

Russian Jews As Colonists In America.

A Thorough Investigation of the Hebrew
Settlements about Vineland, N.J., Goes
to Show That the Much Reviled
Refugee Possesses All
the Qualifications for
Good Citizenship.

FROM KIEF TO ALLIANCE,
ODESSA TO ROSENHAYN.

Fruit Gardens Thrive Where a Wilderness
Prevailed, Profits Accrue Where All Was
Barren Waste, Shopkeepers and
Mechanics Till the Soil With-
out Previous Experience.

FACTS FOR BARON HIRSCH.

Is Baron Hirsch to be a modern Moses to lead the sorely pressed children of Israel away from contumely, persecution and extermination?

Is the continent of America to be another promised land flowing with milk and honey to which his benevolence shall direct them?

These are questions which begin to stir the sympathies of the philanthropist and command the scrutiny of the political economist.

The Hebrews of Western and Southern Russia are a proscribed people in the land of their birth. Their homes, shops, schools and synagogues are regarded as plague spots, breeding and disseminating foul miasmas. Deprived of civil rights, shunned in society, boycotted in trade, these unhappy outcasts are at last reduced to an alternative between isolated degradation at home or hopeless banishment abroad.

At Kief, Odessa and Elizabethbund the first faint wails of distress were so sternly rebuked and

suppressed by the utterance of that one dread word "Siberia" that it was years before the sob broke through the environments of iron rule to reach the ear of compassion beyond. Once freed it grew to such an angry, passionate howl of complaint that the civilized world first stood aghast and then hastened to frame measures of relief.



THE SYNAGOGUE.

This was obviously a case for private interference and benevolence. There was no appeal possible to the Russian government. Charity, not diplomacy, must be invoked. The people of the United States became the more deeply interested in the fate of these wretched refugees, because the tide of exiles sets naturally toward the shores of the free. It is in the nature of our institutions and precepts to share with all who are worthy the blessed haven which we found and built upon so well.

The beginnings of relief were small. In 1882 the Jewish Immigrant Society of New York found that refugees from Russia were arriving in larger numbers than could be provided for in the city. A tract of land, comprising about 3,000 acres of shrub oak land was acquired five miles from Vineland, a thriving town in the southwestern corner of New Jersey. As fast as practicable the land was cleared, divided into small farms, a wooden shanty was run up on each, the easiest kind of terms were made for immediate possession, and the long, hopeless journey from Russia was thus made to end in shelter that at least bore some semblance of a home.

Such was the first start made in America toward the colonization of the Russian Jew. The first 3,000 acres have long since been disposed of at premiums to

eager buyers. The original settlement has served as a model for many others that have sprung up round about it. The plan of operation has taken the fancy and provoked the munificence of so generous a promoter as Baron Hirsch.

It is because of Baron Hirsch's magnificent intentions, it is in view of the vast sum of money he puts aside for the foreign colonization of the Russian Jew, that the HERALD has been at pains to investigate fully and fairly the deserts of these people, their capabilities as colonists, their desirability as citizens, and their use and appreciation of the chances that have already been given to them of beginning a new life in a new land.

The following facts are laid before the public, not because there is a probability that Baron Hirsch will select New Jersey or any other of the States for the development of his great scheme, but because the only way of determining what can be done is by sifting what has been done, because the character, the steadiness, the industry, the tenacity of purpose of the colonist will not differ materially whether he be placed in North or South America, in Australia or Alaska, and because it is grateful to the HERALD to bear witness to the complete success which has followed the modest attempt of our countrymen to domesticate the much reviled Russian Hebrew on the arid soil of New Jersey.

LIFE WITH THE EXILES.

THEY ARE FOUND TO BE A PEACEABLE,
PRUDENT, PATIENT, PAINSTAKING PEOPLE.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

Vineland, N.J., July 25, 1891.

There is nothing in the approach to Vineland that suggests the promised land. The milk and honey are kept in the background until the last moment and for that reason, perhaps, are all the sweeter when tasted.

The Southern Railroad of New Jersey is the main avenue to our El Dorado, although Vineland is also easy of access from Philadelphia.

After leaving Lakewood the train discards all the airs of civilization and schedule time and plunges



TYPES OF COLONISTS.

through a wilderness of shrub oak and stunted pines, stopping incidentally here and there at little hamlets to take on and put off sundry crates of fruit, but primarily to give the train hands a few minutes gossip with pretty girls, who must come from the backwoods, but don't look it.

At Winslow Junction there is such a great hubbub of four trains meeting like friends in a desert that a general stop of half an hour is made while notes are compared from Philadelphia, New York, Cape May and Atlantic City.

From Winslow on the aspect improves rapidly. We are now running through peach orchards, grapevines and berry patches, all improving in quantity until the train pulls up with a flourish at the very imposing brown stone station at Vineland, five hours from New York.

Vineland must be the creation of an artist or a greater boss than Tweed. It is one of those few places with pretty names that are not abject in appearance. It is laid out in broad streets shaded with double rows of trees under which one may drive for miles over hard, well kept, clay roads; it is built mainly of brick, is blessed with a brass band which practises nightly,

eighteen ice cream "parlors" also in full running order, and a cast iron temperance law, which, being a total stranger, I was immediately invited to violate.

It is, perhaps, to the highly imposing respectability of Vineland that the neighboring settlements of Russian Jews owe their temperate and thrifty habits. I prefer to believe, however, that such conduct is innate and not instilled.

FIRST ACQUAINTANCES.

It was on the train that I received first intimations of the kind of people I was going to investigate. Vineland is imposing apparently because her people stop at home and dispense their dignity within their own borders. There were no other passengers for Vineland besides myself, my faithful artist and a family of Russian Hebrews bound for the promised land.

There was the old grandfather with the pathetic, pleading, frightened face of a suspect framed in a thick gray beard; the grandmother, a heavy featured, coarse grained old virago, who wore a quilted hood through all the heat; the father and mother, more sprightly and hopeful; and three pretty little girls as



NEW ARRIVALS.

jolly and careless as youngsters should be the world over. They all sat in the smoking car, of course, and fairly littered it with their household effects, contained in bundles (there was no sign of a trunk or box of any kind) which ranged in size from the huge bag of bedding to the little brown paper package of Penates.

Only the son could speak a little broken English. I learned from him that they were from Kief. His father had been well to do, a shopkeeper, until oppression began to press to heavily upon his patience and profits and he was forced to emigrate. The son was a machinist. They had friends at Alliance (the first Jewish colony out of Vineland) and two or three hundred roubles between them. They would buy land if they could, but had been warned it was scarce and high priced. They knew where they could board with friends.

As the train arrived and their friends met them and, sturdily shouldering their bundles, bade them welcome in familiar tongue to their strange home, our artist made a hurried sketch of a group which seemed so outlandish in prosaic bluenosed New Jersey.

I didn't meet this interesting family again, although I subsequently made many friends and acquaintances among their compatriots. I hope that some fairy godmother, if they have such things in Jersey, will take special charge of little Olga—she of the shining locks and dazzling orbs who kept a stick of lemon candy in her mouth and her eyes on me during the entire period of our acquaintance.

ON TO ALLIANCE.

The finest avenue that runs out of Vineland leads directly to Alliance, about five miles distant, the first of the Jewish settlements referred to above as established in 1882 by the Jewish Immigration Society.

I was astonished when informed by our guide that this land ten years ago was the same sort of wilderness of shrub oak and pine as we had passed through on the railroad.

It is certainly not a Garden of Eden to-day, but there are those signs of cultivation and thrift on every hand that betoken the prosperous and industrious community. Of the three thousand acres comprising

the colony of Alliance I may say that there is not a square yard of land unoccupied by dwelling houses that is not devoted to some branch of tillage. Indeed land is so highly prized that there are scarcely any roads or paths. The crops are planted squarely up to the little front porch, and if our wagon doesn't happen to "wheel" with the harrows and furrows of the field your visit of inspection may do as much damage as if you were chasing the anise bag, regardless of cost.

THE IMAGINARY LINE.

It is an imaginary line on the road where the Jerseyman, proud ruler of the roost, leaves off, and the Jew, meek supplicant for space, begins. But the line is only geographically imaginary. Within a hundred feet you pass from the commonplace to the weird, from comedy to tragedy, from Jersey to Russia. Can you imagine a more sudden plunge?

As we pass this line which is in reality as obtrusive as a Chinese wall, we leave a native sitting complacently on his piazza and overtake an old man trudging along the road. Over his bent shoulders is slung a United States mail bag. He walks slowly but steadily, with the aid of a curious old gnarled stick. He looks neither to the right nor left. A long, reddish beard tinged with gray drops low from his thrust out chin. His clothes are of curious cut and make. Nowhere but in Russia, Siberia or New Jersey will you find such a type. The admirable illustrations in the *Century* magazine of Kennan's Russian articles are full of just such images. This pedestrian has been selected by the colony to act as mail carrier. Every day in the year he makes his long tramp of eighteen or twenty miles before the contents of his bag are distributed among his neighbors, and perhaps his coming is not anxiously, fearfully awaited! What news from home does he bring? What new imposition or indignation must be suffered by those left behind?

IN MEDIAS RES.

But we are now *in medias res*—in the middle of Russia, as it were. We have come into this region without letters of introduction from the White Czar or Baron Hirsch. We are already looked upon with suspicion. It behooves us to put ourselves in commu-

nication with the colonists to explain that our mission is conciliatory and peaceful.

The opportunity occurs. On the porch of a small shanty to the right an entire family is taking dinner (it is ten A. M.). They are the most Russian looking people I have ever seen in or out of a picture book. The head of the house occupies the usual head of the table, the wife the tail, with a liberal assortment of children between. My approach is most respectfully received and recognized by many salaams and a jargon of speech that reminded me of Billy Birch's stage French. We bowed and grinned, but not a word passed that was intelligible.

This would never do. The potatoes, berries, milk and bread and butter, which formed the meal and were offered in pantomime, were declined with pantomimic thanks, and we passed on to the next house.

As in most communities, so at Alliance prosperity is fringed with poverty. I learned afterward that the outskirts of Alliance, through which we were now passing, were the home of the very poorest of the immigrants. Indeed, this was self-evident, for the next building on the road was a long, low, rambling shed, infested with at least twenty families, the men and women to be seen making cheap cigars within, the children running wild about the premises.

There was no international code of signals to be exchanged here either. So, contenting ourselves with a look at the barracks and passing one or two prosperous looking little inclosures on either side, we pushed on to a very neat brick house which was just receiving its finishing touches from two or three Russian artisans.

The owner, Mr. M. Bayuk, I found to have been one of the original settlers of Alliance in 1882. To my delight I found he not only spoke English with some fluency, but was a man of education and discernment, who had been a lawyer in his native town and, as he described it himself, was never more surprised in his life when he found himself set down in an unknown land thousands of miles from home and was told that he was now to become a farmer! It was in conversation with Mr. Bayuk and a neighbor of his, of whom more anon, that I received the most valuable information about the hopes, the prospects,

the character and capabilities of the Russian colonists in America.

Mr. Bayuk, his energetic little wife, his two pretty children, his workmen and the faithful old dog that followed them into exile were all duly photographed in front of the fine new house which the owner proudly informed me had cost \$2,000, which sum, he naïvely explained, he didn't care to trust to a bank, so he had put it into a house of his own.

They are witty as well as shrewd, some of these high cheek boned, Tartar looking fellows.

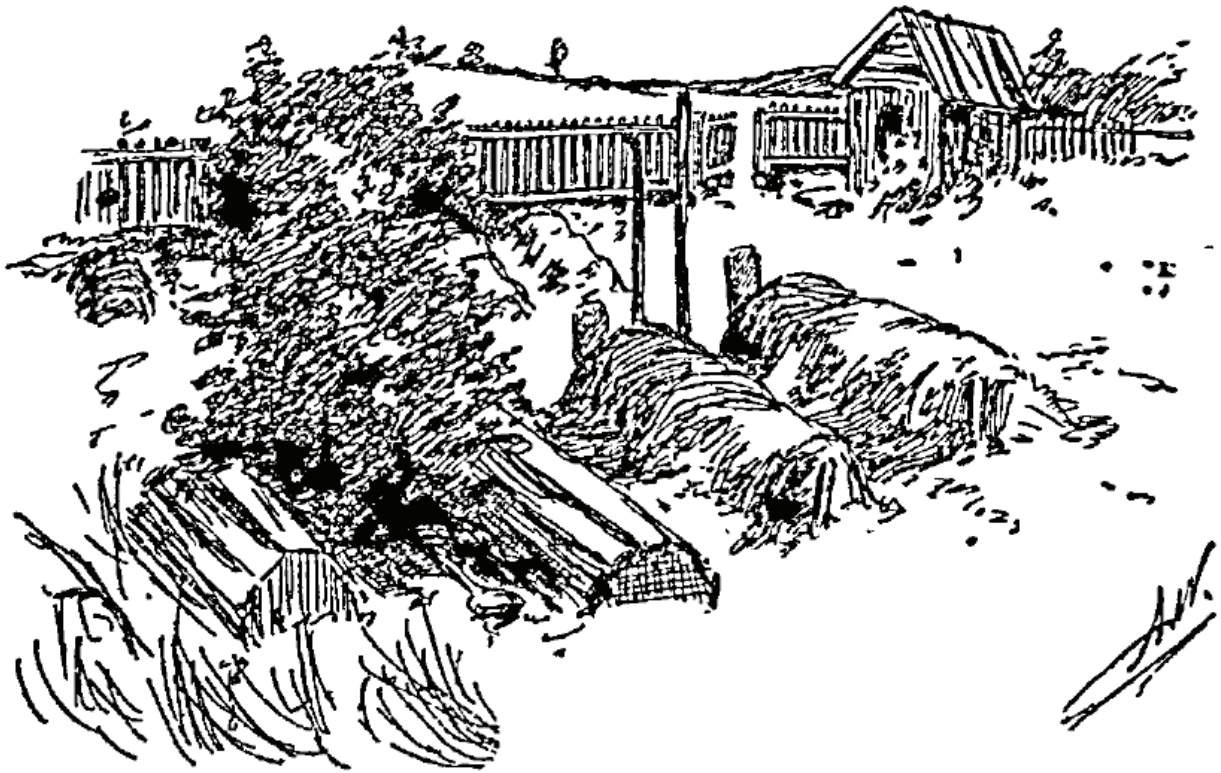
SYNAGOGUE AND GRAVEYARD.

Directly opposite the Bayuk homestead is the synagogue, an unpretentious frame structure, in which the community religiously gathers every Sabbath (Saturday). When I asked who conducted the services M. Bayuk shrugged his big shoulders and said:—

“We have no need for rabbis here. Every man and woman may speak or exhort from the fullness of their own souls. There are always many of us who have words to say—words born of bitter, biting experience. Let me show you the graveyard.”

We stepped carefully across the Bayuk sweet potato vines and entered a little enclosure with a wooden shed at one end which served as a mortuary chapel and receiving vault. There were not more than ten or a dozen graves, for, as my cicerone apologetically explained, the Russian Jew dies hard and the colony was exceptionally healthy. A box or rough boards nailed together covered the top of every mound, but there was a general air of neglect about the place which suggested that death found no favored place in the new scheme of life under the blessedness of freedom.

I was loath to leave Mr. Bayuk, for there was a manliness and honesty about the fellow's manner and talk and his way of putting things and absorbing things, combined with a hopefulness for his countrymen and a certainty that they would triumph over the slight difficulty of beginning life over again in a new world, which made him positively captivating. But I was anxious to meet one Senior Baly, of whom I had heard much and from whom I expected much valued advice.



THE GRAVEYARD.

SOME ODD CHARACTERS.

I had not got far from my adieux with Bayuk and on the road to Balys when a group of men, women and children, old, young and infantile, suggested material for a sketch. But our wagon was no sooner halted for the purpose than the entire group of tillers of the blackberry bush forsook their vocation and surrounded the wagon with plaints and appeals.

It was evident that we were taken for representatives of the Hebrew society which founded the colony. With a hurried suggestion to the artist to catch all the types he could, I encouraged the people to talk.

It seemed that the agents of this same society had not been making their rounds much of late. In fact, there was nothing for them to do. Affairs at Alliance were marching forward as fast as prudence and economy permitted. There was no Baron Hirsch back of this enterprise. It was sweet Charity alone, robed in her usual threadbare garments.

So the mistaken opportunity was seized upon to ply me with all sorts of questions and to rip my heart wide open with compassion had I understood one-tenth of what was said.

While the artist was getting in his fine work I expostulated vigorously against the clamor, with the result that the mere babblers were thrust aside and two spokesmen who used fair English laid their own and their compatriots' ideas and grievances before me. There was much more sense than nonsense in their talk. The wheat separated from the chaff you shall have later. The chaff will not keep so long. Here is some if it:—

SOME CHAFF.

“Oh! Shentlemen, gif me a farm!” besought the long bearded old gent in the skull cap and frock coat, whom our artist has caught capitally. “I bromises to pay so much each veek.”

I had to assure this land grabber that I was positively all out of farms, might not have any more in till next week, and even those might be only job lots, &c.

The other man staggered me even more. He evidently knew what he was talking about, had been reading the *HERALD*, knew all about Baron Hirsch's splendid projects, and wanted to get in with that nobleman on the ground floor plan.

“Please, sir, to gif me Baron Hirsch’s address. I vill write him von letter myself.”

“I think simply ‘Paris’ will reach him,” I replied, confidently.

“No? Ees it not Wien?” and I saw him actually make a note, “Baron Hirsch, Paris.” If the philanthropic Baron ever receives such a missive, signed by one Lewinsky—I think he so called himself—he will perhaps pardon the innocent part played in the correspondence by a newspaper man rattled in the performance of his duty.

While all this was going on a funny looking little old chap, with the face of a child, who had been dancing up and down on the outskirts of the crowd, sputtering unintelligibly, pressed up to the wheel and got a spokesman to explain that he wanted to write his name in my notebook. What for no one will ever know, except it was an application for one of my job lot farms.

I have forgotten to say that the driver of our vehicle was a Jerseyman, with a suspicious taint of Irish brogue lurking round the wag of his tongue.

As the little Russian spat on the pencil and began in the right hand lower corner of a page to write Hebraic hieroglyphics backward and upward from right to left the ill mannered driver gave such a loud guffaw that our lazy horse started on, and, barely missing running down some women and children, dragged us out of the crowd and rescued me from a position that was becoming falser and more false every moment.

Thence on to Mr. Baly’s it was plain sailing, and so let us throw aside the ludicrous in our experience and come down to the plain, unvarnished truth about this foreign colonization of Russian Jews.

THE BALY HOMESTEAD.

The Baly house is one of the simplest in the settlement—in fact it is nothing more than the cheapest and most ordinary kind of frame cottage—two rooms, a kitchen-dining room and a sitting room, on the first floor and three living rooms above. There is not a vestige of carpet on any of the floors. A few little pictures and photographs, evidently treasured relics of other days, adorn the white walls. The rooms were scrupulously neat and clean.

It is not pleasant to go into details of a gentleman’s home in which you have been cordially received and given the best the house affords, but I am sure that Mr. Baly himself will be the first to admit that any description of the capabilities, the possibilities, of the Russian colonist would be incomplete and impaired without a truthful description of the sacrifices which he and his devoted wife have made and the example they are setting.

Baly (now Americanized into Bailey) was in the field when we drove up, but a call fetched him at once. He strode into the little sitting room, and, looking me straight in the eye, said in English, in an extremely well modulated voice:—“Will you be pleased, sir, to tell me your name and business?”

Baly is a good looking fellow of not much more than thirty. There is not a trace in his physiognomy of the typical caricature of the Jew. He would rather remind one of half a dozen of our young New York dandies of the day, if any one of them had quite completed his intellectual and physical education. He has only been in this country and in this colony for five years, but is already recognized as the head and front of the community—the representative prize colonist.

Baly told me that he was in the midst of a successful university career at Odessa when a government ban closed any of the higher mediums of education to his race. He bears the mark of that insult to his intelligence and manhood on his brow. He is a man with a grievance, who will bear its ineffaceable trace to his grave, not in bitterness or passion, except when reference is made to the persistent attacks against the character and capability of his brethren, but with the calm of a strong mind that realizes what it has lost by being deprived of culture. He had intended to enter one of the learned professions.

“You see what I am now,” he said, glancing from his cowhide boots round the humble little room. “I read and write articles for the Hebrew papers whenever I have the time, but my work on the farm leaves me little time for any intellectual pursuit. Allow me to present my wife.”

Mrs. Baly had come into the room—a bright looking little woman with golden hair, who had also received a university education and showed me, with

much pride, her diploma and a photograph of her class, most of whom are now scattered in exile like herself. Mr. and Mrs. Baly both converse fluently in Russian, French, German and English.

Our talk lasted so long that Mrs. Baly insisted upon serving refreshments, preserved fruits, black bread and milk, a feast over which she presided with as much grace as though at home in the old drawing room in Odessa. Baly's brother-in-law, a young medical student, also joined the party.

It was not difficult in such company to reach a proper understanding of the condition and prospects of the colonists.

TAKING UP THE FARMS.

Alliance was started in 1882 with six families, who each took up and received title for fourteen acres of land valued at \$15 an acre and a shanty valued at \$150. In payment for this the Jewish Immigrant Society, now known as the Alliance Land Trust, accepted a first mortgage of \$180 at three per cent. It was on this same basis that nearly all of the 3,000

acres were eventually disposed of, until there are only a few acres left, held as building lots, three lots to the acre, at \$150 the lot.

A number of the mortgages have been paid off, no interest has ever been defaulted and no mortgage has ever been foreclosed. There are now over two hundred farms in operation, with a population of about six hundred and sixty—200 men and 460 women and children.

The farms are all laid out alike, in the following proportions:—

- 4 acres of blackberries.
- 3 acres of strawberries.
- 1 acre of black caps.
- 1 acre of raspberries.
- 2 acres of grass.
- 3 acres of sweet potatoes.
-
- 14 acres.

The soil is too light to produce anything else to advantage; indeed, the grass is so thin that those who



BERRY PICKERS.

keep a horse and a cow, as most of the colonists do, are obliged to buy feed.

THE CROPS.

The average crop from such a farm, with the use of a little stable manure and phosphate, is:—

- 100 crates of blackberries.
- 100 crates of strawberries.
- 10 crates of black caps.
- 10 crates of raspberries.
- 100 barrels of sweet potatoes.

The average gross proceeds from such a farm are from \$500 to \$600. When the price of berries is high—from six to ten cents a quart—the profits are over fifty per cent; when berries are cheap, as this year at four cents a quart, the profits are extremely small.

The general complaint is that the farms are too small. It would cost little more to till twice as much land, and the profits would be four times as great. Some of the more thrifty and industrious settlers have added piecemeal to their holdings as fast as they could save enough purchase money. Baly now has twenty-one acres; Bayuk, twenty-eight; Moed, Opochinsky, Groodsky, Persky, Silberman, Lewison and many others are slowly increasing their farms,

but are obliged to go to a distance to obtain land. They now value their original holdings at \$100 an acre, and would scarcely sell at that price.

THE HOUSES.

This craving for land and the laying out of money for its acquisition has militated against the improvement of the farmhouses and buildings. There is no profit in fine houses, say these shrewd observers; wait until we have farms of thirty and forty acres and you will see the fine brick homes. The houses, therefore, are shabby in the extreme, being for the most part the original shanties patched up and repaired, while the roughest kinds of sheds serve as stables and cow houses. Bayuk is looked upon as a reckless spendthrift to have put up a \$2000 house. Even Mrs. Baly seemed contented in her modest surroundings, so general is the preference for thrift over display.

THE PEOPLE.

The people are intelligent, peaceable and orderly in the extreme, nothing approaching a crime having been committed during the ten years of association, except the suicide of one poor fellow who lost his reason. No liquor or beer is used, milk and an excellent quality of well water being the staple beverages. The climate is equable and disease and death are practically unknown. The families are sufficiently prolific without being unduly so, three children to a household being the usual average. The men and women are rather undersized, but I never saw a lustier and better grown lot of youngsters than the children who have been born under the Western Star.

The women and grown children are of material assistance to the men on the farms, particularly when the berries are picked, but it is not at all unusual to see women handling the plough, harrow and hoe.

There are two synagogues in the community, a library, two schools, several stores, two benevolent societies, which assist the very poor; a free system of burial, a branch of the Jewish Alliance, and twenty-four of the better class of farmers already belong to the Farmers' Alliance.

There is a large hall which is used for lectures and meetings, and several times during the winter a



A PICKER AND HIS FAMILY.



ONE OF THE LEADERS OF THE COLONY.

company of Polish players comes down from Philadelphia and treads the boards.

The universal language is of course Russian, but many of the colonists already speak very good English and the children who attend school are making such famous progress that a number of them are to enter the high school at Vineland in September. Their teachers report that they are exceptionally bright and capable, rather outstripping in capacity and application the children to the manor born.

ONE GREAT NEED.

The dark side of this picture which I could not see but heard of on all sides is the winter—there is nothing for the people to do there—little to earn and many to keep.

The great need at Alliance and in all similar colonies is factories, in which all hands may work while the land lies fallow. There is a certain amount of sewing done on men's clothes and shirts sent from Philadelphia and New York, but the wages are on the starvation scale, twenty-five cents a day being the very utmost that a man and a machine can average.

Baly hopes to be able to establish a co-operative berry canning factory before long. The berries often

ripen on the vine faster than they can be picked, and such a factory would be economic both in saving loss and adding to gain. Capital, however, is very scarce. The first mortgages on the farms preclude the lending of more money on them, and the land trust apparently either does not recognize such a need or has no funds available for such a purpose.

OTHER SETTLEMENTS.

I have devoted the whole of my space to Alliance, because this is the original settlement, the best developed, the most thoroughly tested and the fairest criterion of what has been accomplished to colonize the Russian Jew.

But Alliance is only the centre of a whole circle of similar communities which have grown up around it and ramify through Cumberland, Salem and Atlantic Counties.

There are Malaga and Estelville and Newport and Port Elizabeth and Bridgeton and Rosenhayn and Carmel, all merging one into the other, with a total population of some two thousand five hundred Russian Jews.

Each and every one of these is modeled after the mother colony. From all come the same reports of thrift, industry, sobriety and perseverance. In one or two, hat factories have been established to the great advantage of the general weal, proving, as I am persuaded, that winter employment and an increased acreage of farms are the only two things needed to make out a perfect case for the success of this enterprise and for the triumph of that greater one which Baron Hirsch has under consideration.

CASES IN POINT.

But Baron Hirsch is not all, not the only one to whom this subject appeals with pity and reason.

The Jewish Alliance of America has just issued a pronouncement from their headquarters in Philadelphia inviting the attention of philanthropists and economists to the cause of the exiled Russian and urging their colonization away from seaboard cities, as outlined above.

A despatch just comes from Boston stating that forty Russian Jews are refused admission at that

port of princes because they seem to have no visible means of support and have been “assisted” to leave their native homes.

A story in the HERALD a day or two ago related the heartrending experience of a man from the class of whom I write, which is typical of the cases of thousands who are ground down into absolute poverty and then given the imperial Russian boot toe as a parting salute.

This question is in its infancy. If men of this character, education and adaptability are at loose seeking a foothold, a *pied à terre*, we must in view of the above facts think twice, think twenty times before we slam our doors in their faces.

To put it on the most sordid, inhuman grounds, “Can we not make money out of them?”

The Southern Railroad of New Jersey does, for instance.

THE WONDER OF IT.

And I must conclude this little story with the greatest surprise of all, a fact which is incontrovertible, and would have been apology enough in itself if

the whole scheme of colonization had been a dismal failure instead of a great benefit.

Not two per cent of the men who have within ten years transformed this arid region from a wilderness into a lovely fruit garden had had any previous experience of farming or agriculture in any shape. Indeed, a vast majority of them had never seen the country at all. They were all city bred and city reared, and with but few exceptions had been small shopkeepers, artisans and mechanics at home.

Would Englishmen or Scotchmen or Irishmen or Frenchmen or Germans or Italians have done better under the circumstances than these harried and hounded Russian Jews?

It seems to rest entirely with the gentlemen in Wall street who have control of Baron Hirsch’s and other benevolent funds whether by a moderate outlay of money and an intelligent exercise of supervision the Russian Hebrew refugee should not be made over into one of the most useful and respectable type of our foreign born citizen.

He evidently has the proper stuff in him.



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