suffering about five days. I always felt the doctor did not know what was the matter. I do not know why we are so afraid of our doctors. Why we do not take things in our own hands. Why did I not call a nurse myself. We ask these questions after it is too late. This was just another sorrow that I

went through, the losing of a little grand child and seeing my son Jacob and his wife go through their first great sorrow. My poor Florence did not know what struck her. She did not know how to take it. I tried to help them - I tried to help all of them.

Just at that time, while I was busy with this stricken young family, my son Bennett and his wife took sick, so I did what I could to help them. I cooked for them for I knew they all needed some strengthening soups. I was so taken up that I did not know who spoke to me or who I spoke to. Then one day I remember that I had not heard from my son Allan. Even then I was busy cooking for the Sabbath day. I said to myself that just as soon as I got through, I would call Allan up. While thinking this, I remembered that Allan always said, if you have an impulse to do a good deed, do not lay it off but carry the good impulse out. So I stopped and called Allan up. He told me his family were ill, did I not know it? I explained to him why I did not call him and I did not know that his family were ill. After I explained to him that Florence was ill and that Bennett and his wife were sick, Allan said that it was all right and he understood why I did not call him. That was the last time I spoke to him in this life. My Allan took sick that night and I took sick that same evening, though we were both normal when I spoke to him early in the afternoon. But I must go back to my son Jacob, God Bless him. As young people they recovered after a time and started a normal life again. They had their little boy Richard, God bless him. We thought they were content but it seems Florence felt the loss of her little girl more than we thought or know. In the meantime her

father and mother went to Europe on a trip. There in Europe father Bacharach took sick. Mrs. Bacharach did not know what to do, so she took him to Vienna where she was advised to have her husband operated on at once. But she was terrified so instead she took him home. We all saw he was doomed. Mr. Bacharach was very sick for the better part of a year. Florence went to see him numerous times but always came back with little comfort. He lingered on in great pain for a long time but at last he passed away. He was a good man, a gentleman. Though he was the second generation born in America, he was very religious in a sense. He never did business on the Sabbath day while away from home, nor did he have his business open on the Sabbath at the home office. He was a strict man and attended Divine Services every Sabbath day. Also he was a very charitable man, God rest his soul. I went to his funeral and there I saw how well he was thought of. There were about a hundred men at the evening services. Rabbi Max Kline conducted everything. That was the next great sorrow that over shadowed my son's home. But every cloud had a silver lining. Some months later, my Florence gave birth to another little girl. Jacob and Florence were very happy with their little girl. It seemed as though their loss had been regained. They named this baby after the grandfather Solomon, so they called her Suzanne - it was as close as they could get. They were very happy. Everything in their home was grand. But when Florence went to see her mother, she always came home like she was beaten. For a long time I did not know what was the matter, but one day she let it out. Her mother and sister thought it was outrageous for Florence to

have another baby at a time when her father was so sick. They made her feel very bad. One time she thought she would take the baby along, thinking it would soften her mother's heart when she saw what a beautiful baby she had. But no, they would not have it that way and again showed their disapproval. Florence came home heartsick. She then took up some public work for the Council of Jewish Women and also for the Jewish Home for Babies and Children. On that fatal day I called her up and asked her to come to my house to help arrange something for the Jewish Home for Babies. She laughed and said, "Why mother I have a Congregational League meeting at my house, but I think the Babies Home is more important, so I will come to your meeting at two." She then went out to do some marketing. It seems while she was in the store she got a severe chill and cough so she came home and went to bed. Her maid called me up to tell me she could not come as she went to bed. I thought that was very wise and I told the girl to call their doctor, which she did. When I came over a little later that afternoon, my heart sank. My Jacob came home from the office. He called another doctor and I saw what preparation they made for her comfort. I saw at once my girl was very sick. My son called in another doctor and another doctor, but it was no use. She was getting worse, so my son telegraphed for her mother. We sent for a man from Philadelphia. Dr. Reese came and looked at the patient. He said she has a fifty-fifty chance. Dr. Simonton said to me, "You pray for you are a good woman, Mrs. Davis." I said, "Is it as bad as that?" He said, "Yes it is. We were wild. Here was a young woman so full of life, so strong, so happy and with everything to live for, and in four short days she was gone. What terrible words, she was gone."

She left a grief-stricken man with two little children. I really can not tell how things were. I was again struck down. I loved this young woman. She was such a fine person, so understanding. She was dear to me like a daughter and in no time I lost her. I do not know how I lived. I did not know how my son lived. I did not know how the children lived. I do not remember her funeral. I only knew that I felt if only I could go and shout and holler at the top of my voice, maybe I would feel better and that terrible stone that was in my heart and throat would be better. But at the same time I knew I must not do that, so there I was - I had to comfort my son which I did the best I knew how. In my bewilderment I did not know nor say anything about the children. It must have been a day or two after the funeral I sat shaking from side to side when I heard someone say something about the children. They did not know what they would do with them. I do not know if that was the way it was said or who said it. I turned around to them and told them not to worry about the children. I will take them and care for them. There was a hush for a moment and that finished the problem. They have been with me ever since. I look at my little granddaughter sitting at the piano. A picture came to me how she looked. Another picture came to me how I first got her. A forlorn little baby without a mother. She was only eighteen months old, a helpless little baby not knowing what happened to her, but I knew. And there was my little boy, so little, so helpless. Thank God they were too small to know, but I knew. Now thank God my boy is soon to be sixteen, a big tall boy at the age of the cuff and collar going to his first dance. How I did it I do not know, but I do know I gave them all the love and attention I gave my very own children.

They came to me two little worms. They are now two young people. When they were little, I went to their kindergarten parties and I sat in their little chairs. I would never let them feel they had no mother. I was their mother. I made them parties. I made them picnics. I often felt foolish among the young mothers but there I was with them and I keep this up until this day. Though lately I am unable to do as much personally as I used to, so I get my daughter Sarah to do things for me. When it comes to reports or any difficulty, then I go myself to straighten matters out. I must express my appreciation to my children for their cooperation in this, my responsibility. There is only one thing I resent from them. When something arises they tell me to whip them. That is one thing I never could do even when they as children deserved it badly. I never could hurt them for I ever have before me that they have no mother. Their father is occupied with his business most of the time so I do not trouble him. Thank God they are good children, but they are children. I am now old. I have raised my own family. My baby was twenty years old. I had already forgotten what to do and how to do things for the little ones. So I put myself to the task of learning. How many times I was chagrined and at the same time amused when my son's friends came to see the little ones. They would say, "Why Mrs. Davis, the children look fine." How did you think they would look? Yes, but they are looking fine. They never thought of the work and worry it was to see to it that they should look well, behave well, sleep well and go out among people so that they grow up well. I never left them alone at lunch or at dinner. When I am sick they bring

their table near my bedside and when even now I am busy in my room, my little girl brings her lunch in my room to eat. She does not like to be along. It is my belief that children should from their very babyhood be treated like people, then in due time they grow up like real people. When it was time for Richard to start Hebrew school, I started him to Hebrew School. When it was time for Richard to start Sunday School, I started him to Sunday School. Later when it was advisable to have Richard learn dancing, I talked to him and showed him the advisability of knowing how to conduct himself in polite society, so finally he went to the dancy school. It was not easy but with kindly persuasion he is doing right well. I had to teach Richard to go out and fight if need be and not to be afraid to get hurt, but not let any one take advantage of him. Piano lessons came very hard. He did not want or like the teacher so he would not take the lessons. I let him alone for one year. One day I saw him listen to Suzi play, which she does very well. I asked him in an off hand manner, how about it Richard. You know you like music. Oh yes, I like music but I will not take from Mrs. F. You do not have to take from Mrs. F. You can have another teacher. So Master Richard started his music with his favorite cousin, Bamette. He did very well for a time. I did want him to know and appreciate good music, to love music and be able to play for his own pleasure, but it was no go. After he really mastered the keyboard, his father allowed him to stop. After I had put in so much time and patience. It was not easy but when I saw it was no use I let go, even though it is against my best judgment. I had to do all the planning and thinking for the children. Their father's business

takes him out of the city for weeks at a time, so he^{is} hardly able to do much planning. I have to do all for the children. Thank God they are really getting along very well. Richard's Bar Mitzvah gave me quite a turn. After going to Hebrew School for about five years, without any protest, without any trouble, even I knew he was not progressing very well. I went to the principal, Mr. Savage and Rabbi Lichter, not so much for my own boy as for other boys whose mothers complained to me. After a great deal of talk as to the whys and wherefores, Mr. Savage said the school needed another teacher, but the school needed more money. I asked him how much he needed and he said three hundred dollars to finish the semester. I will get the money for you in a few days. You get the teacher. But instead of getting another teacher he allowed the same teacher to teach these same children, and of course they again did not progress, even though I got the three hundred dollars that same week. This went on until the time when Richard should have started to study for his Bar Mitzvah. I felt quite satisfied that all was well, but when I examined Richard, I found he could not read the Hebrew and I was struck dumb. Here I was working and getting money for other children and my own child was being neglected. It made me sick at heart. So I again met with Mr. Savage and the Rabbi. I asked what was the matter here. Are you trying to shame me before the whole Congregation? I who have worked for our Congregation, I who have given so much money to the Synagogue and to the Hebrew School, and my grandson should not know Hebrew nor could heread a word of the Bible. They told me not to worry that they would take Richard in hand and that he would know his P arsha and his Maftau, even though boys are never

expected to read the Maftau. Well, how can I tell you all I had to go through before I saw any progress. I must say I never had any trouble with the boy. He never refused to attend his Hebrew School. My son was away most of the time and when I spoke to him about the matter, he said, "Mother, it is in your hands. All I want is a very fine Bar Mitzvah." So you can imagine what I had to go through. I went to Rabbi Litcher, I told him or rather asked him what I had done to him or the Shule or the Hebrew School that they so neglected my grandchild and they seemed so unconcerned about the whole matter. They told me again I should not worry that Richard will be able to read and deliver himself well. Thanks be to God, Richard studied and he learned very well both with the chanting of the Parsha and the singing of the Maftau. The reason the other boys never had Maftau was because they could not teach the boys that particular chant. So my daughter, Sarah, God bless her, went to Chazen Bloom. She learned the chant and in turn taught it to our Richard. He did very well both in his reading of his Parsha, his Maftau and also a fine Hebrew speech. We had some fine parties after all my trouble and heartache. I will never forgive either the Rabbi nor Mr. Savage for I have found that our Holy Religion carries on not because of their efforts but in spite of them. I hold the entire Rabbinate responsible for the ignorance of our people of the beauty of our Holy Religion. First I made a fine dinner for Richard and his boyfriends, then we had a light luncheon at the Shule on Sabbath with plenty of wine, liquor, cake and other drinks, then we had a fine family dinner and on Sunday evening we had a lovely reception for my son's friends and mine. Laughingly I often say it was like a Polish wedding, but really we were all very happy. This coming

May, Richard will be confirmed in his Sunday School, please God. It is all very gratifying. I am putting all this down in detail because you know I am not so young nor so strong any more. Everything I do now is with great effort physically. But thank God I gave my son great pleasure and my grandson a fine memory. He will always remember his Bar Mitzvah and I hope in turn he will make his son's Bar Mitzvah. I am sure it was very worth while. This will sound silly but it is worth while to put down. During this period Richard thought it would be good to go to Shule every Sabbath morning as he used to before his Sunday School classes took place on the Sabbath day. So he was away from his Sunday School work four Sabbath days. After his Bar Mitzvah his teacher, Rabbi Rothchild, marked him a zero in his work. My son could not understand how Richard would deserve a zero so he went to his teacher and Rabbi. Jacob asked, "Is my son so dumb that he deserves a zero?" The teachers and Rabbi Rothchild said no, but he was absent from school. But you know he was attending Sabbath Services and also studying Hebrew. But that did not interest them. But my son said that was not fair. Give Richard his examination and if he fails I will see you are right but if he does not fail, then I want that failing mark erased from his records. Richard came out with high marks. I still have my duties towards the children. They have no mother and their father is away the greater part of the year so I must shoulder all responsibility. Can I ever forget the fright I had with my little Suzi. She is a sturdy little girl but as all children she would take sick every now and again, which would upset me very much. One day the doctor said Suzi had bad tonsils

which should come out. So they arranged with the hospital to have this done. My Jacob, my dear daughter and my doctor son told me that Suzi was staying at school for her lunch. I never suspected anything. I said all right for suzi would ask to stay for lunch at school so that was nothing new. About midday my son Itzie called me and said, "Well, they are out." Who was out and he laughed and said Suzi's tonsils are out. I could not say anything for a minute or two. I was very glad to hear this, but still I did not think they should have done this without my knowing, but thank God they were out. She got along very and the next day she was well enough to be brought home. Everything was fine. Suzi was in bed near me. She started to walk and on the fifth day she wanted to get dressed so I started to dress her. She was feeling so good. Just then I saw her change color. I asked was she sick and she said yes. I laid her down right across the bed. I did not want to move her and immediately called the doctor. He was just getting dressed and would come right away, but I did not wait, I called the other doctor who operated on her. He said to me in a very cross manner to bring her to the hospital. I told him she was too sick and I could not move her. He again said bring her to the hospital. Take a cab and bring her to the hospital. Then I let go, I told that man the hospital was for the sick and not for his convenience. My little girl was too sick to be moved. She was bleeding too much and too hard and that he must come right away. In the meantime I did what I could to stop her bleeding. I was afraid she would bleed to death. I was scared but thank God I had enough sense left to do such things as applying ice to her throat, giving her ice and before long the doctor

came. He at once clamped the wound and stopped the bleeding. Then her other doctor came. They then told me this often happens on the fifth day, but why did they not tell me that at first. Doctors should caution their patients. How can I tell all about the trials and tribulations that I went through and am still going through with these little ones. It is now eleven years since their mother died. I never forget for one minute that they have no mother so I must be more than a mother to them. Thanks be to God they are now on the road to a good and useful life - with school, with music, with dancing, with religion, with Sabbath services, with culture and with loving kindness to one another. I could write on and on of the parties I made for them, the picnics and other affairs. How I had to take the right care of them. I had to study how to correct them and yet not be offensive to them or to their father. How many times I could not go out because I would not leave them alone. Where I go I always take them along if at all possible, even though it is hard on me. I have to go to the dentist with Suzi because I want her teeth to be perfect. I go to the doctor with her. I do not let her go alone. I had to have a dispute with my son. I did not trust the man he selected, yet he put the responsibility on me to see that her teeth are well attended. So I called two others to advise me. I found my judgment was right.

All this time I kept on with my public work and the work I had to do with my own family, for even though my family are upstanding men and women, there is plenty of work to do for children, for to me they are still children. When one of them is sick, I suffer with them. When one is troubled, I am troubled also. When they are doing well, I am

doing well also. I go through all their trials with them. They have only one me to trouble about. I have many trials to go through, being mother of them all. I really have not the gift to be able to write out all I have gone through with my dear family. God bless them. I could not do otherwise. I have just now rebuilt and remodeled our play room and kitchen. I am very happy to have done this. I am only sorry I did not think of this sooner, but once I thought of the improvement, I had it done, even though I am old everyone marveled at me. I have to make all decisions. Just now I have to decide to let Suzi go to Camp. I do not like Camps but my son was bombarded with letters about the benefits of camp life and as my son seems to think it will be good for Suzi, so in spite of my prejudice I have consented to let her go. It may be very fine for those children whose mothers are lazy and irresponsible, who have no patience with their children, so they send them to camp where the children are regimented by a whistle. A whistle to get up, a whistle to go to eat, to go to play and a whistle to stop. It so happens that I do not like such a life for a child who can not do anything without being told, so I am not strong for camp life. Last year I arranged that their father take them on a trip for two weeks. They had a grand time. They learned a lot, they met some very interesting people, saw many interesting and historic sights and came home very happy having been with their father on very familiar planes. They came back much wiser than when they went away and to this day a year later, they still speak of one thing or another that they experienced.

Richard met and spoke to Mr. Knudsen, the director of National production. He went right up to this gentleman and told him that he, Richard, was a

great admirer of his. They shook hands and Richard told me, "Grandma, Mr. Knudsen got red in his face when I told him I admired him." Now no camp could give such an experience to a young boy or girl. I will let Suzi go this year and I hope she will enjoy her summer. We shall see. I have another little granddaughter next door to me. I would like Dorothy to go also. She is my other son's child. My son Maurice just moved next door to me. I am very happy they bought the house. Leona wanted a home of their own and as I am a believer in owning the home, I urged them to buy. Very wisely, they put the house in very fine condition by decorating and remodeling completely before they moved in. It looks very beautiful. I must say Leona had a good deal to do while all the repairs were going on. I heard her say, "Mother, I love this house, I love it." That is very gratifying for I feel I have great influence in making their lives happy, much more so than it would have been had I been indifferent. But, thank God, I was very sure what I urged and encouraged would be good for them. It is good, it enriched their lives and made it full. I went through a great deal of debating with myself. Why must I always assume the responsibility to urge, to advise, but thank God, it was the wisest advice I ever gave. As I said, I have been enriched by all kinds of experiences. When I look around at some of my friends and acquaintances, I wonder how they put their time in. As for me, I am never done. I always have two, three or four tasks to perform. I go from one task to another. I am happy to do my bit. Even this day, Jan. 28, I think I finished for good a task I began 26 years ago when I sent a woman to the hospital to be delivered.

She gave birth to a little boy. Somehow a Priest came to see her and wanted to baptise her baby. She got hysterical and the hospital sent for me. This poor soul told me what she was afraid to tell the nurse or doctor. I assured her that as long as she would not permit this Priest to baptize her baby, he would not dare do so. But you see, Mrs. Davis, he put this image on the baby. Sure enough there was a little silver Christ child pinned on the baby's gown. So I said, "Well never mind, I will arrange to have your baby circumcised, then they will let you alone." I then spoke to the superintendent. He permitted me to send the Rev. Mr. Bloom, who is a fine Mohal. Mr. Bloom circumcised the baby in due time. The mother was discharged and they again sent for me. I bought a little layette for the child as the mother had no clothes for it. I took her to the train to send her to a convalescent home. She was there for four weeks. When she was discharged she took her baby to the Pittsburgh Home for Babies and then disappeared. The home kept the baby for four years and then asked the Jewish people to find a home for this baby. Mrs. A. Englander took this child. She and her husband had no children so they took this little homeless one into their home and into their hearts. Mrs. Englander came to me to ask about the child. I gave her the facts as they were. I also advised her not to talk to the other women about this child. I also advised her to legally adopt this baby. She and her husband fully intended to do so. I watched the growth of this boy and his upbringing. I can truthfully say that Mrs. Englander gave to this boy the best and finest training that any mother could. She watched his schooling, his Sunday school, his Hebrew school and his home conduct was of the finest.

I had visited at her home a number of times and everytime I saw evidences of a fine home training. Once I visited her when she was laid up with a broken ankle. As we were talking this boy came in to the room to ask permission to go to a movie. His mother said yes he could, but he must have his milk and bread first. He took the milk though he did not want it. Then he came for his money. His mother gave him the money and he ran to the door. Then he stopped and said "But mother, who will stay here with you." We were all thrilled with his words and with the joy that came over her face. She said, "My dear, these ladies will stay with me." Then he flew like the wind. He was then about ten or twelve years old. The next I saw him when he was Bar Mitzvah. He was then a tall boy and conducted himself very well. We all had a grand time and everything was well. Then his foster father lost his business and his money. So they moved to New York state. The last I saw him he was a tall boy of about sixteen, but I often heard of him through his mother. She told me many times that he was her whole life. She lives only for him. About two years ago her husband died. I had not heard of this sorrow until the other day when she called me up to ask a favor. She came and told me about her husband. While he lived they had everything. Now she has to depend on her boy and the boy knows he has to provide for her. While he is working, he had made application for another job which would pay him better. He applied in some defense work. There they are very particular and they must have his birth certificate and being that he is from another state, he must have an affidavit that he is the same boy that was born and raised in Pittsburgh. I knowing all the circumstances, she asked me to

give her this affidavit which I did at my lawyer's office. It was a real pleasure to see this young man's picture which she showed me. He is a handsome young man as he was a handsome boy. He works during the day and goes to college in the evenings. He does not smoke or drink and now at the age of twenty-six, he wants his mother to go through the adoption procedure so that he will be her son legally as well as morally. I was delighted. I also shed a few tears with her in her sorrow and she shed a few tears with me in my sorrow. This is only one of the tasks that I constantly have to perform. I am happy to do so. All I ask from the good God is to grant long life to the rest of my children.

What are these little trials that one is heir to as compared to the trial of the loss of a child, be he old or be he young? The loss of a child is the greatest trial of all. I often wonder how I can live and my dear son died. The thought that never, never could I see or hear the beloved one that has been taken. How can I stand the thought that he could have been so useful to his little son and his little daughter. To know that his little ones have to go through life without their father. My God, how can I bear it? I know I am ungrateful to God for he has given me grand good sons and a loving daughter. Let me be grateful for them, dear God. Many, many times I feared I was losing my mind from the sorrow and the grief from the loss, the heart ache and the heart hunger for my dear ones. But I always think of my dear loving family and in my most and greatest unhappiness, I smile at them and say I am quite all right, when if the truth would be told, I would rather have cried and cried. That is why I am so glad that my son Maurice and his family have moved near me and when

they tell me they are really very happy with their new home, I have a keen satisfaction that I have had one little bit in that happiness.

I am much better in my health. I know I am not strong. I know my knees are very bad, my heart is not so good, neither is my breathing, but still I am better. I think one of the things that make me better is the lives of the children. They are all getting along, thanks be to God. My daughter Sarah has two darling little girls, and a good husband. His business is increasing, thank God. They have bought their home and are now in the process of remodeling, redecorating and fixing up and that makes me very happy, for even in that I had the courage to encourage my son-in-law to make the investment. Sometime I will write more about that.

Just now I must say that with all that I have been able to do, I am baffled by the action of my son Albert. This boy of mine was and still is a very handsome man, a bright, highminded human. But lately somehow he seems to have changed. I had been very ill when he was born. He came into my family after I had a large number of children. He was raised just the same as all my other children and he was quite a normal boy. He started school at the given age. He started his Hebrew lessons just the same as the other children. He went to Sunday School at the Rodef Shalom Temple as did my other boys. He was a little fellow when his father died, but our life went on just as though Pa was alive - that was the way I wanted our lives to be and I think that father would have wanted us to live that way. When I was sick, I well remember he was my shopper. I learned from him how to give my orders, for one day when I told him to buy something, he said, "Mother, this is first choice, now what is your second choice." I have practiced this even unto this day always to have a second choice. I thought

it was very clever of a child to express himself that way. I remember all these little treats. He was not any more tempermental than any of the other children, although we always felt he was a little high strung. After his public and high school, he entered the Pittsburgh University. He was an average student and seemed to get his work. I just do not know when the change took place but he did change. He started his social life quite young with a group of boys and girls from his high school and his Sunday school and before long he was a very frequent visitor at the home of Laura Adolph. We used to tease him about it but the crowd was nice and there was no objection on either side. When Laura was confirmed, I went to their reception and I found my Albert there. Jokingly I said, "Well, I see my representative is here before me." Mrs. Adolph answered that no one was more welcomethan Albert. Unfortunately, Mr. Adolph became sick a year or two after Laura's confirmation and Albert sort of became their friendly assistant. This went on until Albert was about nineteen. Then one day he came to me and asked if it would be all right for him and Laura to become engaged without telling mother Adolph. I said "No, it would not be all right. You see, my son, Mr. Adolph is very ill and Mrs. Adolph is very much worried about him. I think it would be taking advantage of two sick people so to speak. I said, wait, you are both very young and you have lots of time. When the time comes you can speak to mother Adolph and with her consent you can become engaged." My son listened to me. He kept up his visits to Laura right along. Then one day he came to me and said he would like to start to work so as to prepare himself. I said, "Sonny, you have to finish your college, you can't stop now right in the

middle. He said he intended to keep up his college work by going to night college. I think that was where I made my mistake. I let him change from the daily attendance to night attendance and he worked at the office during the day. He also attended to all of Mrs. Adolph's business for Mr. Adolph was very sick for more than two years. Then Mr. Adolph died and my Albert became a man of affairs. He attended to all their business, to all of mother Adolph's business. This made his college work suffer with the result that he stopped altogether. He really never graduated. Well, some time after he and Laura announced their engagement and shortly after that they married. All this time I had no trouble with my Albert. But just as soon as they were to be married my troubles began. It is too trivial to speak about but for Albert to agree to act so strangely puzzled me. It made me most unhappy but I tried to overlook everything and every action, whether it was towards me or towards my daughter. Mrs. Adolph made a very nice wedding. My family and I attended and everything was in good order. Although I wanted to make a grand party, somehow I was so hampered that I gave up the idea, so my son David threw a very nice affair at the Club. But somehow I already saw the difference in my Albert. I always knew that it is natural for a man to leave his father and mother and cling unto his wife. I did not object to that but I was distressed anyhow. As Laura was an only child and as mother Adolph was a lone woman, it was natural for Albert and Laura to live at home. Mrs. Adolph was a rich woman, still Albert did not want to live there gratis, so he again came to me to ask what I thought would be fair. I told him since they were to live in a big fine home, he would have to pay more. I told him what I thought would

be fair and he arranged this with Laura's mother. Everything went along fairly well - not too familiar, not too distant. Of course Albert was not a Davis any more, he was like some one else. After some years God blessed them with a boy. Laura had not been very well. I did not know what was the matter so I advised them very earnestly to go to Atlantic City. Then they laughed and told me they were expecting a Blessed Event. I certainly was surprised. Well, shortly after the boy was born. Again I had a little difficulty, but even that was arranged. I called the Rev. Mr. Bloom. He circumcised the child and named him. Everything went along, as I said, not too familiar, not too strange. But there was a separation. That is one thing I do not understand. We place great value on friendship. On childish association, we overlook their peculiarities, but when there is a difference between brothers, then it becomes very bitter. Well, everything went along until that fatal day in 19 29 or 1930 or was it even later than that, but it seems that mother Adolph had invested very heavily in stocks, a great deal on margin and everything went. When I heard about it I did not know what to do. My first impulse was to go to her and my second was how will she take my visit. But as my first thought was kindly, I thought I would go with the hope that I would be received well. I went and found the poor woman distracted. She carried on most distressingly and I tried to comfort her. I pointed out what was the money or the loss of money. Thank God she had Laura and her grandson and son-in-law. Why cry about the money. But she would not be comforted. After a while another friend came to see her and she said the same thing. We quieted her a little and I came home. After that Laura tried to get money from friends to pay on margin. The office gave her a check for five thousand dollars. We could not give them more as we were

losing money ourselves, not in stocks but in business. Well the whole thing was tragic. They would not let any of their stocks go. They held on and on until everything went, my son's money as well. They thought they were poor, very poor and in their poverty action, they really did become poor. For some reason or other Laura asked Albert to come home to fix the furnace. He came home with his porter. Whether he fixed the furnace or not I do not know but he was mad clear through to call a man from his business to fix a furnace. Boiling as he was, he got in his car to go back to the store and that was when that dreadful accident happened. My son was so hurt that he was not expected to live. I was told his car was so smashed that it was not worth towing away. Well, I got the news and as he was so very sick they thought I should come. I suppose I made a mistake by going to the hospital and going directly to his room without stopping to ask permission. I did not think I needed any one's permission. I was so distracted, so upset I did not think, I only knew he was badly hurt and I felt I must see him to assure myself that he was living. When I walked into his room he smiled at me. I thanked God for his mercy to me and my son. I thank God and Bless His Holy name every day that my son was spared to me. He was very sick with a compound fracture of the skull. He was in the hospital for a long time and was still acting very poor when they took him home. At first Laura tried to nurse him herself. I knew that was too hard for her to do. I begged them to get a nurse. I tried to make them understand that I would pay for the nurse. I really do not remember all that went on but it was not good. I, being a great believer in Atlantic City, advised them to let Albert go to Atlantic City feeling sure the sun and air

would do him good. Well he went but he was very unhappy there so he came back. Then for a very short time they came to my home. Here too I asked for a nurse but I could not persuade them, so after a short time they went home. He suffered very much from dizzie spells. He often fell down just where he stood, and he very often fell down the stairs. He certainly suffered very much. But as time went on Albert is getting better. I pray to the good God that he will some day be completely cured, though I was told that is hardly to be expected. So now I pray that he should get over what is bot hering him. That is between him and me and the family, for there is something. He only comes once in a great while. He has never called on his sister though she lives almost across the street from him. He has never seen her baby Barbara, though the baby is now a year old. God bless her, she is a doll. I know that since my Bennett died something was added to what had been before, but as we had never made it clear to him that Laura would not let the family go up to see him and now he thinks the family did not care. So now he will not unburden himself to me as to what is bothering him. He never calls me up sometimes for months at a time. This last New Years I waited for a call all day and since none came I called him. He was very nice and cheerful and reminded me to be sure not to forget his birthday. I told him this time I surely will not forget as I knew it was on the nineteenth. He laughed and said, "No, the eighteenth." I asked him what he wanted for his birthday and he said he did not want anything, just my love. Well that was very nice but how would you like a nice diamond ring. No, he did not want a diamond ring. But this is different, this is one of my rings that I have from father. Well, ~~that~~ that is different, so I had a lovely ring made for him. I took it up to him personally. He

received me very nicely. He thought the ring was lovely. He thanked me. Laura also was very nice, but I have not heard from him as yet. It is now about two weeks since, but what is two weeks, I have often not heard from him in longer periods. I also gave a lovely diamond ring to my son Itzie. It was a great surprise to him but he loves it. I want to give a great number of my precious things away to the children now while I am living so some day I will give my other sons my other diamonds. I still have this one piece of work to do though I am dreadfully afraid of it, but as I have always had to work out my own salvation, so I have to work this out. I have done many, many things but I never neglected my family. No matter how many meetings I had, no matter what organizations I had to do for, I always was home before six when I expected my husband home. My dear family always encouraged me and teased me, and at the same time helped me. Without this encouragement and assistance I could never have done all the good work that I have done. There are some things that I have done that are beyond price, beyond description. As I go on, I will try to tell some of the wonderful things that I have accomplished. But my family came first and I can truthfully say they were enough to keep one busy. One season my dear husband wanted the children's pictures taken. He dearly loved to have their pictures at different ages. So at this time a very fine photographer, Mr. Ralph Minhart was putting out a very fine photograph and a beautiful water color at a special price. I took my family down in relays. I could not take them all at one time. It was some work and I was worn out many times, but I got the job done. It took me weeks to have this done, but after all the pictures were lovely. My husband loved them even though he had

to pay a stiff price. I still have some of the water colors in my home. Some I have given to my married children. What do the mothers of today know of the work I did for my family. Now they have a nurse from the time the baby is born to when the baby is able to walk. Not so with me. I nursed all my eleven myself, when they were little and when they were big. I had additional help in the house but the children were my job, my responsibility. I bathed them, dressed them, inspected them and bought their clothes. Four suits at a time, dozens of stockings, dozens of underwear, a dozen of shirts, pajamas and handkerchiefs. Today the mothers have only one lonely child and it is a lonely child for the mother sleeps late and the little one has to eat by itself. They even tell each other how bad or disobedient their child is. Why half the time the poor child looks like some poor neglected little one who is dressed by careless maids. I know a number of children who ask their maids to sit with them because their mothers are either sleeping or are out. No so with me. I never let my children eat alone. Even to this day if I can not eat I take a cup of tea or coffee and sit with them. I was never bored or lonesome. I never had the time to be either. I always had something to do. If it was not one thing, it was another. I was sewing one day near a window. My little fellow Maurice, who was then about four years old, came over to me. He climbed up on the window sill between me and the machine. We had big storm windows. I thought the storm windows were locked but the maid had cleaned them and did not fasten them securely. When my little boy got up on the sill, he overbalanced and before I could grab hold of him he fell out of that window.

I screamed. My how I screamed. I flew down the stairs screaming for Mary, for somehow I knew I needed help. I was sure my little boy was crushed. When I got out downers I saw him lie there and I thought he was dead, he was so still. I picked him up. He quietly opened his eyes and said, "Oh my leg". I thought his leg was broken. I carried him into the kitchen and put him on the table near a window where there was good light, always thinking of help for my child. When my maid came in crying, "My God, what happened.", I never said a word only to stay while I went for the doctor. I was so distracted that I forgot I had a telephone. Then I turned back to my boy. He did not cry very much. He only said, "I fell mamie, I fell." Oh how happy I was to hear him say that. The doctor came and examined him. He could not find any injury so he told me to put him in bed. After I had him in bed, the doctor again examined him but found him unharmed. It was a great wonder for usually if one only rubbed their hand over the rough asphalt, it would scratch the hand and make it bleed. Here this child fell about twenty feet and was not even scratched. We wondered at the miracle. An old lady, my next door neighbor, said the angels spread their wings under him. It must have been so for not one drop of blood was seen. I kept him in bed for two weeks and then he started to walk. He sort of waddled from side to side. Pa said, "You know Annie, I do not like how Maurice walks." I said, "Pa, I am thankful to God that he is able to walk at all." My Maurice grew up to be a big fine good man. God bless him and give him long life. Can any one realize what I suffered that day and night. I know I myself did not realize how I had the sense to do all I did in that time. I reaped much from my family. I feel I grew stronger with

every trial that I went through with them.

At another time my son Itzie, who was then a high school boy, came home with a cold. I put him to bed and then called the doctor. The doctor looked him over and said there was nothing much the matter with him, he will be all right in a day or two. Just keep him in bed and give him these pills. He stayed in bed a few days then went back to school. After a few days he came home sick again. When the doctor saw him he said, this time it is pneumonia. He was a very sick boy. At the same time my little fellow Maurice took sick. Albert was then the baby. He also took sick. At first the doctor made very light of the two little ones. Itzie was the one that was very sick.. Well we just got down to nursing three very sick children. I asked the doctor to let me get a nurse. The doctor said, "No, Itzie is getting along and the little ones will not do good with a nurse." So we divided up the work. I took care of these three sick children with the help of my dear daughter Freda, of Blessed Memory. They got along very well. When when Itzie had passed his crisis, and the other two were getting better, I took a chill. After I had attended to them all, I gave them their medicine, bathed them and brought them their trays, I sat waiting for the doctor to come. I was very chilly so I sat by the fire. The doctor asked me what was the matter. I told him I was very cold. He looked at the children and said they were getting along. He said, "You are tired, go lie down on Freda's bed and rest a while. You will then feel better." I did so but soon I was babbling. My family sent for the doctor. In that short time I developed pneumonia. I was very sick for more than two weeks. In addition to the pneumonia, I was with child and was threatened with miscarriage. I could

not retain any nourishment, even crushed ice came up. So here I was with hot packs on my chest and ice bags on my abdomen. It was then the doctor called a nurse to take care of me, while my dear daughter Freda, of Blessed Memory, took care of the children. Strange, when I asked the doctor for a nurse to help the children, he said I was taking good care of them, but when I, the mother, took sick, then he called a nurse. Thank God we were able to pay for a nurse. But God forbid if a family can not afford to pay a nurse, it is too bad. After the second week I cried to see my little ones, for though we were on the same floor, I did not see them. The nurse carried each one in to the door of my room. I was still too sick to do aught but just look at them. Even that was too much for I cried and was unnerved the whole day. As time went on, I was allowed out of bed, then I was allowed to go to their rooms. I found my Itzie up and ready to go down stairs. But the two little ones were still pretty sick, so I got busy again to help the nurse bring them back to health, even though I was hardly able to get about myself. My little Albert was the baby. He recovered quite well, but Maurice was still very sick. No matter what we did, it did not seem to do him any good. His temperature continued. When he saw Albert dressed and about, he cried that he wanted to be dressed also. It was a very pitiful sight to see him cry, for he was so very weak. I was to be dressed, I want to be dressed. The nurse did not know what to do, so I said, "Now be good my dear and mother will dress you." The nurse thought I was out of my mind but I knew what would make him happy. I did not want my little boy to cry himself into more fever if I could help him. So I bathed him, put fresh pajamas on,

put nice woolens stockings and warm slippers on and a lovely woolen dressing gown. He was all dressed up. Then I had the nurse make his bed up with a white spread and pillows. Then I laid him on top of this dressed up bed and covered him up with other blankets, for he was too sick to be out of bed. But he was satisfied - he was dressed with stockings and slippers. Really it seemed he got better from that day. He commenced to ask for six dishes on his tray. All this time the doctor did not allow him anything so how could the nurse bring six dishes. I said, "Well you know nurse, we have lots of dishes downstairs." But she did not understand so she brought one glass of orangeade in one hand and lemonade in the other hand. The child threw himself all over the bed and cried, "I want six dishes". So I said, "Now nursie, you bring six dishes for Maurice." I again had to give the nurse a lesson how to nurse a sick child. I said to go down and get a nice tray, put a fine doilie on it, then fill the tray with dishes, - a little glass with lemonade, another little glass with orangeade, another glass with water, one little dish with junket and on a little plate a little wafer which he was allowed to have. Be sure to put every glass on a small plate and put spoons and a fine napkin on the tray. Of course she thought I was crazy but when she brought the tray to him he counted each dish and was quite satisfied. In all it was six dishes of nothing but it was what he wanted. You see, mother knew what the sick child wanted. The doctor came that afternoon and he found my little boy so much better and contented that he said now we will feed him a little better. I sent for Carlsbad wafers. They are very small, like a button, but it was enough to start him on. So he commenced to get better and stronger from day to day,

but he always had to get dressed with his stockings and slippers and lie on top of his bed. He was sick for eight weeks. He got so thin, he was just a little bag of bones. We had to carry him on a pillow for some time but thank God he was getting better. Itzie was better and able to be about. Albert was by now running around. Only Maurice and I could hardly walk. I was better so I had begun to think of housecleaning. A paper hanger came to see me. Just as I was looking through his books, my dear husband came in. I said, "What is the matter dear with your arm." "Nothing, nothing," he answered. But I saw at once there was something. Then he told me that he fell and broke or sprained his wrist. Well it was then I laid down and cried, but after a while I composed myself. I said, "Well thanks be to God that you were not killed. At least you are here and we will take care of you." So my duties started again, even though I was hardly able to walk myself. But that was the way all my life. That is the way even until this day. I hardly get through one thing until I get into another. I thank God for this. I could not live otherwise. I am often asked how I can do so much, so I tell them that in order to rest one must have a change of occupation and that gives one rest. But to come back to my children's convalescence, we all got better and my husband's arm got better. I had my house cleaned and papered. I started all my outside work for the poor, for the Montefiore Hospital, for the Hospital Aid Society, for the Shule and for the Talmud Torah. I was a very busy woman. I had to be busy, I must not have time to think about myself, for the thought was in the back of my mind that Dr. Blumberg said another baby would kill me and here I was expecting this child and I did not even have

my old doctor to help me for he was no more. I must have shown that I was distracted for I noticed that my oldest son Allan and my dear daughter Freda constantly were near me, one with a chair and the other with whatever help she could give me. They were grand children, so loving, so kind, and so thoughtful. One day I felt so very blue. My dear daughter took me around and said, "Don't worry, mother, we will take care of you." She did not know what I was worrying about, but I was dreadfully afraid. My old doctor was gone and I did not have the confidence in this other man. I thought that I will surely die. My poor man, what will he do when I am gone. It was not a pleasant thought. So when I was busy I did not have time to think. God was good to me. I was only sick about twenty-four hours instead of forty-eight hours. I thought I would go out of my mind. In my agony I bit my husband. Just as I was closing my teeth together on his side, I remember so I opened my mouth wide and let his side go. Had I not done so I might have caused him a great injury. All things pass so all my pain passed and I had another little boy. We named him Bennett Gershon, after his grandfather who died about that year. He was a good man, my husband's father. It seemed good to perpetuate his name so we called our little son Bennett Gershon Davis. This boy grew to manhood. I did not have any trouble from him. He was a gentle child. He was healthy, loveable and good looking. He was also very helpful. He was grand to his little sister, for I had one more little baby. She was such a darling. We all loved her and all took such good care of her. I have so many stories I could tell about my baby girl. Somehow I do not have so much to tell about Bennett.

He was a good boy. He grew so big - he was six feet two when he was about eighteen. After that he developed broad shoulders. I remember how I patted him on the shoulders the last day of his life, how I admired him. I asked him to stay for dinner as his wife was out of town. He said, "No, the old man would be alone so he had better go home." I said, "Well another time," but I never saw him in life again. He went home after I told him how well he looked. He smiled, took his hat off, bent down and kissed me good just as he had done numerous times. That was the last time I saw him in life. The next day I saw him in his coffin. They would not let me see him until the next day. That was a mistaken kindness. My God, my God, why did he have to go and I at the age of seventy-five be left here to mourn for him. I had already lived my life. I had done my share of work and worry in all these years, but my Bennett, he could have been so useful to his little family, as he was to his little sister-in-law and her children. He was so kind to his old father-in-law, an old man whom he treated like a son. It was Bennett that covered everything up of that disgraceful death of his wife's brother, so that the children would not be handicapped by what their father did, the life he lived and the death he died. My son Bennett who could have been so useful in this work was taken away from us in less than a half hour. After he came home from McKeesport, they told me he had hardly got up the stairs when he said "Help me undress, I am sick." They undressed him and sent for the doctor. Instead of coming himself, he sent his assistant. This assistant saw that Bennett was stricken so he telephoned for Dr. Waxman, but when Waxman came it was too late. If the doctors

would only have some regard for a man's life, maybe some men might have been saved. It all happened so quick. They called David and David told me to call Itzie. I called him and I called a cabs. I came to my Bennett's house in less than a half an hour but he was already gone. He is gone! He is gone! I don't know how I lived. I know I have had a bad heart, I have bad lungs. I was just beginning to get better from my dreadful illness, still I survived. I am trying to remember his childhood. All I can remember of him is he was handsome, kind and gentle. He was very good to his little sister Sarah. At the age of four we started her to kindergarten. It was in September and somehow she did not want the maid to take her to school, so either her father or I took her. Sometimes her big brothers took her. Most of the time she was late. One day her teacher said, Sarah you come to school with your little brother Bennett. When my baby told me that I saw the wisdom of the teacher's advice as we could not let our baby go by herself. With Bennett she was never late. I said to Bennett, "Dear you know it breaks mother's heart to wake Sarah so early. She is such a baby so you do this for me. You wake Sarah as soon as you get up, before you dress you come in Sarah's room and wake her. The maid will dress her and it will be a great help to mother and she will not be late. You can take her with you." It was the most beautiful sight to see him go over to her crib, wake her and she would put her little arms around his neck and he would pick her up and carry her into the bathroom where the maid would dress her. After breakfast he would take her to school. He was then seven years old and she was four. He continued this until she was nine years old.

There was a street car track to cross and I was afraid to let the baby go alone. Bennett made it his duty to take care of Sarah for about five years. Then one day he came to me and said "Mom, dont you think Sarah is now old enough and big enough to take care of herself?" I said yes I thought she was and thank God from that time on through I had relieved him of taking her to school. He still was her guardian everywhere she had to go. She grew up to be a fine beautiful good girl. She finished her public school work in the Liberty School and even sang for them at the graduation. While Bennett was taking care of Sarah, he was also very kind to a crippled boy in our neighborhood. Often times he would take him on his back and carry him to school. He was very loveable. When he was about five or six years old, I had two maids. They would run all around the house trying to catch him and kiss him. He did not want to be kissed so he always ran away from them. Mom, make them stop, but it was fun to watch. There are many things I could say about my son Bennett. He was a fine scholar, a fine historian. He knew history better than anyone I ever met. He was also very good at social science. Often he would tell me how he either agreed or disagreed with his professors about Social Service. He knew Social Service from his mother, he would tell them at the university. So he grew up to young manhood. He was very young when he married a little red headed girl. When he told me about her I cried. I was very unhappy but he wanted it that way and I did not oppose him. All I wanted was that they marry according to the laws of Moses Israel and they lived apparently very happy. Then his father-in-law came to live with them. There he had an outlet. He was very

good to his father-in-law. He loved beautiful things so he furnished his home very beautiful and conducted his home in a most grand manner. He was used to a fine standard from his home his mother's home and he wanted his home to be the same. He himself was a very social being, but his wife was different. He had two children. A beautiful girl and a darling boy. It was with these two children that he played the last evening of his life. And this young man who had really just begun to live socially, just passed like a light extinguished in the night. His wife was very anti-social. He tried to persuade her to at least come over to the house. Sometimes she would come and more often he would come alone or later he would bring the children with him, and so on this last day of his life he stopped in to see me and get my approval of his new overcoat. How he beamed when I told him how well he looked. When he was ready to go, he took off his hat, bent down to my level and kissed me goodbye, as he did many times. I never kissed him again. And now I have to make every effort to keep in touch with his little children, for very shortly after Bennett died, his wife got ready to move to New York where her family live. I have bent my pride many times to write to her. Most of the time I wrote two letters to her one. I do not mind that. I know she was not worthy of my son. She is not worthy of my consideration but I do want to be close and kind to his two little children. Once in a while I get a little letter from my grand-daughter Alison, which makes me very happy. I want always to be friendly with the little grandchildren. The boy's name is Barnett Davis, the full name of his grandfather Davis. We call him Barney. God grant

he grow up to be just such a fine man as his grandfather was, honest, liberal and kindly. My sons have often tol d me when they meet people who knew Barnett Davis, they al ways have the most glowing things to tell about him. They say if the sons of Barnett Davis are like their father, they are all right. I am very happy to say that thank God they are all right. God Bless them and give them long life. Amen.