

Sweatshop Tenement Dwellers Find the Promised Land



JOSEPH EHOODIN, THE "PROMISED" LAND PIONEER, AND HIS WIFE AND GRANDCHILD.

Remarkable Back-to-the-Soil Movement Shows How Helpless City Tailors May Win Prosperity and Health.

[Special to The Advertiser.] Cincinnati, Ohio, Dec. 13. — The Promised Land is a short way from Nine Mile, Ohio, which is close to Amelia, in Clermont County.

The inhabitants thereof came from Russia to America. They found work in sweatshops and homes in Cincinnati tenements. Their children sickened. Their playground was in the dark rooms, on the crowded sidewalks, and on the fire escape landings. Eggs were 50 cents a dozen and kosher beef 18 cents a pound.

"Lo," said they one to another, "this cannot be the Promised Land. In Russia, at least, we had fresh spots, and the air was free."

And they turned their faces to the

And the Lord said, I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters; for I know their sorrows:

And I am come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians, and to bring them up out of that land unto a good land and large, unto a land flowing with milk and honey.—Exodus III., 7-8.

east, and Joseph Ehoodin, a tailor, was sent forth as a messenger to search out the land, even as the wandering Israelites sent forth to spy out the land of Canaan 3,400 years ago, and to report upon whether the land was fat or lean, and whether there was wood therein.

And Ehoodin, who is of the tribe of Levi, searched through Clermont County, and he brought back word that surely it must be the Promised Land, for it floweth with milk and honey.

And thither they journeyed from

their sweatshops and their tenements, and although they have sweated and toiled twice as much as in their sweatshops, they have twice as much health, and the work of their hands has prospered, and their barns are full, and their eggs cost them nothing, and they produce their own beef at 8 cents per pound, and the playgrounds of their children are bounded only by the horizon.

Joseph Ehoodin, the pioneer of the back to the soil wanderers, began five years ago with ten acres that were mortgaged, and now has 145 acres that are un-mortgaged.

As far as the vision can reach from the front doorstep of Joseph Ehoodin, lie the fat acres of the former sweatshop workers—the pressers, the tailors, the basters, and the finishers who fared forth in search of the Promised Land after they had discovered that it did not lie in Central avenue tenements.

Most of them have started with \$200 and a mortgage, borrowing money from the Jewish Agricultural Aid Society.

Their wives helped loyally in the early struggles. Many of the men continued to work in the sweatshops in the first months, while their wives managed the farms.

The other day there was announced the incorporation of the Ezra Building and Loan Association, and that was the first official record of the success of the sweatshop men who became farmers.

It meant that they had gone into the banking business.

And they gave a Biblical name to their bank. They called it the Ezra Building and Loan Association, after the Prophet Ezra, who led the children of Israel back to the soil from Babylon.

And now that they have well established themselves in the material things, they are going to build a temple in the centre of their possessions as a memorial to him who led them into the Promised Land.

bear witness), had prepared for one of her cousins. Apart from books, she had the wise friendship of the Baroness Lehen, and a continued round of progresses and visits through England which gave her some acquaintance with a country changing from agriculture to industry, and with the effect of this change on the lives of her future subjects. In London the theatre, opera, gave her constant delight. She was enamored of both Grisi and Malt. The death of Malbran in 1835 in Manchester touched her profoundly; three pages of the journal bear witness to the impression made on her mind. Kemble she saw twice, once in 1831, before the diary commences, and again, with some disillusion, in 1836. "I, for my part," like Macready by far better. Kemble whines a slow, peculiar manner; his actions, too (to me), are overdone and affected, and his voice is not pleasant to me; he makes terrible faces also,

which spoils his countenance, and he looks old and does not carry himself well. In season, much as I enjoyed those some later excesses of romanticism in acting are but links with the past. The passage shows, too, the advancing intelligence of the writer. All her life the queen was addicted to the feminine foible of the single, double, and treble underline of emphasis, faithfully and rightly translated into terms of print by Lord Esher. These graphic excesses decrease as time goes on.

At the beginning of her diary a concert or play or dance commonly occupies only the one quaint formula "I was very much amused indeed," which rises through italics to capitals and a following of exclamation marks in an ascending scale of emphasis, matching the enjoyment of the writer. By seventeen the queen was a sensible critic of men and things.

Accordingly, after her accession, when the diaries came to be written for the queen's eye alone, there is a change in her manner of writing. It remains unaffected, simple, and sincere, concerned mainly with personal things, and allowing quite simply full rein to personal emotions. The descriptions of the great events which fall within these volumes—the morning of the accession, the first council, the coronation, the proposal to Prince Albert, the wedding—these things he had seen on his way to the palace. Some of it is brilliant and all of it wise and kindly, and you feel as you read that every scrap of it went to the building up of the character of the Queen whom we knew. It would be a fascinating study (one impossible to undertake in a review) to trace in Lord Melbourne's talk opinions which the Queen came to hold tenaciously in later life. Were her Low Church and "Church and State" views on religion of his making. Was it because of what he said on the subject that not till his own coronation, as I said, did the prime minister's office imply a place in the precedence at court? There are many such questions which might be asked. All that can be said here is that it is the portrait of the Queen's friendship with Melbourne that gives its chief interest to the book.

As for Prince Albert, the book closes with that marriage day on which his influence began, so far as affairs are concerned. The references to him are in a crescendo of admiration and affection. Of his first visit to England she writes: "Dearest Ernest and dear Albert are so grown up in their manners, so gentle, so kind, so amiable, so agreeable, so very sensible and reasonable, and so really and truly good and kind-hearted. They have learned a good deal, and are very clever, naturally clever, particularly Albert, who is the most reflecting of the two." Three years later, on the eve of the betrothal, he came to England again. "It was with some emotion," the Queen writes, "that I beheld Albert—who is beautiful." Then came the betrothal itself.

At about half past 12 I sent for Albert; he came to the closet where I was alone, and after a few minutes I said to him that I thought he must be aware why I wished them to come here—and that it would make me too happy if he would consent to what I wished (to marry me). We embraced each other, and he was so kind, so affectionate, I told him I was quite unworthy of him—he said he would be very happy "das Leben mit dir zu zubringen," and was so kind, and seemed so happy, that I really felt it was the happiest, brightest moment of my life.

It ought to be added that the book is illustrated with many interesting unpublished portraits, some of them drawn by the Queen herself.

Had Weak AND Dizzy Spells.

These feelings of weakness, these dizzy spells and "all gone" sinking sensations, which come over some people from time to time, are warnings that must not go unheeded.

They indicate an extremely weakened condition of the heart and a disordered state of the nerves.

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Mrs. A. E. Mariell, Bookdale, N.S., writes: "I was troubled for a long time with my heart, had weak and dizzy spells, could not sleep, and would have to get up in the middle of the night. At last I got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and they did me so much good I got another, and after taking it I could sleep as well as before I was taken sick. They are the best medicine I ever heard of for heart or nerve trouble."

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nothing to the multitude, the millions of my loyal subjects who were assembled in every spot to witness the procession. Their good humor and excessive loyalty was beyond everything, and I really cannot say how proud I feel to be the queen of such a nation. Then followed all the various things; and last (of those things), the crown being placed on my head: which was, I must own, a most beautiful impressive moment; all the peers and peeresses put on their coronets at the same moment. My excellent Lord Melbourne, who stood very close to me throughout the whole ceremony, was completely overcome at this moment, and very much affected; he gave me such a kind and I may say fatherly look."

And, lastly, of the marriage: The ceremony was very imposing and fine and simple, and I think ought to make an everlasting impression on everyone who promises at the altar to keep what he or she promises. Dearest Albert repeated everything very distinctly. I felt so happy when the ring was put on, and by Albert. As soon as the service was over, the procession returned as a matter of course, and my beloved Albert led me out.

It is to do no injustice to the assiduous Leopold and his creature, the well-meaning and pervasive Stockmar, to say that two personal influences, and only two, were paramount in molding the character of Queen Victoria as a woman and a ruler. One was the prince consort and the other was Lord Melbourne, the prime minister. We mean nothing derogatory to a marriage of more than ordinary joy and affection when we say that for England it was singularly fortunate that Melbourne's was the earlier and deeper influence of the two. Mr. Gladstone left it on record that Melbourne "was in many ways a very fine fellow. In two of the most important of all the relations of a prime minister he was perfect. I mean first his relations to the Queen, and second, to his colleagues." As regards the former of these relations these volumes are absolutely new and striking testimony, and in that respect of the highest possible value. They give an intimate picture of the close daily relationship between the Prime Minister and the Queen, written by the only person who could do it with complete freedom and knowledge—the Queen herself. The situation was a fascinating one. Lord Melbourne, as Lord Esher says, became absorbed by the novel and striking duty which had fallen to his lot. "In his knowledge of political history he was unsurpassed by any living Englishman." He understood perfectly the importance of training the Queen to "work straight-forwardly but secretly" with the cabinet; opponents like the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel admitted that she could have had no better political mentor. And, though he treated the Queen with unbounded consideration and respect, he did not hesitate to administer reproof where reproof was needed. "He consulted her tastes and her wishes, but checked her inclination to be headstrong and arbitrary. He knew well how to chide with parental firmness, but he did so with a deference that could not fail to fascinate any young girl in a man of his age and attainments."

Lord Esher and his text bears him out. From the beginning the Queen was completely under Melbourne's charm. "I like him very much," she writes of his first audience after her accession, "and feel confidence in him. He is a very straightforward, honest, clever, and good man." Later he "is indeed a most truly honest, straightforward, and noble-minded man, and I esteem myself most fortunate to have such a man at the head of the Government."

The pages of both these volumes are crowded with very entertaining, frank, and almost naively recorded Melbourne talk-talk. It ranges over every subject from English history to religion, education and literature, to the characters of people in the royal circle, and things he had seen on his way to the palace. Some of it is brilliant and all of it wise and kindly, and you feel as you read that every scrap of it went to the building up of the character of the Queen whom we knew. It would be a fascinating study (one impossible to undertake in a review) to trace in Lord Melbourne's talk opinions which the Queen came to hold tenaciously in later life. Were her Low Church and "Church and State" views on religion of his making. Was it because of what he said on the subject that not till his own coronation, as I said, did the prime minister's office imply a place in the precedence at court? There are many such questions which might be asked. All that can be said here is that it is the portrait of the Queen's friendship with Melbourne that gives its chief interest to the book.

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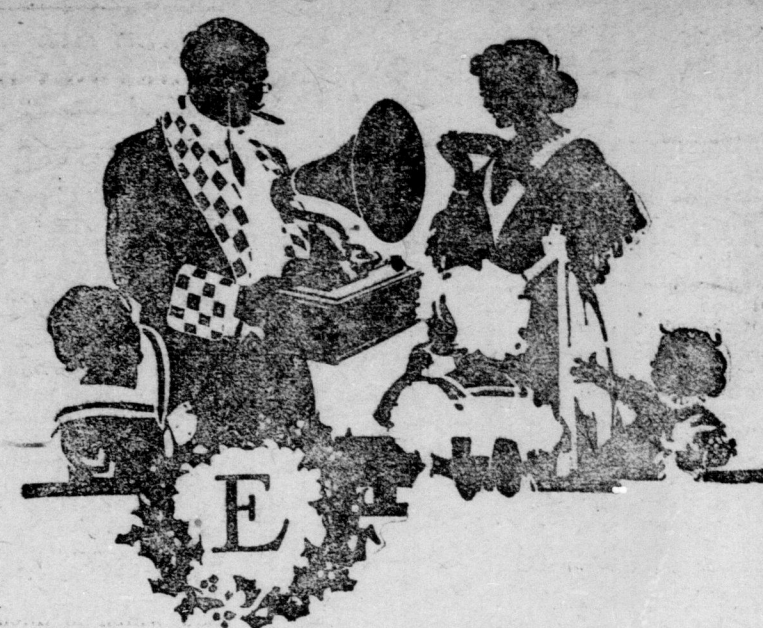
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The letter of Mr. Frank G. Fullerton, which we print below gives information of inestimable value, and tells of his experience in curing ailing stock during the past thirty-eight years.

"Several years ago when my horses took colic I used to give them Cayenne Pepper in hot milk, but in a few cases only did I help, and because I had no proper means at hand I lost several valuable animals. Some one told me of the success Mr. Wendling, of Brockville, Ont., had in his racing stables with 'Nerviline,' so I laid in a supply. It wasn't very long before Nerviline saved the life of a valuable stallion of mine, which was worth at least \$1,000.00. This horse was taken with colic, and would have died had it not been for Nerviline. I have used Nerviline for reducing swellings, for taking out distemper lumps, and easing a bad cough, and always found it worked well. I recommend every man who owns horses or cattle to keep Nerviline on hand."

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cavil at almost every paragraph." Other books mentioned include "Paradise Lost," Paley's "Evidences," and the Life of Colonel Hutchinson. The future queen also had the opportunity of reading the "Directions and Advice" which her Uncle Leopold (to whose eagerness in instruction the letters

Kriss Kringle-Land Thief Caught and the Dolls' Eyes Were Recovered.

Bogie Man Was the Criminal, Reports Advertiser Correspondent—Captured by Jack Frost With Help of Mother Goose—Sentenced to Eat Pie Crust—Brownies Threaten to Strike.



MOTHER GOOSE SEES THE BOGIE MAN, WHO STOLE THE DOLLS' EYES.

NOTE TO CHILDREN.—The Advertiser has sent a reporter to Kriss Kringle Land, where Santa Claus lives, to get the very latest Christmas news, for its little readers. Every day from now until Christmas The Advertiser will print one of his dispatches, sent by wireless. These news dispatches are for YOU, and grown-up people have no business reading them UNLESS they read them ALOUD to you. This is the first time that any newspaper has printed the REAL CHRISTMAS NEWS this way.—EDITOR.

Special From Santa, by Wireless.

Kriss Kringle Land, Dec. 21.—The dolls' eyes which were stolen from the Santa Claus factories have been recovered and the Christmas dolls will not be blind this year after all. Old Mother Goose, flying on her broomstick, saw the thief hauling the boxes of dolls' eyes over the snow by Eskimo dog sledges. She notified Jack Frost and the tin soldiers, who followed on the backs of polar bears and caught the fugitive.

The thief was the Bogie Man. He mistook the tin soldiers for the Seventh Regiment and surrendered at once. Jack froze the prisoner with an icy stare, tied him to an icicle and hauled him back on a red sled.

We tried him at once in one of our toy tennis courts. He said the mothers wanted him to steal the drums and horns and toy pistols, and he made a mistake and got the wrong boxes. Defendant said, under cross-examination, that when he opened up the boxes the dolls' eyes looked at him so reproachfully that he had decided to bring them back, anyway.

Old Judge Owl sentenced the thief to eat pie crusts and be seated by a Jack-in-the-Box for three weeks. The toys are getting in fine shape—sleds and dolls and tool boxes and so on—and I don't see how I'm going to deliver all of them. The Brownies threaten to strike because, they say, the children don't believe in them any more.