

OUR CITY OF ALL NATIONS

Where and How the Peoples of the Old World Are
Changing Into Americans in New York

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AN ALSATIAN JEW CIVIL WAR HERO

Major Kaufman Mandell of the Massachusetts Independent Cavalry of the 19th Army Corps was not present in the small detachment of Civil War veterans who were escorted through last Saturday's Memorial Day parade in Brooklyn. He was at his big country home at Neponset, kept in bed for the first time in his eighty-five years by an injury to his foot.

Kaufman Mandell set out for the promised land in America as a boy of thirteen. His mother brushed his hair and straightened out his necktie while she cried over him, and his father took him to the stage station and started him out on his long, lonely journey with a tag tied firmly into his coat lapel, a letter commending him to the care of conductors and company captains and a fervent injunction: "Whatever you do in the land of strangers, my son, remember that we love you, and always tell the truth."

Major Mandell remembers little of the voyage across the Atlantic. Everybody seemed anxious to help him along safely into the hands of his friends in New York to whom he was consigned on their promise that they would set him on the way to an American fortune. The Mandell family was altogether French. They were Orthodox Jews and have remained Jews to this day. Major Mandell was never reconciled to the German annexation.

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MAJOR KAUFMAN MANDELL

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When he reached this country, he was found for him as the errand of a Washington Market butcher. Out of his wages of \$4 a week, which they were advanced after he had shown his adaptability and lively interest in his employer's business, Kaufman Mandell was able to save more than half.

By the time he was twenty the boy had a small competence which he risked all at one throw in buying a share in a co-operative trading enterprise to the coast of Africa with about twenty other youngsters, none of whom was five years older than himself. One of them was a navigator and the rest used such ability and strength as they had to make up the crew. They had a small schooner. They were out two years. Sometimes their trading was pleasant and profitable and sometimes Major Mandell remembers with a grin they had to abandon samples taken ashore and make all speed for the ship. The expedition was rich in adventure and not unprofitable as a business enterprise.

"I do not know much of our ancient family history," says Major Mandell, "but I must have inherited some of the spirit of the blood of the Maccabees, the fighting tribe of Israel. We returned from sea trading to find that the United States was on the verge of the war of secession. Our ship's company abandoned all the plans we had made on the home voyage for further business expeditions:

We scattered, each to find his place in the coming war."

Starting as a private the young man was in the cavalry until the end of the war, which found him in New Orleans at the head of a squadron. He had fought under Godfrey Weitzel, under Banks in the Red River campaign and under Butler at New Orleans. He was in the actions at Fort Johnson, Fort Philippe, Baton Rouge and Fort Hudson.

On being mustered out Major Mandell married Caroline Schwartz. They went to Woodville, Miss., where he attempted to establish a general store. "I was the only Yankee in a day's journey," the Major said. "None of the white people would enter the store—no, worse, would even nod to me or my wife or my father-in-law, Jacob Schwartz, on the street—at first. We had to do as best we could with customers who were Negroes, though after awhile we suspected Negroes were being sent to the store to buy for white persons."

Mr. Schwartz was seventy years old and was continually angered by the difference between the conditions which his son-in-law found in Woodville as compared to the friendly way in which the community in New Orleans before the war had encouraged Jewish establishments. Mr. Schwartz's quarrel with the Southern aristocracy culminated in an exchange of discourtesies between himself and

Scott McGee, one of the social leaders of the town, in which Mr. Schwartz was kicked violently.

Major Mandell promptly gave public expression to his opinion of the quality of the chivalry and bravery of Mr. McGee, who was just half of the age of Mr. Schwartz. Promptly there appeared a second from Mr. McGee to challenge the Yankee Major to deadly combat. Major Mandell went to Lawyer Van Eaton who had done some legal business for the store; Mr. Van Eaton declined to risk his social standing by acting as the Major's second. E. A. Robinson, a New Yorker with strong Southern sympathies who had started a drug store in the town, reluctantly consented to act.

"Mr. McGee," said the old Union soldier, "then sent word that if I would consent, he would withdraw the challenge. I declined to accept any message from him, referring him to my second.

"The result was that Mr. McGee explained that he would never have got into the fight with my father if he had known I was enough of a gentleman to handle myself the way I had over the challenge. Mr. Robinson said he would accept that statement if it were put in the form of an apology, and it was."

There was no duel. Scott McGee and Major Mandell became firm friends. The rest of the town, following the lead of the McGees, changed their whole attitude toward