

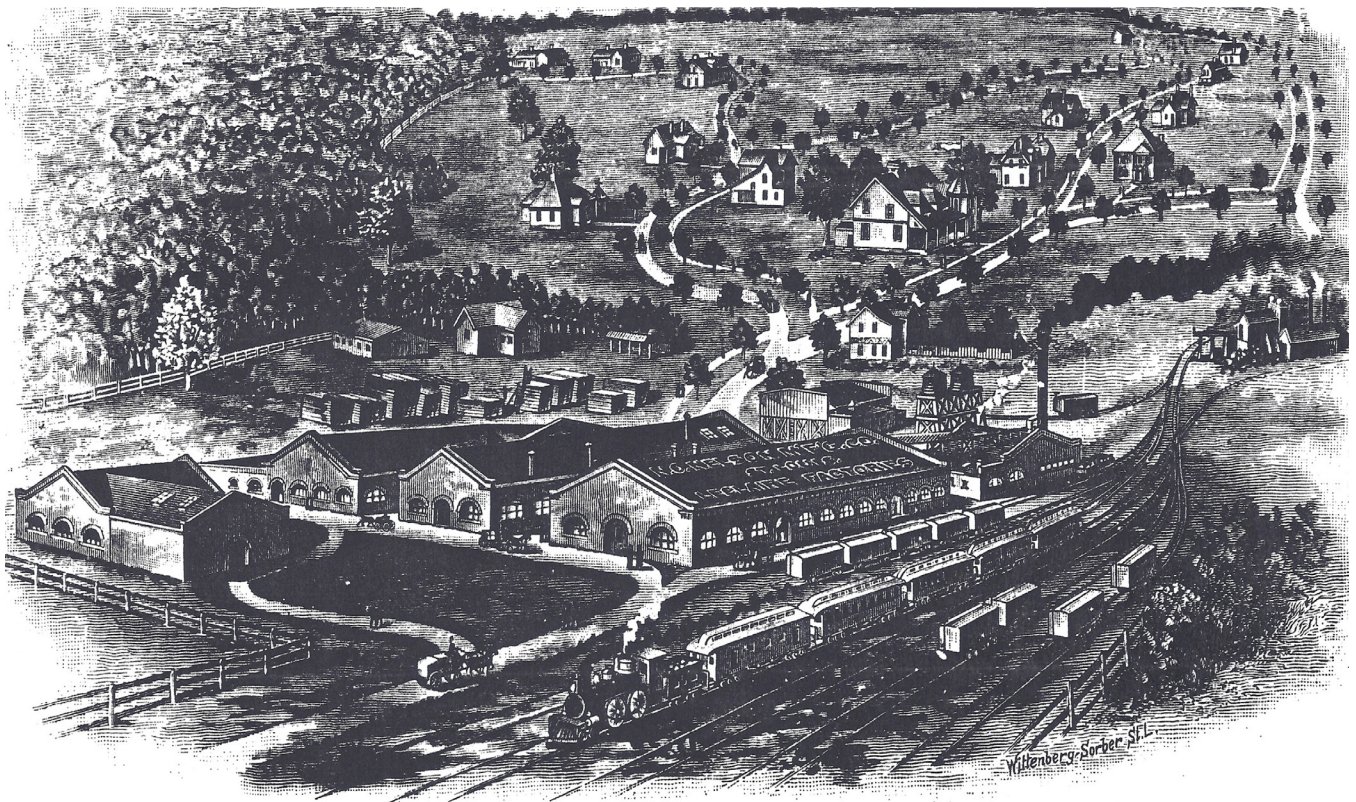
Flanagan Family in LECLAIRE, Illinois

Home of N.O. Nelson Manufacturing Company

Moses M. Flanagan worked as the Superintendent of the Cabinetry Shop, from the fall of 1893 till October of 1897.

Leclaire was a dream ahead of its time.

—Upton Sinclair



LECLAIRE, ILL., OWNED BY N. O. NELSON MFG. CO.

An 1893 rendering of the N.O. Nelson Manufacturing Company factory and Leclaire.
(Source: N.O. Nelson Manufacturing Company Catalog, 1893).
<http://preservationresearch.com/projects/leclaire-historic-district/>



Catherine, Thomas, and Nellie Flanagan in Leclaire,

My grandmother Kitty Flanagan suffered many disruptions in her youth, but she remembered the time in Leclaire, Illinois, as the golden years, full of music, learning, and family prosperity. The Flanagans lived in Leclaire roughly between 1893 and 1898, when Kitty was 3 to 8 years old, a magic time for any well-loved child, right?

Kitty spent a lifetime trying to recapture those years, full of beauty and laughter.

Was there something special about that interlude between Chicago and St. Louis? What attracted her parents to the Edwardsville area in the first place?

Turns out that Leclaire was in fact a little Utopia, an intentional community founded on the vision of an enlightened relationship between employer and workers.

Leclaire was built around the N.O. Nelson Manufacturing Company, built as a model workplace. The goal was to combine the best of capitalism and socialism by means of a profit-sharing system.

A. E. Cameron, a prominent St. Louis architect, was hired by Nelson to design a remarkable manufacturing facility which stood in marked contrast to other factories of the time. The single story brick buildings were spacious and each housed a separate manufacturing function- machine shop, marble shop, cabinet shop, brass shop, and varnish shop.

Skylights topped the buildings, and the walls were lined with large, arched windows, which flooded the work space with natural light and opened to admit fresh air. All buildings were equipped with electrical wiring, a sprinkler system for fire protection, and ice water for the men. The grounds were landscaped with grass and flower beds, and screened from the rest of the village by a hedge of Osage Orange Trees.

Friends of Leclair, <http://www.historic-leclaire.org/leclaires-history>

His unionized workers didn't have to live in the community, but he encouraged it by building pretty

little houses in a variety of styles, by giving away plants and flowers from his greenhouse, and by adding athletic amenities, a library, and a theater. The educational system included both academic and manual training, for children and for adults.

An evening lecture series was presented at the school house during the winter. Notable personalities such as Jane Addams of Hull House, Edward Everett Hale, and Sam Jones, were brought to Leclaire. There were regular concerts, debates, dramatizations, and lantern slide shows. Young people held dances on weekends. Men from the company organized a brass band which performed throughout the country.

Friends of Leclair, <http://www.historic-leclaire.org/leclaires-history>

The Friends of Leclaire have an archive of news articles about the company. I was thrilled to find my great-grandfather there in an 1895 article published by *The Edwardsville Intelligencier*. He was the Superintendent of the Cabinetry Shop.

The planning and cabinet mill turns out finished wood work for houses, mantels, bathroom appliances, special doors, sash and frames, and fine cabinet pieces. In this line the company employs not only mechanics, but artisans.

<https://oldgreenriver.files.wordpress.com/2020/04/c5e45-leclaire-articles-1895-1899.pdf>, page 2

In 1895, Kitty (age 5) and Nellie (age 7) would have begun school here, in a spacious four-room school-house that included a library.

Kindergarten children were taught, among other things, the cultivation of flowers and vegetables. Between this age and twelve a regular school course was followed, supplemented by manual training.

Friends of Leclaire, <http://www.historic-leclaire.org/leclaires-history>

So Kitty had moved from the life in an apartment on the congested Cottage Grove Avenue in Chicago to a rural Eden, where her first lessons in school were about gardening. It was a community consciously built for beauty, contentment, and learning, as well as for productivity and profit. No wonder those were her golden childhood years.

It also positions her father Moses as an idealist, willing to uproot his family for a vision of the good life — the promised land he left Ireland to find.



Managers, laborers, machinists, and carpenters pose in this undated image from the early days of Leclaire. Many of the workers were skilled European craftsmen. Others were longtime Nelson employees from St. Louis in search of better living conditions in the country. There were also local hires and men who came to Leclaire from a distance after learning about the village from newspaper accounts. (Courtesy of Robert Hyten.)

Source: Cindy Reinhardt. *Leclaire. Images of America Series*. Arcadia Publishing, 2010.

From looking at other photos of him, I'll wager that this man in front in my grandfather, Moses McCarty Flanagan, who ran the Cabinetry Shop for four years, early in Leclaire's history, from fall 1893 till October 1897.



BLY visited Leclaire during Moses Flanagan's tenure as Superintendent of the Cabinetry Shop. Her original article was published in the *New York World*.

NELLIE BLY AT LECLAIRE.

Compares It to Pullman and
Calls It a Workingman's
Heaven.

HER EXPOSITION OF N. O. NELSON'S IDEAS.

Written for the SUNDAY POST-DISPATCH.

There is one place in America where the labor question seems to have been solved. That is in Leclaire, Ill., one hour's ride from St. Louis. Leclaire is a town founded upon the principles of profit-sharing and co-operation. As an experiment it is not only interesting to the employer and employe, the student and the philanthropist, but to the entire United States, which has been forced into a realization of the increasing dissatisfaction of the unemployed, the misery of strikes and the cruelty of corporations. What the solution to it is thousands have asked and none have answered. Indeed, the man who could say what course or what plans would settle all wrongs and dissatisfactions would gain a higher pinnacle of fame than that ever yet reached by man. What I had seen and learned in Pullman had not only converted me into a striker, but had left me very despondent as to the ultimate fate of the unemployed, men and women. Even Gov. Altgeld, who has the subject very much at heart, could only suggest one hope when I interviewed him: "Let them all stand together; it is their only hope."

But standing together seemed to offer strikes, and strikes mean hunger and crime, so I accepted most eagerly the suggestion to investigate Leclaire, a town wherein was promised a perfect solution to the labor question. I watched very eagerly for the first glimpse of Leclaire, and my first impression from the car window was that it was very unlike Mr. Pullman's "model" town. In Pullman the fine buildings and the park face the railroad and hide the poverty of the flats and the squalor from view. At Leclaire the backs of the houses were toward the track. They looked very simple and country-like, but prosperous and clean. That impressed me most. The train slowed down enough to permit me to jump off. There was no station and that amused me, for, excepting the hotel, the station is the most artistic building in Pullman. I walked across the fields to the settlement of workshops. They were not imposing to the eye of the uninitiated.

PERFECT WORKSHOPS.

To one who noticed only the beauty of architecture, the factories must look painfully plain and unassuming. They were only one-storied, red brick, and the man who understood would have explained that they were the ideal perfection of buildings for man to labor in and a workman would have called them blessed. Their chief feature was windows—big, generous windows—that admit as much light and air as could be obtained under a canopy. Every factory has fire sprinklers, electric fans, electric lights and steam heat. Could anything be more ideal in the way of a building for man to labor in? I recalled the pens I had seen in New York and elsewhere where slaves, male and female, labor in ill-lighted, badly-ventilated, foul-smelling fire-traps, and I had an irresistible longing to say to them: "I know a place where to labor is a pleasure, not an agonizing slave task."

As I walked through the factories I looked at the men. It is generally easy to judge a man's condition by his face. I noticed it so much in Pullman. The men, and more especially the women, had a sad, weary expression, as if they never had any chance to feel light-hearted and to laugh. But the workmen in

heard him to laugh, but the workmen in the Leclairre factories were working away as if work was a pleasure, and those who were not actually smiling, did not bear the slightest expression of care. Everybody was busy, but no one was afraid to look up. I have been in factories where the employed are commanded under penalty of dismissal to "look steadily at their work when visitors are present."

The absence of a "boss" was a noticeable feature. I never before visited a factory where I did not see at the very first moment a "boss" stationed at a prominent part of the factory and watching the workers with the cruel eyes of a slave driver. If there was a "boss" in the Leclairre factories, I did not see him. Every man seemed to be working. I afterwards learned that among the 115 men employed in Leclairre, there are only three men who do no actual hand work. One is the foreman and what the others are I neglected to ask. I presume one is a shipping clerk and the other a book-keeper. A high green hedge, with a dividing driveway separated the factories of Leclairre from the home part. I thought if there was nothing else to recommend Leclairre the beautifully constructed factories would, but when I was once within the green hedge I began to realize the beauty of the town.

THE HOMES THEY LIVE IN.

If one expects to find grandeur in Leclairre, one will be disappointed. The town is simple and pretty and it wears splendidly. The longer I was in Leclairre, the better I liked it. The longer I was in Pullman the less I liked it. When I first landed in Pullman and saw the park, the pretty lake, the fine station and hotel, the impressive front to the shops, the arcade, I thought it was all so beautiful, but when I walked to the rear of the town and saw the miserable "letter" blocks and "brick yard" frame tenements, I felt like tearing down the sham front and showing the filth and poverty behind it. But in Leclairre the more I searched for faults the more I became impressed with the perfection of the place.

The streets are not laid out like a checker board, with barracks of brick tenements filling every square, as at Pullman, but wind this way and that in pleasing and artistic irregularity. The only brick employed in Leclairre are the factory buildings. All the houses are frame, as country houses should be. They all occupy lots averaging one-third of an acre and are set back 20 feet or more from the pavement. There are no double houses for two or more families in Leclairre, there are no blocks of tenements with from six to a dozen people in two rooms as at Pullman. Every house in Leclairre is individual, and only one family in

Leclairre is individual, and only one family in a house. Along the winding roads I saw the two-storied frame houses, prettily painted and set in wide lots that were only broken by pretty flower beds or growing trees. There is no supervision of houses or streets, as in Pullman, and yet everything, just the contrary to Pullman, was the perfection of cleanliness. There was that look about the little homes that bespoke prosperity and happiness. There is no fine hotel to impress the traveler in Leclairre, as there is in Pullman, but visitors who have heard of the object of the town and are anxious to investigate its workings, are not unknown, even all the way from France, and it has come to be generally understood that they shall be simply, unaffectedly and cordially made welcome at the manager's home. This was my fate also. The manager is an enthusiast on profit-sharing and co-operation, and he never stopped to ask me what my business was, or why I had come to Leclairre, but took me to his home and introduced me to his pretty wife, just as if I had been a friend they long expected. After supper the manager went off with a friend to attend a meeting where further co-operation was to be discussed, and the little wife asked me to walk around with her to see the town. We not only saw the

town, but I grasped the opportunity to talk with the people.

The first house I stopped at was a two-story white frame with a very roomy and a pretty verandah. The windows were all open, the lawn was green and well kept and the flower beds were one mass of fragrance and color. The entire place was so pretty and home-like that I was anxious to see the inhabitants, and had that curiosity gratified when the wife, seeing us stop, came out to speak to Mrs. N—, the manager's wife, and to offer us flowers.

NOTHING TO KICK AT.

I walked across 'o another corner where I met a man who had once worked in Pullman. "I did not live in the town, though," he told me promptly, "for times were good, and even with that I could not have paid the big rents."

"How do you like Leclairre?" I asked. He smiled contentedly.

"I've only been here three months," he said promptly, "and I can't find anything to kick about."

"Do you own your own home?" I asked.

"Not yet, but I hope to do so," he replied. "I have six big rooms and bath, a lot 100x120 where I can have my flowers and vegetables if I please, and for it I pay \$12 a month rent. That includes water and electric light. It's nice to have your own house and lot," he added.

"Think of the Pullman people without a bit of ground. Next year I don't intend to have my lawn cut up in flower beds. I like a few flowers, but I like the smooth green grass."

"Do you own any stock in the company?" I asked.

"Not yet, but I hope to do so," he replied. "I have six big rooms and bath, a lot 100x120 where I can have my flowers and vegetables if I please, and for it I pay \$12 a month rent. That includes water and electric light. It's nice to have your own house and lot," he added. "Think of the Pullman people without a bit of ground. Next year I don't intend to have my lawn cut up in flower beds. I like a few flowers, but I like the smooth green grass." "Do you own any stock in the company?" I asked.

"Not yet; you see I wanted to know if I liked it first. I expect to buy a share soon now." This man gets \$2.25 a day.

I could not help comparing his rent with rent in Pullman. The nearest to it in price are the five-roomed cottages, built in a row. The five rooms could be placed inside half of his six, so much smaller are they. Their rent is \$12 a month, his \$12. They have not a bit of lawn nor any ground; he has a lot 100x120. Their's is in a row built with front and back doors, side by side, his is a house standing alone in a corner lot. They pay Mr. Pullman 71 cents a month for running water in the kitchen, he has running water and a bath for nothing. They pay \$2.25 a thousand for Pullman gas, he has electric light for nothing. This is the highest rent I found in their account. Another family I visited had a lovely large cottage, with five big rooms and a pretty veranda and a very large lot, for which they paid, including electric light, running water, etc., \$10.50 a month.

"Rent is lower here than any place I ever lived, and I've lived in Michigan and St. Louis before we came here," the wife said to me. "I don't want to live any other place. My husband has work steady here and the pay is just as large."

RENT COMPARED WITH PULLMAN.

The smallest rent in their account is for a three-room cottage on a lot 100 by 170. The three rooms are larger than Mr. Pullman's five-roomed cottages. The rent, including electric light and running water, is \$6 a month. Mr. Pullman has three-roomed frame cottages. They are known as the brick-yard houses. The rooms are so small that they will scarcely hold a single bed, and the black, filthy ceilings are so low that I could touch them by merely raising my arm. For these filthy holes, without water or light, with no ground and not a blade of grass within their limit, and one public hydrant for forty-four houses—for these miserable pest holes of three rooms each Mr. Pullman charges \$8 a month.

The more I think of it, the more I wish I had been made one of the arbitrators. I am sure the other two would not have missed anything in Pullman's "model" town.

One of the prettiest houses in Leclaire belongs to an Italian. If he had remained in a city he would doubtless have had to huddle in one tenement room with several more families, and he would have been called a "dago" and his children would have played in the gutters in the daytime and slept on the roofs or fire escapes at night. But he lives where profit-sharing and co-operation is the rule. He is a cabinetmaker and gets \$2.50 every work day in the year. He owns a share in the factory and one in the store. He has a corner lot 100 feet square, and his five-roomed cottage is large, airy and pretty. He is paying for it \$18 a month. The price of his house was \$1,400. His children are pretty, bright and clean. They attend the kindergarten and have great big beds of flowers.

Across the street from the Italian family live a bride and a bridegroom. He works in the factory and planned his own house. It occupies a lot 100x180 feet. The house cost \$1,465 and was built under the direction of the young husband. It is one of the prettiest houses in Leclaire and will be paid for just the same as rent. After working hours the young husband decorates the interior of his home. He has done all the inside painting, and will do the paper hanging. He and his bride are both musical, both good looking, and both as happy as the happiest. To tell the happy story of one home in Leclaire is but to tell the story of them all, just as to lay bare the misery of one family in Pullman was to tell the story of the entire town.

THE BAND PLAYED.

As twilight lengthened into night the town was lighted instantaneously by electric light and a loud burst of music was heard, and women and children left their homes and strolled up towards the factories. I naturally fell into line, which ended suddenly at the largest building in Leclaire. The building is called the club-house. Upon the lawn near it was the band, composed of the young men in Leclaire. They played very well, and their audience was appreciative. Women and girls in light summer dresses, and men, some without coats and hats, sat and stood around on the lawn listening until the Leclaire band had exhausted itself. The band was very amiable and repeated popular airs upon request.

"Can women go into the club-house? I am very anxious to see it," I asked, and the man to whom I spoke laughed.

"It is free to everybody," he said, and presently I went in to see it. It is a two-storied building with a veranda. The first thing that greets one on entering is a wide and artistic fireplace, a handsome bronze bust on a

pedestal, a glass cabinet and a piano. To the right are book cases, containing from 500 to 800 books, and, I might as well add, there is a list of 800 books that will be bought within a month. On the tables are periodicals, magazines and several daily newspapers. This is the Leclaire library, and it is not only free to the people in Leclaire, but to the people in the near by towns, or in the State for that matter. The kindergarten is also held in the club-house, but a school-house is to be built this year. Lectures and entertainments are held in the club-house, and quite a number of prominent men have lectured there—the Rev. Edward Everett Hale being among the number. To the left of the entrance is a stairway leading to the floor above, where live unmarried men and men whose homes are elsewhere. These young men have a co-operative club, sharing expenses, and are extremely comfortable and happy.

One said to me: "I never knew what home was until I came to Leclaire."

AMUSEMENTS FREE.

When the band stopped playing everybody came into the club-house, and those who could dance, danced, and those who could not enjoyed it just as much looking on. There doesn't seem to be any jealousy in Leclaire, and young men as often danced with married women as with young girls, and husbands looked on and were well pleased. Some men wore coats and some did not. Some women were "dressed up" and some were not, and the children were generally barefooted. It was a very democratic gathering, and a very pretty one to look upon. Everybody was as good as his neighbor and everybody seemed good-natured. I had almost a notion to say it was like one big family, but big families are not always amiable when together. I went away and left the greater part of the village still dancing. I went down to see the bowling alley, and the few young men who preferred bowling to dancing, likewise the billiard room and beneath it the co-operative store. The bowling alley and billiard room are as free to everybody in Leclaire as the swings and the see-saws near the club-house.

In fact, everything is free in Leclaire. Workmen are free to work in the factories and live where they please. A census is not taken of the village every six months, as is done in Pullman, to see if every workman lives or boards in the town. If the men wish to live in Leclaire they can do so. They can rent, buy or have built, as suits their pleasure. If they buy and afterwards wish to remove and go elsewhere they can keep their

house or sell it. If they wish to sell they receive just the same price they paid less what they would have paid per month for rent. There is no charge for street lighting, street cleaning, etc. Water is free, as is the library, kindergarten, billiard-room and bowling alley. House owners pay 25 cents a month per light for electric lights. The highest pay is \$3 per day. The majority of workmen get \$2.50 and \$2.25. The lowest pay is for plain labor, \$1.25. The cost of living is very low in Leclaire. Coal is only 70 cents a ton, or 5 cents a bushel. The best beef and butter are 10 cents a pound, for the best cuts, and lower prices, accordingly. Ham is 12½ cents a pound, sugar 18 to 22 pounds for \$1, coffee 25 to 30 cents per pound and flour \$3.10 a barrel, or \$1.60 for 100 pounds. Now, how do workmen get all this—low rent, big wages and steady work?

MR. NELSON'S DOMINANT PERSONALITY.

I will explain to you as clearly as I can. There is a man back of it all, of course. He is N. O. Nelson, a plain, unassuming man, about 5 feet 5 inches tall and possibly weighing 150 pounds. He is somewhere between 40 and 50 years old and has side whiskers and a decided tan. His manner is as unassuming as his wearing apparel, and neither could be freer from pretense. There is something about this N. O. Nelson that prevents one knowing whether his eyes are dark or light. It is by the greatest effort I recall his appearance, and yet I remember vividly every word he said to me, and I spent the good part of a day conversing with him. There are men I have talked with whom I could afterwards describe to the very lines in the palms of their hands and have not been able to recall one word they said to me. There is that difference in men, and my reader can solve it to suit his pleasure. This N. O. Nelson is modesty itself. He is constantly trying to do good for his fellow creatures, and he wants to live in obscurity and be forgotten. He is the friend of Rev. Edward Everett Hale and "Looking Backward" Bellamy and numerous other men who would like to turn this great big miserable world into a lovely garden, where everybody should work just enough to give the blood a healthy circulation. Mr. Nelson could have been a very rich man had he done like Mr. Pullman. But he did not, although like Pullman he built a model town, and unlike Pullman, he did not name the town after himself, and unlike Pullman—but there! Mr. Nelson is so totally unlike Pullman that I need not point out the difference. Mr. Nelson was a farmer boy once; then he was a soldier and afterwards was engaged in various businesses. For some years he was a working partner in a manufacturing house in St. Louis, and in 1877 he started "with a

pocketful of quarters," as he expressed it, the N. O. Nelson Manufacturing Co. Mr. Nelson was always a great admirer of Leclaire.

ANNUAL SHARING OF PROFITS.

In the factories at Leclaire the same wages are paid that could be got elsewhere. In hiring a man profit-sharing is never mentioned, and the first motto of Leclaire is "individual independence." Workmen can live where they please or how they please, they can buy stock or not, they can go away and come back, and share in the profit just the same. Every year, after wages and expenses are paid, capital is given a low commercial rate of interest, which, as Mr. Nelson says, is capital's wages. At Leclaire capital's wages are only 6 per cent, which is considered very moderate. Then, after this was done, an equal dividend was made on wages and capital. One hundred dollars of wages would receive the same dividend as \$100 of capital. That was originally started. Now 2 per cent is allowed on wages to 1 per cent on capital. Originally men had to work for the company as much as six months before they shared in the dividends. They were given an opportunity to invest in stock, and most of them have done so. A share costs \$100 and a man can buy as much or as little as he desires, or even a little fraction of a share. Mr. Nelson does not consider it wise to give something for nothing, and as he wished to make men assume a responsibility for themselves, profit-sharing is now subject to a condition; men can only share in the profit if they lay up and invest in the business one-tenth of their pay. It is a free option. No one has to do it.

During this profit-sharing period men have received altogether in dividends 54 per cent on their wages, equal to 7 per cent per annum. The stock has made 13½ per cent, i. e., in addition to wages derived from the profit-sharing, dividends have averaged 7 per cent on each year's wages, and those who invested their wages in stock have received in interest and dividend an average of about 13 per cent on their investment. Profit-sharing is also in force in the office in St. Louis. Three girls, stenographers, belong to the company. One girl has \$700 in stock. Nearly all the employes own stock in the company, although it is optional with them. When an employe quits, if he wants to sell his stock the company buys it for just the same price that he paid.

THE CO-OPERATIVE STORE.

Nine hours used to be the working day, but when times became so bad the men mutually agreed to work ten hours. The pay was not reduced and not a day's work was lost. One hundred and thirty people, adults and chil-

dren, live in Leclaire in twenty-six houses. One hundred and fifteen men work in the factories, and new factories are in course of erection, which will raise the force to 225. Nelson has found it necessary to provide work for girls, so a factory is to be built for them. Besides the business there is the co-operative store. Anyone who wishes can become a member and a stockholder by subscribing for one \$50 share. Under the co-operative law of Illinois one share is all one person may own. Members pay for their share as they wish, 50 cents a week or the entire amount at once. Every quarter stock is taken and net profits are returned to members in proportion to their purchases. If they don't buy anything, they don't get anything but the 6 per cent interest on their capital.

Every purchase is strictly cash. This saves complications and trouble. Even Mr. Nelson himself could not get a 5-cent cigar on trust. The store-keeper is paid a salary of \$41 a month. The co-operative store has been in operation two years, and the dividends returned on purchases have never been less than 10 per cent, and have been as high as 20. One great thing about the co-operative store is that there is no incentive to cheat in weight, measure or quality. Another beautiful thing in Leclaire is the Provident Fund. Originally 5 per cent of the profits were set aside to provide for the Provident, but now the committee, composed of five working men, draw what they need and the company charges it to expenses at the end of the year. Mr. Nelson says that in having the committee composed of the employed that they will not be unjust to one of their own workers and that they are less liable to be imposed upon. An allowance is made in every case of sickness or death. The general rule in sickness is to allow the man \$5 a week for himself, \$2 for his wife and \$1 for each child. If a man dies his funeral expenses are paid and the committee takes charge of the family to see that it is supported and the children educated. If a man is paying for his house and falls sick all payments are declared off until he is well again, and meanwhile the Provident Committee takes care of him. Mr. Nelson says he sees no reason why the hale and hearty workmen of a hale and hearty institution should not take care of its sick. There are no working unions in Leclaire, but the men in the city belong to unions and societies. Mr. Nelson is very much in favor of unions. Association and organization are the first principles of organization, says Mr. Nelson; union is a protection for laborers who would singly be helpless in the face of combined capital.

A PREMIUM ON MARRIAGE.

Mr. Nelson also believes in encouraging marriage. When any young man gets married his wages are increased. The Leclaire

School and Library Association is incorporated and endowed. The plan for the education of the children is a magnificent one. Every boy upon reaching the age of 12 is made to work one hour a day in the factory. He works for pay just like a man, and is paid according to his labor. When the boy is 13 he works two hours a day and so on until he reaches the age of 18, when he will have completed his education, and have at the same time mastered a trade. Mr. Nelson thinks many failures can be credited to boys turned out at 18 with a semi-college education and having to compete in trade with a boy of 12. By Mr. Nelson's plan a boy graduates at school and at his work when he is 18. He is then not only a full-fledged man, but a full-fledged workman. The same course is to be pursued with girls. They are at 12 to

be given an hour's work per day at productive sewing, and factories with work suitable for girls between 12 and 18 are to be built. This is to make girls self-supporting, so that if fathers or husbands die, if necessary, they can turn out in the world and be competent to earn their living by some trade. Special provisions will be made for boys and girls of unusual talents.

It is a joy to see Mr. Nelson among his men. He is truly one of them. Children cling around his knee and kiss him and young men pat him on the shoulder with fond familiarity. He is very fond of flowers. He has a greenhouse on the farm, and every spring all the women in Leclaire are invited to come and take away all the flowers they want. He believes it very beneficial to teach people to grow flowers and to care for them. He has succeeded well. Next to their children, the women's pride in Leclaire are the exquisite flower beds. I don't want to forget to add that the Leclaire band wears a uniform, and one of its members told me proudly that the handsome uniforms were a present from Mr. Nelson. How unlike Mr. Pullman, the philosopher at 6 per cent? When the Pullman band applied to him for a small loan with which to buy uniforms, he promptly asked them what security they could give, and even bound their wages over for the money he advanced at 6 per cent. Mr. Nelson does not eat meat. He considers it brutal to put animals all the torture they must endure to furnish man with flesh. Sea food he excepts, for he considers the suffering of fish and oysters to be very small because of their little sensibility.

In conclusion, I wish to beg two men to visit Leclaire at an early date. One will see what he might have done, the other will see the only way to benefit the world, and both may be benefited.

The first is palace-car Pullman, the philosopher at 6 per cent.

The second is Herr Most, the Anarchist, of man-destroying beliefs.

NELLIE BLY.



Nellie Bly portrait from cabinet card by H.J. Meyers, 1399 Broadway, New York, 1890

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The Edwardsville Intelligencer
Edwardsville, Illinois
09 Aug 1895, Fri • Page 1

NOTE: Archives of *The Edwardsville Intelligencer* between June 1893 and Nov. 1894 are not present on either Ancestry.com or newspapers.com

SUMMER NORMAL.
THE TEACHERS' COUNTY NORMAL.
CLOSES TO-DAY.
Several Good Lectures and Other Features During the Week.

COMPLIMENTING EDWARDSVILLE.
Through the kindness of Mr. H. C. Lanterman the institute instructors have been able during this institute week, to see much of the business, thrift and beauty of Edwardsville. It has not been in the range of our experience to see in a city of this size, or even much larger, such business houses as one finds here. The stores are of the very best, the stocks of goods are extensive and the managers and clerks invariably gentlemanly.^N
Wednesday evening we were invited to take a drive over the city and also Le-claire. We were shown through the factories by the courteous superintendent, M. M. Flannigan. The inspection of the work in the various buildings is a source of much information. To one who is studying the problems of sociology and economics, this entire prosperous and happy enterprise is a revelation. What better plan could be conceived for keeping a community of this kind moving along the true lines of development than is here used, that of educating the people. Not only is a provision made for educating the children by furnishing buildings and teachers, but proper reading matter is supplied to the older people. The dwellings are commodious and cheerful and the children are neat and refined in appearance.
THE INSTRUCTORS.

PARAGRAPHIC PICKUPS.

THE WEEK'S EVENTS OF INTEREST
REFLECTED.

Information About What is Going On,
Gathered Round and About the City.

—The lower front room of the INTELLIGENCER building has been provided with a handsome plate glass front, new floor, and has been newly papered and freshly painted. The front was made at Leclaire under the direction of M. M. Flanagan, the efficient superintendent of the Cabinet Shops. T. E. Gonterman has moved his jewelry store into the room and has one of the neatest stores in the city.

PARAGRAPHIC PICKUPS.

THE WEEK'S EVENTS OF INTEREST
REFLECTED.

Information About What is Going On,
Gathered Round and About the City.

—The cabinet shops at Leclaire are turning out a set of elaborate bar fixtures for the new saloon of Louis May, to be opened next month, west of the court square. The bar is to be 16 feet long, of oak and mahogany, and is made from designs by M. M. Flanagan, superintendent of the shops.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

THE WEEK'S EVENTS OF INTEREST
REFLECTED

**Information About What is Going On
Gathered Round and About the City.**

—**M. M. Flannigan**, who for nearly four years has been superintendant of the Cabinet Shop at Leclaire will leave the fore part of next week for St. Louis. He will again take up the duties of the position he had before coming here, in the Crescent Planing Mills. Mr. Flannigan has the friendship of all the men who worked under his supervision, and also of citizens generally.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

ABOUT PEOPLE FROM HOME AND
ABROAD.

**Occurrences Duly Noted and Elaborated
Visitors In and Out of Town.**

M. M. Flannigan left yesterday to assume his duties at the Crescent Planing mill, St. Louis. His family will follow the fore part of next week.

Resources

BOOKS

Cindy Reinhardt. *Leclaire. Images of America Series*. Arcadia Publishing, 2010.

VIDEO

Leclaire: 100 Years of Prosperity

Describes an historic cooperative community established near Edwardsville, Illinois. Even though the experimental community was eventually annexed into the city, it is still a pleasant place to live and work. This video tells the history of the neighborhood, and describes the cooperative goals of its founder, N. O. Nelson. This is a shortened version of a longer documentary, edited for my old TV show, "Hometown TV."

From <<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kPTivdpGLtY&fbclid=IwAR3S3SXJotyix5GtUnzWu-sfmc-q0r0N5WJhE7F02gzCT4dQk3of81YUO8gY>>

WEBSITES

Friends of Leclaire < <http://www.historic-leclaire.org/>>

Madison Historical: The Online Encyclopedia and Digital Archive for Madison County, Illinois. See section on Leclaire by Cindy Reinhardt. < <https://madison-historical.siue.edu/encyclopedia/leclaire/>>

Madison County Historical Society Archival Library. < <https://madcohistory.org/archival-library/archival-library-resources/>>