

THE GILDER LEHRMAN  
INSTITUTE *of* AMERICAN HISTORY

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In partnership with the Algiers Charter Schools Association

**The Progressive Era**  
New Orleans, LA  
Oct 9, 2009

Document Reader

Ms. Gloria Sesso

For sessions on October 9, 2009

# THE PROGRESSIVE ERA



# ANALYZING A DOCUMENT

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## 7. Jane Addams Explains the Need for Settlement Houses, 1892

This paper is an attempt to analyze the motives which underlie a movement based, not only upon conviction, but upon genuine emotion, wherever educated young people are seeking an outlet for that sentiment of universal brotherhood, which the best spirit of our times is forcing from an emotion into a motive. These young people accomplish little toward the solution of this social problem, and bear the brunt of being cultivated into unnourished, oversensitive lives. They have been shut off from the common labor by which they live which is a great source of moral and physical health. They feel a fatal want of harmony between their theory and their lives, a lack of coordination between thought and action. I think it is hard for us to realize how seriously many of them are taking to the notions of human brotherhood, how eagerly they long to give tangible expression to the democratic ideal. These young men and women, longing to socialize their democracy, are animated by certain hopes which may be thus loosely formulated; that if in a democratic country nothing can be permanently achieved save through the masses of the people, it will be impossible to establish a higher political life than the people themselves crave; that it is difficult to see how the notion of a higher civic life can be fostered save through common intercourse; that the blessings which we associate with a life of refinement and cultivation can be made universal and must be made universal if they are to be permanent; that the good we secure for ourselves is precarious and uncertain, is floating in mid-air, until it is secured for all of us and incorporated into our common life. . . . Nothing so deadens the sympathies and shrivels the power of enjoyment as the persistent keeping away from the great opportunities for helpfulness and a continual ignoring of the starvation struggle which makes up the life of at least half the race. To shut one's self away from that half of the race is to shut one's self away from the most vital part of it; it is to live out but half the humanity to which we have been born heir and to use but half our faculties. We have all had longings for a fuller life which should include the use of these faculties. . . .

. . . I have seen young girls suffer and grow sensibly lowered in vitality in the first years after they leave school. In our attempt then to give a girl pleasure and freedom

Jane Addams, "The Subjective Necessity for Social Settlements" (1892), in *Twenty Years at Hull House* (1910; repr., New York: New American Library, 1960), 90-100.

from care we succeed, for the most part, in making her pitifully miserable. She finds "life" so different from what she expected it to be. She is besotted with innocent little ambitions, and does not understand this apparent waste of herself, this elaborate preparation, if no work is provided for her. There is a heritage of noble obligations which young people accept and long to perpetuate. The desire for action, the wish to right wrong and alleviate suffering haunts them daily. Society smiles at it indulgently instead of making it of value to itself. . . . Parents are often inconsistent: they deliberately expose their daughters to knowledge of the distress in the world; they send them to hear missionary addresses on famines in India and China; they accompany them to lectures on the suffering in Siberia; they agitate together over the forgotten region of East London. In addition to this, from babyhood the altruistic tendencies of these daughters are persistently cultivated. They are taught to be self-forgetting and self-sacrificing, to consider the good of the whole before the good of the ego. But when all this information and culture show results, when the daughter comes back from college and begins to recognize her social claim to the "submerged tenth," and to evince a disposition to fulfill it, the family claim is strenuously asserted; she is told that she is unjustified, ill-advised in her efforts. . . . The girl loses something vital out of life to which she is entitled. She is restricted and unhappy; her elders, meanwhile, are unconscious of the situation and we have all the elements of a tragedy.

We have in America a fast-growing number of cultivated young people who have no recognized outlet for their active faculties. They hear constantly of the great social maladjustment, but no way is provided for them to change it, and their uselessness hangs about them heavily. . . . They tell their elders with all the bitterness of youth that if they expect success from them in business or politics or in whatever lines their ambition for them has run, they must let them consult all of humanity; that they must let them find out what the people want and how they want it. It is only the stronger young people, however, who formulate this. Many of them dissipate their energies in so-called enjoyment. Others not content with that, go on studying and go back to college for their second degrees; not that they are especially fond of study, but because they want something definite to do, and their powers have been trained in the direction of mental accumulation. . . .

This young life, so sincere in its emotion and good phrase and yet so undirected, seems to me as pitiful as the other great mass of destitute lives. . . . Mr. Barnett, who urged the first Settlement—Toynbee Hall, in East London—recognized this need of outlet for the young men of Oxford and Cambridge, and hoped that the Settlement would supply the communication. It is easy to see why the Settlement movement originated in England, where the years of education are more constrained and definite than they are here, where class distinctions are more rigid. The necessity of it was greater there, but we are fast feeling the pressure of the need and meeting the necessity for Settlement in America. Our young people feel nervously the need of putting theory into action, and respond quickly to the Settlement form and activity.

Other motives which I believe make toward the Settlement are the result of a certain renaissance going forward in Christianity. The impulse to share the lives of the poor, the desire to make social service, irrespective of propaganda, express the spirit of Christ, is as old as Christianity itself. . . .

That Christianity has to be revealed and embodied in the line of social progress is a corollary to the simple proposition that man's action is found in his social relationships in the way in which he connects with his fellows; that his motives for action

are the zeal and affection with which he regards his fellows. By this simple process was created a deep enthusiasm for humanity, which regarded man as at once the organ and the object of revelation; and by this process came about the wonderful fellowship, the true democracy of the early Church, that so captivates the imagination. . . .

I believe that there is a distinct turning among many young men and women toward this simple acceptance of Christ's message. They resent the assumption that Christianity is a set of ideas which belongs to the religious consciousness, whatever that may be. They insist that it cannot be proclaimed and instituted apart from the social life of the community and that it must seek a simple and natural expression in the social organism itself. The Settlement movement is only one manifestation of that wider humanitarian movement which throughout Christendom, but pre-eminently in England, is endeavoring to embody itself, not in a sect, but in society itself. . . .

I believe that this turning, this renaissance of the early Christian humanitarianism, is going on in America, in Chicago, if you please, without leaders who write or philosophize, without much speaking, but with a bent to express in social service and in terms of action the spirit of Christ. Certain it is that spiritual force is found in the Settlement movement, and it is also true that this force must be evoked and must be called into play before the success of any Settlement is assured. There must be the overmastering belief that all that is noblest in life is common to men as men, in order to accentuate the likenesses and ignore the differences which are found among the people whom the Settlement constantly brings into juxtaposition. . . .

The Settlement, then, is an experimental effort to aid in the solution of the social and industrial problems which are engendered by the modern conditions of life in a great city. It insists that these problems are not confined to any one portion of a city. It is an attempt to relieve, at the same time, the overaccumulation at one end of society and the destitution at the other; but it assumes that this overaccumulation and destitution is most sorely felt in the things that pertain to social and educational privileges. From its very nature it can stand for no political or social propaganda. . . . The one thing to be dreaded in the Settlement is that it lose its flexibility, its power of quick adaptation, its readiness to change its methods as its environment may demand. It must be open to conviction and must have a deep and abiding sense of tolerance. It must be hospitable and ready for experiment. It should demand from its residents a scientific patience in the accumulation of facts and the steady holding of their sympathies as one of the best instruments for that accumulation. It must be grounded in a philosophy whose foundation is on the solidarity of the human race, a philosophy which will not waver when the race happens to be represented by a drunken woman or an idiot boy. Its residents must be emptied of all conceit of opinion and all self-assertion, and ready to arouse and interpret the public opinion of their neighborhood. They must be content to live quietly side by side with their neighbors, until they grow into a sense of relationship and mutual interests. . . . They are bound to see the needs of their neighborhood as a whole, to furnish data for legislation, and to use their influence to secure it. In short, residents are pledged to devote themselves to the duties of good citizenship and to the arousing of social energies which too largely lie dormant in every neighborhood given over to industrialism. They are bound to regard the entire life of their city as organic, to make an effort to unify it, and to protest against its overdifferentiation.

Theodore Roosevelt, "The Strenuous Life," April 10, 1899

In speaking to you, men of the greatest city of the West, men of the State which gave to the country Lincoln and Grant, men who preeminently and distinctly embody all that is most American in the American character, I wish to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life, the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph.

A life of slothful ease, a life of that peace which springs merely from lack either of desire or of power to strive after great things, is as little worthy of a nation as of an individual. I ask only that what every self-respecting American demands from himself and from his sons shall be demanded of the American nation as a whole. Who among you would teach your boys that ease, that peace, is to be the first consideration in their eyes—to be the ultimate goal after which they strive? . . .

We do not admire the man of timid peace. We admire the man who embodies victorious effort, the man who never wrongs his neighbor, who is prompt to help a friend, but who has those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life. It is hard to fail, but it is worse never to have tried to succeed. In this life we get nothing save by effort. Freedom from effort in the present merely means that there has been stored up effort in the past. A man can be freed from the necessity of work only by the fact that he or his fathers before him have worked to good purpose. If the freedom thus purchased is used aright, and the man still does actual work, though of a different kind, whether as a writer or a general, whether in the field of politics or in the field of exploration and adventure, he shows he deserves his good fortune. But if he treats this period of freedom from the need of actual labor as a period, not of preparation, but of mere enjoyment, even though perhaps not of vicious enjoyment, he shows that he is simply a cumberer of the earth's surface, and he surely unfits himself to hold his own with his fellows if the need to do so should again arise. A mere life of ease is not in the end a very satisfactory life, and, above all, it is a life which ultimately unfits those who follow it for serious work in the world. . .

The timid man, the lazy man, the man who distrusts his country, the over-civilized man, who has lost the great fighting, masterful virtues, the ignorant man, and the man of dull mind, whose soul is incapable of feeling the mighty lift that thrills "stern men with empires in their brains"—all these, of course, shrink from seeing the nation undertake its new duties; shrink from seeing us build a navy and an army adequate to our needs; shrink from seeing us do our share of the world's work, by bringing order out of chaos in the great, fair tropic islands from which the valor of our soldiers and sailors has driven the Spanish flag.

## GEORGE W. PLUNKITT

### A Defense of Political Graft (1905)

*The most powerful political machine during the Gilded Age was Tammany Hall, an Irish-based organization that dominated New York City politics throughout the nineteenth century. It involved a network of Democratic politicians and party workers in alliance with various contractors who provided kickbacks in exchange for government favors. George Washington Plunkitt was district leader of Tammany Hall who took for granted the patronage system. In 1905 he participated in a series of interviews with a local reporter in which he defended the political machine against the criticisms of reformers.*

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From William Riordan, ed., *Plunkitt of Tammany Hall* (1905; New York: E. P. Dutton, 1963), pp. 3-4, 11, 12-13.

Everybody is talkin' these days about Tammany men growin' rich on graft, but nobody thinks of drawin' the distinction between honest graft and dishonest graft. There's all the difference in the world between the two. Yes, many of our men have grown rich in politics. I have myself. I've made a big fortune out of the game, and I'm gettin' richer every day, but I've not gone in for dishonest graft—blackmailin' gamblers, saloon-

keepers, disorderly people, etc.—and neither has any of the men who have made big fortunes in politics.

There's an honest graft, and I'm an example of how it works. I might sum up the whole thing by sayin': "I seen my opportunities and I took 'em."

Just let me explain by examples. My party's in power in the city, and it's goin' to undertake a lot of public improvements. Well, I'm tipped off, say,

that they're going to lay out a park at a certain place.

I see my opportunity and I take it. I go to that place and I buy up all the land I can in the neighborhood. Then the board of this or that makes its plan public, and there is a rush to get my land, which nobody cared particular for before.

Ain't it perfectly honest to charge a good price and make a profit on my investment and foresight? Of course, it is. Well, that's honest graft.

\* \* \*

... This civil service law is the biggest fraud of the age. It is the curse of the nation. There can't be no real patriotism while it lasts. How are you goin' to interest our young men in their country if you have no offices to give them when they work for their party? Just look at things in this city today. There are ten thousand good offices, but we can't get at more than a few hundred of them. How are we goin' to provide for the thousands of men who worked for the Tammany ticket? It can't be done. These men were full of patriotism a short time ago. They expected to be servin' their city, but when we tell them that we can't place them [in government jobs], do you think their patriotism is goin' to last? Not much. They say: "What's the use workin' for your country anyhow? There's nothin' in the game [for us]." And what can they do? I don't know, but I'll tell you what I do know. I know more than one

young man in past years who worked for the ticket and was overflowin' with patriotism, but when he was knocked out by the civil service humbug he got to hate his country and became an Anarchist.

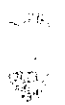
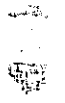
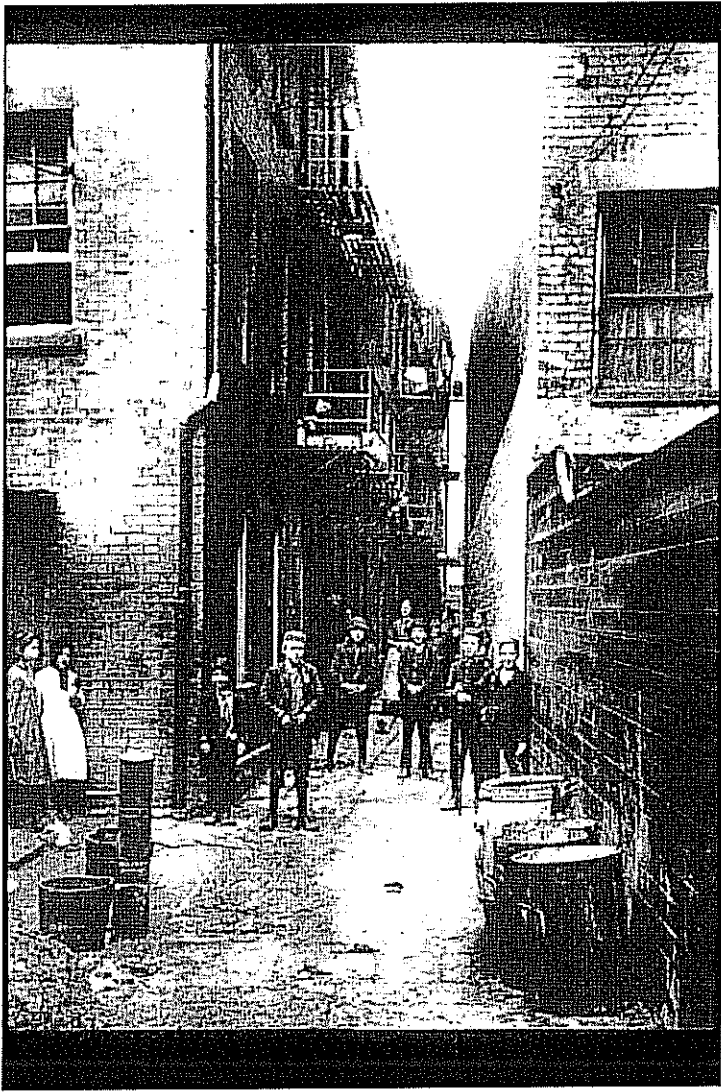
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When the people elected Tammany, they knew just what they were doin'. We didn't put up any false pretenses. We didn't go in for humbug civil service and all that rot. We stood as we always have stood, for rewardin' the men that won the victory. They call that the spoils system. All right: Tammany is for the spoils system, and when we go in we fire every anti-Tammany man from office that can be fired under the law. It's an elastic sort of law and you can bet it will be stretched to the limit. . . .

The civil service humbug is underminin' our institutions and if a halt ain't called soon this great republic will tumble down like a Park Avenue house when they were buildin' the subway, and on its ruins will rise another Russian government.







## ROYAL MELENDY

### Saloon Culture (1900)

*During the second half of the nineteenth century, the most popular places for working-class Americans to spend their free time were saloons and dance halls. Saloons were the poor man's social clubs. By the end of the nineteenth century, there were more saloons in the United States than there were grocery stores and meat markets. New York City alone had ten thousand saloons in 1900, or one for every five hundred residents. Critics claimed that saloons aggravated an array of social problems such as alcoholism, family abuse, and absenteeism. Researchers, however, reported that saloons served important social roles. They were in effect public homes, offering haven and fellowship to people who often worked ten hours a day, six days a week. The following article by sociologist Royal Melendy reveals how the saloons in Chicago met a range of social, economic, and cultural needs.*

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From Royal Melendy, from "The Saloon in Chicago," *The American Journal of Sociology*, 6 (November 1900): 289-306.

The popular conception of the saloon as a "place where men and women revel in drunkenness and shame," or "where the sotted beasts gather nightly at the bar," is due to exaggerated pictures, drawn by temperance lecturers and evangelists, intended to excite the imagination with a view to arousing public sentiment. I am not charging them with intended falsehood, but with placing in combination things which never so exist in real life; with blending into one picture hideous incidents taken here and there from the lives of those whom the saloon has wrecked; with

portraying vividly the dark side of saloon life and calling this picture "the saloon."

... The term "saloon" is too general to admit of concise definition. It is an institution grown up among the people, not only in answer to their demand for its wares, but to their demand for certain necessities and conveniences, which it supplies, either alone or better than any other agency. It is a part of the neighborhood, which must change with the neighborhood; it fulfills in it the social functions which unfortunately have been left to it to exercise. With keen insight into human nature and

into the wants of the people, it anticipates all other agencies in supplying them, and thus claims its right to existence. In some sections of the city it has the appearance of accomplishing more for the laboring classes from business interests than we from philanthropic motives. The almost complete absence of those things with which the uninitiated are accustomed to associate the drinking of liquor, and the presence of much that is in itself beneficial, often turns them into advocates of the saloon as a social necessity—an equally false position.

Hedged in on every side by law, opposed by every contrivance the mind of man could invent, the saloon persists in existing and flourishing—"it spreadeth like a green bay tree." The very fact of its persistence ought to cause us to realize that we have not yet struck at the root. The saloon in Chicago is restricted by every kind of law, yet it sells liquor to minors, keeps open door all night and Sundays, from January 1 to January 1. True, some of the down-town saloons close at 12 o'clock. But why? In obedience to the ordinance filed away in the archives of the city hall? Not so; but in obedience to another law—the law of demand. Those who in the daytime patronize the down-town saloons have returned to their homes and have joined the patrons of the saloons of their immediate neighborhoods. This is the law—and almost the only law that they will obey, and it is this law that we must face and deal with unflinchingly.

#### THE SALOON IN WORKINGMEN'S DISTRICTS.

When the poor, underpaid, and unskilled laborer returns from his day's work, go with him, if you will, into the room or rooms he calls "home." Eat with him there, in the midst of those squalid surroundings and to the music of crying children, a scanty, poorly cooked meal served by an unkempt wife. Ask yourself if this is just the place where he would want to spend his evenings, night after night; if here he will find the mental stimulus as necessary to his life as to your life. Is there no escape from the inevitable despair that must come to him whose long hours of heavy physical labor preclude any mental enjoyment, if his few leisure hours are to be spent in the wretched surroundings

of a home, or, worse yet, of the ordinary cheap lodging-house, either of which must constantly remind him of his poverty? Are there not places in the neighborhood where the surroundings will be more congenial; where his mental, yes, his moral, nature will have a better chance for development? Are there not some in the neighborhood who have recognized and sought to satisfy the social cravings of these men, which the home at best does not wholly satisfy?

Yes, business interests have occupied this field. With a shrewd foresight, partially due to the fierce competition between the great brewing companies, they have seen and met these needs. The following table, made by a careful investigation of each of the 163 saloons of the seventeenth ward—a fairly representative ward of the working people—shows some of the attractions offered by these saloons:

Number of saloons	163
Number offering free lunches	111
Number offering business lunches	24
Number offering newspapers	139
Number offering music	8
Number offering billiard tables	44
Number offering stalls	56
Number offering dance halls	6
Number allowing gambling	3

In the statement, now current among those who have studied the saloon "at first hand," that it is the workingman's club, lies the secret of its hold upon the vast working and voting populace of Chicago. . . . As you step in, you find a few men standing at the bar, a few drinking, and farther back men are seated about the tables, reading, playing cards, eating, and discussing, over a glass of beer, subjects varying from the political and sociological problems of the day to the sporting news and the lighter chat of the immediate neighborhood. Untrammelled by rules and restrictions, it surpasses in spirit the organized club. That general atmosphere of freedom, that spirit of democracy, which men crave, is here realized; that men seek it and that the saloon tries to cultivate it is blazoned forth in such titles as "The Freedom," "The Social,"

"The Club," etc. Here men "shake out their hearts together." Intercourse quickens the thought, feeling, and action. . . .

This is the workingman's school. He is both scholar and teacher. The problems of national welfare are solved here. Many as patriotic men as our country produces learn here their lessons in patriotism and brotherhood. Here the masses receive their lessons in civil government, learning less of our ideals, but more of the practical workings than the public schools teach. It is the most cosmopolitan institution in the most cosmopolitan of cities. One saloon advertises its cosmopolitanism by this title, "Everybody's Exchange." Men of all nationalities meet and mingle, and by the interchange of views and opinions their own are modified. Nothing short of travel could exert so broadening an influence upon these men. It does much to assimilate the heterogeneous crowds that are constantly pouring into our city from foreign shores. But here, too, they learn their lessons in corruption and vice. It is their school for good and evil.

The saloonkeeper, usually a man their superior in intelligence, often directs their thought. He has in his possession the latest political and sporting news. Here in argument each has fair play. He who can win and tell the best story is, not by election, but by virtue of fitness, the leader. The saloon is, in short, the clearing-house for the common intelligence—the social and intellectual center of the neighborhood.

Again, some saloons offer rooms furnished, heated, and lighted, free to certain men's clubs and organizations. For example, a certain German musical society, occupying one of these rooms, fully compensates the saloonkeeper with the money that passes over the bar as the members go in and out of the club-room. In like manner some trade unions and fraternal organizations are supplied with meeting-places. A saloon on Armitage Avenue has a bowling-alley, billiard tables, and club-rooms, in which nonpartisan political meetings were held during last spring's campaign. It is also offered to the people for various neighborhood meetings. In such a room a gay wedding party celebrated the

marriage vow. It is, in very truth, a part of the life of the people of this district.

But the young man, where does he spend his evenings? Leaving the supper table he takes his hat and sets out from home, to go where? Let us follow the boy in the crowded districts—in the river wards of Chicago. As he comes out of the house into the street he is surrounded for miles with brick and mortar; not a blade of grass or a leaf of green to be seen. Placing his fingers to his mouth he gives a shrill whistle, which is answered by one and another of the boys, till the little crowd—their club—has gathered. Seeking to join informally such a crowd of the older young men, the only question asked on eligibility was: "Can you run?" Short words, but of tremendous significance. It is this: As soon as a small crowd of boys collects it is dispersed by the police. Having been arrested once or twice, these young men learned the lesson, and I was told "to scatter" at the word "jiggers," the warning note given at the sight of an approaching "cop." Driven about the streets like dogs by the civil authorities (whether it be necessary I am not now discussing); provided with no place for the healthy exercise of their physical natures, or even an opportunity to meet and tell stories, they have recourse to but one of two alternatives: to dodge the police, hiding in underground caves and under sidewalks until they become hardened against the law; or to enter the places the saloon has provided for them.

Thus again business interests have seized the opportunity that has been let slip, and have taken advantage of boys' necessities. Rooms, well lighted, furnished with billiard and pool tables, tables for cards and other games, are placed at the disposal of these boys. Five cents is charged for a game of billiards and a check which entitles the holder to a glass of beer, a five-cent cigar, a box of cigarette or a soft drink. The table shows 27 per cent of these saloons thus equipped. Much less numerous are the saloons furnishing handball courts. These courts, models of attractiveness when compared with the neighborhood in which they are located, are used by young and old. Shower-baths are provided free. The boys must pass out by the bar of

adjoining saloon, where, heated by the game and feeling somewhat under obligations, they patronize the saloonkeeper. Some saloons have gymnasiums, more or less fully equipped. Bowling-alleys and shuffle-board are among the attractions offered.

For the large floating population of these districts, and for the thousands of men whose only home is in the street or the cheap lodging-house, where they are herded together like cattle, the saloon is practically the basis of food supply. The table shows that 68 per cent furnish free lunches, and 15 per cent business lunches. On the free-lunch counters are dishes containing bread, several kinds of meats, vegetables, cheeses, etc., to which the men freely help themselves. Red-hots (Frankfurters), clams, and egg sandwiches are dispensed with equal freedom to those who drink and to those who do not. For those desiring a hot lunch, clam chowder, hot potatoes, several kinds of meat, and vegetables are served at tables, nearly always with a glass of beer. . . .

While it is true that a vast army of the laboring men and boys find the saloon the best place in their neighborhood for the development of their social, intellectual, and physical natures, they find there also things which appeal to their lower natures. Almost without exception the saloons exhibit pictures of the nude; in the higher-class saloons by costly paintings, in the smaller saloons by cards furnished by the brewing companies. As the saloon is "no respecter of persons," even in the best of them vile persons find entrance. That the youths are here corrupted is too well known. . . .

## REVIEW QUESTIONS

1. In addition to alcohol, what services did saloons provide their patrons?
2. What roles did the saloonkeeper play in addition to bartender?
3. Why have saloons declined in importance?

## Muller v. Oregon (1908)

*Dangerous and unhealthy working conditions prevailed in American industry at the turn of the century, and regulating them became a major concern of Progressive reformers. The Oregon state legislature passed a law mandating that women employed in laundries could be required to work no more than ten hours a day. It was challenged by conservatives as a violation of the right of contract and an infringement of free enterprise. They cited the Court's ruling in Lochner v. New York (1905) disallowing a law regulating the hours of bakers. Yet the Supreme Court ruled in favor of the Oregon statute. Evidence presented by attorney Louis Brandeis (who later would become a Supreme Court justice) that documented the sociological and medical effects of long working hours on women proved persuasive to the Court.*

From *Muller v. Oregon*, 208 U.S. 412 (1908).

**B**REWER, J. . . . The single question is the constitutionality of the statute under which the defendant was convicted so far as affects the work of a female in a laundry. . . .

It is the law of Oregon that women, whether married or single, have equal contractual and personal rights with men. . . .

It thus appears that, putting to one side the elective franchise, in the matter of personal and contractual rights they stand on the same plane as the other sex. Their rights in these respects can no more be infringed than the equal rights of their brothers. We held in *Lochner v. New York*, 198 U.S. 45, that a law providing that no laborer shall be required or permitted to work in a bakery more than sixty hours in a week or ten hours in a day was not as to men a legitimate exercise of the police power of the State, but an unreasonable, unnecessary and arbitrary interference with the right and liberty of the individual to contract in relation to his labor, and as such was in conflict with, and void under, the Federal Constitution. That decision is invoked by plaintiff in error as decisive of the question before us. But this assumes that the difference between the sexes does not justify a different rule respecting a restriction of the hours of labor.

It may not be amiss, in the present case, before examining the constitutional question, to notice

the course of legislation as well as expressions of opinion from other than judicial sources. In the brief filed by Mr. Louis D. Brandeis, for the defendant in error is a very copious collection of all these matters. . . .

The legislation and opinions referred to<sup>1</sup> . . . may not be, technically speaking, authorities, and in them is little or no discussion of the constitutional question presented to us for determination, yet they are significant of a widespread belief that woman's physical structure, and the functions she performs in consequence thereof, justify special legislation restricting or qualifying the conditions under which she should be permitted to toil. Constitutional questions, it is true, are not settled by even a consensus of present public opinion, for it is the peculiar value of a written constitution that it places in unchanging form limitations upon legislative action, and thus gives a permanence and stability to popular government which otherwise would be lacking. At the same time, when a question of fact is debated and debatable, and the extent to which a special constitutional limitation goes is affected by the truth in respect to that fact, a widespread and long-continued belief concerning it is worthy of consideration. We

<sup>1</sup> I.e., in Brandeis's brief.

take judicial cognizance of all matters of general knowledge. . .

That woman's physical structure and the performance of maternal functions place her at a disadvantage in the struggle for subsistence is obvious. This is especially true when the burdens of motherhood are upon her. Even when they are not, by abundant testimony of the medical fraternity continuance for a long time on her feet at work, repeating this from day to day, tends to injurious effects upon the body, and as healthy mothers are essential to vigorous offspring, the physical well-being of woman becomes an object of public interest and care in order to preserve the strength and vigor of the race. . . .

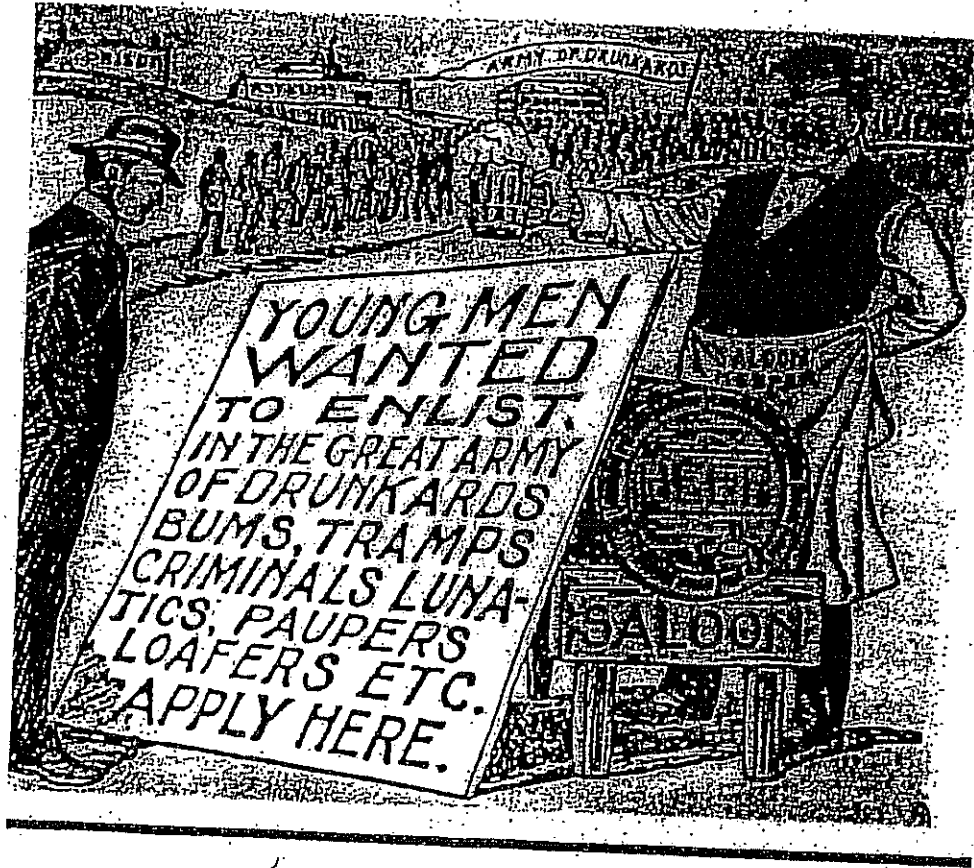
Differentiated by these matters from the other sex, she is properly placed in a class by herself, and legislation designed for her protection may be sustained, even when like legislation is not necessary for men and could not be sustained. It is impossible to close one's eyes to the fact that she still looks to her brother and depends upon him. Even though all restrictions on political, personal and contractual rights were taken away, and she stood, so far as statutes are concerned, upon an absolutely equal plane with him, it would still be true that she is so constituted that she will rest upon and look to him for protection; that her physical structure and a proper discharge of her maternal functions—having in view not merely her own health, but the well-being of the race—justify legislation to protect her from the greed as well as the passion of man. The limitations which this statute places upon her contractual powers, upon her right

to agree with her employer as to the time she shall labor, are not imposed solely for her benefit, but also largely for the benefit of all. Many words cannot make this plainer. The two sexes differ in structure of body, in the functions to be performed by each, in the amount of physical strength, in the capacity for long-continued labor, particularly when done standing, the influence of vigorous health upon the future well-being of the race, the self-reliance which enables one to assert full rights, and in the capacity to maintain the struggle for subsistence. This difference justifies a difference in legislation and upholds that which is designed to compensate for some of the burdens which rest upon her. . . .

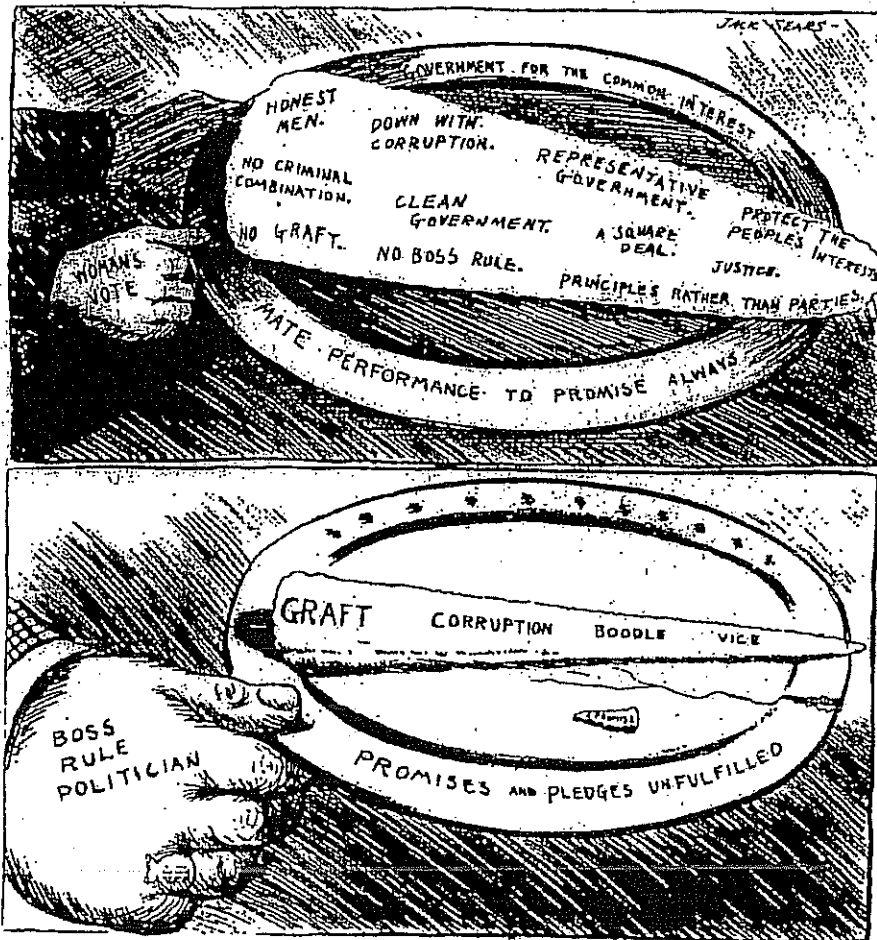
For these reasons, and without questioning in any respect the decision in *Lochner v. New York*, we are of the opinion that it cannot be adjudged that the act in question is in conflict with the federal Constitution, so far as it respects the work of a female in a laundry. . . .

## REVIEW QUESTIONS

1. According to Justice Brewer, why didn't the decision in *Lochner* invalidate the Oregon statute?
2. What role did women perform that was vital to maintaining the "vigor of the race"? How might harsh working conditions interfere with this role?
3. In the eyes of some feminists how might the Court's opinion that women required special legislation produce negative consequences?



6. Two Suffrage Cartoons  
 "The Corn or the Cob—Which?" 1911



As evidenced in these two cartoons, to what traditional American political and family values would advocates of women's suffrage appeal?

Jack Sears cartoon from *Women Voter*, November 1911. Reprinted in Alice Sheppard, *Cartooning for suffrage* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1994), 135.

*"Double the Power of the Home," 1915*



Blanche Ames cartoon from *Woman's Journal*, October 23, 1915. Reprinted in Alice Sheppard, *Cartooning for Suffrage* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1994), 135. Photo: The Schlesinger Library, Radcliffe Institute, Harvard University.

## ALTERNATIVE RECIPE TASK

- 2 packages active dry yeast
- 1/4 cup milk, scalded
- 1/2 cup salad oil
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 3 1/2 to 4 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1/2 to 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
- 3 beaten eggs
- 7/8 cup dried currants
- 1 egg white

OVEN 375°

Soften dry yeast in 1/4 cup warm water (110°). Combine milk, salad oil, sugar, and salt; add to lukewarm. Sift 1 cup of flour with the cinnamon into milk mixture. Add eggs; beat well. Stir in softened yeast and currants. Beat in remaining flour, or enough to make a soft dough.

Cover with damp cloth; let rise in a warm place till double (about 1 1/2 hours). Punch down. Turn out on heavily floured surface. Roll dough to 1/2 inch. Cut with floured 2 1/2 inch round cutter; shape in buns. Place on greased baking sheet 1 1/2 inches apart. Cover and let rise in a warm place till almost double (about 1 hour).

Cut shallow cross in each bun with floured knife. Brush tops with slightly beaten egg white. Bake at 375° for 12 minutes. Cool slightly. Frost. Make 24.

Write a recipe for the Progressive Movement using the ingredients listed above. The purpose of each ingredient is as follows:

- the yeast causes the dough to rise (may consist of a variety of cells)
- warm milk activates the yeast and allows it to grow
- the oil helps hold in the moisture and helps hold the gluten within the dough together
- the sugar gives sweetness to the taste
- the salt kills the yeast
- the flour comprises most of the dough (may be of any variety of flours available)
- the cinnamon gives added spice and flavoring to the dough
- the eggs add to the texture and the coloring of the dough
- the currants give added taste, texture and color to the dough
- the egg white browns the dough as it bakes giving added color

N.B. Frosting may be added if you wish (confectionery sugar, milk & vanilla for ease of spreading, sweetness, and flavoring).

Your task is to:

1. Think very carefully about this task and all the elements.
2. Name the recipe.
3. Decide from the wide range of information (content) on the Progressive Movement which aspect of the era represents each ingredient of the recipe.
4. The recipes will be judged by the standard recipe rubric.

# Rubric for Recipe Contest

**CORDON BLEU AWARD** 17-20 points

**Belhurst Castle Award** 13-16 points

**Penn Yan Diner Award** 9-12 points

**McDonalds Award** 5-8 points

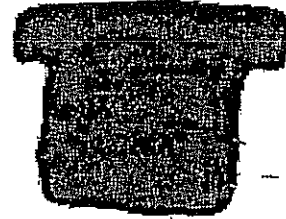
	<u>Scoring</u>	<u>Climbing</u>	<u>Teasing Off</u>	<u>Still on Runway</u>
<b>Content</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Vary thorough and accurate</li> <li>• Much detail</li> <li>• Demonstrates understanding of the time period</li> <li>• Very effective judgments about era.</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Accurate and thorough</li> <li>• Sufficient detail is present</li> <li>• Shows understanding of the time period</li> <li>• Good judgments about era</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Some inaccuracies</li> <li>• Leaves out some key details</li> <li>• Shows some understanding of era</li> <li>• Occasional insight into era</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Leaves out key elements</li> <li>• Shows little understanding of era</li> <li>• Offers no insight into era</li> </ul>
<b>Communication</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Clearly and thoroughly communicates ideas</li> <li>• Reader is clearly able to ascertain the role of each ingredient</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Ideas are clearly communicated</li> <li>• Reader understands the role of each ingredient</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Communicates but not thoroughly</li> <li>• Reader is often uncertain as to the role of ingredients selected</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Reader is unable to understand ideas</li> <li>• Reader is unable to determine the role played by ingredients</li> </ul>
<b>Presentation</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Very interesting and appealing to the reader</li> <li>• Holds the reader's attention</li> <li>• Is neat and easy to read</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Maintains interest</li> <li>• Attracts reader's attention</li> <li>• Is neat and legible</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Attracts interest</li> <li>• Attracts reader interest at times</li> <li>• Is difficult to read at times</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Is rather boring</li> <li>• Does not hold the reader's interest</li> <li>• Is stoppy/messy and hard to read</li> </ul>
<b>Creativity</b>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Excellent use of color or other medium</li> <li>• Presents a unique view of the era</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Good use of color or medium</li> <li>• Offers a good view of the era</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Not unique or unusual</li> <li>• Limited use of color and/or variety</li> <li>• Contains inaccuracies</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Is done in only one color or medium</li> <li>• Is not a good representation of the era</li> </ul>
	5	4	3	2

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# THE BREAD of CHOICE

## Ingredients:

- 2 packages of Union
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup Urban Machine
- $\frac{1}{2}$  new sumers
- $\frac{1}{3}$  cup prohibition
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon immigrants
- $3\frac{1}{2}$  cups people
- 1 teaspoon new blacks
- 3 progressives
- $\frac{2}{3}$  Roosevelt
- 1 bohemia



What's in it?

Who would eat  
this bread?

Student Work:

## Directions:

\*preheat oven to 170C

You take 3 progressives,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  cups of people, and  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup Roosevelt and mix well in a bowl. This should create a great base to a wonderful bread. Next, add 2 packages of Union. As you add the  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup prohibition, 1 teaspoon new blacks, and the  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon immigrants you need to be careful, these ingredients are sensitive crust problems. The  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup Urban Machine is a very important contribution to the rest of the bread, it was very controlling. The last two ingredients are to add the spice to the bread; 1 bohemia, and what kind of bread would it be without  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup new sumers!

# the Triangle Factory Fire

X

X

go

[tell a friend](#) | [visitor book](#) | [write to us](#)

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## SOURCES

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## OTHER RESOURCES

[List of Victims](#)[List of Witnesses](#)[Bibliography](#)[Commemoration](#)[Links to Related Sites](#)[Tips for Student Projects](#)

Cornell University  
ILR School

## Documents

Rose Cohen was a sweatshop worker and a survivor of the Triangle Factory Fire.

## My First Job

By Rose Cohen

About the same time that the bitter cold came father told me one night that he had found work for me in a shop where he knew the presser. I lay awake long that night. I was eager to begin life on my own responsibility but was also afraid. We arose earlier than usual that morning for father had to take me to the shop and not be over late for his own work. I wrapped my thimble and scissors, with a piece of bread for breakfast, in a bit of newspaper, carefully stuck two needles into the lapel of my coat and we started.

The shop was on Pelem Street, a shop district one block long and just wide enough for two ordinary sized wagons to pass each other. We stopped at a door where I noticed at once a brown shining porcelain knob and a half rubbed off number seven. Father looked at his watch and at me.

"Don't look so frightened," he said. "You need not go in until seven. Perhaps if you start in at this hour he will think you have been in the habit of beginning at seven and will not expect you to come in earlier. Remember, be independent. At seven o'clock rise and go home no matter whether the others go or stay."

He began to tell me something else but broke off suddenly, said "good-bye" over his shoulder and went away quickly. I watched him until he turned into Monroe Street.

Now only I felt frightened, and waiting made me nervous, so I tried the knob. The door yielded heavily and closed slowly. I was half way up when it closed entirely, leaving me in darkness. I groped my way to the top of the stairs and hearing a clattering noise of machines, I felt about, found a door, and pushed it open and went in. A tall, beardless man stood folding coats at a table. I went over and asked him for the name (I don't remember what it was.) "Yes," he said crossly. "What do

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you want?"

I said, "I am the new feller hand." He looked at me from head to foot. My face felt so burning hot that I could scarcely see.

"It is more likely," he said, "that you can pull bastings than fell sleeve lining." Then turning from me he shouted over the noise of the machine: "Presser, is this the girl?" The presser put down the iron and looked at me. "I suppose so," he said, "I only know the father."

The cross man looked at me again and said, "Let's see what you can do." He kicked a chair, from which the back had been broken off, to the finisher's table, threw a coat upon it and said, raising the corner of his mouth: "Make room for the new feller hand."

One girl tittered, two men glanced at me over their shoulders and pushed their chairs apart a little. By this time I scarcely knew what I was about. I laid my coat down somewhere and pushed my bread into the sleeve. Then I stumbled into the bit of space made for me at the table, drew in the chair and sat down. The men were so close to me at each side I felt the heat of their bodies and could not prevent myself from shrinking away. The men noticed and probably felt hurt. One made a joke, the other laughed and the girls bent their heads low over their work. All at once the thought came: "If I don't do this coat quickly and well he will send me away at once." I picked up the coat, threaded my needle, and began hastily, repeating the lesson father impressed upon me. "Be careful not to twist the sleeve lining, take small false stitches."

My hands trembled so that I could not hold the needle properly. It took me a long while to do the coat. But at last it was done. I took it over to the boss and stood at the table waiting while he was examining it. He took long, trying every stitch with his needle. Finally he put it down and without looking at me gave me two other coats. I felt very happy! When I sat down at the table I drew my knees close together and stitched as quickly as I could.

When the pedlar (sic) came into the shop everybody bought rolls. I felt hungry but I was ashamed and would not eat the plain, heavy rye bread while the others ate rolls.

All day I took my finished work and laid it on the boss's table. He would glance at the clock and give me other work. Before the day was over I knew that this was a "piece work shop," that there were four machines and sixteen people were working. I also knew that I had done almost as much work as "the grown-up girls" and that they did not like me. I heard Betsy, the head feller hand, talking about "a snip of a girl coming and taking the very bread out of your mouth." The only one who

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could have been my friend was the presser who knew my father. But him I did not like. The worst I knew about him just now was that he was a soldier because the men called him so. But a soldier, I had learned, was capable of anything. And so, noticing that he looked at me often, I studiously kept my eyes from his corner of the room.

Seven o'clock came and everyone worked on. I wanted to rise as father had told me to do and go home. But I had not the courage to stand up alone. I kept putting off going from minute to minute. My neck felt stiff and my back ached. I wished there were a back to my chair so that I could rest against it a little. When the people began to go home it seemed to me that it had been night a long time.

The next morning when I came into the shop at seven o'clock, I saw at once that all the people were there and working steadily as if they had been at work a long while. I had just time to put away my coat and go over to the table, when the boss shouted gruffly, "Look here, girl, if you want to work here you better come in early. No office hours in my shop." It seemed very still in the room, even the machines stopped. And his voice sounded dreadfully distinct. I hastened into the bit of space between the two men and sat down. He brought me two coats and snapped, "Hurry with these!"

From this hour a hard life began for me. He refused to employ me except by the week. He paid me three dollars and for this he hurried me from early until late. He gave me only two coats at a time to do. When I took them over and as he handed me the new work he would say quickly and sharply, "Hurry!" And when he did not say it in words he looked at me and I seemed to hear even more plainly, "Hurry!" I hurried but he was never satisfied. By looks and manner he made me feel that I was not doing enough. Late at night when the people would stand up and begin to fold their work away and I too would rise, feeling stiff in every limb and thinking with dread of our cold empty little room and the uncooked rice, he would come over with still another coat.

"I need it the first thing in the morning," he would give as an excuse. I understood that he was taking advantage of me because I was a child. And now that it was dark in the shop except for the low single gas jet over my table and the one over his at the other end of the room, and there was no one to see, more tears fell on the sleeve lining as I bent over it than there were stitches in it.

I did not soon complain to father. I had given him an idea of the people and the work during the first days. But when I had been in the shop a few weeks I told him, "The boss is hurrying the life out of me." I know now that if I had put it less strongly he would have paid more

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attention to it. Father hated to hear things put strongly. Besides he himself worked very hard. He never came home before eleven and he left at five in the morning.

He said to me now, "Work a little longer until you have more experience; then you can be independent."

"But if I did piece work, father, I would not have to hurry so. And I could go home earlier when the other people go."

Father explained further, "It pays him better to employ you by the week. Don't you see if you did piece work he would have to pay you as much as he pays a woman piece worker? But this way he gets almost as much work out of you for half the amount a woman is paid."

I myself did not want to leave the shop for fear of losing a day or even more perhaps in finding other work. To lose half a dollar meant that it would take so much longer before mother and the children would come. And now I wanted them more than ever before. I longed for my mother and a home where it would be light and warm and she would be waiting when we came from work.

**See document:** [Nightmare of Survival](#) by Leon Stein.

Leon Stein, ed., *Out of the Sweatshop: The Struggle for Industrial Democracy* (New York: Quadrangle/New Times Book Company, 1977), pp. 194-195.

► The Kheel Center would like to thank Mrs. Miriam Stein and Barbara Ismail for granting permission to use selections from the late Leon Stein's book.

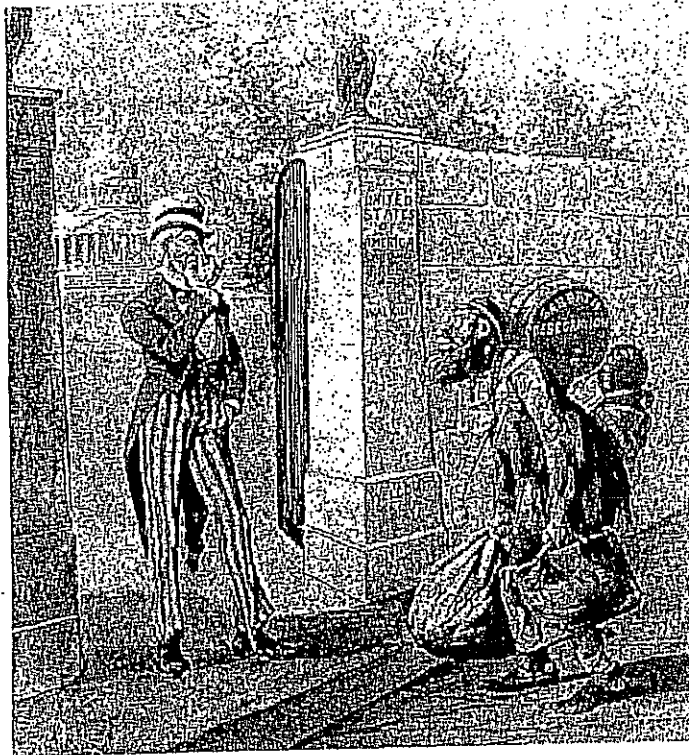
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## The Stranger At Our Gate



### THE IMMIGRANT: THE STRANGER AT OUR GATE.

EMIGRANT.—Can I come in?  
UNCLE SAM.—'spose you can; there's no law to keep you out.

DURING four hundred and more years this continent has been the melting pot for the population of the Eastern hemisphere. For three-fourths of that time the yearly infusions of raw metal was so slight that it was not hard to compound them with the native stock and preserve the high character of American citizenship. But when alien immigration pours its stream of half a million yearly, as has been frequently done during the last decade, and when that stream is polluted with the moral sewage of the old world, including its poverty, drunkenness, infidelity and disease, it is well to put up the bars and save America, at least until she can purify the atmosphere of contagion which foreign invasion has already brought.

Stand in the gate of the Lord's house, and proclaim there this word: Thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel,  
Amend your ways and your doings, and I will cause you to dwell in this place.

Jer. 7:2-3.

Scanned from *Fifty Great Cartoons* (Chicago: The Ram's Horn Press, 1899) unpaginated. This cartoon is part of the collections of the The Cartoon Research Library of Ohio State University.

Less than 10 days ago in New York City, the metropolis of America, an American boy bearing an honored American name—William Clifford, Jr., a name as old as the Government itself—while walking with his father along the streets of his home city, in his native land, was attacked without a moment's warning, stabbed in the back, and murdered before his father could realize what had happened. His assailant was a 12-year-old boy not long in our country. He is the poisoned product of a stupid and dangerous immigration policy. His name was Paul Rakowski. He had just robbed a store, had committed the double crime of burglary and larceny, and among other things that he had stolen was a dirk knife, and when asked why he had murdered young Clifford he replied: "I just wanted to see how deep I could drive the dirk into his back."

Mr. President: I am thinking of that brutal and barbarous crime against this American boy, of the crime against his father and mother, and of the crime against the institutions that the dead boy's forebears have loved and supported for 100 years and more.

They were soldiers in the War of the Revolution. A distinguished American by his name, Nathanael Clifford, was once a Member of Congress, later Attorney General under President Polk, and for 20 years a Justice of the Supreme Court, of the United States. But William Clifford, Jr., descended from a long line of American patriots, is dead as the result of our unsound and dangerous immigration policy. No more his welcome footfall is heard in the doorway of the Clifford home. Hushed is the music of his merry laughter in the American home place now so sad and sorrowful. There a grief-stricken American father and a heart-broken American mother "long for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still." As they looked upon the quiet face . . . what must have been their thoughts? I wonder if in the pain and darkness of that awful hour they ever thought that Members of Congress, the President and our immigration officers, those trusted with the care and conduct of their Government, through carelessness and indifference to the duty and necessity of protecting the American people from an influx of criminal foreigners, were responsible for the death of their boy?

What are the facts? The young criminal from a foreign country, he who sneaked up behind this American boy in an American city and without a moment's warning, murdered him, came into our country under an immigration law passed by Congress and approved by the President, or some unfaithful and corrupt immigration officer in violation of the law accepted a bribe and permitted him to come in, and in so doing he admitted into the sacred precincts of our dearest inheritances a moral degenerate and a dangerous enemy. The passport thus bartered

to this young European criminal was not paid for alone in money. It cost an American boy his life, struck down and destroyed one of the indispensable forces in the national defense and left in the heart of an American father and mother an aching void that the world can never fill.

There is nothing more interesting, more fascinating and promising than a plain, sincere, and upstanding American boy. His intelligent judgment in the years of our country and his courage and patriotism may be relied upon to defend it in the hour of its peril. He will be the Nation's first and last reliance when man power is required for the preservation of our rights and liberties.

Mr. President, in behalf of the American boy and his sister, I appeal to the Senate to close our immigration doors. If I have my way about it no immigrant shall come into the United States in the next 12 months. I would close the doors for a period of two years at least and wait until we assimilate these who are here. I would wait until we taught them to speak English and taught them American ideals. I would work to the end of making of them law-abiding American citizens. I would work by the principles of right and the laws of justice to educate out of them the spirit of the Bolshevik. I would want to crush the spirit of the communist, which is the deadly enemy of the American home and the Christian civilization. I would try to get those who are criminals out of the ranks of the peaceful, law-abiding people, and into the penitentiary so that boys like young Clifford, who sleeps in a grave not yet 10 days old, may be safe as they walk the public roads and the streets of the towns and cities of their homeland. This boy has not died in vain. In his name and in the name of the father and mother who weep for him I ask the Senate to wake up on this question and take the American view of it and close the doors for the good of our American country.

In the name of William Clifford, this dead American boy who can speak for himself, and in the interest of millions of American boys and girls, and in behalf of all loyal Americans, I appeal to this American Senate to do that which will rebound to the highest and best interest of the American people.

Senator Thomas Heflin of Alabama, speaks  
on the Senate Floor 1924