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ABSTRACT

Seven model curriculum syllabi, designed by teachers for use in teacher education classes, feature the use of primary sources and informed personal judgement in teaching humanities based citizenship education courses. "Education and the Changing Meaning of American Citizenship" (B. McClellan) explores how and to what degree U.S. educators have directed U.S. education. "Social meanings of U.S. Citizenship, 1865-1925" (N. Cott) addresses the changing meaning of and participation in U.S. citizenship during these years, while "Individualism and the Common Good in the United States" (D. Grimstead) describes U.S. values and practices in relation to individualism versus what is good for all people. "The Ethics of Good Citizenship" (R. Tong) discusses specific U.S. citizenship qualities and tensions, and "A History of Original and Secondary Materials" (K. Hall) describes minorities' struggles to obtain citizenship. "Citizenship and Constitutionalism" (C. Schutz) offers an historical approach to the rise of constitutionalism, and "Principles of Citizenship: Historical Development" (L. Berns) considers the philosophical meaning of good citizenship. Each syllabus provides lists of primary and secondary source materials, organized by weeks, and the full-text of selected primary source readings. Some syllabi provide discussion questions and supplementary reading lists. (JHP)

FOUNDATIONS OF AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP:

NEW DIRECTIONS FOR EDUCATION

COUNCIL OF CHIEF STATE SCHOOL OFFICERS

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The Council of Chief State School Officers' Arts and Humanities staff wish to thank everyone who has labored to make the publication of this text possible. A complete list of individuals and institutions involved follows the conclusion of the narrative. Special thanks, however, must be given to the U.S. Department of Education's Fund for the Improvement of Postsecondary Education, and the John M. Olin Foundation. Without these two gracious sponsors, the development, writing, and publication of this book would have been impossible. The editors hasten to point out that the views expressed in the following pages are those of the authors, and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of either the funding agencies or their staffs.

January, 1988

GORDON M. AMBACH
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
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FOREWORD

It is with great pleasure that I take these few lines to comment on the Council of Chief State School Officers' "Foundations of American Citizenship" project. The project has addressed itself to one of the greatest needs of contemporaneous teacher education: the lack of humanities based, substantively enriched study of original documentation. The project's goal is to enhance the quality of the educational experience for those who would teach, and allow them to come to the realization of their worth as bright competent, concerned, thinking scholars in their own right, instead of reinforcing the all too prevalent and erroneous view that teachers should be little more than conduits for the dissemination of secondhand information. Perhaps, it is an oversimplification, but needs to be said anyway, that teachers who have been encouraged to reach their own scholarly potential, cannot help but encourage their students to do the same.

The course syllabi presented herein, have been designed by teachers for teachers. They are at once, bold, exciting, and practicable. The method of the new approach contained in this book is as old as the grove of academe itself. Students are asked to read, think about, and discuss under the guidance of a Socratic mentor, original documents from our common heritage. Instead of reading about great authors, they will come to know these individuals firsthand. And, in meeting de Tocqueville, Jefferson, Plato, and Commager, students will come to know themselves better as well.

The Council wishes to thank our faculty consultants for their many hours of thoughtful creative efforts in creating these syllabi. Their work shows just how strong their commitment to teacher education is. Thanks to Ms. Harriet Lewis, the project's administrative assistant, for her many hours of typing, proofing, and organizing this document. The Council further wishes to thank Drs. Duncan MacDonald and David Grimsted for their editing of the text, and selection of pertinent documentation.

The syllabi within this book are models. The Council of Chief State School Officers encourages those who wish to teach humanities based, document enriched courses, to build their own class around the particular needs of their own constituency. The models within are to serve as sign posts along the way. They show how others, actively working in the field, have solved the problems of launching such courses. I would hope that the reader would pick and choose from all that is within and create something distinctively their own.

INTRODUCTION

Professor David Grimsted
University of Maryland

A central concept directs this project: that the core of responsible democratic citizenship, as well as that of effective teaching, requires that individuals learn to read closely the arguments in important texts; weigh evidence, judge probable results, and make intellectual decisions on difficult issues with some respect for the virtues and values related to the solutions they reject, as well as some awareness of the problems in the positions they accept. Citizenship training under all forms of government involves providing some knowledge of how the system works and inculcating some love and loyalty toward one's nation. In democratic states, however, the allegiance aimed at is more complicated and critical. Citizens of a democracy accept responsibility not simply to support their nation right or wrong, but to support it because they have both the ability, and the possibility of directing it toward their vision of what is right, of considering always, and of opposing often, specific policies or actions it takes. Democratic loyalty demands not only support, but the need to know how, and under what circumstances, one should say no. Twentieth-century developments make particularly important the support of reasonable confidence and competence in considering major issues in individual citizens, and those who teach them. The complexity of problems, the dimensions of uncertainty, the need to rely for some data of specially trained experts, all create a sense of helplessness among citizens; a sense of incapacity both to reach decisions and influence policy. Certainly the problems are big, the answers complicated, the effects never wholly measurable, the costs immense, the experts divided, and the political rhetoric intentionally convoluted. It's little wonder that people grumble, "So who has the answers? And how can I decide? Why should I try or care? Why should I take any responsibility for what *they* do?" The only way to counteract such intellectual disenfranchisement is to make clear that no one has fully adequate answers to difficult problems, but that everyone has substantial capacity and responsibility to weigh evidence and reach judgments. This course is intended to encourage such citizenship enablement. "Foundations of American Citizenship" supports the development of such intellectual confidence and skills through teaching centered in the use of primary sources, including many basic texts in the American tradition, that highlight ongoing moral and social issues and that encourage students to focus or sharpen their views on them. Such training should enhance future teachers' sense of their responsibilities and capacities to handle questions, as well as suggest some effective means for developing similar capacities in the pupils they will eventually teach. Teaching democratic citizenship is but one strand of the many contemporary educational concerns that this course is intended to address, all of which are closely linked and which will be better served by more explicit integration into existing curricula and departments than by attempts at separate embodiment. Training in values, if it is to go beyond memorizing variations of the Boy Scout Oath, requires exploring the complex contours of moral choice, and making hard decisions between often conflicting goods. Character-training is simply the personal dimension of citizenship and values education: it requires instilling enough confidence and information in personal judgment that choices and actions will reveal a firmly thoughtful and responsible vision of individual and social welfare. Higher or critical thinking skills develop only if learners are encouraged to look hard at various arguments on basic issues, to ponder their presuppositions and probable results, and to judge among them carefully. The goal of producing a vital common culture can be achieved only if students grapple intellectually with major accepted texts, but with some sense of how much of interest and importance remains to be explored beyond an age's ordained favorite documents. Great writings need to be stressed, but in a context varied enough to make clear the obvious truth that, if it is good to study the Tenth Federalist in 1987, surely it was equally valuable reading in 1787 when it was a newspaper squib that no traditionalist would have canonized on a list of essential texts. It would be obvious folly to see this course, or any other curricular change, as panacea for the ills of the world. The question is a much more modest one. Would the proposed course make some contribution to the thinking process that would make teachers aware of their national culture, and of the major ongoing issues to which they, like earlier Americans, must give answers? If this could be accomplished, there seems little doubt that they in turn would share some of that learning experience and thoughtful involvement for decades to come with the young they will teach. A teacher confident of his own scholarly capabilities will encourage the develop-

century texts, *McGuffey's Readers*, largely because the books so well embody the common culture and values of their age. Didactic as they are, McGuffey's texts are rife with vitality that made learning through them a process of increasing skills to accompany increasing grappling with human realities that matter, and that mature. One purpose of the proposed course is to assert the centrality of linking learning to life which Deweyian education both advocated and in some ways abrogated. The seven sample syllabi, herein, illustrate the variety of approaches that might be taken with the course; the multiplicity of topics that could be covered. As well as the diversity of disciplines applicable within the general humanities framework. B. Edward McClellan concentrates his syllabus on one of the most important of these areas, both for society and for teachers, exploring in what ways and to what degree different public educators have seen or directed schooling in the United States as a prop to good citizenship. Nancy Cott adds the efforts of women to those of blacks and immigrants in her exploration, through varied sources, of the changing social meaning of American citizenship and participation in the period 1865-1925. David Grimsted uses one of the central tensions in American citizenship, that between commitment to individualism and to the common good, to present some of the debates that illumine American values and practices in many areas. Rosemarie Tong's approach is more topical, often drawing together European and American sources in an analytical exploration of the peculiar qualities and tensions in American citizenship. She also relies much on the legal opinions that helped define the American argument over some issues. It is this changing legal definition of British, colonial and American citizenship around which Kermit Hall shapes his syllabus. Using largely legislative or judicial promulgations, Hall deals not only with majoritarian concepts of citizenship, but with the hard struggles of blacks, Indians, Asians, immigrants and other minorities to obtain rights of equal citizenship. Charles Schutz, of Albion College, addresses himself to the question of citizenship and constitutionalism. His argument is almost Aristotelian in its simplicity. Schutz sees the citizen as a creation of the nation's constitution. He traces the rise of constitutionalism through Western history from its ancient origins to the rise of the modern American state. Finally, like Rosemarie Tong, Laurence Berns' syllabus centers on questions tied to the philosophic meaning of good citizenship. Berns' structure, essentially chronological, gives great weight to the Biblical-classical-scientific roots of the Western tradition before moving on to specifically American documents and concerns.

The sample syllabi not only sketch out differing subjects, but also suggest the various levels on which the course might be taught, and the variety of faculty that might be involved. Hall's, most clearly geared to the advanced undergraduate level, outlines a course that might be taught by a political scientist, a constitutional historian, or a legal scholar. Berns' plan most nearly parallels an introductory Western culture format with a long concluding section on the United States. Philosophers, political scientists or European intellectual historians would be its logical teachers. Such people might also handle the topical aspects of citizenship Tong stresses, though in this case the problems are organized less chronologically and more around specific philosophic debates. Tong's syllabus, like those of Cott, Grimsted and McClellan, is geared to the upper division undergraduate level. Cott's syllabus is suited to the social historian, sociologist or political scientist concerned primarily with the struggles of minorities and women for greater equality in the decades around 1900. Grimsted's broader chronology and topical approach might fit the interests of American Studies specialists, intellectual-cultural historians, or scholars specializing in American literature. Philosophers or historians with a special interest in education might use McClellan's structure, although it is especially adopted to the skill and interests of faculty in Education Departments who concentrate on the history and problems of American public schooling. All of the model syllabi, seem especially adapted to team-teaching that would cut across department lines. Such variety in faculty perspective would parallel that in the sources and contribute to the goal of encouraging students to develop their own judgments.

The following syllabi and sample readings are offered with the hope that some will prove helpful or suggestive as particular faculty members work to structure courses that would fit the specific requirements and broad goals of the "Foundations of American Citizenship," while embodying their personal intellectual training, interests, and insights.

FOOTNOTE

[1] Primary source is used here not to refer to any innate quality of documents, but to the way in which they are used. Many documents could be used as either primary or secondary sources, depending on the user's perspective. One might read Thucydides' *Pelopennesian War* as a secondary work for its facts about the changes in Athenian values as the empire collapsed or as a telling example of intended scientific history. Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Maypole of Marrymount" could be used as a secondary source to present Puritan facts and values, or as a primary source to consider either the eternal conflicts between self-expression and social constraint, or nineteenth-century American concerns about such issues. A document becomes a primary source if it is used less to extract data and argument about its ostensible topic or setting than to consider the temporal or universal aspects of the author's vision.

EDUCATION AND THE CHANGING MEANING OF AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP

B. Edward McClellan
Indiana University

The making of a citizen is a complex process in which many institutions play a major role. In modern societies, the school is expected to perform particularly important functions in providing children with the attitudes, skills, and knowledge required of responsible citizens. Because the school touches the lives of so many people in their formative years, it has an inevitable effect on not just the political orientations of students but also on their general social and civic values. Formal education is, whether by accident or deliberate design, a political process, and teaching is an act that inevitably affects the way children will grow into their roles as citizens. Teachers who understand the value-laden character of their work are able to make informed choices about the kind of citizenship their classes produce. Those who fail to understand their role in shaping civic values and skills may unconsciously produce results that they would regret. Given, then, the inherently political character of teaching, it behooves teachers to comprehend the ways in which education affects civic values and to try to use their positions of power in the classroom to encourage responsible citizenship. The course of readings outlined here is designed to help prospective teachers understand the relationship of education and citizenship and to make them conscious of their own potential roles in the preparation of good citizens. The readings focus on the ways in which Americans, since the earliest days of the republic, have attempted to define good citizenship and how they have attempted to use the school to prepare people for their roles as citizens.

It was the exhilarating and frightening task of shaping a new nation at the end of the Revolution that made Americans assign schools an important role in the making of good citizens, and in the preservation of social cohesion and republican government. Although colonial Americans had understood the civic value of schooling, they had never made it a primary educational task. Instead, they had relied on other institutions, the family, the church, apprenticeship, and even the informal rhythms of community life itself. The challenges of the post-Revolutionary era, however, led the founding fathers to envision a far greater role for the school. A small circle of elite statesmen and men of letters articulated the new vision. They sought a public system of schools that would enroll the masses of children in two to three years of elementary schooling and a highly select group of students in county academies, state colleges, and, at the top, a national university.

When a public school system finally emerged in the United States in the 1830s, it was not a response to the anxieties and dreams of the founding fathers but rather a grass-roots response to the challenges of a rapidly democratizing society. The great champions of the public school, usually called the "common school" before the Civil War, were interested primarily in elementary education, with hopes firmly tied to the notion that schools should produce good citizenship. Educators and supporters of education in the years between 1830 and 1890 gave good citizenship a somewhat different meaning than the founding fathers had. Moreover, they envisioned a schooling that contributed to national cohesion in a different way. Their vision was rooted in the decentralized, democratic conditions of the day. Nineteenth-century assumptions about education and citizenship were perhaps best articulated by Horace Mann, the first secretary to the state board of education in Massachusetts, and the most influential educational reformer of his day.

The values that Americans expected their schools to impart in the nineteenth century were best reflected in the textbooks, which, in this era especially, were expected to occupy a central place in the educational process. Perhaps the most celebrated series of textbooks were the eclectic readers put together by William Holmes McGuffey. From 1836, when they were introduced, until the 1920s, when they became rare, more than 122 million copies of the McGuffey readers were sold. The McGuffey readers were a cherished and important part of nineteenth-century literature. The social and moral values of the McGuffey readers reflected the strong influence of Protestant Christianity on nineteenth-century schools. That influence and a sharp difference over approaches to moral education led the Catholic church to create its own parochial school system.

Only a few northern blacks enjoyed the full rights of citizenship before the Civil War. After the war, Americans began the task of defining citizenship for former slaves. Education played a decisive role in their discussions. Differences about the proper role of education were as profound among blacks as among whites. What kind of education would best prepare

blacks for their new roles as freed people? What would best prepare them for survival and for the struggle for full equality? These questions defined one of the great debates in American educational history—the debate between Booker T. Washington, who began life a slave and became president of Tuskegee Institute, and W.E.B. DuBois, a northern black who was the first of his race to obtain a Ph.D. from Harvard.

The emergence of a complex industrial society led Americans to redefine the meaning of citizenship and to transform the role of the school. Public schooling not only extended upward, as students stayed in school longer; it extended its functions far beyond the kind of elementary training it had offered in the nineteenth century. Now it sorted students, taught them more advanced studies, and prepared them more directly for vocations. Educators were not of a single mind about the nature of good citizenship, but there were enough areas of agreement to give the era from 1890 to 1945 a character that sets it off from both the nineteenth century and the post-World War II era years.

The task of citizenship education acquired a special urgency in the years between 1890 and 1930 when schools, especially urban schools, were inundated with the children of immigrants. In some city school systems in the early years of the twentieth century, more than half the children enrolled were the children of immigrants. This era, therefore, affords a particularly revealing insight into the way in which Americans defined the meaning of citizenship and the ways in which they attempted to use the schools to make American citizens from children whose heritage was often markedly different. The era also affords the chance to examine the effects of Americanization programs, as citizenship education of immigrants was called in these years. Immigrant children who went to public schools during these years have left many memoirs of their experiences, and these memoirs, either in the form of autobiographies or fictionalized accounts that draw on the authors' experiences, provide us with a rich portrait of both the excitement and pain of Americanization.

Teachers involved in the process of citizenship education must inevitably worry about the fine line between instruction and indoctrination. It is not easy to know when one is cultivating appropriate attitudes and when one is simply inculcating one's own political values. American schools have often been involved in indoctrination. The tendency to emphasize patriotism in time of war is but one obvious example. Sometimes, however, the question of indoctrination has received the careful attention of educational theorists. This was the case in the 1930s when educators undertook a long and careful debate about the legitimacy of indoctrination in the schools.

The Cold War era in the United States produced a sharp reaction against the educational priorities of the period 1890-1945. In part the reaction was promoted by a fear of the military and technological challenge of the Soviet Union. In part, however, it reflected a new and different conception of good citizenship. Perhaps the most significant political and social development of the post-World War II era in the United States has been the effort to extend full rights of citizenship to women, and ethnic and racial minorities. This has been a difficult task both because of opposition and because of uncertainties about how either to define full equality or to bring it about. The broad effort to ensure the full rights of citizenship to women, minorities, and other previously deprived groups has required the school to change many of its practices. It has also forced educators to give careful attention to the meaning of equal citizenship.

As Americans have become more aware of the unequal status of citizens, they have also become more sensitive to the cultural differences of the many groups that make up the society. The sense of cultural diversity and the necessity of dealing with it has been reinforced by a new wave of immigration from Latin American countries, a wave that may eventually be as large and significant as the immigration from Europe in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

Finally, in the past ten years thoughtful Americans have become increasingly concerned about the civic commitment of citizens and about the adequacy of citizenship education. One source of this concern has been the decline of civic participation, which is perhaps most obvious in the decline in the number of Americans who vote. A sense that the society is approaching a crisis in citizenship has led many to reexamine the ways in which the school has attempted to provide citizenship education. Almost certainly, the debate will continue into the next century.

READINGS

Week 1 I. *Introduction: Education in the Making of of Citizens*

The introductory section explores the political role of the teacher and contemporary debate about the ways in which the school does, or should teach citizenship.

Primary Readings

Stephen K. Bailey, "Political and Social Purpose of Education," in *Education for Responsible Citizenship: The Report of the National Task Force on Citizenship Education* (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co., 1977), pp. 27-46.

R. Frank Brown, "The Case for Citizenship Education," in ibid., pp 1-7.

Morris Janowitz, *The Reconstruction of Patriotism: Education for Civic Consciousness* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1983), pp. 1-25.

David Purpel and Kevin Ryan, *Moral Education. . .It Comes with the Territory* (Berkeley, Calif.: McCutchan Publishing Corp., 1976), pp. 44-67.

Jerome Kagan, "The Moral Function of the School," *Daedelus* 110 (Summer, 1981), pp. 151-165.

Secondary Readings

Harmon Ziegler, *The Political Life of American Teachers*, Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice Hall, 1967.

Questions:

What agencies are most involved in citizenship education? Does the school have any special responsibilities? What are the formal and informal ways in which schools affect social and political values? How have schools affected your own development as a citizen? What skills, knowledge, and values have you gained from the schools that you might not otherwise have acquired?

Week 2 *Education and Citizenship in a New Nation, 1776-1815*

Primary Readings

Benjamin Rush, *A Plan for the Establishment of Public Schools and the Diffusion of Knowledge in Pennsylvania* in Frederick Rudolph, ed. *Essays on Education in the Early Republic* (Cambridge: Belknap Press, 1965), pp. 1-23, 372.

Benjamin Rush, *Thoughts Upon Female Education*, ibid., pp. 24-40, 373.

Samuel Harrison Smith, *Remarks on Education*, ibid., pp. 167-223, 380-381.

Noah Webster, *On the Education of Youth in America*, ibid., pp. 41-77, 374-375.

Thomas Jefferson, Excerpts from *Notes on the State of Virginia* (1781-82), edited by Paul Leicester Ford (Brooklyn, NY: Historical Printing Club, 1894), pp. 185-188.

David Tyack, "Forming the National Character: Paradox in the Educational Thought of the Revolutionary Generation," *Harvard Educational Review* 36 (1966): pp. 22-41.

Secondary Readings

Lawrence Cremin, *American Education: The National Experience, 1783-1876* (New York: Harper and Row, 1980), chapter 4.

B. Edward McClellan, "Public Education and Social Harmony: The Roots of an American Dream," *Educational Theory* 35 (Winter, 1985): pp. 33-42.

Questions:

Why did these founding fathers feel it necessary to propose the creation of a public school system rather than relying on traditional institutions of citizenship education? What kinds of political attitudes, values, and skills did they hope to teach? Why did they place such emphasis on institutions of higher education? Why were their visions not widely shared? Why did their schemes ultimately fail?

Week 3 *Educating Our Masters: Citizenship in a Liberal, Democratic Society*

Primary Readings

Horace Mann, *Twelfth Annual Report of the Board of Education [of Massachusetts] together with the Twelfth Annual Report of the Secretary of the Board* (Boston: Dutton and Wentworth, 1849), pp. 15-144.

Robert L. Church and Michael W. Sedlak, *Education in the United States: An Interpretative History* (New York: The Free Press, 1976), pp. 61-81.

Secondary Readings

Cari F. Kaestle, *Pillars of the Republic: Common Schools and American Society, 1780-1860* (New York: Hill and Wang, 1983).

Merle Curti, *The Social Ideas of American Educators* (revised edition, Paterson, New Jersey: Littlefield, Adams & Company, 1965), chapter 3.

Questions:

In what ways are Mann's anxieties and dreams similar to and different from those of the founding fathers? What is his view of the good citizen? How does he think the school can contribute to social cohesion? Why do you suppose that in a time when good citizenship was a primary goal of schooling that Americans tended to prefer nonvoters (that is, women) for teachers? What does that preference tell you about the particular conception of citizenship, and of male-female roles, that existed in the nineteenth century?

Week 4 *The Moral Basis of Good Citizenship: The Nineteenth Century*

Primary Readings

McGuffey's Third Eclectic Reader (Revised Edition, New York: Van Norstrand Reinhold Co., Inc., 1879), pp. 13-163. [This volume is in print in a facsimile edition].

"Acts and Decrees of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore" (1884), in Neil G. McCluskey, S.J., ed.

Catholic Education in America: A Documentary History, pp. 86-94.

Secondary Readings

Ruth Miller Elson, *Guardians of Tradition: American Schoolbooks of the Nineteenth Century* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1964), pp. 1-11.

B. Edward McClellan, "Moral Education and Public Schooling," in Elizabeth Steiner, Robert Arnove, and B. Edward McClellan, eds., *Education and American Culture* (New York: Macmillan, 1980), pp. 212-223.

Questions:

What picture of the good citizen emerges from the stories, poems, and maxims of the McGuffey readers? How do you explain the relative lack of specifically political instruction in these readers and in most nineteenth-century schools (there was little instruction about government or politics)? Does the Catholic statement on education reflect an appreciably different approach to values or citizenship?

Week 5 *From Slave to Citizen*

Primary Readings

Booker T. Washington, *Up From Slavery* (New York: Penguin Books, 1986), pp. 42-62, 106-132, 196-237.

W.E.B. DuBois, *The Souls of Black Folk* (Greenwich, Conn.: Fawcett Publications, 1961), pp. 15-22, 42-54, 65-87.

Louis R. Harlan, "Introduction," to Booker T. Washington, *Up From Slavery*, (New York: Penguin Books, 1986), pp. vii-xliii.

Secondary Readings

James D. Anderson and Vincent P. Franklin, eds. *New Perspectives on Black Educational History* (Boston: G.K. Hall, 1978).

Louis R. Harlan, *Booker T. Washington: The Making of a Black Leader, 1865-1901* (London: Oxford University Press, 1972).

Questions:

How do these two men define the proper role of black citizens? How do they expect education to contribute to the goal of full citizenship? In what ways might the backgrounds of the two men have contributed to their differences on these issues? Do their views offer useful advice to other oppressed peoples who might want to use education to foster liberation?

Week 6 *Citizenship As Social Adjustment, 1890-1945*

Primary Readings

Charles W. Eliot, "The Functions of Education in Democratic Society," *The Outlook* 55 (Nov. 6, 1897), pp. 570-575.

Franklin Bobbitt, "The Elimination of Waste in Education," *The Elementary School Teacher* 12 (1912), pp. 259-271.

Commission on the Reorganization of Secondary Education, "Cardinal Principles of Secondary Education," in U.S. Bureau of Education, *Bulletin*, 1918, No. 35. pp. 5-32.

John Dewey, *Moral Principles in Education* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1909), pp. 7-27.

National Education Association, Department of Superintendence, *Tenth Yearbook: Character Education* (Washington: National Education Association, 1932), pp. 31-59.

Joel Spring, *Education and the Rise of the Corporate State*, (Boston: Beacon Press, 1972), pp. 44-90.

Secondary Readings

David B. Tyack, *The One Best System: A History of American Urban Education* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1974).

Herbert M. Kliebard, *The Struggle for the American Curriculum, 1893-1958* (Boston: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1986).

Questions:

In what ways would the educators of this era find the citizenship education of the nineteenth-century school inadequate? What were the attributes of a good citizen in this era? Why would the textbook seem a less effective instrument for the promotion of citizenship? Why do extracurricular activities play such an important role in citizenship education in this period?

Week 7 *Making New Citizens of Old World Peoples, 1890-1930*

Primary Readings

Frank B. Lenz, "The Education of Immigrants," *Educational Review* (1916), pp. 129-133.

Mary Antin, *The Promised Land* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1912), pp. 206-240.

Anzia Yezierska, "Children of Loneliness," (1923) in *The Open Cage: An Anzia Yezierska Collection*, ed. Alice Kessler-Harris (New York: Persea Book, 1979), pp. 145-163.

Excerpts from Peter Roberts, *Anthracite Coal Communities* (New York, 1904) in Daniel Calhoun, ed. *The Educating of Americans: A Documentary History* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1969), pp. 410-415.

Oscar Handlin, "Education and the European Immigrant, 1820," in Bernard J. Weiss, ed., *American Education and the European Immigrant: 1840-1940* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1982), pp. 3-16.

Selma Berrol, "Public Schools and Immigrants: The New York City Experience," in ibid., pp. 31-43.

Secondary Readings

Bernard J. Weiss, ed., *American Education and the European Immigrant: 1840-1940* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1982).

Robert A. Carlson, *The Quest for Conformity: Americanization through Education* (New York: John Wiley and Sons, Inc., 1975).

Questions:

How did educators envision the process of Americanization? How did immigrants respond to the process? In what ways was the process painful? In what ways could the process have been different? In what ways does the process of Americanization resemble the citizenship education of other American children in this era?

Week 8 *Citizenship Education and the Problem of Indoctrination: The 1930s*

Primary Readings

George S. Counts, *Dare the School Build a New Social Order?* (New York: The John Day Co., 1932). Read entire book.

Lawrence Dennis, "Education—The Tool of the Dominant Elite," *The Social Frontier* 1 (January, 1935), pp. 11-15.

Boyd H. Bode, "Education and Social Reconstruction," *The Social Frontier* 1 (January, 1935), pp. 18-22.

David Tyack, Robert Lowe, and Elisabeth Hansot, *Public Schools in Hard Times: The Great Depression and Recent Years* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1984), pp. 42-79.

Secondary Readings

C.A. Bowers, *The Progressive Educator and Depression: The Radical Years* (New York: Random House, 1969).

David Tyack, Robert Lowe, and Elisabeth Hansot, *Public Schools in Hard Times: The Great Depression and Recent Years* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1984).

Questions:

Can a distinction be drawn between schools' supporting accepted values and their "indoctrinating" students? What social condition led some educators to embrace the notion that the schools should indoctrinate? Are there situations in which the ends of citizenship education justify indoctrination? Can you think of other situations in which indoctrination has been a part of citizenship education?

Week 9 *The Citizenship of Disciplined Intelligence: 1945-1965*

Primary Readings

Arthur E. Bestor, *Educational Wastelands: The Retreat from Learning In Our Public Schools.* (Urbana: the University of Illinois Press, 1953), pp. 1-80.

"Hyman Rickover Meets the Press" (1960) in W. Richard Stephens and William Van Til, eds., *Education in American Life: Selected Readings* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1972), pp. 179-185.

Diane Ravitch, *The Troubled Crusade* (New York: Basic Books, 1983), pp. 43-80.

Secondary Readings

Joel Spring, *The Sorting Machine: National Educational Policy since 1945* (New York: Basic Books, 1983).

Questions:

How do Bestor and Rickover differ from early twentieth-century theorists about the proper preparation for effective citizenship? What changes do they propose in the schools? Some people have charged that their views might have more relevance to talented students than to average students. What do you think? Is their ideal appropriate for all students?

Week 10 *The Citizenship of Equals, 1954-Present*

Primary Readings

The Decision in *Brown v. Board of Education of Topeka, Kansas*, Supreme Court of the United States, 347 U.S. 483 (1954), reprinted in Richard Kluger, *Simple Justice: The History of Brown v. Board of Education and Black America's Struggle for Equality* (New York: Random House, 1975), pp. 770-787.

Lerone Bennett, Jr., Robert S. Browne, Roy Wilkins, Jesse Jackson, and Alvin Poussaint, "Exchange on Integration," *Ebony Magazine* 25 (Aug. 1970), pp. 35-69.

Kenneth B. Clark, "Old Business: From *Brown* to Now," *Phi Delta Kappan* 60 (November, 1978), pp. 194S-195S.

Carl Bereiter, "The Changing Face of Educational Disadvantage," *Phi Delta Kappan* 66 (April, 1985), pp. 538-541.

"Women in Education," Special Section, *Phi Delta Kappan* 67 (March, 1986), pp. 499-526.

Nathan Glazer, *Affirmative Discrimination: Ethnic Inequality and Public Policy* (New York: Basic Books, 1978), pp. 77-129.

Diane Ravitch, *The Troubled Crusade* (New York: Basic Books, 1983), pp. 145-181.

Secondary Readings

Joel Spring, *The Sorting Machine: National Educational Policy since 1945* (New York: Basic Books, 1983).

Questions:

How has the quest for equality changed the nature of citizenship education since the Second World War? What have schools done to promote equal citizenship or to teach students to respect the equal rights of others? What new definitions of equality of citizenship have emerged?

Week 11 *Citizenship in a Multicultural Society, 1965-Present*

Primary Readings

Raymond A. Mohl, "Cultural Assimilation versus Cultural Pluralism," *Educational Forum* 45 (March, 1981), pp. 322-333.

James A. Banks, "Cultural Pluralism and the Schools," *Educational Leadership* 32 (December, 1974), pp. 163-166.

Christine Bennett, "A Case for Pluralism in the Schools," *Phi Delta Kappan* 62 (April, 1981) pp. 589-591.

M. Donald Thomas, "The Limits of Pluralism," *Phi Delta Kappan* 62 (April, 1981), pp. 589, 590-591.

Richard Rodriquez, *Hunger of Memory: The Education of Richard Rodriquez, An Autobiography* (Toronto: Bantam, 1982), pp. 3-83.

John Higham, "Integration Versus Pluralism: Another American Dilemma," *Center Magazine* 7 (July-August, 1974), pp. 67-73.

Ravitch, *Troubled Crusade.*

Robert Hampel, *The Last Little Citadel: American High Schools since 1940* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1986).

Questions:

What are the differences in the attitudes of Americans in the early twentieth century and the past two decades toward pluralism in their society? How are those differences reflected in conceptions of citizenship and in citizenship education? How does the Richard Rodriquez autobiography define both the strengths and dangers of bicultural-bilingual education?

Week 12 *The Current Crisis in Citizenship Education*

Primary Readings

Richard M. Battistoni, *Public Schooling and the Education of Democratic Citizens* (Jackson: University Press of Mississippi, 1985), pp. 3-17, 89-154.

Howard D. Mehlinger, "The Crisis of Civic Education," in *Education for Responsible Citizenship: The Report of the National Task Force on Citizenship Education* (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co., 1977), pp. 69-82.

Arthur G. Powell, Eleanor Farrar, David K. Cohen, *The Shopping Mall High School* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1985), pp. 1-65.

Secondary Readings

Morris Janowitz, *The Reconstruction of Patriotism: Education for Civic Consciousness* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1983).

Robert Pranger, *The Eclipse of Citizenship* (New York: Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, 1968).

Questions:

Do you think there is a crisis in citizenship in the America of the 1980s? What are the dimensions and characteristics of the crisis if it exists? What are the responsibilities of schools and teachers? Should there be curricular changes? Should there be changes in codes of behavior?

***American Education and the European Immigrant, 1840-1940,* ed. Bernard J. Weiss.**

PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND IMMIGRANTS: THE NEW YORK CITY EXPERIENCE

Selma Berrol

AS LONG AGO AS 1685, a New York City resident was quoted as saying, "Our chiefest unhappiness here is too great a mixture of nations."[1] The cosmopolitan quality which so displeased this early New Yorker has remained a fact of life for the Empire City and has had a powerful influence on its educational history. From the early nineteenth century until today, the public schools of New York have always assumed (or had assigned to them) the responsibility for educating the children of the newcomers, most of whom have been very poor. They have always had great difficulty in completing this assignment.

Although the language, culture, religion, and race of the strangers who came to New York City varied widely, the purposes of their schooling remained largely the same. Whether the children were Irish, German, Italian, or Jewish, their instructors tried to teach them English, uplift their morals, improve their manners, erase their first language, and make them into "little citizens" as quickly as possible. There have

been some good reasons for this. Because New York has been a "promised city" to so many different people, most of whom arrived here with little knowledge of our institutions and with limited (and often bad) experience with the political system of their homeland, there has always been danger of disorder, fragmentation, and ethnic conflict.

To avoid separatism, as well as the social unrest that might result from their poverty, even in the earliest years of the republic the schools were expected to bring the newcomers into the mainstream of life as it was lived in New York. Acculturation required that they be taught "habits of cleanliness, subordination and order." They also needed to know the language in which economic affairs were conducted and they required an understanding of the political framework of the nation to which they had come.[2]

This kind of knowledge, it was believed, would inculcate loyalty, patriotism, and an understanding of the democratic process and would prevent both ethnic conflict and the manipulation of the immigrants by unscrupulous politicans and demagogues. Upward mobility, per se, was not a major consideration. It is important to note that until quite recently the people concerned with the education of the immigrants were not especially interested in changing their social and economic position, although such a change might be a by-product of their efforts to achieve a stable and productive citizenry.

Running counter to the purposes of the schools were the economic realities of life in New York City. Until the 1920s, most children from poor families could not afford to stay in school for very long; and prior to the period following World War II, there was no essential economic reason for them to do so. Until the 1950s, New York provided many opportunities which did not require educational credentials. As a result, for most of the city's history, children of the immigrant or even of the first generation received a very limited amount of formal education. Some were not exposed to schooling at all and only a few, relatively speaking, fully utilized New York's free educational system. As this paper will show, the reach of the public schools has usually exceeded their grasp on the pupils!

The first important attempt to institutionalize education in New York City occurred in 1805 with the establishment of the Free School Society, later to be known as the Public School Society. This group of public-spirited, upper-class Protestant gentry was, in spite of its name, a private body representing no one but its members. The state legislature empowered them to operate schools for the children of the poor, many of whom were also foreign, and to use the city's share of the tax-generated money in the New York State school fund for this purpose. Their mission was explicit: to Americanize, educate, and improve the morals of the lower classes.[3]

As often happens when the legislature deals with the schools the assignment did not include large appropriations. As a result, the Public School Society utilized an economical monitorial system to educate its students. Children were taught in classes of 500, in which one teacher supervised fifty monitors, who in turn drilled ten children apiece in the three R's, American history, morals, and manners. Possibly because of this rather impersonal system, most of the city's children did not attend the society's schools and among those who did enroll, truancy and early dropping out were widespread. Upper- and middle-class children were educated by other means but most of the lower-class youngsters who were the society's real targets received no schooling at all.

Their most vociferous critics, however, blamed the Protestant bias of the schools, not the monitorial system, for this. The use of the King James version in daily Bible readings and the inclusion of anti-Catholic material in textbooks certainly provided some good reasons to explain why the growing Irish Catholic population of New York would not send its children to the society's schools. Although extremely anxious to teach these children, the society blamed "ignorant" Irish parents for the lack of attendance and would not change its Protestant image in any important way.

Nor would the society make much effort to attract the children of another large group of newcomers, the Germans. It is true that in a temporary, reluctant concession to ethnicity in 1837, two German schools, staffed by teachers who understood German, were established. Instruction in these schools, however, was only in English and students could only attend for one year. When the trustees found that the attendance rule was being violated, they hastily closed the German schools, saying that "when foreigners are in the habit of congregating together they consequently are not as good members of society as they would otherwise be."[4]

Although the bias of the society's trustees and the deficiencies of its schools cannot be denied, we must look for other, more compelling reasons for the poor enrollment and low attendance in their schools. Those reasons were economic necessity and economic opportunity. It was the need to work and the ability to find employment that kept many of the children of the laboring classes from attending school. In the absence of child labor laws or any other kind of social legislation, and in the face of great economic need, most of these children were working and no matter how much the Public School Society changed its schools, they would not have come into the classroom.

There were plenty of jobs available for the unskilled and uneducated young in nineteenth-century New York because the city's economy was an expanding one. The Erie Canal, the completion of railroad routes to the hinterland, the reduction of the British tariff, the expansion of the clipper ship trade when gold was discovered in California, as well as the continuation of an earlier lucrative coastal trade, made New York the "New World Liverpool" by 1855. The city was also, increasingly, the financial headquarters of the United States and its major processing center. The burgeoning economy provided jobs for carters, porters, draymen, messengers, and apprentices in many trades and, given their poverty, most immigrant children began their working lives quite early.[5]

Neither ignorant parents, terrible pedagogy, nor Protestant bias, therefore, was really at the root of the Public School Society's failure to educate the children of the poor. To many New Yorkers of the period, however, it seemed as though the society was at fault and this attitude was reinforced by Governor William H. Seward. He urged, in his 1840 message to the legislature, that the society's monopoly be ended and that sectarian and foreign language schools be given public funds to reach the poor and foreign children now untouched by schools of any kind. The governor's suggestion did not survive the first of what Diane Ravitch has called the "Great School Wars" but a compromise of sorts emerged.

After the smoke of battle had cleared, the society had a competitor: a system of ward schools loosely controlled by a central Board of Education but actually governed by elected trustees in each of the city's twenty-four wards. This was true decentralization; each ward chose its own Bible, texts, teachers, principals, janitors, and curriculum. Since New York was already a city of ethnic neighborhoods, in Irish wards the Douay Bible was used while in others it was still the King James version. In spite of this, because the ward schools could not teach religion, the Catholic community began to build parochial schools which eventually absorbed a good portion of their children.[6]

According to contemporary testimony, even with decentralization and the abandonment of the monitorial system, the children of the immigrant poor still did not come to school very much nor remain very long. Tne absence of records for most of the period makes it difficult to substantiate these statements but a study I have made of a rare set of register books belonging tc a boys' school which was located at 27th Street and 3rd Avenue indicates that, at this school at least, boys of native-born fathers were represented in proportion to their numbers in the population of the ward but those with foreign-born fathers were not.

From this limited sample, therefore, it appears that contemporary criticism of the ward schools may have been somewhat extreme; they were probably more successful than the Public School Society in reaching lower-class children. But if this school was at all typical of others, it would appear that the ward schools, like those of the society, were not reaching their target of the newly arrived either.[7]

Again, there were various reasons for this. There were still no compulsory education laws and the ward school system was thoroughly politicized, often corrupt, and very inefficient. Although ward schools did not use the monitorial system, pedagogy was a matter of rote and repetition. But just as had been the case when the Public School Society was in control, the underlying cause of poor school enrollment and attendance was economic need and economic opportunity. New York continued its expansion into the mid-nineteenth century, adding an industrial sector to the commercial and financial. After the Civil War, opportunities for unskilled youths increased every year. At the same time, the weakness of unions and the Darwinian attitudes of the Gilded Age made it difficult for working-class families to survive without the wages of their children. This combination of need and opportunity once again guaranteed poor school attendance.

For most of the sixties and seventies, the fact that thousands of children were not in school was not a major issue in the city. During the eighties, however, concurrent with the start of mass immigration of Southern Italians and East European Jews, criticism of the schools grew louder and louder. The critics, led by Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Teachers College at Columbia University, were mostly members of good government groups, lineal descendants of the Public School Society. They were upper-class, largely Protestant reformers whose own children attended private schools. Their most important vehicle was the Public Education Association, which was formed in 1895 to study the schools and lobby for change.

What motivated these economically and socially secure men and women? Partly selfish, partly altruistic, they viewed with concern the heavy immigration pouring into the city at the turn of the century and, like earlier reformers, they saw the public school as the answer to the problems posed by the immigrant influx. They agitated for school change because they feared that the inadequate public schools could not accomplish the task of making the "little aliens" into "little citizens' and that the entire city would suffer as a result.

The reformers may have been extreme about their long-range predictions but they were correct about the condition of the schools as they were at the end of

the nineteenth century. Although, due to immigration, the population of the Lower East Side of Manhattan trebled between 1884 and 1892, the number of schools remained the same. As a result, most of the children who lived there, i.e., the immigrant poor, attended school for only half a day, if they could get in at all. Once in, they were often part of a class of 100, taught by an exhausted, poorly trained young teacher who, because the schools had both a morning and an afternoon session, might see as many as 200 children a day. The physical setting was dreadful—dark, noisy, dirty, and poorly ventilated.[8]

The school crisis on the Lower East Side and in adjoining Little Italy precipitated the second or "great" school war in 1896. This struggle resulted in the reorganization of the existing system and the establishment of a centralized, professionalized, and bureaucratic structure that lasted to 1969. Did the new system succeed in educating the children of the immigrant poor? As with most historical questions, the answer is multifaceted. One thing is certain, a considerable effort, more than at any other time, was made. Although hobbled by financial constraints, William H. Maxwell, the energetic and able superintendent of schools, was able to bring about a great many changes in the system. By 1910, for example, a crash building program had alleviated the classroom crowding on the Lower East Side and "steamer" classes had been established to give non-English-speaking children six months in which to learn their new language. This was a vast improvement over an earlier arrangement which had placed all such children, regardless of age, in a first-grade class. In addition, new subjects, such as domestic science and physical education, were introduced.

Both of these innovations were designed to meet the needs of the immigrant poor. Teaching foreign-born girls American housekeeping methods, it was said, would improve nutrition and money management in immigrant households. Physical education was to provide a healthful outlet for boys and girls who lived in cramped tenement apartments and had no place but the streets to play. In such classes, the children would learn about sports such as baseball and this, too, would help to make them Americans! The schools also assumed a social service function, something they had never done before, giving the children medical inspection and nursing, as well as vacation programs.

As part of their interest in the whole child, a private group, the School Lunch Committee, began to offer penny lunches carefully tailored to the ethnic preferences of the neighborhood. These inexpensive meals were a response to the fact that many children could not go home at noon because their mothers were working. They spent the few pennies they had on pickles and junk food from the pushcarts that surrounded the school. Even worse, they gambled!

School lunches were nutritious, attractive, and popular, but some other efforts made for the benefit of the children were not. Popular wisdom said that enlarged adenoids not only made a child look stupid, they actually prevented learning. One group of teachers attempted to remove any such roadblock by arranging for a mass adenoidectomy at Public School 2 on Henry Street. When the mothers of the fifty indended victims heard of this, they descended on the school screaming "pogrom! pogrom!" and the plans for surgery were hastily dropped.

The school changes of the period were accompanied by some heavy-handed Americanization efforts. Seventy years ago ethnic identity was not much valued by the educational authorities and it was assumed that the immigrant's cultural heritage was to be eradicated along with his foreign intonation. District Superintendent Julia Richman, herself a Jew but from the earlier German Jewish immigration, forbade the use of Yiddish anywhere in the schools of the heavily Jewish Lower East Side. She assigned teachers to patrol lunchrooms, restrooms, and schoolyards and told them to give demerits when the hated "jargon" was heard.

Her remedy for the gulf that could result when the children of immigrants accepted the American ways she offered but their parents did not was more Americanization, this time directed at the mothers and fathers. After a time, she said, it would be clear that "the foreign parent must cross the bridge to join his child on the American side."[9] In the same vein, other teachers did not hesitate to point out the lack of manners and cleanliness among many of their charges, attributing these failings to their "ignorant immigrant parents."[10]

Never a shy man, Superintendent Maxwell, after twenty-five years in office, did not hesitate to state that he had created a "new educational New York," one that included the city's first serious compulsory education laws. Until 1903, children were permitted to leave school at age twelve or the completion of fifth grade. After that date the requirement was age fourteen and the sixth grade, and in 1913 it was raised to age sixteen and the eighth grade. Unfortunately, enforcement was erratic and there were many abuses. Because few foreign-born children could present a birth certificate, their parents could say they were older than they really were and if they looked the part, they were granted working papers. Truant officers were few and not terribly efficient. All immigrant families tended to use their girl children for baby-sitting and housekeeping chores and in an atmosphere that

undervalued education for women, school officials did not object to absence by girls as much as they did by boys.[11]

What was the result of all the school changes of the early twentieth century? More children went to school and stayed longer. If they took advantage of the medical and penny lunch programs, they were presumably in better health and better fed. Vacation schools and other extension programs were a great boon to the children of the congested districts. For the overwhelming majority of students, however, formal schooling still had limited impact. Jewish children were less likely to be truant, less likely to be left back, more likely to earn high grades and remain in school with at best an eighth-grade education. Their Italian contemporaries were more prone to truancy, more likely to be over age for their grade (the result of nonpromotion), and more likely to drop out at the earliest possible, not always legal, moment.[12]

Although Jews used the public schools more than any other immigrant group, Jewish school success has been greatly exaggerated. In the absence of government aid, social security payments, unemployment insurance, and all the financial assistance available to poor people today, most immigrant families, for at least two generations, needed whatever money their children could earn. In an economy where a mother, grandmother, and two young children had to work an hour to make a gross of artificial flowers and earn a desperately needed ten cents, how many families could afford the luxury of extended schooling for their children?[13]

As was true earlier, there was a place in the economy for these youngsters. At the start of the twentieth century there were jobs in the construction trades and on the docks, in the garment shops and in their homes. As Thomas Kessner has so ably documented in his book *The Golden Door*, economic opportunity in New York was a reality for both Jews and Italians from 1880 to 1915 and, given the need for child income and the openings for child labor, most Jewish children of the immigrant and first American generation became workers, not students, at an early age.[14]

It is true that in some families, Jewish and Italian, girls would turn over all their earnings to the head of the household and sometimes this provided the means to send a particularly able brother to high school and college. But not until the growth of the garment unions brought some rationality into the clothing industry, and the family, no longer so "green," had achieved some economic security, did Jews begin to use free secondary and college education on a large scale. Even then, until the Great Depression eliminated many full-time jobs, it was evening high school and the evening session at City College that attracted many of the Jewish students. As a troubled mother whose son aspired to college wrote to the editor of the *Jewish Daily Forward*, "even when the schooling is free, who will support the family?"[15]

The existence of widespread poverty among Jewish immigrants has been well documented but, in spite of this, few observers have realized that the critical need for additional income limited Jewish use of the schools. What has misled them has been the rapid economic improvement experienced by the Jewish community as a whole and their over-representation in those professions that carry high income and status. What the Jewish experience in New York really illustrates, however, is that there was more than one way to achieve upward mobility. For most members of the immigrant or first American-born generations, the route up was through the skilled trades and petty commerce. Utilizing skills and experience gained in the old country and the opportunities available in the new, these men achieved upward mobility without formal education. Their children and grandchildren, because they were able to extend the number of years they spent in school, were more likely to achieve further mobility by educational means.[16]

Although their needs and existing opportunities caused both Jews and Italians to make limited use of the schools, it is likely that given a different economic situation more Jews, although still not all, would have used education more extensively and that Italians still would not have done so. There are a number of reasons for this, most of them stemming from differing old-world backgrounds. Perhaps the most important factor, however, was receptivity. Most Jewish parents accepted the Americanization efforts of the schools. They wanted their children to become "Yankees" and were ready to accept the alienation this might bring.[17]

By and large, Italian parents had a different point of view. For cultural as well as economic reasons, they were reluctant to send their children to school for any length of time. In a magazine article on truancy, an Italian mother was quoted as saying that the schools wanted to take her children away from her. According to the records of the Bureau of Attendance, truancy was higher in Little Italy and East Harlem, the main centers of Italian settlement, than elsewhere in the city. At one point, hoping to reach the parents of the truants, Maxwell hired some Italian-speaking attendance officers and, at another time, he asked the Italian press to publish the names of those parents who had received heavy fines for violating the compulsory education laws.[18]

The press cooperated enthusiastically, but neither of Maxwell's actions did very much good. Interestingly, even the more flexible training schools operated

by the Children's Aid Society did not attract many children beyond the kindergarten stage. Although the teachers were often from the community and some attention was paid to Italian folkways and holidays, they were basically Protestant mission schools. The normally Roman Catholic Italians, although often unhappy with Irish domination of the Church, resisted proselytization from other sources. But Italian youngsters did not appear in large numbers in the Catholic schools either. It would seem that at that point in time, the Italian-American community valued other things more than formal education.[19]

The outbreak of World War I, the passage of the National Origins Act, the depression, and World War II brought to an end the mass immigration of the previous century. Although there were still some little "greenhorns" in the public schools during the thirties, most of the students were more likely to be the grandchildren of immigrants or the children of foreign-born parents who had themselves been subject to some schooling in New York. There were also fewer children and for the first time since 1840, there were enough seats to go around. The onset of the depression also provided a pool of extremely well qualified teachers. For all these reasons, the twenties and thirties were a golden age in the New York City schools and made it easier for everyone to forget the fact that this was an exceptional period in a previously turbulent history. It also made it seem as though such school practices as enrichment, homogeneous grouping, and reliance on standardized tests were the keys to successful education when, in reality, it was the nature of the student body and the quality of the teachers that made these methods appear to work.[20]

Children who did well in school were promoted, skipped, and placed in rapid advance classes to emerge at sixteen as freshmen at one of the city colleges, from which many went on to professional schools. Children who did not do well were left back or placed in slow classes, and they played hookey and left the system at sixteen. Jews made up a good proportion of the first group, but were also well represented in the second, which went virtually unnoticed. In the twenties there were still many occupational choices that did not require much schooling. In the depression-ridden thirties, high school graduates were as likely to be unemployed as their less-educated peers, and in the forties they went into the army.

As a result, in the late fifties when the public schools began to have great difficulty with the children of the Black and Hispanic migrants, who were the latest groups to come to the "promised city," most people had forgotten that poor children from rural backgrounds had always created problems and that the public schools had not been successful with most of the poor and foreign children who had come earlier. As we have seen, such children often had not gone to school, whether public or parochial, or had left the schools at the earliest possible age with little formal education. Despite this, by the middle of the twentieth century, the Irish, Germans, Jews, and Italians who had come as strangers to the city during the preceding century were substantially acculturated and, in most instances, had improved their social and economic position.

Because New York's educational history was not well known, the public schools were given too much credit for this happy state of affairs. In reality, it was the expanding economy rather than formal schooling that was the generator of acculturation in New York. The immigrants learned about the city as they labored in it. Because there were usually jobs for even the "greenest" of the newcomers, they could become part of the city's economic life within a few days of their arrival. On the job, from fellow workers, bosses, and union leaders, they soon learned how the American system worked. Their wages were terrible and their hours worse, but the possibility of building a little reserve did exist, and it was in this fashion that the newcomers moved, however slowly and painfully, up the socioeconomic ladder.

In other ways, also totally unconnected with the schools, the immigrants learned about their new homeland. Their district leaders taught them American politics and their newspapers made them aware of all kinds of social developments, including how to play baseball! Mothers and children both learned from the streets, the former while marketing and the latter from play. The entire family profited from the influence of the settlement houses. The schools, of course, exercised influence, but when compared to all these other factors their apparent importance is diminished.

Was this limited role also the case for the evening schools, usually considered quite important in the process of immigrant acculturation? New York established its first public night schools in 1825 and the number grew throughout the nineteenth century. By 1898, there were sixty-one evening elementary schools and four high schools operating in the city. Further expansion occurred in the next two decades.

If we accept the official statistics and course descriptions at face value, the evening schools were both well attended and worthwhile. A closer examination, however, reveals that while enrollment was high, attendance was not. It was very difficult to go to school and study after a full day's work. The teachers, mostly day instructors accustomed to little children, were inadequate, and the instructional process was very slow in a setting where the seats were child-sized. Although

daughter's words. "You think you got a different skin from us because you went to college?"

"It drives me wild to hear you crunching bones like savages. If you people won't change, I shall have to move and live by myself."

Yankev Ravinsky threw the half-gnawed bone upon the table with such vehemence that a plate broke into fragments.

"You witch you!" he cried in a hoarse voice tense with rage. "Move by yourself! We lived without you while you was away in college, and we can get on without you further. God ain't going to turn his nose on us because we ain't got table manners from America. A hell she made from this house since she got home!

"*Shah!* Yankev *leben*," pleaded the mother, "the neighbors are opening the windows to listen to our hollering. Let us have a little quiet for a while till the eating is over."

But the accumulated hurts and insults that the old man had borne in the one week since his daughter's return from college had reached the breaking-point. His face was convulsed, his eyes flashed, and his lips were flecked with froth as he burst out in a volley of scorn:

"You think you can put our necks in a chain and learn us new tricks? You think you can make us over for Americans? We got through till fifty years of our lives eating in our own old way—"

"Woe is me, Yankev *leben!*" entreated his wife. "Why can't we choke ourselves with our troubles? Why must the whole world know how we are tearing ourselves by the heads? In all Essex Street, in all New York, there ain't such fights like by us."

Her pleadings were in vain. There was no stopping Yankev Ravinsky once his wrath was roused. His daughter's insistence upon the use of a knife and fork spelled apostasy, anti-Semitism, and the aping of the Gentiles.

Like a prophet of old condemning unrighteousness, he ran the gamut of denunciation, rising to heights of fury that were sublime and godlike, and sinking from sheer exhaustion to abusive bitterness.

"*Pfui* on all your American colleges! *Pfui* on the morals of America! No respect for old age. No feat for God. Stepping with your feet on all the laws of the holy Torah. A fire should burn out the whole new generation. They should sink into the earth, like Korah."

"Look at him cursing and burning! Just because I insist on their changing their terrible table manners. One would think I was killing them."

"Do you got to use a gun to kill?" cried the old man, little red threads darting out of the whites of his eyes.

"Who is doing the killing? Aren't you choking the life out of me? Aren't you dragging me by the hair to the darkness of past ages every minute of the day? I'd die of shame if one of my college friends should open the door while you people are eating."

"You—you—"

The old man was on the point of striking his daughter when his wife seized the hand he raised.

"*Mincha!* Yankev, you forgot *Mincha!*"

This reminder was a flash of inspiration on Mrs. Ravinsky's part, the only thing that could have ended the quarreling instantly. *Mincha* was the prayer just before sunset of the orthodox Jews. This religious rite was so automatic with the old man that at his wife's mention of *Mincha* everything was immediately shut out, and Yankev Ravinsky rushed off to a corner of the room to pray.

"*Ashrai Yoishwai Waisahuh!*"

"Happy are they who dwell in Thy house. Ever shall I praise Thee. *Selah!* Great is the Lord, and exceedingly to be praised; and His greatness is unsearchable. On the majesty and glory of Thy splendor, and on Thy marvelous deeds, will I meditate."

The shelter from the storms of life that the artist finds in his art, Yankev Ravinsky found in his prescribed communion with God. All the despair caused by his daughter's apostasy, the insults and disappointments he suffered, were in his sobbing voice. But as he entered into the spirit of his prayer, he felt the man of flesh drop away in the outflow of God around him. His voice mellowed, the rigid wrinkles of his face softened, the hard glitter of anger and condemnation in his eyes was transmuted into the light of love as he went on:

"The Lord is gracious and merciful; slow to anger and of great loving-kindness. To all that call upon Him in truth He will hear their cry and save them."

Oblivious to the passing and repassing of his wife as she warmed anew the unfinished dinner, he continued:

"Put not your trust in prices, in the son of man in whom here is no help." Here Reb Ravinsky paused long enough to make a silent confession for the sin of having placed his hope on his daughter instead of on God. His whole body bowed with the sense of guilt. Then in a moment his humility was transfigured into exaltation. Sorrow for sin dissolved in joy as he became more deeply aware of God's unfailing protection.

"Happy is he who hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God. He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds."

A healing balm filled his soul as he returned to the table, where the steaming hot food awaited him. Rachel sat near the window pretending to read a

daughter's words. "You think you got a different skin from us because you went to college?"

"It drives me wild to hear you crunching bones like savages. If you people won't change, I shall have to move and live by myself."

Yankev Ravinsky threw the half-gnawed bone upon the table with such vehemence that a plate broke into fragments.

"You witch you!" he cried in a hoarse voice tense with rage. "Move by yourself! We lived without you while you was away in college, and we can get on without you further. God ain't going to turn his nose on us because we ain't got table manners from America. A hell she made from this house since she got home!"

"*Shah!* Yankev *leben*," pleaded the mother, "the neighbors are opening the windows to listen to our hollering. Let us have a little quiet for a while till the eating is over."

But the accumulated hurts and insults that the old man had borne in the one week since his daughter's return from college had reached the breaking-point. His face was convulsed, his eyes flashed, and his lips were flecked with froth as he burst out in a volley of scorn:

"You think you can put our necks in a chain and learn us new tricks? You think you can make us over for Americans? We got through till fifty years of our lives eating in our own old way—"

"Woe is me, Yankev *leben!*" entreated his wife. "Why can't we choke ourselves with our troubles? Why must the whole world know how we are tearing ourselves by the heads? In all Essex Street, in all New York, there ain't such fights like by us."

Her pleadings were in vain. There was no stopping Yankev Ravinsky once his wrath was roused. His daughter's insistence upon the use of a knife and fork spelled apostasy, anti-Semitism, and the aping of the Gentiles.

Like a prophet of old condemning unrighteousness, he ran the gamut of denunciation, rising to heights of fury that were sublime and godlike, and sinking from sheer exhaustion to abusive bitterness.

"*Pfui* on all your American colleges! *Pfui* on the morals of America! No respect for old age. No feat for God. Stepping with your feet on all the laws of the holy Torah. A fire should burn out the whole new generation. They should sink into the earth, like Korah."

"Look at him cursing and burning! Just because I insist on their changing their terrible table manners. One would think I was killing them."

"Do you got to use a gun to kill?" cried the old man, little red threads darting out of the whites of his eyes.

"Who is doing the killing? Aren't you choking the life out of me? Aren't you dragging me by the hair to the darkness of past ages every minute of the day? I'd die of shame if one of my college friends should open the door while you people are eating."

"You—you—"

The old man was on the point of striking his daughter when his wife seized the hand he raised.

"*Mincha!* Yankev, you forgot *Mincha!*"

This reminder was a flash of inspiration on Mrs. Ravinsky's part, the only thing that could have ended the quarreling instantly. *Mincha* was the prayer just before sunset of the orthodox Jews. This religious rite was so automatic with the old man that at his wife's mention of *Mincha* everything was immediately shut out, and Yankev Ravinsky rushed off to a corner of the room to pray.

"*Ashrai Yoishwai Waisahuh!*"

"Happy are they who dwell in Thy house. Ever shall I praise Thee. *Selah!* Great is the Lord, and exceedingly to be praised; and His greatness is unsearchable. On the majesty and glory of Thy splendor, and on Thy marvelous deeds, will I meditate."

The shelter from the storms of life that the artist finds in his art, Yankev Ravinsky found in his prescribed communion with God. All the despair caused by his daughter's apostasy, the insults and disappointments he suffered, were in his sobbing voice. But as he entered into the spirit of his prayer, he felt the man of flesh drop away in the outflow of God around him. His voice mellowed, the rigid wrinkles of his face softened, the hard glitter of anger and condemnation in his eyes was transmuted into the light of love as he went on:

"The Lord is gracious and merciful; slow to anger and of great loving-kindness. To all that call upon Him in truth He will hear their cry and save them."

Oblivious to the passing and repassing of his wife as she warmed anew the unfinished dinner, he continued:

"Put not your trust in prices, in the son of man in whom here is no help." Here Reb Ravinsky paused long enough to make a silent confession for the sin of having placed his hope on his daughter instead of on God. His whole body bowed with the sense of guilt. Then in a moment his humility was transfigured into exaltation. Sorrow for sin dissolved in joy as he became more deeply aware of God's unfailing protection.

"Happy is he who hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God. He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds."

A healing balm filled his soul as he returned to the table, where the steaming hot food awaited him. Rachel sat near the window pretending to read a

book. Her mother did not urge her to join them at the table, fearing another outbreak, and the meal continued in silence.

The girl's thoughts surged hotly as she glanced from her father to her mother. A chasm of four centuries could not have separated her more completely from them than her four years at Cornell.

"To think that I was born of these creatures! It's an insult to my soul. What kinship have I with these two lumps of ignorance and superstition? They're ugly and gross and stupid. I'm all sensitive nerves. They want to wallow in dirt."

She closed her eyes to shut out the sight of her parents as they silently ate together, unmindful of the dirt and confusion.

"How is it possible that I lived with them and like them only four years ago? What is it in me that so quickly gets accustomed to the best? Beauty and cleanliness are as natural to me as if I'd been born on Fifth Avenue instead of the dirt of Essex Street."

A vision of Frank Baker passed before her. Her last long talk with him out under the trees in college still lingered in her heart. She felt that she had only to be with him again to carry forward the beautiful friendship that had sprung up between them. He had promised to come shortly to New York. How could she possibly introduce such a born and bred American to her low, ignorant, dirty parents?

"I might as well tear the thought of Frank Baker out of my heart," she told herself. "If he just once sees the pigsty of a home I come from, if he just sees the table manners of my father and mother, he'll fly through the ceiling."

Timidly, Mrs. Ravinsky turned to her daughter.

"Ain't you going to give a taste the eating?"

No answer.

"I fried the *lotkes* special' for you—"

"I can't stand your fried, greasy stuff."

"Ain't even my cooking good no more either?" Her gnarled, hard-worked hands clutched at her breast. "God from the world, for what do I need yet any more my life? Nothing I do for my child is no use no more."

Her head sank; her whole body seemed to shrivel and grow old and the sense of her own futility.

"How I was hurrying to run by the butcher before everybody else, so as to pick out the grandest, fattest piece of *brust*!" she wailed, tears streaming down her face. "And I put my hand away from my heart and put a whole fresh egg into the *lotkes*, and I stuffed the stove full of coal like a millionaire so as to get the *lotkes* fried so nice and brown; and now you give a kick on everything I done—

"Fool woman," shouted her husband, "stop laying yourself on the ground for your daughter to step on you! What more can you expect from a child raised up in America? What more can you expect but that she should spit in your face and make dirt from you?" His eyes, hot and dry under their lids, flashed from his wife to his daughter. "The old Jewish eating is poison to her; she must have *trefa* ham—only forbidden food."

Bitter laughter shook him.

"Woman, how you patted yourself with pride before all the neighbors, boasting of our great American daughter coming home from college! This is our daughter, our pride, our hope, our pillow for our old age that we were dreaming about! This is our American *teacherin*! A Jew-hater, an anti-Semite we brought into the world, a betrayer of our race who hates her own father and mother like the Russian Czar once hated a Jew. She makes herself so refined, she can't stand it when we use the knife or fork the wrong way; but her heart is that of a brutal Cossack, and she spills her own father's and mother's blood like water."

Every word he uttered seared Rachel's soul like burning acid. She felt herself becoming a witch, a she-devil, under the spell of his accusations.

"You want me to love you yet?" She turned upon her father like an avenging fury. "If there's any evil hatred in my soul, you have roused it with your cursed preaching."

"*Oi-i-i*! Highest One! pity Yourself on us!" Mrs. Ravinsky wrung her hands. "Rachel, Yankev, let there be an end to this knife-stabbing! *Gottuniu*! my flesh is torn to pieces!"

Unheeding her mother's pleading, Rachel rushed to the closet where she kept her things.

"I was a crazy idiot to think that I could live with you people under one roof." She flung on her hat and coat and bolted for the door.

Mrs. Ravinsky seized Rachel's arm in passionate entreaty.

"My child, my heart, my life, what do you mean? Where are you going?

"I mean to get out of this hell of a home this very minute," she said, tearing loose from her mother's clutching hands.

"Woe is me! My child! We'll be to shame and to laughter by the whole world. What will people say?"

"Let them say! My life is my own; I'll live as I please." She slammed the door in her mother's face.

"They want me to love them yet," ran the mad thoughts in Rachel's brain as she hurried through the streets, not knowing where she was going, not caring. "Vampires, bloodsuckers fastened on my flesh! Black shadow blighting every ray of light that ever came my way! Other parents scheme and plan and wear themselves out to give their child a chance, but

they put dead stone in front of every chance I made for myself."

With the cruelty of youth to everything not youth, Rachel reasoned:

"They have no rights, no claims over me like other parents who do things for their children. It was my own brains, my own courage, my own iron will that forced my way out of the sweatshop to my present position in the public schools. I owe them nothing, nothing, nothing."

II

Two weeks already away from home. Rachel looked about her room. It was spotlessly clean. She had often said to herself while at home with her parents: "All I want is an empty room, with a bed, a table, and a chair. As long as it is clean and away from them, I'll be happy." But was she happy?

A distant door closed, followed by the retreating sound of descending footsteps. Then all was still, the stifling stillness of a rooming-house. The white, empty walls pressed in upon her, suffocated her. She listened acutely for any stir of life, but the continued silence was unbroken save for the insistent ticking of her watch.

"I ran away from home burning for life," she mused, "and all I've found is the loneliness that's death." A wave of self-pity weakened her almost to the point of tears. "I'm alone! I'm alone!" she moaned, crumpling into a heap.

"Must it always be with me like this," her soul cried in terror, "either to live among those who drag me down or in the awful isolation of a hall bedroom? Oh, I'll die of loneliness among these frozen, each-shut-in-himself Americans! It's one thing to break away, but, oh, the strength to go on alone! How can I ever do it? The love instinct is so strong in me; I can not live without love, without people."

The thought of a letter from Frank Baker suddenly lightened her spirits. That very evening she was to meet him for dinner. Here was hope—more than hope. Just seeing him again would surely bring the certainty.

This new rush of light upon her dark horizon so softened her heart that she could almost tolerate her superfluous parents.

"If I could only have love and my own life, I could almost forgive them for bringing me into the world. I don't really hate them; I only hate them when they stand between me and the new America that I'm to conquer."

Answering her impulse, her feet led her to the familiar Ghetto streets. On the corner of the block where her parents lived she paused, torn between the desire to see her people and the fear of their nagging reproaches. The old Jewish proverb came to her mind: "The wolf is not afraid of the dog, but he hates his bark." "I'm not afraid of their black curses for sin. It's nothing to me if they accuse me of being an anti-Semite or a murderer, and yet why does it hurt me so?"

Rachel had prepared herself to face the usual hail-storm of reproaches and accusations, but as she entered the dark hallway of the tenement, she heard her father's voice chanting the old familiar Hebrew psalm of "The Race of Sorrows":

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto Thee.

For my days are consumed like smoke, and my bones are burned as an hearth.

I am like a pelican of the wilderness.

I am like an owl of the desert.

I have eaten ashes like break and mingled my drink with weeping."

A faintness came over her. The sobbing strains of the lyric song melted into her veins like a magic sap, making her warm and human again. All her strength seemed to flow out of her in pity for her people. She longed to throw herself on the dirty, ill-smelling tenement stairs and weep: "Nothing is real but love—love. Nothing so false as ambition."

Since her early childhood she remembered often waking up in the middle of the night and hearing her father chant this age-old song of woe. There flashed before her a vivid picture of him, huddled in the corner beside the table piled high with Hebrew books, swaying to the rhythm of her Jeremiad, the sputtering light of the candle stuck in a bottle throwing uncanny shadows over his gaunt face. The skull-cap, the side-locks, and the long gray beard made him seem like some mystic stranger from a far-off world and not a father. The father of the daylight who ate with a knife, spat on the floor, and who was forever denouncing America and Americans was different from this mystic spirit stranger who could thrill with such impassioned rapture.

Thousands of years of exile, thousands of years of hunger, loneliness, and want swept over her as she listened to her father's voice. Something seemed to be crying out to her to run in and seize her father and mother in her arms and hold them close.

"Love, love—nothing is true between us but love," she thought.

But why couldn't she do what she longed to do? Why, with all her passionate sympathy for them, should any actual contact with her people seem so impossible? No, she couldn't go in just yet. Instead, she ran up on the roof, where she could be alone. She stationed herself at the air-shaft opposite their

kitchen window, where for the first time since she had left in a rage she could see her old home.

Ach! what sickening disorder! In the sink were the dirty dishes stacked high, untouched, it looked, for days. The table still held the remains of the last meal. Clothes were strewn about the chairs. The bureau drawers were open, and their contents brimmed over in mad confusion.

"I couldn't endure it, this terrible dirt!" Her nails dug into her palms, shaking with the futility of her visit. "It would be worse than death to go back to them. It would mean giving up order, cleanliness, sanity, everything that I've striven all these years to attain. It would mean giving up the hope of my new world—the hope of Frank Baker."

The sound of the creaking door reached her where she crouched against the air-shaft. She looked again into the murky depths of the room. Her mother had entered. With arms full of paper bags of provisions, the old woman paused on the threshold, her eyes dwelling on the dim figure of her husband. A look of pathetic tenderness illumined her wrinkled features.

"I'll make something good to eat for you, yes?"

Reb Ravinsky only dropped his head on his breast. His eyes were red and dry, sandy with sorrow that could find no release in tears. Good God! Never had Rachel seen such profound despair. For the first time she noticed the grooved tracings of withering age knotted on his face and the growing hump on her mother's back.

"Already the shadow of death hangs over them," she thought as she watched them. "They're already with one foot in the grave. Why can't I be human to them before they're dead? Why can't I?"

Rachel blotted away the picture of the sordid room with both hands over her eyes.

"To death with my soul! I wish I were a plain human being with a heart instead of a monster of selfishness with a soul."

But the pity she felt for her parents began now to be swept away in a wave of pity for herself.

"How every step in advance costs me my heart's blood! My greatest tragedy in life is that I always see the two opposite sides at the same time. What seems to me right one day seems all wrong the next. Not only that, but many things seem right and wrong at the same time. I feel I have a right to my own life, and yet I feel just as strongly that I owe my father and mother something. Even if I don't love them, I have no right to step over them. I'm drawn to them by something more compelling than love. It is the cry of their dumb, wasted lives."

Again Rachel looked into the dimly lighted room below. Her mother placed food upon the table. With a self-effacing stoop of humility, she entreated, "Eat only while it is hot yet."

With his eyes fixed almost unknowingly, Reb Ravinsky sat down. Her mother took the chair opposite him, but she only pretended to eat the slender portion of the food she had given herself.

Rachel's heart swelled. Yes, it had always been like that. Her mother had taken the smallest portion of everything for herself. Complaints, reproaches, upbraidings, abuse, yes, all these had been heaped by her upon her mother; but always the juciest piece of meat was placed on her plate, the thickest slice of bread; the warmest covering was given to her, while her mother shivered through the night.

"Ah, I don't want to abandon them!" she thought; "I only want to get to the place where I belong. I only want to get to the mountaintops and view the world from the heights, and then I'll give them everything I've achieved."

Her thoughts were sharply broken in upon by the loud sound of her father's eating. Bent over the table, he chewed with noisy gulps a piece of herring, his temples working to the motion of his jaws. With each audible swallow the smacking of the lips, Rachel's heart tightened with loathing.

"Their dirty ways turn all my pity into hate." She felt her toes and her fingers curl inward with dusgust. "I'll never amount to anything if I'm not strong enough to break away from them once and for all." Hypnotizing herself into her line of self-defense, her thoughts raced on: "I'm only cruel to be kind. If I went back to them now, it would not be out of love, but because of weakness—because of doubt and unfaith in myself."

Rachel bluntly turned her back. Her head lifted. There was iron will in her jaws.

"If I haven't the strength to tear free from the old, I can never conquer the new. Every new step a man makes is a tearing away from those clinging to him. I must get tight and hard as rock inside of me if I'm ever to do the things I set out to do. I must learn to suffer and suffer, walk through blood and fire, and not bend from my course."

For the last time she looked at her parents. The terrible loneliness of their abandoned old age, their sorrowful eyes, the wrung-dry weariness on their faces, the whole black picture of her ruined, desolate home, burned into her flesh. She knew all the pain of one unjustly condemned, and the guilt of one with the spilt blood of helpless lives upon his hands. Then came tears, blinding, wrenching tears that tore at her heart until it seemed that they would rend her body into shreds.

"God! God!" she sobbed as she turned her head away from them, "if all this suffering were at least for something worth while, for something outside

myself. But to have to break them and crush them merely because I have a fastidious soul that can't stomach their table manners, merely because I can't strangle my aching ambitions to rise in the world!"

She could no longer sustain the conflict which raged within her higher and higher at every moment. With a sudden tension of all her nerves she pulled herself together and stumbled blindly downstairs and out of the house. And she felt as if she had torn away from the flesh and blood of her own body.

III

Out in the street she struggled to get hold of herself again. Despite the tumult and upheaval that racked her soul, an intoxicating lure still held her up—the hope of seeing Frank Baker that evening. She was indeed a storm-racked ship, but within sight of shore. She need but throw out the signal, and help was nigh. She need but confide to Frank Baker of her break with her people, and all the dormant sympathy between them would surge up. His understanding would widen and deepen because of her great need for his understanding. He would love her the more because of her great need for his love.

Forcing back her tears, stepping over her heartbreak, she hurried to the hotel where she was to meet him. Her father's impassioned rapture when he chanted the Psalms of David lit up the visionary face of the young Jewess.

"After all, love is the beginning of the real life," she thought as Frank Baker's dark, handsome face flashed before her. "With him to hold on to, I'll begin my new world."

Borne higher and higher by the intoxicating illusion of her great destiny she cried:

"A person all alone is but a futile cry in an unheeding wilderness. One alone is but a shadow, an echo of reality. It takes two together to create reality. Two together can pioneer a new world."

With a vision of herself and Frank Baker marching side by side to the conquest of her heart's desire, she added:

"No wonder a man's love means so little to the American woman. They belong to the world in which they are born. They belong to their fathers and mothers; they belong to their relatives and friends. They are human even without a man's love. I don't belong; I'm not human. Only a man's love can save me and make me human again."

It was the busy dinner-hour at the fashionable restaurant. Pausing at the doorway with searching eyes and lips eagerly parted, Rachel's swift glance circled the lobby. Those seated in the dining-room beyond who were not too absorbed in one another, noticed a slim, vivid figure of ardent youth, but with dark, age-old eyes that told of the restless seeking of her homeless race.

With nervous little movements of anxiety, Rachel sat down, got up, then started across the lobby. Halfway, she stopped, and her breath caught.

"Mr. Baker," she murmured, her hands fluttering toward him with famished eagerness. His smooth, athletic figure had a cock-sureness that to the girl's worshipping gaze seemed the perfection of male strength.

"You must be doing wonderful things," came from her admiringly, "you look so happy, so shining with life."

"Yes,"—he shook her hand vigorously,—"I've been living for the first time since I was a kid. I'm full of such interesting experiences. I'm actually working in an East Side settlement."

Dazed by his glamourous success, Rachel stammered soft phrases of congratulations as he led her to a table. But seated opposite him, the face of this untried youth, flushed with the health and happiness of another world than that of the poverty-crushed Ghetto, struck her almost as an insincerity.

"You in an East Side settlement?" she interrupted sharply. "What reality can there be in that work for you?"

"Oh," he cried, his shoulders squaring with the assurance of his master's degree in sociology, "it's great to get under the surface and see how the other half lives. It's so picturesque! My conception of these people has greatly changed since I've been visiting their homes." He launched into a glowing account of the East Side as seen by a twenty-five-year-old college graduate.

"I thought them mostly immersed in hard labor, digging subways or slaving in sweatshops," he went on. "But think of the poetry which the immigrant is daily living!"

"But they're so sunk in the dirt of poverty, what poetry do you see there?"

"It's their beautiful home life, the poetic devotion between parents and children, the sacrifices they make for one another—"

"Beautiful home life? Sacrifices? Why, all I know of is the battle to the knife between parents and children. It's black tragedy that boils there, not the pretty sentiments that you imagine."

"My dear child,"—he waved aside her objection,—"you're too close to judge dispassionately. This very afternoon, on one of my friendly visits, I came upon a dear old man who peered up at me through horn-rimmed glasses behind his pile of Hebrew books. He was hardly able to speak English, but I found him a great scholar."

"Yes, a lazy old do-nothing, a bloodsucker on his