

# RIOT MARS FUNERAL OF RABBI JOSEPH

## Mourners and Hoe Factory Employees in a Struggle.

### THE POLICE HARD PRESSED

#### Procession of 50,000 Chant Promise of David in Long Journey from Syna- gogues to the Grave of the Old Leader.

One of the most remarkable religious celebrations ever seen in this city had its climax yesterday afternoon in a riot that ended with bloodshed, and threw tens of thousands of orthodox Jews of the lower east side into a state of wild excitement. The trouble arose while 50,000 or more mourners were following the coffin of Chief Rabbi Jacob Joseph through Grand Street, after having paraded in and out among half a dozen other streets filled with countless men, women, and children, who were manifesting their veneration for the dead leader with sorrowful chants and continuous lamentations.

As the horde of mourners was beginning to pass the printing press factory of R. Hoe & Co., at Grand and Sheriff Streets, the employes of the factory, who were having their lunch hour at the time, ran to the windows overlooking the route to be traversed by the hearse, the 200 carriages, and the long line of grieving Jews. Before the hearse itself came in sight the men in the factory jeered and yelled at the part of the procession that formed a vanguard. This was the first break in the solemnity of the cavalcade, which had started from the rabbi's house in Henry Street at 11:15 o'clock, two hours earlier.

The jeers continued while the hearse, bearing its unpainted pinewood coffin, was driven slowly past the factory. It was not more than a hundred yards away, and nearing the Grand Street Ferryhouse, when suddenly a bucket of water was thrown from one of the factory's upper windows into the midst of the surging crowd of mourners.

Bundles of paper saturated with oil, bits of iron, small blocks of wood, and other missiles followed from the windows. The mourners, who previously had been so densely packed together that they had the appearance of fighting with one another to keep from being trampled under foot, now became an uncontrollable mob. There was a rush toward the factory door, then a rebuff by some employes in the front office, a riot call for the police, and a few moments later a free fight between those on the street and those in the building.

"Is this Russia?" shouted an old man, speaking with a foreign accent.

From all around him came answering cries of anger. The missiles from the factory continued to pour down on the street, and the mourners, picking up the falling iron and wood, cast them back against the windows of the building. Hardly a pane of glass on the first or second floor remained in its place when the reserves from the police stations of the east side arrived on the scene.

#### PISTOL DRAWN AT FACTORY.

In the meanwhile, before the trouble had become so serious, a few leaders of the Jews had rushed forward to the office of the Hoe Company to protest against the action of the employes on the upper floors. According to these men who protested, one of whom was City Marshal Albert Levine, a representative of the company insulted him and his companion, drew a pistol on them, and ordered them in no doubtful language to leave the building. The officials of the company said later that they had only protected their property from a disorderly mob.

At the start there had been very few policemen on the ground, most of the special funeral detachment having preceded with the hearse. The riot call, however, brought 200 men, under the command of Inspector Cross. On the run, followed by six patrol wagons, this relief force dashed into the crowd. It was evident from the actions of the officers that they considered the mourners in the wrong. Slashing this way and that with their sticks, shouting as they waded through the dense gathering, and shoving roughly against men and women alike, they soon got possession of the street in a measure.

Many had been injured by the iron thrown from the factory before the reserves came, and after that many more suffered severely under the onslaught of clubs. The scattered buckets of water that had been poured down from the windows at the beginning had been supplemented by this time by streams from hose manipulated on the inside of the building, and some of the employes who had started the trouble were out in the street, aiding the officers. Although those in control of the factory had had nothing to do with the fight at the outset, they were directing the protection of their property now, and their denunciations of the Jews later in the afternoon were as violent as were the Jews' complaints that insult and outrage had been heaped on them by those who scoffed at their solemn funeral and then tried to injure the devout worshipers who were paying a last tribute to the recognized leader of American orthodox Jews.

"It was a thing that even a Russian, with all his dislike of our people, would have been ashamed of," said Mr. Levine and the others who assembled with him for an indignation meeting in the City Marshal's Office, at 414 Grand Street.

"The men in the factory insulted us wantonly. Then the police, who should have protected us, clubbed us into insensibility."

It was said by the Jews of the neighborhood that this was not the first time the men of the Hoe factory had caused trouble. These employes, it was claimed, had often sought fracas with the Jews living in the neighborhood, and there had been fights of minor importance many times. The excitement among the mourners was so great that they did not hesitate to threaten an attack on the building during the night, and it was largely due to these warnings

