



The Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania

Bridging the Past to Our Future

March 30, 1988

Ms. Dena J. Epstein
5039 South Ellis Avenue
Chicago, Illinois
60615

Dear Ms. Epstein:

Thank you for your letter. I would be happy to receive copies of the letters which you wrote to me about. They sound like the type of records which we are examining in our Jewish Archival Survey. I have enclosed a copy of our flyer so that you get a better idea of what we are trying to accomplish with our Survey. Thanks again.

Sincerely,

Mike Pipoly

Mike Pipoly
Survey Coordinator

*Note: Received material
from Ms. Epstein
on 4/8/88.*

MP

5039 S. Ellis Avenue
Chicago, IL 60615
(312) 373-0522

March 26, 1988

Mr. Michael Pipoly
Jewish Archival Survey of Greater Pittsburgh
Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania
4338 Bigelow Boulevard
Pittsburgh, PA 15213

Dear Mr. Pipoly,

I am writing to you at the suggestion of Doris Dyen to learn whether you would like copies of some stories about Jewish immigrants in Pittsburgh. The stories were based on the experiences of a social worker at the Irene Kaufman Settlement, Anna Heldman, who thought they would make good stories. As she was no writer, she hired my mother, Hilda Satt Polacheck, in the 1930's to put her stories into words. I don't know what use Miss Heldman made of the finished stories.

I found my mother's copies among her papers many years later. She met Miss Heldman through Sidney and Julia Teller, at that time head residents of the Settlement and friends of many years standing. My mother never lived in Pittsburgh, but she visited the Tellers on occasion. While the content of the stories deals with Pittsburgh, the style is characteristic of my mother.

If you would like copies, I will be happy to send them to you.

Sincerely,

Dena J. Epstein
Dena J. Epstein

Anna B. Heldman,
1835 Center Street,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Old Maid.

"Being an old maid is not the worst thing in the world," said Dora Berowsky, wiping her eyes and nose on the hem of her soiled gingham dress. "I am sure that Jennie would be glad to be an old maid right now."

Dora was sitting in my office in the settlement. She was a pathetic figure. She had come to tell me of the latest tragedy that had come to the family and was seeking a way out of the difficulty.

The Berowsky family had come to Pittsburgh nine years ago. Dora was fourteen years old at the time, and Jennie was eleven. The family had the usual high hopes of the immigrant family for a better life in America. But their hopes were blasted when a year after their arrival, the husband and father died.

Dora found a job in a pants factory after going to school for one year. Jennie continued going to school until she graduated at the age of fifteen. She then found a job in a fruit and vegetable store in the neighborhood where the family lived.

There was very little in the way of social life for the girls. But I did see them at the movies and dances in the settlement.

"Well, I don't care; maybe you will think I am old fashioned," Dora continued. "Maybe what Jennie did is the American style. But sometimes it's better to be old fashioned."

"Well, Dora, what happened?" I finally asked her. I was really interested to know what had happened that upset Dora. She was usually a calm and apparently happy young woman.

"It's all about my sister, Jennie," she said. "You know, she

was always saying that I was a fool and that I was old fashioned and that I would end up by being an old maid. I told her that sometimes it was better to be an old maid, than married to a good-for-nothing tramp. But she wanted to get married and have a beautiful home, and swell clothes. Well, who doesn't want that? I would like a beautiful home, too. But I wouldn't run off and marry the first man that asked me. Maybe I shouldn't say it, but I think Jennie asked him to marry her. What do you think, Miss Smith."

"Now Dora, I said. "I don't know what you are talking about; who married who?"

"Well it was this way," Dora started again. "Jennie met a man at a lodge picnic at Mineral Lake. From that time on, she talked of nothing but this man. So my mother said: 'Jennie, if this man is so wonderful, why don't you bring him home once?' Dora and I would like to see him.' Well, one Saturday Jennie came home from work, all excited. She said that her young man was coming to see us the next day.

"The next day, in the afternoon, the young man came. He drove up in a swell machine. He was dressed like a million dollars. Jennie introduced him as MR. Jack Link. He was very nice and polite to my mother and to me. I could see that Jennie was crazy about him. Maybe you don't believe me, Miss Smith, but I didn't like him. I don't know why, but I didn't. After a little while, Jennie and her boy friend went out for a ride. Jennie said they would be back for supper.

"After they were gone, my mother said to me: 'the feathers is too fine. What does he see in Jennie? She's a poor girl; no education, no money, nothing but a job in a fruit store. If he is an educated fellow, like he looks, and if he has a rich father and a beautiful home in Baltimore, and if he is the only son, why does he need to come to Pittsburgh to fall in love with Jennie?' I said there must be something wrong. I

tell you, Miss Smith, we were both worried. But we decided to fix a nice supper. I went to the store and bought some lax, and rolls and tomatoes and a little cream cheese.

"In about two hours our Jennie and her young man came back in the swell machine. I had the table set, and we sat down to supper. He had such good manners, that I was surprised. He pulled out the chairs for my mother and for Jennie. I kept looking at him; he looked so nice and refined. His hands were white and soft, like he never did a day's work in his life. After we finished eating, my mother and I washed the dishes, while Jennie and her young man sat at the table and talked. About nine o'clock he left.

"After he was gone I told Jennie, in a nice way, that her young man looked as if he never worked. And who doesn't work for a living? raskateers and bums. My mother, she says too, there must be something wrong. 'You know Jennie, I have no money to give you,' my mother told her.

"Well, Miss Smith, you wouldn't believe what a tongue that Jennie has. She just opened her mouth and told me that she was not going to be an old maid like me. That she was not going to stay with mother and work the rest of her life in a fruit store. That she was tired of wearing old clothes. She wanted a fur coat and diamonds. As soon as Jack would ask her, she would marry him, and she wouldn't even tell us. She said that Jack was making three hundred dollars a month and that she would live in the Bronx in New York. She was sick and tired of working and living in three little rooms on Center Avenue. And she was going to get married, if we liked it, or not. Oh, Miss Smith, you should have heard how she hollered! All the neighbors heard her.

"I tried to make her quiet. I said: 'Jennie, we are not in Europe

we are in America where no girl is an old maid at twenty. You have time to look around. You don't know this man. Maybe he told you a bunch of lies. You can't even speak English very good; why do you think that fine gentlemen wants to marry you?"

"But she would not listen to me, Miss Smith. The whole evening was spoiled and we all went to bed with headaches. For a couple of days, Jennie would not talk to me and to mother. She came to the table to eat and she wouldn't say a word.

"The next Sunday Jennie got dressed and in the afternoon Jack called for her and they went away in the machine. It was very late, when Jennie came home. When she was getting into bed, she said it rained where she was. So I knew that she was far away, because it did not rain in Pittsburgh.

"The next morning we were getting ready to go to work, and when we left the house, I noticed that Jennie had a bundle. I didn't ask her anything, because I didn't want to have another fight with her. I think to myself, maybe she will meet Jack after work, and they will go some place.

"When I come home from work in the evening, my mother said: 'where is Jennie? The man from the store sent a boy over to see if she is sick. She did not go to work.' Oh, Miss Smith! I got a headache right away! I felt sure that she ran away with Jack. All evening we waited, and no Jennie! We waited all night, and no Jennie! Every time a machine stopped near the house, I run to the window. Next morning the door bell rings and when I open the door, there is a messenger boy with a telegram. I tremble from head to foot. Maybe she was in a accident! Maybe she is dead already! I stand and hold the telegram in my hand like I was crazy. The boy say: 'open it and read, maybe there is a answer.' I tear open the envelope and read: 'Mamma and Dora: Jack and I are married.'

"I just sat down and cried. I couldn't help it. 'Well, I'm glad to know she is married,' said my mother. 'But no one in our family has to run away to get married. And she only knowed the man three weeks. I looked at the telegram again, and I saw that it came from Baltimore. So I thought that Jennie was visiting at the home of her father-in-law. But it was funny, she did not send an address. I thought that she would stay there for a week or so, and then she would come back to Pittsburgh. A week passed and we did not hear from Jennie. Every day we expected her to come home with her husband.

"Then a week later, we get a letter from her from New York. She say that she is living in a furnished room. But soon she and Jack will rent a flat, and they will buy a couple of thousand dollars worth of furniture, and when they get all settled, she would write again and then we must come to visit them. She said in her letter that Jack gave her a diamond ring when they were married in Wellsburg, West Virginia. He also bought her a coat and a hat. I'm telling you, Miss Smith, I got ashamed when I remembered how I talked against him to Jennie. Maybe, I thought, I am old fashioned. Maybe in America it is what you call it: "Love at first sight". The whole day I feel happy for Jennie.

"But the next day I begin to worry again. Jennie said that Jack had a job in Pittsburgh and was making three hundred dollars a month. What happened to the job? Why was he all of a sudden living in New York? A week goes by, we don't hear from Jennie. Two weeks goes by, a month goes by, we don't hear a word from Jennie. Oh, Miss Smith, I can't help crying. You must excuse me. I am crying here and my mother and Jennie are crying at home. You must help us. We are all going crazy!"

By this time Dora was in hysterics. She was wiping her eyes and nose with her sleeve and the hem of her dress. She fumbled in her shabby bag for a handkerchief, but she evidently neglected to bring one.

"What happened then?" I asked.

"Oh! don't ask what happened, Miss Smith! I don't wish it on my worst enemy. Jennie came home this morning looking like a ghost. She had been riding in a bus all night. She came into the house and fell into a chair and fainted. For a while she could not talk, but just cried and cried. Then she tells us her Jack was arrested by another wife. But that ain't all, Miss Smith. You havn't heard nothing yet. Jack was taken to the jail, and the next day a woman comes with a little two-year old boy, to see Jennie and SHE tells her that she is Jack's first wife. The woman who had him arrested was his second wife. And now Jennie is the third wife.

"But now comes the biggest headache of all. About an hour ago, two detectives come to our house and ask for Jennie. They say that she lived with Jack in a house in Baltimore where a gang of racketeers were making American money. The detectives ask Jennie to show her paper money. But it was lucky that she had none. All the poor girl had was a quarter. The detectives said maybe they will have to arrest Jennie. Oh, Miss Smith how can we stand it?"

Here Dora broke down again. She was now fumbling in her bag for her powder puff. She tried to cover the tear stains with the powder.

"How Jennie keeps saying: 'Why didn't I listen to you, Dora? You seen through his false face like it was window glass,' Yes, that's what she said," Dora continued. "We'll have plenty of trouble now. Poor Jennie, now she isn't a wife, she isn't a widow, she isn't a divorcee and she isn't an old maid. She is not married and she is not divorced. But she had a good time for a little while.

"What shall we do, Miss Smith?" the twenty-five year old maid asked, "Shall we get a good lawyer? Bi, with all the troubles, I don't blame Jennie for having done what she did."

Anna B. Goldman,
1835 Center Avenue,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

A Stormy Life.

"I am glad she is dead!" Eddie Solomon was sitting in my office in the settlement, when he spoke these words. "I hope you don't think it is terrible of me to say this, but really, Miss Smith, my mother was her own worst enemy. She had a temper like a wild cat. As soon as my father sells the furniture, we are going back to New York. I never want to see Pittsburgh again. I never knew a happy day, here. Well, I really should not say this, because I had many happy times here in the settlement and in the camp. But in our home, there was nothing but fighting."

I looked at Eddie; he had seen more than his share of the seamy side of life during his nineteen years. I remembered the day that his mother had brought him to Pittsburgh from Russia, fourteen years ago. His father had invited me to come and meet the family. He had been very proud of his wife and two children.

"Is your father married again?" I asked.

"Yes, and my step-mother is a nice quiet woman. She is good to my father and to my little sister," he said. "There is nothing worse than a bad temper, Miss Smith. My poor father had a terrible life while he lived with my mother."

I had a feeling that Eddie wanted to talk. He wanted to tell someone of the life that had ended. I settled back in my chair and was ready to listen.

"As far back as I can remember," Eddie started, "my mother was fighting with someone. When my father and I were coming to Pittsburgh yesterday, after we got your letter that mother was dead, my father told me things that I never knew before. He told me that when he first came to America he lived with my mother's brothers in Homestead. But it cost too much for

carfare to come to Pittsburgh every day, to look for a job, so he moved. My father thinks that my uncle started some of the trouble, then.

"About two weeks after father arrived in America, he found a job in Pittsburgh and then he rented a room near the shop, so he would save the carfare. He worked very hard, and saved as much money as he could, so that he could send for mother, my sister and me. My uncle must have written to my mother telling her that father was making a lot of money. Well, mother started writing letters to father asking why he did not send steamship tickets so we could come to America. Father wrote and told her that he did not have enough money for tickets and furniture. Then she wrote and asked if he was spending his money on women.

"One day my uncle came to Pittsburgh to visit father. My uncle saw that father was living with a nice family. A few weeks later father got a letter in which my mother wanted to know if he was in love with his landlady. This made father mad, and he went to see my uncle and asked him if he was writing letters to my mother about him. Of course, my uncle denied that he had written about the landlady, but my father did not believe him. After father got that letter from mother, he did not write to her for three months.

"Then he wrote and told mother that if she did not stop writing letters with such jealous ideas, that he would not send the tickets at all, but he would send her a divorce. ~~INXXXXXXXX~~

"Well, that scared her, I guess, and she wrote and told father that she was sorry she had written such letters. Then father sent the tickets. When we came to Pittsburgh, my mother behaved pretty good. My father and she had a long talk and they decided to forget what had happened.

"My father worked very hard, and gave mother all that he could afford. But mother was not satisfied. When she saw women wearing fur coats, she decided she had to have a fur coat, too. But father felt

that he could not afford a fur coat just yet, and he told her so. He wanted to buy a sewing machine, so that he could make a little extra money in the evening at home. But mother was mad because she could not have a fur coat. Her temper was aroused. She accused my father of all kinds of things. She said he thought more of his former landlady than he did of his wife. At supper one evening, mother started yelling about the fur coat and there was a fight; the whole neighborhood knew about it; mother screamed so that she was heard ~~XXX~~ a block away. Father took his hat and coat and left the house and he did not come home till two o'clock in the morning. Mother would not go to bed, she sat up waiting for him, and when he came into the house, she started the fight all over again. They fought all night. In the morning father had to go to work, and you can imagine how tired he was when he got home that night. But right after dinner, mother started to fight again. Father tried to sleep and she sat in the kitchen and hollered all night. As soon as she noticed that father had gone to sleep, she started scolding me for putting my shoes under the kitchen table. I'm sure father slept very little that night. In the morning, mother would not get up. She kept hollering that father could get his own breakfast and fix breakfast for me, because I was no good. That I was just like him. My father did not say a word. Mother went on hollering, that she would not do any more cooking. That father need not come home in the evening and expect to find dinner. That he could go and eat at the boarding house where he used to live. Father fixed himself a cup of coffee and went to work without saying a word. I certainly did admire him. He thought that mother would get over it, during the day, and that she would be all right by evening. But when father came home after working all day in the tailor shop, there was no dinner and mother was sitting there with her lips pursed and her hands folded.

"When father saw that there was no dinner cooked, he washed himself,

put on a clean shirt and went to the restaurant to eat. He came home about eleven o'clock and found mother up. He sat down near her and told her, very quietly, that if that happened again, he would leave home and never come back. Well, she cried a little and went to bed. For a few weeks there was no fighting.

"One Sunday, I will never forget that, we went to a picnic in the park, and my father introduced mother to some people that he knew. The man and woman with whom father had roomed were there and father introduced them to mother. After that, mother sat by herself and would not join in the fun or talk to anyone. When we got home, mother started to holler, so that all the neighbors ran in to see what happened. Father put them out, and asked mother what he had done that made her so mad. The only reason she had for hollering was that a woman that she did not like, sat down at the table where we were sitting. Mother kept yelling that father brought the woman to the table, and that he was in love with her.

"The next night when father got home from work, mother started to fight again about the woman and the picnic. Father was sick of it all, and he reached for his coat, saying that he was going to leave the house. Mother got hold of the sleeve and pulled it so hard, that it tore right out of the coat. 'What are you going to do now,' she laughed hysterically. Father was so mad that he took all his clothes, packed them in suit-case and left the house. We did not see him for a whole week. I did not blame him, and I told my mother so.

"At the end of the week, a neighbor told mother that father was living on Webster Avenue. You wouldn't believe that it is possible that anybody would do such a thing, Miss Smith, maybe mother was not in her right mind; the next evening she took a kettle of boiling water and went to the corner where she thought father would pass on his way home from

work, and she was going to pour it on him. But she waited a long time, and the water got cold, and father did not come, so she came home.

"The next day she went to see a man who worked in the same shop that father did, and the man told her that father had worked overtime, the night before. Father did not come home the next week, either, and mother was burning up. One night she waited on the corner in a doorway, till she saw father come home from work. She watched to see if father went into the house where he lived, then she came home and got another kettle of boiling water, which she covered with a paper, and went to the house on Webster Avenue. She knocked on the door and the landlady opened it. Mother asked to see father and the landlady called him. When he came to the door and saw mother with the kettle and the steam coming from under the paper, he took mother up to his room, as he did want to make a scene in front of the landlady. The minute they got to his room and the door was closed, she tried to throw the hot water at him. But she was nervous and excited, and the kettle fell on the floor and the hot water filled her shoes and scalded her feet. She started to holler that father had tried to scald her.

"The landlady called the police, and father and mother were taken to the police station. The police captain asked mother if the kettle was her and she said yes. Then the captain made her admit that she was going to throw the water at father. In the morning there was a hearing, but father asked the justice to forgive her, and the case was dismissed.

"When they left the court-room, father did not come home. He told mother that she could sue for support. He never came home after that. Mother did sue and she was awarded a certain amount, which father paid. Then mother refused to give father his clothes, which he still had at the house. But he finally got them by refusing to pay the allowance. But before he got his clothes, mother threw every dish we had in the house

at him.

"For three years mother got her money every week. Then father lost his job here in Pittsburgh and he went to New York. Then we did not hear from him for about three years. Mother had to go to work to support my sister and me. One day I got a letter from father; he had sent it to a friend's house, so that mother would not know that he had written. He wanted me to come to New York, as I could get a good job there.

"When I told mother that I would go to join father, she screamed and hollered and called me all kinds of names. She said I was just like father. But I packed my clothes and went to New York.

"About six months later, mother walked into the house where father and I were living. She begged my father to come back to her, but he refused. He would have nothing to do with her. He offered to pay for a divorce, but that was all he would do. Father never forgot that kettle of boiling water.

"Some people say that a boy's best friend is his mother," he said sadly. "Well, I don't want to say any more. Mother is better off dead than alive. I hope she rests in peace."

Anna B. Heldman,
1835 Center Street,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

No Luck.

"You're sure it's only five dollars in the bank book?" Ella asked while the tears were running down her cheeks.

"Yes, Ella," I assured her, "there is one deposit of three dollars, and one dollar and another dollar, that makes five dollars."

"And all the time I thought I had five hundred dollars in the bank. Oh, Miss Smith," Ella was now weeping hysterically and wiping her eyes and nose on the hem of her dress. "My husband has fooled me. And maybe he has a wife in Baltimore, too. What do you think, Miss Smith?"

"It certainly looks like it," I said. "Of course, I can't read the letter since it is written in Yiddish, but if you say starts: "dear husband and ends: "your wife Lena," it looks as if he must have a wife there. What did he tell you?"

"He said his mother was sick in Baltimore and that he was going to see her," said Ella. "After he was gone, I saw this letter sticking out of the pocket of his coat that was hanging on a chair. So I read it."

"Did he say when he would be back?" I asked

"In a few days," Ella said.

"Well, we will have to wait till he comes and then ask him to explain," I said.

"Oh, I tell you Miss Smith, I never had any luck since coming to America," Ella said, still weeping. "The only pleasure I had since I came from Roumania, was when I came to the English class here in the settlement. Maybe I would have been better off, if I had never married. Maybe I should never have come to America. But my sisters kept writing letters that I should come; that I could find a good husband, and so I came. I wish I

were dead. A person that has no luck, is better off dead.

"You must not feel that way," I tried to console her. "When your husband comes home, bring him over, and I will talk to him."

"I had plenty of trouble with my first husband," Ella said. "Why should I have such bad luck with my second husband?"

"Is this your second husband?" I asked.

"Yes, my second husband; I tell you I have no luck," said Ella. "You know when I first came to Pittsburgh, I had two older sisters living here, who were married. They said that I ought to get married, too. So they did all kinds of things to get me a husband. The day I came to Pittsburgh, they took me to a big store and bought me all kinds of American clothes that I did not like. They bought me shoes with high heels; I could hardly walk in them. I had to learn to walk like you learn when you are a baby. Then they bought me a long dress; they said everybody wore long dresses when they went to parties. Then they said I had to wear a corset. I tell you, Miss Smith, when I wore that corset, I could not breathe."

"Well, your sisters meant well," I said. "They wanted you to look nice like other girls."

"Nu, so what did it get me?" Ella said, "bad luck, that's all. When I first came, I told my sisters that I did not expect to find a husband right away. I knew I was not as good looking as they were. I had no money. And I was not a very good cook. Why should a man run for me? But they said I had to get fixed up. So they fixed my hair with bangs on my forehead."

"Then I found out that my sisters had picked a man for me before I came. The first night that I was in Pittsburgh, they gave a party for me, and the man they picked for me, came to look at me. Nu, everything was all right, till my sister said that we gonna dance. So she asked a girl from next door who was giving piano lessons to my niece, to come in and play the piano. So she came and played and we danced. I did not know how to dance American

dances, but my sister said I should try. So I tried, and the first dance I danced with the young man my sister wanted me to marry, and it was all right. Then my brother-in-law danced with me, but he was a little drunk, and he kept swinging me off my feet. The first time it was all right. But the second time, we both fell on the floor, and I was so ashamed, I did not feel like showing my face again that night. But my sister made me come back, and I danced again with the young man."

"Well, a week went by and my brother-in-law got me a job in a cigar factory, where I did not make very much money, but enough to pay for my clothes and pay my sister a little for board and room. The young man came to see me a couple times a week and I would go out with him when he asked me. I found out that he was a baker and made good wages. My sisters told me not to throw away such a good chance to get married. I told my sisters that we did not know much about him. Who he was, and if it was the right thing to do. But my brother-in-law, who played cards with him once a week, said he was a good man. That he always paid his board bill and he worked every day. What more did I want to know? So I said, all right, and we got married.

"My husband acted funny sometime and sometime he was all right. A year after we were married a baby boy was born, and we were very happy. But soon after he started saying he was tired of being a baker. He wanted to be out in the air more. He kept talking all the time about not wanting to be a baker. One day he bought himself a horse and wagon and said he decided to peddle. He had saved up three hundred dollars, which he paid for the horse and wagon, and he started to peddle with fruit and vegetables.

"Well, he peddled about six months and then he got tired of that. He said he wanted to go to Europe to see his father and mother. I said how could he do that when he had a wife and baby to support. But one day, he left with his horse and wagon and in the evening he did not come home.

"I tell you, Miss Smith, when you have no luck, everything happens.

First, I thought he got killed. I went to the police-station, but no report had come of a man like my usband being killed. No one saw the horse and wagon. And when he did not come home for a whole week, then I knew that he had left me.

"A month later, I saw a peddler who lived on Bedford Avenue, with my husband's horse and wagon. When I asked him where he got the horse and wagon, he said that he bought them from my husband for one hundred dollars. The horse and wagon were worth at lesat two hundred and fifty dollars.

"well, there was nothing I could do. I thought my husband got tired of me, and that's all. A few months later, a cousin of mine went to Cleveland, and there he met my husband in a restaurant. My cousin talked to him and told him it was a shame to leave his wife and child. My husband said he would come back to me. So my cousin sent me a yelegram that he found my husband and that he is coming to Pittsburgh the next day. And syre enough, he came. But he did not have a penny. I talked to my sisters and they talked to their husbands and between them they gave my husband two hundred dollars, so he could start peddling again. He bought another horse and wagon and peddled a month, when he left me again. I have no luck with husbands. This time, he wrote me a letter from Cleveland that I would never see him again. I was expecting another child, and you can imagine how I felt. It's a shame to say it, Miss Smith, but I needed that baby like I need a headache.

"Well, about two months after the second baby was born, I put the two children in a home and I went back to work. I saved up enough money for a divorce, which I got a few years after my husband left me. About a year after I got my divorce in Pittsburgh, I got a letter from a Rabbi that I should come to see him. I went over to the Rabbi and he told me that he had received a Jewish divorce for me from a Rabbi in Roumenia, and he gave it to me.

"Where are your children now?" I asked.

"Oh, the children are home," she said. "When they were old enough to be by themselves after school, I rented a little flat and made a home for them. I worked during the day in the cigar factory and at night I cooked, cleaned, washed and ironed. It was very hard. But what can you do when you have no luck?"

"While I was working in the cigar factory, my children got to know a man who lived across the street from my house. He took the boys to the movies, and they brought the man home one evening. The man said he was a widower and the boys were so crazy about him, they started to call him "father". One day the man asked me to marry him. He said, of course, it would take a lot of money to support a wife and two boys, so if I could get about three hundred dollars, we could get married right away.

"I told my sisters about it, and they said they would get the money for me. I wasn't earning enough in the cigar factory anyhow, and they had to help me out, so they thought it would be a good idea if I got married, so I could stay home and take good care of the children.

"I thought it was very nice of my sisters, and I thought maybe I could save a little each week and pay them back. So we were married. For six months everything was fine. My husband made good money and he used to give it to me. After we were married about six months, he said he had to go to see his mother in Baltimore, and that he would be back in a week. He came back and everything was all right. Last week he said he was going to Baltimore again, and he said that before he left he would put the money that I had saved into the bank. I had two hundred dollars saved out of his pay, so I gave it to him and he brought me back the bank book. After he left, I saw his coat on a chair, so I went to hang it in the closet, and I saw the letter in the pocket. Well, you know how it is, I wanted to see what was in the letter, so I read it. In the letter I saw that it was from a woman and she said why did he ~~only~~ only send her three hundred

dollars in a year, and he better bring her some more money or she would have him arrested. She said she did not care for him, but that he would have to bring her money. And why did he pay so much for room and board in Pittsburgh?"

"How did you happen to think that had five hundred dollars in the bank?" I asked.

"When we were married, I gave him the three hundred dollars that my sisters had given us, and he put the money in the bank, and gave me the bank book. I didn't even look in the book. And I thought he put the two hundred dollars in the bank."

"Well, Ella," y'uchad better go home and wait for your husband," I suggested. "There is nothing we can do now. When he comes home, bring him in to see me."

"When he comes home, and if it is true that he has a wife in Baltimore I will tell him plenty," said Ella. "I'm going to find out what happened to the money that I pinche to save."

Ella left in a militant mood. If the husband returned, I could visualize what would happen in that household. A week later Ella came in to see me.

"He came back this morning," she said. "Now I want to tell you what he said. He said he missed me and the children and he was glad to be home." I asked him how his mother was and why didn't he bring her to see us? He got red in the face, and I could see that he was telling me lies. I could not stand it any longer, so I asked him about this Lena, and how was she feeling, and did he give her the two hundred dollars that I worked so hard to save. He stood there, Miss Smith, with his mouth open for a minute. Then he tried to tell me that there was five hundred dollars in the bank book. I told him that I had been to the settlement and that I knew there

was only five dollars in the bank book. Then I couldn't stand his lies any longer and we had a good fight. Then he left the house. I tell you, I have no luck."

"Well, you had better go home and see if he comes back," I said. Then we can decided what to do."

The next day I heard from one of the neighbors that Ella had written a letter to the wife in Baltimore and that the wife had already arrived in Pittsburgh. The two wives had the husband arrested for bigamy. Not being able to furnish any bond, he was detained till the trial came up and then he was sentenced to the Workhouse.

The day after the trial, Ella came to the settlement in tears. "It's bad enough that the man I married already had a wife, but it's even worse that he gave the first wife the money that my sisters had given me. I can never forget that. And that's not all, Miss Smith, I'm expecting a baby. A baby with such a father; a father in jail!"

"Now don't take it so hard," I tried to console Ella. "Men have gone to jail before and then they were good husbands when they came home." Ella had a good cry and then went home.

For weeks the story of Ella's husband going to jail, was the topic of conversation in the neighborhood. The women would stop me on the street to talk about it. The huckster's wife said to me: "I expect my husband will some day make a fool of himself in front of the children." The broom peddler's wife said: "Well, at least she knows where her husband is now, when he is in jail. What do I know; my husband has left me maybe six times already. I don't know where he goes. Maybe here, maybe there, he never tells me." The widow from the grocery store said this when I stopped to make a purchase: "There was my husband, the best man in the world; and he had to die and all the other men live, and see what trouble they make."

Several months after Ella's baby was born she came to see me, bringing

the baby with her. It was a beautiful baby, but to poor Ella it was just another burden. She had received a letter from her husband; he had told her that his sentence would expire in a week, and he pleaded to be given another chance and allowed to come home.

"What shall I do, Miss Smith?" she asked. "Shall I tell him to come home?"

"Did the wife in Baltimore get a divorce?" I asked.

"Yes, she came to see me and showed me the divorce papers," said Ella.

"Well, maybe he learned his lesson," I said, "and he may be all right. I would give him another chance. I will try to find a job for him when he gets home."

Ella went home. She said she would clean up the house and she was going to be nice to her husband. She thought he had been punished enough.

Two days before he was to be released from the Workhouse, he caught a cold, which quickly turned in pneumonia. He was removed to the prison hospital, and two days later, he died.

Ella had no luck.

Anna B. Heldman,
1836 Center Street,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

A Daughter of the Levites.

"I tell you, Miss Smith, I never want to see my wife again. She is lazy and dirty and she won't cook a decent meal or keep the house clean. All she does is fight with me." Isaac was sitting in my office at the settlement, a pathetic figure. I had asked him to come to see me at the insistent request of a relative, to see if it would be possible to effect a reconciliation with his wife, Hannah.

"But you have some responsibility to the baby," I began.

"I will support the baby," he said. "But I will not go back to Hannah."

"Why?" I asked thinking that if I got him to talk, I could find some point that would help explain why he had left his wife and baby.

"Miss Smith, I know you are my friend," Isaac started. "Everybody in the settlement has been nice to me. I learned English here. I would like to do what you ask me, but I can't. I can't live with that woman any longer. If you want me to, I will tell you why I left her."

"Yes, go on," I said.

"Before I came to Pittsburgh, I lived in Warsaw, Poland, with my parents and brothers and sisters. When I was nineteen years old, my father came home from the synagouge one day, and said that he had found a girl for me, who would make me a good wife. I had never before told my father that I did not want to do what he wanted me to, but I did tell him, that I would like to find my wife myself. My father looked at me as if I was a criminal, when I said that. He said he knew better than did who would make me a good wife. So then, I did not say any anything

"Nu, I met the girl; she was only eighteen years old, and I did not like her. I know that she did not like me, either. But we were brought up to obey our fathers, so in three weeks we were married. My parents had agreed that we were to live with them.

"After the wedding, all that I heard was that my wife was the daughter of a Levite. The levites were high-priests in the days of Moses. My father-in-law kept telling me that my wife could trace her ancestry back two thousand years. That in her blood there was a pure Jewish strain that could be traced back to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and that there had never been any racial intermarriage in her family. Every time I saw my father-in-law, I was reminded of Hannah's ancestry. I was told that I ought to appreciate the fact that her ancestors were buried in the sacred soil of a valley near Jerusalem, and that I must always remain a pious Jew and set a good example for my children.

"My father-in-law would tell me that he never carried an umbrella on the Sabbath. That his handkerchief was carefully tucked into the sleeve of his coat, instead of being in his pocket. I tell you the truth, Miss Smith, I could not see the difference between carrying the handkerchief in the pocket or in the sleeve. Because I said that, my father-in-law said I was a sinner.

"I was also told that the only reason I was allowed to marry Hannah, was because my father too, came from a long line of high-priests, known as the Cohens. My father was a very pious man, too. In both the homes, no work of any kind was ever done on the Sabbath. No one was allowed to light a fire or put out the lamp, or blow out the candles. We had a gentile boy do all that. In both homes no cooking was done on the Sabbath. To tell you the truth, Miss Smith, we were not allowed to do anything, but eat, on the Sabbath. When I would ask my father why other boys were allowed to do what they wanted on the Sabbath, I was told; 'You

are the son of a Cohen and the son-in-law of a Levite, and you must never forget that.'

"My wife was everything, except how to be a good housekeeper, and how to cook a meal. She knew all about keeping the house kosher. She was told never to mix the dishes that were used for meat with those that were used for butter. Also that separate dishes had to be used for the Passover week. She was told to light candles at sun-down every Friday and say a prayer while lighting them. This was to welcome the Sabbath into the home. She was told how prepare the "Seder". This is a home ceremony which takes place the first two nights of Passover. Every good Jew tries to be home during the week of Passover. If he cannot be home all week, at least he tries to be home for the two "Seder" nights.

"As I told you, my wife was told all those things, but she never was told how to cook a meal, or keep a house clean, or wash and iron clothes when they get dirty. When we were first married and lived with my parents, she would sit around and crochet lace, while my mother did all the cooking and baking and all the other work in the house. I didn't care very much for my wife, and I wasn't home very much. After working all day in a small tailor shop, I would go to see my friends. One night I heard a friend of mine got a letter from a cousin in America. The cousin said that tailors can make a lot of money in America. So I decided that I would like to go to America. Hannah's father objected. My father said that America was no place for a God-fearing Jew; that all Jews in America were sinners, that they forgot their religion and their heritage. That America was no place for a daughter of the Levites and a son of the Cohens;

"But I had made up my mind that I would leave Poland and the life that I was living there. I started to save money and when I had enough for a steamship ticket, I told my wife and all the relatives that I was

leaving. I promised to send for Hannah as soon as I had earned enough money for her passage. My mother packed a large basket of food for me, because the food on the boat would not be kosher. And so I started for America.

"On the boat I got very sick. Maybe it was from the rocking of the boat, maybe it was from the dry food that I was eating. But I felt so sick, that when a man who slept near me, told me to try a cup of hot soup, I forgot that it was not kosher. As soon as I had swallowed it, I thought that I had committed a sin, but I was feeling better. I had been told by my father that if I ate any food that was not kosher, that I would die. But I was feeling better all the time. I made up my mind that I would never tell my father and mother what I had done. As the days went by, I felt better every day, so I decided that I could not have committed such a big sin, and I ate all my meals at the ship table and forgot about the basket of dry bread and hard cheese.

"About six months before, a man with whom I had worked in the tailor shop in Warsaw, had gone to Pittsburgh; so I decided to go there, too. When I got here, I could not find the man, but I found a boarding house on Logan Street, in the Jewish neighborhood. A man who lived in the boarding house worked in a large tailor shop, so he took me along one day, and I got a job. All the people were nice to me; they told me to go to the settlement to learn English. They helped me very much and I was glad to be in Pittsburgh, where I was free. Nobody asked me what I did, what I ate, or where I was going. I liked it. I made a lot of money, more than I had ever made before. I started to save money, because I was going to keep my promise to bring my wife to America.

"After I worked a little while, I decided that I ought to buy American clothes. After all, I came among many people and I wanted to

look like an American. The clothes that I had brought from Poland were not like the American styles. My shoes had very heavy soles, and I saw that only men who worked in the streets wore such shoes. So I bought some shoes and a suit of clothes and I saved the ones I had brought Poland for rainy and snowy days.

"Then I noticed that the room in the boarding house was very small the bed and my suit case and trunk filled the room, so that I could hardly turn around. I told this to a man who was working in the shop where I worked, and he told me about a room on Logan Street. So I moved into the larger room. Here I had gas light with a mantle and an ironing chimney. It was the first time that I ever read by gas light. I had never known such comfort. It was a wonderful change from the kerosene lamp and the wax candles. I could now study my English lessons and read the papers. I had a small gas stove in my room, where I could make tea. It was a pleasure to come home and be able to light a stove without looking for wood or buying coal. And there was no ashes to carry out. I tell you, Miss Smith, America is a wonderful country. And then I had a carpet on the floor and lace curtains on the windows; I had two windows in my room. In Poland only the rich people could have carpets and curtains. But here I was a working man and I had all those good things, and I was in America only one month. I fixed my breakfast in my room, my lunch I ate in a restaurant near the shop, and my supper I ate in a kosher restaurant near where I lived.

"Every day I made new friends. Some I met in the restaurant; some I met in the synagouge. I still went to daven (pray) every day. I did not work on the Sabbath, and I used to write to my father that in America one can be just as pious a Jew as in Poland. Of course, I said nothing about eating in the gentile restaurant each noon. But I never ate meat in that place. I ate meat only in the kosher place.

"I figured that if I saved money about eight months, I would have enough to send Hannah a ticket and a little extra money for the trip. And then I would save about four months more, and I would have enough money for furniture for about two or three rooms.

"One evening I was sitting in the kosher restaurant, when a woman came in and sat at my table. After a little while, she began to talk to me. She asked me how long I am in America, and where I worked. It was the first time that I had talked to a woman since coming to Pittsburgh. I met her again the next night and she talked about books and plays, so that I saw she was an educated woman. She told me she worked in a shop and made good money. She was a beautiful woman, and I enjoyed hearing her talk. When she had finished her supper, she went away and I went to my room. I wondered why such a nice woman should work in a shop like a man. I had never heard of a woman working all day in a shop. Well, I thought, that is an American style.

"The next evening she came again to the restaurant and came right to the table where I was sitting. After having our supper together for a month, I told her about my wife and how I was hoping to have her come to America, soon. Then my friend told me that she had been married, but that she was now divorced and that the judge had said she could drop her married name. Then I found out that her name was Ida. She told me that she was living in two rooms, which was her home when she was first married, and she told me to come to see her. She said that I could get an idea how to furnish a home in America, so I would know what to buy when my wife got here.

"The next Sunday I had nothing to do, so I decided to call on Ida, to see the furniture. Her house was clean like gold. She had baked a cake and we had tea and cake. I began to hope that Hannah would be a good cook like Ida, and that she would keep the house clean like Ida's. The thought came to me, right then, that I had never seen Hannah in the kitchen, either

in her father's or my father's house. Well, I was sure that Hannah could learn to cook and do things like women do in America. I was glad that I had met this fine woman, who could teach Hannah how to cook and keep house. I began to wish that Hannah would come right away, so we could have a nice home like Ida had.

"I was so excited about having a home, that I started to talk about my wife coming to America to everybody in the shop. Everybody that I know, heard about Hannah. An older man in the shop said that many women who come to America never learn to keep house in the American style. Now I know that the man was right.

"Well, when I was here a little over a year, I sent a steamship ticket and some money to Hannah, so that she could come to Pittsburgh. A few weeks later I got a letter from her telling me that she was leaving. I was very happy. I rented two rooms and bought all new furniture, just like Ida's. I got the same color carpet and curtains that Ida had. I was proud of my new home, and hoped that it would always be nice and clean. I was now getting higher wages, and I was sure that when Hannah got here, I could afford to buy her some American clothes. I had made up my mind to like her, even if I did not love her in Poland, and I was sure everything would be all right.

"The Sunday before Hannah came, my good friend Ida came over and spent the whole day helping me unpack dishes and pots and pans and chairs. We laid the new carpet and hung the curtains and set up the bed. When I unpacked the pillows which I had bought, I remembered that in Poland we used large pillows, and I thought that maybe Hannah would not like the pillows that I bought. But I was now used to sleeping on smaller pillows and was sure that Hannah would not care. Everything was soon ready. The house looked like a palace. Then Ida cooked supper in my house and we had a nice friendly evening.

"Four days later I got a telegram that Hannah was in New York. The next morning, I did not go to work. I dusted everything in the house, so that it should shine. I kept thinking how surprised Hannah would be when she saw her first American home. I was proud of everything in the house, but the gas stove was the best thing. I could imagine how happy Hannah would be when she saw that she only had to light a match to have a fire to cook.

"The train from New York on which Hannah was to come to Pittsburgh would arrive the next morning. I could not sleep all night. I was really happy! I kept thinking of how I would show Hannah all the nice things in the kitchen. Things she had never seen in Poland. I had my suit pressed and I bought a new tie.

"The next morning I was at the station two hours before the train arrived. My heart beat when I saw Hannah coming toward me. She carried a big bundle sewed up in cloth and a big basket, as big as a trunk. I could see that the bundle and the basket were heavy. As soon as she had passed through the gate, I took the baggage. Then I took a good look at Hannah. She did look funny with the flowered scarf on her head and the black embroidered apron, and the full gathered skirt. I wondered whether I looked so funny when I came to America. Then I remembered my heavy shoes and funny suit. I thought that with American clothes, Hannah would look better.

"When we came to our little home, Hannah could hardly talk. She looked at everything and then she said she did not think that I would have anything so nice for her. She kept touching the stove with the nickel all shining. About ten times she opened the oven door and looked into the oven. Hannah was so happy, that she cried with joy. A couple of times she said to me: "Is this really our home? You are not fooling me?" I had to show her my things in the dresser drawer, before she believed that this was our home.

"I fixed it so that we would eat our first dinner in America, with some friends. I gave them some money and told them to fix everything that I knew Hannah liked: blintzes, gefilte fish, nice fresh rye bread, strudel and coffee with real cream. Hannah liked everything that my friend had cooked and we enjoyed our first dinner in America.

"Ida had invited us for supper, so about five o'clock we went to Ida's house. I saw that Hannah did not feel so happy in Ida's house. Maybe it was because Ida was dressed in American clothes and she had the table set in American style. On the table was a fancy bread board with a bread knife but Hannah took the loaf of bread and broke off a big piece. I felt bad about that, but I said nothing. Right after that Ida took the bread knife and cut ~~XXXXXX~~ a slice of bread for herself. I know that Hannah noticed that. I noticed it, too, but I was sure that Hannah would soon learn to do things in the American way.

"The next day, I decided to take a half day off and help Hannah unpack. First I showed her how to light the gas stove. She cooked some coffee, which was not very good. Hannah brought some very nice linens: table cloths, sheets, pillow cases and towels. From the big basket, she took a nice shiny samovar, which we put on the sideboard. Then she had some brass candle-sticks, which had belonged to her grandmother. These we put on a little shelf in the kitchen. The things that Hannah had brought, made our little home even nicer and I was very happy. After everything was unpacked, Hannah and I went to a big department store and I bought her some clothes. Then we went to the grocery store and the butcher shop and we bought all kinds of food. Then I took Hannah home, and I hurried off to work.

"All afternoon I kept thinking of the good dinner I would have when I got home that evening. But when I walked into the house that evening, nothing was cooked. Hannah was dressed in her American clothes, and looked very nice. But she said that she had never cooked a meal in her life and

she didn't know how to begin. Well, it was not her fault that she did not know how to cook. But I told her that she ought to learn. I helped her cook the dinner, and it was not ready till eight o'clock. After dinner, Hannah said she had never washed dishes, so I washed the dishes and told her to watch me, so she would know how to do it the next time.

"I told her that I was sure the neighbors would help her. If she wanted to, she could ask Ida to come over and show her how to cook. At the mention of Ida's name, she got red in the face, and said she would see Well, Miss Smith, Hannah would not ask anyone to show her how to cook. For six months I did not eat a decent meal in my home. The house was never cleaned. Every day, I could see the nice new things getting old and dirty. The pots and pans were not cleaned right. Hannah's clothes got dirty and she did not wash them. I felt very bad. After working in the shop all day, I had no home to go to.

"The first fight that we had was on account of the big pillows that Hannah brought from Poland. In the year that I was here without her, I got used to sleeping on small pillows, but Hannah insisted that I had to sleep on the pillows that she liked. Every night, as soon as I fell asleep, Hannah would push my pillow to the floor, and I would wake up and could not go to sleep again. My life was not happy. No matter how hard I tried, I could not get Hannah to learn to cook and keep house the way other women did in Pittsburgh.

"A year after Hannah came, a baby boy was born to us. I was very happy! The baby looked just like my father, and I made up my mind that I would try to get along on account of the baby. I was going to see that the boy got a good education. Maybe he would be a doctor or a lawyer.

"A few weeks ago, Ida came to see us and brought the baby a present. She told us that she was engaged to be married, and invited us to her house for the following Sunday, to see the man. After Ida left, Hannah

said she would not go to Ida's house, and she did not want me to go. I said: 'what's the matter? Why shouldn't we go to meet the man Ida is going to marry?' You know, Miss Smith, Ida was a good friend to both of us. But Hannah said she would not go. I thought maybe she would change her mind by Sunday, but when Sunday came, she was just as stubborn as before and she would not go. I said I would go without her, and I went.

"When I got home, You wouldn't believe it, Miss Smith, the door was locked, and Hannah would not let me in. I knocked on the door, till my neighbor came out to see what was the matter. When the neighbor saw that my wife would not open the door, he told me to come and sleep in his house. Early the next morning, Hannah opened the door to get the milk, and I heard her, so I went into my house. I said to her: 'what kind of business is this locking me out of my own home?' She would not talk to me at first. Then she started screaming and hollering that I was in love with Ida and that I did not care for her and the baby. I told her that I never thought of Ida in that way. And anyhow she was going to get married soon. But Hannah would not listen. I ate breakfast and went to work. When I came home in the evening, the door was locked again, and Hannah told me she would not open the door, that I could go to Ida's house. Well, that made me mad, and I broke the lock and went in. Hannah was sitting in a chair holding the baby. There was no dinner cooked. The dishes from breakfast were still on the table. Hannah wore a dirty dress, and the baby was dirty. I tried in every way to make her see that Ida was only a friend, but Hannah would not talk to me.

"After a week went by, Hannah started to talk. But she would not learn how to cook, or wash and iron. I had to get a washer woman to wash our clothes, and I could hardly afford it. Every time I stepped out of the house, she asked me if I was going to Ida's house. I tell you, Miss Smith, my life was hell.

"One day Hannah went to see the wife of a man who worked in the same shop that I did, and this woman told my wife that I eat lunch in a restaurant where the food is not kosher. That same day, my wife wrote a letter to my father and told him all about it and a lot of lies, that I was the worst sinner in America. That was too much for me; I made up my mind to leave the house and never go back. Hu, that's my store, and I will not go back."

"Why don't you give her another chance," I said. "Maybe she has learned a lesson and she will try to do better. I will send a housekeeper to see her."

"Well, if you can do anything with her, I am willing to go back," he said.

The following day, I sent one of the settlement housekeepers to see Hannah. At first she would have nothing to do with the housekeeper. But she went back the next day and Hannah in a half-hearted consented to listen. Isaac had gone back home, and I was in hopes that the home could be saved. After two weeks visits, the housekeeper reported that Hannah refused to learn how to cook. She said she would do things her own way, which meant doing nothing.

A week later Isaac came to see me again. He had left Hannah and had gone to live with a gentile family. He paid Hannah a certain amount of money each week for the support of the child.

I did not hear of Hannah and Isaac for about three years. One day he came into the settlement and told me that Hannah was suing him for divorce. She had raised seventy-five dollars somewhere, which she paid to a lawyer, as the first half of what the divorce would cost.

"I will be glad to get divorced," Isaac told me. "I will even go to a Rabbi and give her a Jewish divorce. I will be happy to get rid of that

woman who has made life miserable for me."

I really could not blame Isaac. I made up my mind to help him with the divorce. He left the settlement and I told him to call on me the next evening and we would go to see a Rabbi.

I was sitting in my office the next morning, when I was called on the telephone by a neighborhood hospital. Isaac had been taken ill after he left the settlement the night before, and was taken to the hospital. He had been asking for me, and the doctor asked me to come over. I found Isaac to be a very sick man. He had a feeling that he was going to die and he wanted to tell me that there was a life insurance policy in a safety deposit box in a certain bank. He also wanted me to know that he was a member of the Arbeiter Ring, and that the organization would pay for the burial. A week later Isaac died.

As there had been no divorce, I decided that Hannah might want to take charge of the funeral. I walked over to her house and told her what had happened. She received the news with hysterical sobs. Her first thought was that she had spent seventy-five dollars, which was now wasted.

"Why didn't he give me the divorce before he died!" she screamed. Now I will have to sit shivah."¹

¹ A period of mourning lasting a week.

Anna B. Heldman,
1835 Onetor Street,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Breach of Promise.

Motel and Rifka Blitzstein were among the most faithful attendants at the settlement movies. They were quiet people who were never known to get into any of the numerous neighborhood squabbles. They had raised a family of four sons and three daughters and at no time were any of them implicated in any kind of trouble. In the neighborhood of Pittsburgh, where the settlement is located, this is a real achievement. Bad housing, dirty streets, crowded living quarters, low income, contribute heavily to the total of delinquency in most large American cities. So I had always admired the Blitzstein family. The children, as they grew up, attended the clubs and classes at the settlement and they were all well liked.

As the children grew up and were married, I was always invited to the weddings. I considered myself a friend of the family and was proud of the friendship of such fine people.

One afternoon Motel and Rifka came to my office and said they had to talk to me. Motel wasted no time.

"Miss Smith, what is it a breach no promise case?" he asked.

"Do you mean a breach of promise case?" I asked.

"Yeh, yeh, dat's it. What is it?"

"How do you happen to be interested in a breach of promise case?" I asked. "Your wife is not suing you for breach of promise after all these years, is she?" I laughed.

"If it was my wife, I wouldn't care," he laughed. "But", becoming serious again he said: "you know my Milton; he now works in Philadelphia for big money. I don't have to tell you Miss Smith, you know all my

children are fine people. All married except Milton. Well, he got trouble mit a girl. We never have no trouble till now mit dis girl."

"Is she suing Milton for 'breach of Promise?" I asked.

"Yeh," he answered.

"You better write to Milton and tell him to come to Pittsburgh," I suggested. "Have him come to see me and we will see what is to be done."

Several days later Milton came in. "Hello Milton," I said. "I hear that you are being sued for breach of promise. What have you been up to?"

"Oh, Miss Smith, I got myself into a pack of trouble," he said. "I suppose I had better tell you the story from the beginning. While I was attending the University of Pittsburgh, I met Sallie Friend. I liked her very much, and we became good friends. You know her, don't you?"

"Yes, I know her," I said.

"She was a student in the university-- studying physical culture. I used to take her to dances and meetings and movies. Shortly before I graduated we became engaged. We agreed that we would not be married until I had secured a good job as chemist and was financially able to support a wife and maintain a home.

"A month after I graduated, I found a temporary job. This job lasted about six months and with the money that I had earned, I bought Sallie a diamond ring for three hundred dollars.

"Sallie and I were very happy, and we hoped that in a year I would have a permanent job, and we could be married. But, in spite of everything that I did, I could not find a job. When the year had passed, Sallie started to ask me when we would be married. Every time I went to her house, her mother would start quarreling with me that her daughter had

waited long enough; that she did not believe in long engagements; that we ought to get married even if I did not have a job. She suggested that we could live with her, till I got a job.

"From the way my future mother-in-law quarreled with me before the wedding, I made up my mind that I did not want to live with her after the wedding. None of my brothers or sisters had started their married lives living with in-laws, and I was not going to do it, either.

"One evening while we were coming home from a movie, Sallie proposed that we run away and get married, and not tell anyone. I saw no reason why I should run away to be married. I was not ashamed of anything I told her that when I got married, I wanted the whole world to know about it. I loved her and I hoped that she loved me, and I saw no reason why we could not wait until I had a good job.

"I kept looking for a job and one day a friend of mine telephoned and told me of a company that needed a chemist. I rushed right over to the place, and was told that I could have the job, but that I might be transferred to another city. I didn't care where I was transferred to, as long as I could have the job. The next day I started to work. It was a very good job, as chemist for a large concern. But two days later I was transferred to Philadelphia.

"It looked as if the job would be even better than I had at first thought. And I was sure that I could do the work, so I was very happy. My mother told me before I left that I should look up some former neighbors. Perhaps I could live with them. I did this, and found them to be very nice people. They had one daughter who worked at Wanamakers. She was a very nice girl. The family adopted me as if I were a son and brother.

"As soon as I was settled, I wrote XX Sallie a long letter. I told

her about the place where I lived and about my job. That I felt myself very fortunate in securing a room with such nice people. I told her all about the daughter. I was sure that I would not be lonesome, and as soon as I knew if my job was permanent, I would come to Pittsburgh and we would set the day for the wedding.

"I received no answer to my letter. But a week later, when I got home from work, one evening, I found Sallie at the house where I was living. She said she had worried about me. That she wanted to see if my room was comfortable. Ten minutes after I got home, she suggested that we should be married that evening.

"I told her that we ought to wait at least until I had saved up enough money to buy some furniture; for once, she agreed. Then she wanted to be introduced to the family with whom I was living. She wanted to know if I had told the daughter of the house that I was engaged to be married. I told her that I did not consider my private affairs anybody's business.

"Well, as soon as the daughter got home from work, Sallie insisted on being introduced. I saw no reason for not introducing her, and the minute I had done so, she said: 'pleased to meet you; you know Milton and I are engaged and hope to be married before I leave Philadelphia.'

"That made me mad! I took Sallie out to dinner and we quarreled all the time while we were eating. I could see plainly that she was jealous, and I told her so. She insisted on going to a hotel for the night, in spite of the fact that the people with whom I was living, had invited her to spend the night with them. The next morning she returned to Pittsburgh.

"The next day I received a long letter from her. She said she did not think that I loved her any more. If that were the case, she would release me. I got a letter every day after that, in each one she accused me of all sorts of things. Then I got a letter from her mother in which

she threatened me with a law suit.

"I could not understand why Sallie and her mother were in such a hurry. And I considered myself lucky that I had not married when they first wanted me to and went to live with a such a mother-in-law. If she wrote threatening letters before the wedding, what would she do after the wedding?

"Now I got this letter from my father telling me about the breach of promise suit. Sallie is suing me for twenty thousand dollars. It's a good joke, because I haven't twenty thousand cents. But I suppose I will have to get a lawyer to file an answer to the suit."

"Yes, I think you will have to get a lawyer to take care of your side of the ^{case}" I said. "I will telephone to a lawyer whom I know. At least his fee will be less than you would have to pay the average lawyer."

Milton saw the lawyer; the answer to the case was filed. The case was scheduled to be heard about five months later. Then Milton returned to Philadelphia to his job.

A few weeks later Motel came to see me again. "Miss Smith, I have a very smart neighbor living upstairs of me," he began. "He gives advice like this; he says my Milton should get married mit did Sallie. It costs not so much for a wedding as a preach me promise case. Then a few months later, Milton could get a divorce. What you tink of dis plan, Miss Smith?"

"Well, I don't know how that would work out," I said. "Perhaps you ought to see Milton's lawyer, and see what he thinks."

"I tell you de truth," Motel said. "I told de lawyer, and he just laughed at me. But I know, lawyers only want money. He charges two hundred dollars for the case. Dat's a lot of money. All the lawyers charge fancy prices for peoples' troubles."

I told Motel that he had better allow the case to go through the regular channels. That the judge would not award any twenty thousand dollars to Sallie. This convinced the old man, and he left.

Several weeks later, I happened to wander into the hall where the regular weekly dance was in progress, and I saw Sallie dancing with a good looking young man. She did not seem disturbed about having had her romance with Milton, shattered. I waited till the music stopped and then I casually walked over to where Sallie and her dancing partner were standing.

"Hello, Sallie," I said. "Nice crowd here tonight."

"Swell crowd," she said. "Meet Mr. Cohen, Miss Smith."

"I'm glad to see you," I said. "I don't believe I've ever seen you here before. Do you come often?"

"I've only been in Pittsburgh a few weeks," he said. "This is the first time that I have been here."

"I want to tell you, Miss Smith, that Mr. Cohen and I are engaged to be married," said Sallie.

The breach of promise suit that Sallie had brought against Milton flashed through my mind. I went back to my office and wrote a note to Milton suggesting that it might be a good idea for him to come to Pittsburgh at once. I told him to come to see me, before he saw anyone else.

The following Sunday, Milton walked into my office. I told him of the introduction to the young man to whom Sallie said she was engaged. I also told him of the idea that his father had advanced, and that it might be a good idea to see the lawyer about it.

I telephoned to the lawyer and arranged a meeting of Milton's and Sallie's lawyers for the following morning.

That evening Milton came rushing into my office before catching a late train for Philadelphia.

"Miss Smith, you're an angel! It worked!" he said. "You should

have seen the faces of Sallie and her mother when I told them that I was now ready and willing to marry Sallie. Sallie stammered and her mother choked. Sallie said that she had decided that I caused her so much mental anguish (she must have learned that from the movie stars) that she did not want to marry me, now.

"In that case," said my lawyer, "there can be no breach of promise suit."

"Yes, I am willing to drop the whole thing," said Sallie.

"I will drop the case on one condition," I said. "I want my ring back."

"I had so much trouble," said Sallie, "that I deserve the ring for it."

"In that case," my lawyer said, "we will go on with the suit. I can have the case called in two days."

"Sallie turned pale," Milton continued. "She had planned to get married before the case was called. And she did not want the young man to know about the case. Without another word, she handed over the ring. I know a girl in Philadelphia who will be glad to wear it."

Anna B. Heldman,
1838 Center Street,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

The Last Laugh.

The World War cut off all communications between America and Russia. During those feverish days, men who had come to America lost all contact with wives, children, parents, brothers and sisters. This was true of Sender Goldfarb, who had come to America just three months before the outbreak of the war.

As soon as the Armistice was signed, the settlement in Pittsburgh set up a service bureau, which made an effort to re-establish contacts between relatives on both sides of the Atlantic. Among the first to apply for this service was Sender. My attention was especially focused on him, because of the large amounts of money that he sent to his wife, who was still in Russia.

Sender did not volunteer any information about his family, and I asked for none. I had not seen him for about a year and had lost track of him. One day he walked into my office to tell me of the troubles that he was having with his wife.

"I want to tell you the whole story, so that you will understand that it is not my fault," he began. "I was born in a small town near Kiev, in Russia. My father was a small innkeeper, and made a living for his family. I was the oldest of six children; he always demanded obedience of us. We respected him, as did everybody in the village. He was honest himself, and always told us never to cheat anybody. He always decided everything for us, and we obeyed.

"When I was sixteen, my father decided that I was to become a tailor. So I became a tailor. When I was twenty, he decided that I ought to get married. I had my heart set on a girl that I had met

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while delivering clothing to her father. She was beautiful, with pretty hair, and blue eyes; she was always happy, and could sing and dance. She had no crazy ideas about one person being better than another person. Oh! I wish I had not obeyed my father, and married her, instead of the shlak* that I did.

"My father had made all my plans for me. He decided that I must marry a girl that had money, some education and could cook. One evening he called me into the room where he and my mother always spent their evenings; he lit his long pipe, and calmly told me that he had selected a girl for me and that I was to be married in two weeks. The girl that was to become my wife was Rachel, the daughter of his old friend, the importer of cotton and woollen cloth. All the tailors in the town bought their cloth from him. If I married his daughter, he would sell me cloth at cost and I could make more money after I had a shop of my own. The marriage would be a good business arrangement.

"Rachel was not as pretty as the other girl, but after all, making a living was the most important thing in life, so I agreed. Rachel's father was a pompous man, and after the engagement was announced, he presented me with five hundred rubles. This money was to be used, he told me, to open a shop so that I could support his daughter.

"The day was set for the wedding; the whole town was invited. I never saw so many people, or so much food. There was enough to feed the whole Russian army. Everybody in the town talked about that wedding for months. My friends envied me that I had such generous parents-in-law. But a week after the wedding, I was told that I would

* shrew.

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have to pay for everything. The five hundred rubles were almost used up to pay for the wedding-feast. With what was left, I opened a small shop.

"For two years Rachel and I lived with my parents. I never saw a young woman as lazy as Rachel was. She did nothing to help my mother. She was interested in nothing, not even my shop. She had nice clothes, but she was too lazy to put them on. She was sloppy about her appearance. When I asked her why she did not get dressed, she said that she had nothing to wear. She threw it up to me that if she had married a rich man, instead of a poor tailor, she would have plenty of clothes. I could never get her to go anywhere with me. It seemed that I was not good enough for her, and she was ashamed of me.

"When our first child was born it was a boy. My parents invited Rachel's relatives to the Brith*. Everybody drank too much, and my father broke a wine glass which had been borrowed from Rachel's parents. This started a quarrel among the two fathers, and they called each other all sorts of names. The next day Rachel blamed my father for the disturbance. I told her, that after all, the celebration was in my father's house, and what right did her father have to insult his host?

"After that Rachel was always saying that my family and I were common and uneducated. Every evening as soon as I came home from the shop, she started to quarrel with me. When the baby was three months old, Rachel packed up her belongings and went to live with her parents. I begged her to come back, but she refused. She said she did not need me. For six months she lived with her parents and I lived with mine. Finally, my father told me that a man must live with his wife, that

* celebration at which a week old baby boy is circumcised.

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there had never been a separation in his family. So I went to live with Rachel's parents, and the quarreling continued, until life became unbearable. A second boy was born to us, and this time Rachel's parents decided that there would be no large celebration. They invited a few of their relatives. My parents were not invited. This slight hurt me and I could not forget it. A month after the birth of my second boy, I decided to sell my shop, and with the money that I got for it, I went to America. The last words that Rachel spoke to me before I left, was that she did not care where I went, or what became of me. That I was common and not of her class.

"I came to New York and went to live with a cousin, who was foreman in a dress factory. I told him that I could cut clothes, so he got me a job as a cutter; the second week that I worked there, I was getting thirty dollars a week. I made up my mind, that no matter what happened, I would support my children.

"Then the war broke out and letters stopped coming from my parents. My letters to them were returned to me. In the meantime, I was offered a better job in Pittsburgh, so I came here. I used to lie awake nights wondering what became of my parents, my brothers and sisters, my wife and children. I knew that one of my brothers was in the Russian Army. But there was nothing that I could do. I saved all my money, hoping that as soon as the war was over, I would bring my family to America. I hoped that Rachel would be different here. I hoped that I would bring my parents to America and we would live near each other.

"When the war was over, I wrote a letter to my father and one to Rachel. I waited two months, and finally I got a letter from my wife. She told me that her father was dead. That during the war her family had lost everything. That she and the children were living in a cellar. The

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did not even have a bed in which to sleep. They had no clothing and were starving. She also told me that she did not know what happened to my parents or any of my brothers and sisters. She had ^{met} a man from our home town and he had told her that all the people of that village, had been driven out of the town like cattle, and were scattered over the country-side. The older people who could not walk fast were killed or had died of starvation. You can imagine how I felt, when I got that letter.

"I came right over to the settlement, and sent some money to Rachel. I got a letter from her when she got the money. Then every month, for fourteen years, I sent her fifty dollars a month. She wrote me that she had moved to a larger town and was living in a fairly good house with the children. I decided that as soon as I became a citizen, I would ask her if she wanted to come to America. Well, the happy day came when I got my second papers, and I was an American citizen. I wrote the good news to my wife, and she wrote and said that I should send the money for tickets, so she and the children would come. I sent her five hundred dollars. I waited for months, and I did not hear from her. Then a letter came in which Rachel told me that she did not have enough money; that the steamship ticket agent had told her that the tickets cost more than she had expected. I thought that five hundred dollars ought to be enough, but I did not argue; I sent five hundred dollars more. A month later, I got a cable telling me that my wife and two boys were on the boat and would arrive in New York in a week.

"I wrote to my cousin and asked him to meet her and the children at the boat, and to put them on the train for Pittsburgh, and that I would meet them here. In the meantime, I rented a flat and bought all new furniture. I even had a man from the department store hang the curtains. I wanted to surprise Rachel with a beautiful home. I thought

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that she would be very happy to have a nice home after living in a cellar and starving.

"A week later my Rachel and the boys arrived in Pittsburgh. Before the train pulled in, I kept thinking that tomorrow I will buy her some American clothes. That she would surely come here dressed in rags. But when she stepped off the train, she was dressed in a fur coat, a silk dress, a fancy hat and high-heeled shoes. Then she opened her mouth, I saw that it was full of gold teeth. My boys were dressed in tight suits; I thought that with every move they made, the seams would burst. The first thing that Rachel said to me was: "how shabby you look! Why don't you get your teeth fixed? Why don't you wear a nicer suit? Why is your hair turning gray?" I told her that she must remember that I had sent her over ten thousand dollars during the past fifteen years. That I had furnished a home for her. After all, I was only a working man.

"On the way home, she told me that she spent over a hundred and fifty dollars for her teeth. The balance of the first five hundred dollars had been spent for clothes for herself and the children. That since I had not bought her a wedding ring, and she had been compelled to use her mother's for the wedding ceremony, that she had bought herself a ring and a pin.

"When we reached the home that I had so carefully furnished, Rachel did not like it very much. She told me that she needed a maid, as she had never done any house-work while she lived with her mother, and why should she become a slave for me? I told her that while I was making good wages, that I was not a rich man, and could not afford a maid. That it was possible to learn to do house-work. I suggested that all the washing could be sent to a laundry, so that she would not have to wash clothes.

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"I soon found out that Rachel did not care for me; that she was only interested in the money that I made. She did not take care of the house. She expected me to clean it after I got home from work. This went on for six months. One Sunday Rachel wanted me to sweep the rooms, while she was sitting down doing nothing. We started to quarrel about this, and she struck me over the head with the broom. She kept telling me that she should never have come to America; that the cellar in Russia without me, was better than a palace in America with me. It was then that I packed my things and left her. I rented a room in a boarding-house.

"A week later, Rachel got herself a lawyer and sued me for divorce. I was so sick and tired of her, that I did not stop her. The judge said that I should pay fifteen dollars a week for the support of the children, and I said that I would.

"After the divorce, Rachel and the children moved to New York. I heard from my cousin that she had rented a room in the Bronx. The boys were going to school and she was becoming an "American lady." She had joined a bridge club where they played a little bridge and did a lot of gossiping. Every new member had to tell the story of her life, and if she was divorced, a widow or somebody's wife. All the women gossiped about their husbands. A woman who was a member of the club, told my cousin what Rachel had said about me. She was laughing up her sleeve at the way she had fixed me. That I was paying enough to support her and the children and that she did not have to work for me.

"At the third meeting Rachel was introduced to Yankel, the shatchen* He told her that he knew a widower who would make a wonderful

* matchmaker.

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husband for her. He had money and was educated. That he had bought a fur coat for his late wife just before she died. His second wife would get the coat. He also had a diamond ring; if the second wife proved to be the right kind of woman, he would give her the ring, too.

"Rachel asked the shatchen what he charged for fixing up the match, and he said that for a man like this one, he charged fifty dollars. But Rachel said that no man in the world was worth more than twenty-five dollars. If Yankel did not want to introduce the man for that amount, then the deal was off.

"A week later, Yankel introduced Rachel to the man. His name was Samuel, and he was a cap maker from Delancy Street. He was supposed to make a lot of money. He stammered a little, but that could be overlooked. He was dressed in a nice suit. The coat was a little too long. Maybe Rachel noticed it because she did not like long coats. The sleeves seemed a bit too long, too; but such trifles were of no importance. After the wedding, she would help her new husband select his clothes. The important thing was that he made alot of money and had a nice home and no bad habits.

"Several days after the introduction, the shatchen met Rachel and wanted to know what she thought of the "prize package." Rachel said that Samuel would do. But she would not pay a penny more than twenty-five ^{he} dollars. If ~~he~~ ~~shatchen~~ would not accept that amount, she would look for some other shatchen. Finally the bargain was made and Rachel and Samuel got engaged.

Six months later Rachel and Samuel were married in a small hall. A few friends and relatives had been invited, Yankel was among the invited guests. He waited for his fee, and followed Rachel around, until she paid the twenty-five dollars. She thought that he would leave after he

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got his money, but he stayed until there were only four people left in the hall.

"Suddenly, Rachel overheard an argument between Samuel and Yankel. She heard the shatchen tell her new husband that he did not seem to appreciate the fact that he had introduced him to a woman who was getting support from a former husband. Did Samuel realize that he would not have to work any longer? What did he mean by trying to cheat a poor shatchen out of his fee? He wanted his fifty dollars!

"When Rachel heard what the trouble was about, she helped throw the shatchen out of the hall. He left threatening revenge!

"Two weeks after the wedding was Rosh Hashana* and Rachel told her husband to get dressed for synagogue. He did not seem to feel like getting dressed, and said he would take a short walk. After he was gone, Rachel went to his closet to get his suit, so it would be ready when he got back. But there was no suit in the closet. She looked in her closet, but there was no suit there either. She looked again in his closet, and while pushing the clothes around, a letter fell from the pocket of an old coat. The letter was from Yankel the shatchen, and was dated the day after the wedding. In the letter she read that if Samuel did not return the suit that he had borrowed for him, that he would tell his wife that she had married a man wearing an undertaker's suit. It was enough that a shatchen, he had made a bum look like a gentleman; now the undertaker wanted his suit!

"Rachel now began to see why the sleeves were too long. Why the coat had been too long. It was too much! Not only had she married a lazy bum, but he had worn an undertaker's suit for the wedding. She decided to look in the other pockets. She found two pawn tickets; one for a fur

*The Jewish new year.

coat, and one for a diamond ring. Rachel now knew that if she was to have the fur coat and the diamond ring that she would have to redeem the pawn tickets. And she did not have the money after paying for the wedding and the shatchen's fee.

"So now I have the last laugh. She is figuring how to get a divorce in New York. If a divorce in Pittsburgh cost one hundred and fifty dollars, a divorce in New York would surely cost three hundred dollars."

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The Untamed Shrew.

My first contact with Eva Blansky was when she came to the settlement complaining that her husband Isaac had deserted her and their child. She wanted the husband brought into the Domestic Relations Court, and forced to support her. Eva at that time was living on Crawford Street, which was the fringe of the Pittsburgh Ghetto district. Isaac was living in a boarding house on Webster Avenue. I wrote a letter to Isaac asking him to come to see me. At first he ignored my letter, but when I threatened him with arrest, he came.

"What seems to be the trouble between you and your wife?" I asked.

"Trouble, I got plenty trouble," Isaac said. "My wife is a devil and a drunkard and a bum. I wish I had never brought her to America. What a mistake I made when I sent her that ticket!"

"Did you bring her to America?" I asked.

"I want to tell you the whole story," he started. I leaned back in my chair and listened.

"Eva and I lived in Korsun, a small town in Russia. We went to the same school and in a boy-and-girl way, we were in love with each other. My father was a cattle dealer and Eva's father had a store. When I was nineteen years old, my father decided that I ought to go to America, so that I would have to serve in the Russian Army. I did not want to leave Eva, but I did not want to serve in the army either, so I decided to go to America. The night before I left, I met Eva and we said good-by, and I promised to write to her.

I left with a heavy heart. I knew Eva would be lonesome in the small town, what could a young girl do there? She helped in her father's

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store, and she did not like it. I knew that she would have liked to go to gymnasium to get a good education, but her father was poor. The only hope the poor girl had, was that I would make a lot of money in America and send for her.

When I got to New York I went to live with an uncle and aunt who lived in the Bronx. My uncle worked in a large clothing factory and he got me a job there. After my first day in the factory, I sat down and wrote a letter to Eva's father. I did not think it was right to write to a girl. But I knew that Eva would see the letter. While we were at school, we used to send notes around, and a blot of ink meant a kiss; there was a blot on my first letter to Korsun. I knew that Eva would understand. Oh! I wish I had never written that letter!

In about a month I got a letter from Eva. She told me that her father had read the letter to the family, then had placed it behind the clock on the mantle. As soon as the family had gone to the store, she got the letter and read it herself, then put it back in the same dust covered space. She had noticed the kiss and she sent me several kisses. She told me all the news of the home town; the gossip about my friends in Korsun. Some of my friends had been married and some were about to be married. A girl with a hunchback, who could not find a husband, had employed a shatchen to find one for her. Eva ended her letter by asking me to write to her, but to send the letter to her aunt, as she did not want her father to know that I had written.

I wrote to Eva about once a month and she always answered. She started telling me that her parents thought she ought to get married, but she did not like the men that her father selected for her. She did not like the way her parents talked about her. That one evening she became so angry that she went out into the kitchen and rattled the pots.

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pans and the samovar, until they stopped talking.

"Another letter told of a neighbor who had come in one evening and said that Eva was becoming an old maid, and that her parents ought to get a shatchen to find her a husband. Eva told the neighbor that she would rather be an old maid than married to a man who smoked a stale, smelly pipe all day, and walked with stiff legs to the post office to gossip about every letter that came from America.

"Well, it took me a long time to make up my mind, whether I wanted to get married. I kept writing letters to Eva and getting answers from her for twelve years. By that time she was thirty years old, but not having seen her, I still pictured her as the young pretty girl I had left in Korsun. Finally, I made up my mind and sent her a ticket. I wrote her that she should come to America, and if we found that we still loved each other, that we would be married.

"When Eva got my letter with the ticket, she showed it to her parents. She wrote me that the family was very much excited. That her father was getting her passport. That her mother was getting her trousseau ready which would include many down pillows. When she finally left Korsun for the nearest railroad station, she had a wagon load of baggage and a load of good wishes from the towns people.

"While Eva was on her way to America, I got a letter from a cousin who lived in Korsun, telling me that he was very much surprised that I had sent for Eva. That had the reputation of being a shrew and having a vile temper. He hoped that America would tame her.

"I was worried. But I met the boat on which Eva was travelling, at Ellis Island. I looked everywhere, but I could not find my Eva. After all the passengers had left the boat, I went up to one of the immigration officials and asked him whether Eva had arrived. He showed

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me the passenger list, and there I saw Eva's name. He told me to wait and he would bring Eva to me.

"I waited about an hour, when the door opened and Eva stood before me. Twelve years had changed her from a slender school-girl into a tall, muscular woman, with pursed lips. She was so changed, that at first, I could not believe that it was Eva, the girl I had been dreaming about; the girl with whom I had been going to school.

"Well, we left Ellis Island and went to my uncle's house where my aunt had prepared a good dinner. I had rented a room for Eva a few doors from where I was living, and when the baggage started arriving, the room was too small to hold everything. If I wish I had never seen her baggage. The next day I had to go to work, so I told Eva to unpack her things and fix up her room as well as she could. In the evening, I took her to a restaurant for supper, to show her an American eating place. She wanted to know when we would be married. I had fully expected to get married as soon as Eva arrived, but I hesitated when I looked at her. Maybe it was her height; she was six feet tall, and I was only five feet, six; maybe it was her voice, which was harsh and rasping, that made me hesitate. Eva saw that I was undecided. She wanted to know if I did not love her any more. But she insisted that whether I loved her or not, that I would have to marry her, as I had brought her to America for that purpose. She was sure that after she was dressed in American clothes that I would feel differently.

"Well, I bought her some stylish clothes, and she really did look better. I thought that I loved her and we set the day for the wedding. He rented a nice four room flat and I furnished it in the latest style. I bought a new icebox and all kinds of American things for the kitchen.

"The wedding was on a Sunday in my uncle's house. My aunt had

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prepared a good wedding dinner, and my uncle had bought a lot of liquor. The wedding lasted all night. Everybody was drinking too much, including Eva. She drank so much, that by midnight she was so drunk that she could not stand on her feet. She started to fight and yell. I was scared to death! But my aunt and uncle said the poor girl was not used to American drinks; that she probably mixed them too much and that she would be all right in the morning. I can tell you my wedding did not make me very happy. What would I do if my wife turned out to be a drunkard?

"But after a good night's sleep, Eva woke up cheerful. She liked her new home, but did not know how to use the kitchen things. I showed her how to use them, and it looked as if everything was going to be all right.

"During the twelve years that I lived in America, I got used to eating salads. So I bought lettuce, cucumbers, tomatoes and radishes, and I asked Eva to fix a salad. But she could not see how anyone could eat such stuff. She called it all grass. She liked sefalte fish and firmes and she wanted me to like the same things that she did. She refused to fix a salad for me. So to keep peace in the family, I started eating my lunches in a restaurant near the shop. Eva then got mad and said that I did not like her cooking. The next evening when I got home from work, there was no supper cooked and Eva told me that if I did not like her cooking, I could eat all my meals at the restaurant. I tried to reason with; I told her that I only went to the restaurant for a salad. But she would not even talk to me. She put on her coat and walked out of the house. This was three months after the wedding. I cooked myself a couple of eggs and ate a lonely supper, and sat down to wait for her to return. But it was twelve o'clock and she had not come home, so I went to bed. About two o'clock in the morning I was

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awakened by loud voices at the door. I got up and opened it, and I almost got a heart failure to see my Eva drunk like a pig, being held up by the policeman of the beat, who was a friend of mine. I took Eva into the house and closed the door. As soon as we were alone she started swearing at me and throwing everything that she could reach at my head. She screamed that I had no business to send a policeman for her. It took me two hours to get her to go to sleep.

"I got up the next morning with a heavy heart. I got my breakfast and went to work. All day while the machine was running, I kept thinking that I had made a terrible mistake. But I made up my mind to give Eva one more chance; if she ever got drunk again, I would leave her forever. About a week later I got home from work and found Eva drunk again. With her was a woman who was known all over the neighborhood as a gambler. There was no supper ready. So I packed my things and left. I KM went to my uncle's house where I stayed a few days and then went to Chicago.

"I worked in Chicago two years. I did not hear from Eva; I did not know what she was doing and I did not care. During the slack season, I was laid off, so I came to Pittsburgh and got a job here. I was here about a year, when Eva found me. My cousin had told her where I was.

"Well, she promised not to drink any more, and to make salads for me, so I rented a flat and we set up housekeeping. Everything was fine. A year later a baby was born to us and we were really happy for a while. But one evening I got home from work and found Eva drunk. I put her to bed and she promised again not to drink any more. But she did not keep her promise, she kept on drinking and gambling, so I found a room in a boarding house, and that's where I am living now. Nu, that is my story."

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I sat for a moment looking at the poorly dressed Isaac. His face was a living testimony that his story was true.

"I cannot blame you for not wanting to support your wife," I said. "But you must support your child."

"If I give her money she will spend it for whiskey," he said. "I will not give her a penny."

No amount of arguing seemed to do any good; so I was forced to have Eva sign a complaint against Isaac and he was brought into the Court of Domestic Relations. The judge ruled that he must pay a certain amount for the support of the child. Isaac paid for three months, then he lost his job, and stopped. From that time Eva would haunt Isaac for support. It became evident that he did not want to find a job. He was finally sent to the Workhouse for non-support.

When he was released from the Allegheny County Workhouse, he told some of his friends that he was leaving Pittsburgh, and that this time, Eva would not find him.

Isaac kept his word and disappeared. He was not heard from for four weeks. I was sitting in my office one morning, when Eva burst in with a telegram in her hand. She was shrieking hysterically as she handed me the message. The telegram was from McKeesport and contained the news that Isaac had been killed in an accident, that the body was being held for identification. Eva rocked back and forth in the chair, moaning. I was hard to decide whether her grief was caused by the death of her husband, or that she was afraid she would have no one to fight with. I advised her to see the Free Burial Society and make arrangements for a free grave. On the way home, she stopped at an undertakers and made arrangements to have the body brought to Pittsburgh. Then she went home to indulge in a period of mourning. She covered the mirror with a black

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coat, stopped the clocks and between sobs and shrieks told her gambling friends that she had lost a good man; that she now knew how much she loved him. What would become of her and the child now? Here she was alone in vast America without relatives or friends. Neighbors gathered and tried to comfort the hysterical Eva. A few of her boon companions stayed with her awaiting the arrival of the body.

When the undertaker's wagon drove up to the door there was an extra loud outburst of lamentation. The assembled group joined Eva in moaning and wailing. The door opened and the driver walked in.

"I could not find any body," he said calmly. "There was no accident in McKeesport and no one heard of anyone being killed."

Eva's friends looked at each other in dead silence. Then Eva got her hat and coat and told the driver that she would go with him to the scene of the supposed accident. She was sure that Isaac was dead and she would find the body. With the telegram in her hand, she clambered into the wagon and away they drove.

But the driver had been right; no one in the town had heard of an accident. Someone advised Eva to see the town marshal, which she did without delay. The marshal drove with Eva to the Western Union office from which the telegram had been sent and there Eva was given a description of the man who had sent the message. In a flash Eva knew that Isaac had sent the telegram and then must have disappeared.

Eva returned to her home; removed the black coat from the mirror and started the clocks. From the determined look on her face, one could imagine that if Isaac happened along just then, there would be a fight such as Shakespeare could not equal in the taming of any shrew.

Eva now spent all her time trying to find Isaac. He could not be found. In desperation, Eva placed her child in a Pittsburgh home for

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dependent children and found a job so that she could support herself. She confided to her boon companions that she would divorce Isaac as soon as she had enough money to pay for the divorce. While waiting for the divorce, Eva started looking for another husband. She finally had enough money and she had her lawyer sue for divorce. Eva testified that her husband had deserted her and their child and that had failed to support her. She did not tell the judge about her taste for drink. Nor did she say anything about the many beatings she had given poor Isaac. The divorce was granted.

Eva had a man ready and a year later they were married. For about six months the neighbors reported that peace reigned in the household of Eva and Solomon, her new husband. But one morning one of the neighbors came in to tell me that she saw Solomon come out of his house with a black eye and a swollen lip. I found out later, that Eva had been out all night and came home drunk and the black eye and swollen lip were the results.

Solomon had never seen a woman act like Eva did. She tore the wall paper from the walls, and broke most of the dishes. He compared his wife to a tornado that had struck a Dakota village, while he worked there. The tornado wrecked everything. So did Eva.

While nursing his black eye and swollen lip, Solomon tried to decide whether he should get a divorce, or lessons from a lion tamer. He decided on the latter and gave Eva a good beating. He thought he had tamed her. But he was wrong. When he got home from work a week later, he found his belongings in the street, and the door was locked.

He watched the house for three days and finally Eva came home. She had spent the three days and night drinking and gambling. Solomon made his last effort to tame the shrew. The result was that they decided to live in the house in separate rooms and each was to have a separate entrance.