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# The VANGUARD

*A Monthly Magazine of Progressive Jewish Life*



**NOVEMBER, 1928**

## JEWISH LEADERSHIP

By MAJOR JULIUS I. PEYSER

## THE INVISIBLE WALL

By DAVID ASHER

## THE ZIONIST SITUATION

By ABRAHAM TULIN

## THE HAWK

By DAVID PINSKI

EBB AND FLOW OF CULTURE . . . . . ISAAC ZAAR  
 THE GREAT URGE . . . . . MAXIM KONECY  
 THE PREVALENCE OF BIGOTRY . . . . . MORRIS GOLDBERG  
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### New Contributors To This Issue:

**JULIUS I. PEYSER**—Chairman Executive Committee of the American Jewish Congress; Professor of Equity Jurisprudence at National University, Washington, D. C.; banker and lawyer, Major U. S. Army.

**ABRAHAM TULIN**—Outstanding leader of Zionist opposition; lawyer, graduate Yale College (1903) and Harvard Law School (1906), Captain U. S. Army, served on staff of General Mazel (4th French Army) and Lieutenant General Bullard (2nd American Army), assistant to Herbert Hoover as Chief of the Supreme Economic Council of the Peace Conference and

American Relief Administration; headed Mission of American Relief Administration to Southern Russia and Armenia; close student of government regulations, tax system and economic conditions of Palestine.

**A. RHINEWINE**—Editor Toronto Hebrew Journal.

**MORRIS FREILICOFF**—Born in England. Yiddish and English poet and journalist. Edited "The Zionist", in Washington, D. C., in 1907-1908, later merged in the "Maccabean"; author of a notable book in Yiddish on Giuseppe Mazzini.

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# The VANGUARD

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ISAAC ZAAR, *Editor*

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NOVEMBER, 1928

No. 6

## Advancing Socialism

**A**MERICAN politics had moved in a world of its own, unrelated to the orbits which guide the suffrage battles of old Europe. The official issues turned about things that were peculiarly American, tariff, full dinner pail, high wages, and all the rest of the shibboleths calculated to mean all things to all men and making appeals to rich and would-be rich (American poor) alike.

This year's campaign proved remarkable to a high degree in that the official issues were signally alike and the candidates as a consequence usurped the field. Both did their best to work up issues and both were prompt in explaining, personally or by proxy, any statement that did not on the morrow make the desired appeal.

And so it came about that the difference between the two standard bearers was gradually reduced to that of the spirit that actuated either, the tenor of the speeches and the character of their political training and social philosophy,—things which express to the discerning the two opposing principles in modern America, democ-

racy versus plutocracy, with all the recrudescences that spring from a state of general spiritual groping. It was inevitable that the clash of the two underlying tendencies should find articulation before the battle was over.

And in the last stages of the fight we were enriched by a significant issue, that of "State Socialism".

For the first time in American history a major party was charged with the "stigma" of socialism by the chief spokesmen of the opposing group.

Hoover may or may not have known that as applied to Governor Smith his charge was sheer nonsense, unadulterated piffle. In like fashion, Ambassador Herrick and Mr. Hughes, who immediately took up the new battle cry of their chief and passed it on to the lesser lights in the Republican party, may have known no better, but the fact that they found it expedient to raise it is tremendously significant of the new forces in American politics.

It shows conclusively, we believe, that we are entering upon a new era in this country, not unsimilar to that



which has been holding Europe in its sway these many decades. Without any apparent growth of socialism as expressed in membership and poll, life has been forcing to the very fore the issues which socialism has made its own. Fundamentally the change finds its most eloquent expression in the growing contest between private and public control of the people's resources; in the tremendous outlays for propaganda by the power trusts, and in the advance of the idea of governmental regulation of private industry. In other words, the belief in universal good flowing from private initiative is having harder and harder sailing, while the idea of public control and state aid is winning the day. Hoover represents the old order, while Smith speaks for the new.

None of them is clear-cut in the advocacy of what they sociologically represent; they are merely the instruments of the contending forces with mixtures of the old and the new clinging to both. The cry of State Socialism, while misapplied, was the instinctive yell of a candidate who was fighting for the essentials of today against the encroachments of tomorrow.

We shall hear more and more of socialism in the campaigns to come, which incidentally opens wide vistas to those who stand for the real article.

### The Supreme Trial

THE non-Zionist conference at the Hotel Biltmore, on Sunday, October 21st, has brought the cause of the Jewish National Home right to the

front of the most momentous stage in the history of the movement. By adopting the report of the Joint Palestine Survey Commission subject to revision in line with the reservations of the General Council of the World Zionist Organization, and by providing for an Organization Committee to take needful measures for carrying into effect the resolution to join with the Zionists, on an equal footing, in the upbuilding of Palestine, the American group of the non-Zionists has taken a long step towards the consummation of the extended Jewish Agency. The task of bringing into the fold the non-Zionists of other countries will now be comparatively easy, and we shall soon cease to hear of the Agency as an abstract issue, which has for so many years beclouded the minds of the Zionists of all factions and served to entrench a weak leadership in strong positions.

We assume that the non-Zionist leaders mean well and are ready to do their utmost for Palestine, and we further assume that they have enough influence over the mass of non-Zionist Jewry to prove capable of attaining their best desires. And because we proceed on the belief in the sincerity of their professions and in their ability to do practical things, we see Zionism faced by the gravest trial it has yet had to whether in its varied career.

The fundamental difference between the two partners to the extended Jewish Agency is this, that whereas Zionism means the building of a National Homeland, of an autonomous state, for all of the Jewish people, the non-

Zionists are interested, at the best, in a home for Palestine Jews, including those they would aid in getting there; whereas Zionism means an eventual Jewish majority in Palestine, non-Zionists are ready to help as many Jews as the visible economic opportunities of the country and the funds available or in sight will enable to settle. Except for the religious and traditional implications, Palestine to the non-Zionists is another Crimea.

Now any aid to Jews in Palestine can be of great value to the Homeland, and in that sense the Biltmore conference with all the practical possibilities that it foreshadows may prove a boon and a blessing of incalculable dimensions. But it may prove a curse on the movement, a hideous destruction of an ancient and potent national dream, the very death-knell of Zionism and of the Jewish race as an ethnic-cultural entity in the world.

All depends on how the partners will, consciously and unconsciously, designedly and imperceptibly, affect each other in the joint labors. Will the non-Zionists grow in the course of the activity so imbued with the spirit of the ideal as to merge in the Zionist mass or will the Zionists, tired and weakened as they are, gradually yield up every vestige of former inspiration and aspiration in the bustle of "working for Palestine"?

The most sanguine will admit that it would take long years not only of vicarious contact with Palestine but of intense education and propaganda to Zionize the non-Zionists. The most inveterate believer in the historic determinism of Zionism knows that the

blind forces of society must be largely supplemented by intelligent effort to become effective instruments for shaping the cause of the Jewish Homeland. Will the Zionist movement overcome its own weakness and the prestige of accomplishment that will cling to the standard of the non-Zionists?

The very fact that the Agency, as now about to be organized, will be a divided unity, with each side holding to its rights and privileges, will, to say the least, retard the process of amalgamation in the direction of true Zionism. While the spokesmen of the Biltmore conference were admittedly sincere in their declarations that hence no distinction between Zionist and non-Zionist would be in place, they did not give up their separate and distinct standing as over against the Zionists, but, on the contrary, incorporated in their resolution all the provisions which are calculated to secure them at all times half of the Council and half of the Executive of the extended Agency. They did not fail to provide for "proxy voting", so that at no time shall there be the danger of being outvoted in the sessions of the Agency. In other words, the very basis of the Agency militates against the spiritual unification of both elements into one Zionist body, quite aside from the deep-going differences in philosophy, methods, and outlook upon life.

The Zionist movement as at present constituted and led cannot hope to assimilate the new partners. Were it stronger and better captained it would have never been compelled to give up

half of its rights for the sake of outside Jewish support, but would have brought all round to the cause, and as real Zionists, by the force of its achievements, the prestige of its influence, and the power of its popular appeal. That it had to go begging for assistance, that it had to offer concessions of such ominous consequences is the severest indictment of its vitality and policies. How then can it hope to become so strong as to turn non-Zionist philanthropy into Zionist results?

The extension of the Jewish Agency on a fifty-fifty basis was accepted by the Zionist Congress, and the movement at large, after a hard battle and under duress. The situation looked threatening, and the promise of financial aid held out by the Agency plan won the day. Since then the partnership with the non-Zionists became a sort of an ideal, a sacred principle, a cardinal dogma in Zionist politics. So much so that during the fight between the Zionist administration in this country and its opposition officialdom did all in its power to make it appear that its antagonists were out to "destroy the Agency", while the opposition saw fit to rule out this issue altogether from the controversy. Necessity was turned into virtue, and the Zionist masses became convinced that the inclusion of the Marshall group was the key with which to unlock Zionist prosperity. Now with the important step taken on October 21st, a flood of enthusiasm has swept over the tired and disappointed hosts which threatens to engulf the very Zionist organization. Of-

ficial comment is somewhat restrained, but the "plain man in the street" heaves a sigh of relief. At last there are people wealthy enough and influential enough to do "something real" for Palestine and to relieve him of his sacrifices and mental worries.

This state of mind, so assiduously cultivated by a leadership which saw no other salvation for itself and the cause than a partnership with non-Zionists on any terms, will now begin to bear its fruit in the way of a stampede towards the Marshall camp. Many Zionists will no longer see the need for maintaining an organization which now labors under such heavy odds of demoralization and disrespect, while the Jews at large who have heretofore seen no other way to do "their share" for Palestine than through the channels of the Zionist fund raising agencies, will with better grace and more complacency trust themselves and their votes to the more influential non-Zionist leadership. If the non-Zionists had meant to kill the Zionist movement they could have thought of no better plan than the one offered them by the president of the World Zionist Organization.

It seems that under the circumstances the non-Zionists will capture the whole activity of the Jewish Agency, just as they have captured the relief work. The Zionists will be reduced to the status of a poor relation in a rich family. They will become another People's Relief in a Palestine Joint Distribution Committee, with nominal representation but little to say, unless—

Unless something happens, and hap-



pens soon. It is quite possible that after the extension of the Agency has come to pass and the sincere but bewildered Zionists have taken the full measure of the danger inherent in the arrangement, there will arise a powerful group to clean house, to overhaul the movement, and to install a new leadership all down the line, to the end that the potential aid of the non-Zionist partners shall be turned into a real blessing for the restoration of a Jewish State in Palestine.

### The Better Way

THE Zionist opposition is moving in the right direction,—if one may judge from the well attended New York conference, at the Hotel Majestic, on Sunday, October 14. It is proceeding with the work of building a strong organization from the bottom up, and evolving a constructive program. This may appear the longer way; in reality it is the shorter, because the best.

A quick change at the top without due preparation of the membership is in a voluntary organization rarely possible, and, if successful, never quite effective; groups of dissatisfied remain to hamper the work. It is otherwise with the slower process of education—or re-education. When the heart of the mass is won the leadership is placed in a position to achieve greater results with less effort.

What is more, a solid, well organized group which knows what it wants and has the capacity to do it, is worth

more, politically and morally, than a loose, large, demoralized association which blunders its way through obstacles it itself frequently engenders. The opposition should leave the Administration alone and go about it as if that coterie did not exist, except to check its attempts which are directly or indirectly likely to harm the cause. And it should adopt a name suggestive of a vital principle and larger outlook. "Reorganization" or "Opposition" lays exclusive emphasis on the fight, on the controversy, with those in power and serves to frighten the timid and to steel the loyalists, whereas the aim is to reassert true Zionism and *incidentally* wrest control from incompetents. Not by battle cries but by the intrinsic appeal of the program and the spirit can Zionism be rejuvenated and rebuilt.

The field is now clear for such action. It may sound paradoxical to those who have lost their heads over the "pact of glory" with the non-Zionists. The truth is that with the Agency issue virtually out of the way and the grave fact of philanthropy versus Zionism staring in the face, there is need, and room, for re-educating the Jewish people in the essentials of a National Homeland as conceived by Herzl and as dimmed by the post-war leadership.

Unless faith has completely gone from the hearts of Zionists of whatever description; unless all are ready to throw up their hands and let "nature" take its course, there must be a resurgence of inspiration which shall carry the field.

# EBB AND FLOW OF CULTURE

By ISAAC ZAAR

**T**HE rise and development of the individual as an independent force in the progress of civilization is made possible by the existence of interacting groups. Man is the product of an ethnologically divided society. Within the group he is pressed into uniformity by the cumulative effect of custom and corporate policy. When, however, he comes under the influence of another culture, long enough to have acquired new elements of thought, he emerges as a factor in the life of his original group, diversifying and enriching its culture. The interplay of separate and distinct historic divisions of humanity—nationalities — is therefore essential to that variety of outlook and activity which lies at the basis of mental advancement and social progress.

Whatever broadens the mind, changes the behavior and varies the habits of the single units tends to become the possession of the whole group, which thus rises in the scale of civilization. No group can advance without the admixtures which the individuals bring into it from their contacts with the outside world. Every civilized society is therefore of necessity a composite product. It must have mixed with others at some time in its history or it would have never risen from its primitive state, and it must continue to replenish its culture by foreign ingredients or it will sink from its higher plane.

The ascent or descent of a people in the scale of civilization is directly attributable to the causes which make for interaction or isolation. It is the same rule as applies to the individual: larger and varied contacts broaden the mind and increase the knowledge, lack of contact results in mental paucity, shrunken outlook and hardened habits.

Modern civilization is richer and higher because of better communication between the nations. There is greater mutual thought stimulation now, and the individuals are more independent as against each other. The more people are drawn into the sphere of interaction the more varied the influences upon every one of them and the sooner do they reach the stage of independent thinking and initiative.

Variety, however, must have its limits to be useful. Excessive change without a sufficient rest period to assimilate the new will produce a mental blank, or annihilate the very reasoning faculty which requires for its normal functioning a certain balance between similarity and difference. We cannot look at one color, or center our minds on one idea, for any length of time, and we cannot follow too rapid a succession of colors, or too many discordant ideas, at a given time. Through all the flux some unity must be discernible just as in all unity some variety must be perceived. Otherwise nothing is intelligible.

National culture then, while depending for its very life and development upon the influences from abroad, could not survive unless it had periods of rest, to recast the new in the cauldron of its heritage. There must come a time in the life of every nation when the people discover that they have had enough of the foreign and want to order their life undisturbed from the outside. That is the time when nationalism as both passion and philosophy comes to dominate the spirit of the people. Similarly, there are times when the people after long stretches of seclusion and rest from outside influences, are glad of contact with the world at large. That is the time when the idea of world-citizenship down to the notion of a nationless humanity, rises to the surface of the corporate mind, and nationalism is decried as narrow and "unnatural". The national sentiments are, however, deeper and are never submerged. The desire for the new is only a by-product, however strong it may become, whereas the inclination towards uniformity, stability and consequent adjustment to surroundings and life is deeply rooted in man. Therefore the periods of cultural starvation, so to speak, are comparatively short, while the periods of cultural sufficiency endure for centuries.

The case of the Renaissance would appear to indicate that cultural hunger may last for generations. The Revival of Learning and the thirst for knowledge became so strong that the very Italian language was crowded out by Latin from literature and higher social intercourse. But that change, that

spiritual hunger, affected only the upper strata of society. Besides, the new soon became old and passed on to each succeeding generation, within the century and a half that it lasted, as the settled culture of the nation, and the universal spiritual empire fostered by the Church and fed by the Renaissance, fell into separate national cultures of a more advanced character.

Here it must be borne in mind that a nation consists of various classes. While one group welcomes foreign culture, other groups, usually the numerically stronger, remain unaffected by the inrush of the foreign, while still others put their face against it and fight it with all their might. The consequence is that the new succeeds in modifying the national culture, if at all, only after long conflict and severe struggle and then merely to the extent that it becomes in the process so changed by the national heritage as to be no longer what it was when brought from without. This explains why nationality survives in spite of all the influences that may pour in upon it from all sides. The new trickles through very slowly and gets absorbed and recast in the laboratory of the national culture.

The varying degree in which the diverse elements of a people are affected by international contact is responsible for the everlasting conflict between progressive, conservative, and reactionary forces in every civilized society. Habit opposes innovation, often in violation of its larger interests, while the old looks bright and attractive to those whom progress succeeded in divesting of privileges and

rights grounded in the past order of things.

There are three main types of inter-group relationship, all of them checking or modifying the flow of interaction.

The first type is that of the independent nations which fear each other and set out deliberately to foster and to strengthen national consciousness and patriotism. Interaction between them is competitive in nature. Each endeavors to outdo the other in all those things which are looked upon as reinforcing the power of resistance or attack in case of a crisis. Through school, pulpit, press, and governmental aid the people are grounded in the ethnocentric sentiments and philosophy, until they are firmly convinced of their importance to the world at large and are ready to deprecate or to belittle the cultural role of others in the destinies of mankind. The independent nations imitate and borrow from each other assiduously and designedly, yet they resist the growth of the international spirit to the best of their ability.

The second type of relationship is that between the ruling nation and the ruled. Here antagonism is created, engendering the sort of estrangement which places an enormous strain on group interaction. It takes a much longer course for anything to seep through the artificial walls of prejudice and hatred, in spite of all the efforts of the oppressor to assimilate the oppressed. The degree of success depends upon the stage of culture and the numerical strength and compactness of the subjugated mass.

It is necessary to note that the respective groups are not uniform in their attitude towards each other. There are elements in both which overlook the legal status or the situation as it is and give their thoughts a different direction. The intellectuals of the master group are prone to take a larger view of things and they will have a good word to put in for the oppressed or even go so far as to fight for their rights. But they were born into a comparatively free world, have absorbed the superior attitude of their class and people, and may have important interests at stake. All of that leads them to rationalize their culture into something worthwhile to the whole world, whereas the culture of the suppressed will appear to them poverty-stricken and undesirable in comparison. They will, therefore, in all sincerity advise the downtrodden to "rise above" their separatism and to identify themselves with the "broader" culture, the master culture. They will tell you that they have in mind world culture but, of course, they cannot see that world culture otherwise than through the prism of their own national breeding and education.

On the other hand, you have the higher element of the suppressed people which feels cramped in the narrow environment and hungers for an outlet in the larger fields of human endeavor. They will see their own salvation and that of their people in assimilation. They will sometimes call it cosmopolitanism, as their colleagues of the master group will, but in essence it means adopting the ways of the ruling elements.



The third type of international relationship which disturbs and distorts the normal currents of interaction, is that between a ruling majority and a suppressed minority. The cry of assimilation is here louder than elsewhere, while at the same time the desire to maintain its identity is stronger than ever on the part of the harassed group. Legal or social disabilities drive it upon itself and make it cling to its tradition and culture. Assimilation as a natural process is checked, and those who are willing and ready to leave the fold feel impelled to justify their attitude by an appeal to "world culture" as against "narrow sectionalism." In this they are supported by the progressives of the ruling majority who wish the suppressed minority to discard its nationalism and join them

in the struggle for "general" liberty. Though sincere and with the best intentions, these progressives, no less than the oppressors amidst their people, stand in the way of cultural enrichment.

The interaction between the nationalities is thus seen to be a process beset with numerous difficulties. All of them hamper the uninterrupted growth of civilization, that is to say, of that internationalism which diversifies the social environment and gives rise to the mental independence of the individual. Obviously, anything calculated to set the peoples free from oppression or fear, to give them liberty of expression and scope for the development of their potentialities, is the very essence of true progress.

h

## H A L U T Z I M

By MORRIS FREILICOFF

'Neath the merciless rays of the blazing sun  
 They willingly toil and toil,  
 What a price they pay for each Dunam won  
 And added to Jewish soil!

They battle the stubborn wilderness  
 With bleeding hands and torn,  
 That the fruit of eager toil may bless  
 Generations yet unborn.

# JEWISH LEADERSHIP

By MAJOR JULIUS I. PEYSER

THE attitude of the Jews of America towards Jewish leadership and representation has changed quite perceptibly during the last nine or ten years, and the change may accurately be described as having passed from the guidance of social prestige to influence of an intellectual character. In former years representatives of the early settlers, men of social standing, wealth, and prior claims to recognition, acted as our spokesmen and shaped the policies of Jewish leadership with little or no regard to the ideas and beliefs animating the Jewish population in different cities. For a long time, for instance, men professing the Reform point of view in Judaism acted as spokesmen of the large masses of orthodox Jews, chiefly because the newer arrivals to this country were inarticulate and handicapped by a fierce economic struggle. Curiously enough, the outstanding figures of the Reform group, while vehemently extolling religious liberalism for up-town, advocated the establishment of model orthodox synagogues for down-town, and while emphatically decrying aggressive Jewish organization or marked consciousness of political strength, readily took advantage of the despised and allegedly non-existent Jewish vote to ride triumphantly into political office.

This observation is somewhat of a digression from the main subject; nevertheless it serves to throw some

light on the situation in which personal influence and caprice had as much to do with the conduct of Jewish affairs as had intellectual forces and convictions.

But with the growth of its numbers the Jewish community acquired consciousness which made intellectual development possible. Ideas and beliefs long submerged, ideals erstwhile cherished by the weak and the struggling, gradually found expression, and as the voice of the Jewish masses grew in volume it commanded a hearing. The beliefs and convictions of the people found eloquent spokesmen, and various trends of thought came to the surface. After that there could no longer be Jewish leadership and representation without at least some regard to the ideas and aspirations of the large masses of the Jewish people. The day of personal, whimsical, albeit benevolent, spokesmanship was then gone.

It no longer sufficed for representatives of the Jews to be prominent and affluent, and to take an interest in hospitals and orphan asylums; leaders had to believe and advocate certain views and measures which had relation to fundamental beliefs or vital needs of the Jewish people. That due to the pressure of public opinion certain men of eminence rather hastily adopted conceptions of Jewish life which were not originally their own, may not be a tribute to their character, but is, nevertheless, testimony of the



force of logic and public opinion. Ideas and the ability to put them into effect became more and more the test of leadership.

That marked the advent of a new era, though, of course, the conclusion of a period is often blurred in outline and not always clearly perceptible. But it is enough to know that there came a time of criticism, agitation, conferences and mass meetings, challenge and protest, and that the big things in Jewish life were no longer done without discussion, differences of opinion and attempts to compose them; there was frank criticism that did not spare anyone and even though not all the controversies were settled satisfactorily, a new approach to Jewish problems had been achieved, an approach which betokened a wholesome communal life.

And the contest of ideas, if it did nothing else, brought a knowledge of Jewish affairs to every community in the country and put a premium on plain speaking and courageous thinking. With the increase and development of the Jewish population, the communities outside of New York, even those in distant parts of the country, became conscious of their place and function in Jewish life and were no longer satisfied to have everything decided by a small group of eminent men in Manhattan, with perhaps only an occasional nod from Philadelphia, Cincinnati or Chicago. Whether things were done well or badly the point is that perhaps a hundred other communities had no opportunity of either learning all the facts involved or of offering such views as arose out

of their conception of the facts. Ideas have a way of emerging spontaneously from many quarters, of spreading further from place to place, and of constantly seeking combat or confirmation. So questions and questioners arose with regard to every phase of Jewish activity, especially with reference to new crises and duties abroad, and occasions were utilized for the renewal of the old demand to give all groups and communities a voice and a share in the formulation and execution of Jewish policies—policies which for the first time were worthy of the name because they were evolved out of definite opinions and the meeting of thoughts and ideas.

This changed condition made possible the formation of the first American Jewish Congress in 1916, and the argument of further work through the means of popular organization and communal consultation now has behind it the force of experience which brooks no refutation. The value of giving everybody a vote and a share in the conduct of Jewish affairs is now better established than ever in view of the accumulated evidence that every extension of confidence in the people brings dividends in the form of material and moral support, and that public opinion is now more than ever our strongest weapon in combatting some of the evils which endanger the welfare of our people.

We do not mean to exaggerate the importance of the intellectual basis of our movement nor the significance of popular or democratic form of constituting our assemblies; but if the

pride we take in Jewish mentality and scholarship means anything, and if fact and truth really form the foundation of all effective human effort, and if the appeal to the largest number of people brings the greatest amount of interest and moral backing, then we are fully justified, in the first place, to demand methods which shall include open-minded study and free discussion, and, in the second place, shall make possible the inclusion and participation of the largest number of units, individuals, as well as organizations, bringing the widest accession of knowledge, interest and support.

These are the elements in the program of the American Jewish Congress which interested me from the very beginning of the history of this movement. Some writers in the Jewish press, who recently commented on my assumption of larger duties as Chairman of the Executive Committee, while very kind in their references to me, seemed to convey the impression that I was somewhat of a newcomer in the movement. As a matter of fact I took a very active part in all the early discussions and negotiations which led to the formation of the Provisional Congress Committee in 1916 and then participated in the remarkably successful Preliminary Conference at Philadelphia, in March, 1916. But even before that I spoke at a notable mass meeting held at Carnegie Hall on January 24, 1916, appearing on that platform with the Hon. Louis D. Brandeis, Nathan Straus, Adolph Lewisohn, and other leaders of the community. In those days I was especially active in the

Provisional Committee for General Zionist Affairs, and of course the Zionist element, the I. O. B. A., I. O. B. S., Poale Zion, and other central groups were then among the important factors in launching the new movement.

Throughout I have been actuated not only by a desire to serve—which was also the motive of my work in various other organizations—but by an intense feeling and conviction that our work has to be spread out, that responsibility for efforts having to do with equal rights for the Jews everywhere ought to be widely diffused; that our activities should, among other purposes, have educational value, to the end that the Jewish cause may recruit more and more volunteers with a knowledge and understanding of the larger Jewish problems.

Essentially what is involved in this new idea of representation and spokesmanship, of submitting different views to the judgment of authorized conference with the object of arriving at a consensus of opinion, to form the basis of what Justice Brandeis used to call unity of action—entire unity of opinion being unattainable—is the advent of a movement in Jewish life rather than the formation of a particular organization. The movement expressive of the underlying principles and ideas is, of course, bigger than the organization which is only the outward or technical form of the movement. Already the movement has given birth to a number of different congresses, each held under different authority and auspices and each creating its executive agencies of



operation. The movement having reached a new stage, it must now be extended through the means of a new assembly and the formation of a stronger organization with, as heretofore, representatives from all the groups and central organizations in Jewish life who wish to further these needs and purposes. The formation of new central councils, Kehillahs, and federations of different organizations in the various communities, offer the opportunity of not only getting from each community better representation in the Congress, but also of giving to each local community itself a central and authorized body, a sort of miniature Congress to discuss and deal with questions which arise at home as well as those which are associated with conditions farther away.

Our appeal is a challenge to the indifference of the average Jew who has been led to believe that he is good enough to give money, but not good

enough to help think out Jewish problems; it is a summons to the dignity, devotion and initiative of every man and woman in the community, invoked in the name of rights as well as duties, to share and help shape the destiny of Israel.

The American Jewish Congress has, from the days of its historic achievements at the Peace Conference of Versailles, many big accomplishments to its credit; but not the least of its important gains is that of having brought our intricate questions and important ideas into the open, with the result that from the conferences, debates and even controversies, larger and larger numbers of American Jews discovered their brethren abroad and came to realize the chief motives, thoughts and ideals animating the life of our people. The movement has opened a larger vision. It has enhanced our lives both as Jews and as Americans.



## THE ZIONIST SITUATION

By ABRAHAM TULIN

ONE of the sins of the Zionist Organization of America, and probably, in final analysis, its greatest sin, has been the failure to inform the Zionist public of the true facts and conditions affecting the establishment of the Jewish National Home in Palestine.

Fortunately, it is easier now to talk upon this subject, and be believed, than it was as recently as a year ago; certainly than it was two or three years ago. The reason is that we have now the report of the Palestine Survey Commission appointed by the head of the Zionist Organization and Mr. Marshall; that we have the official reports of the British Government, and that non-Jews who are friends of Zionism, and very great friends of the head of the Zionist movement, have gone and seen for themselves and published—I refer particularly to Col. Wedgwood's recent book "The Seventh Dominion." I shall briefly refer, as the shortest way of getting at the subject, to the conclusions of these people, who cannot be accused of lying (it is an easy accusation in Zionist circles) and who cannot be accused of playing politics.

The report of the Joint Palestine Survey Commission contains the following startling conclusion:

"No progressive colonization of Palestine is practicable until a modification of the present system of taxation has been effected."

It states and demonstrates that "It is Jewish agriculture which suffers particularly from heavy taxation,"—such taxation taking from the Jewish farmer from twenty to fifty per cent of his net income annually!

That is what some of us have been saying for years, but we were not believed! The Zionist Administration disowned us for making such statements and accused us of lying. Now, however, this accusation can no longer be made. The report of the Palestine Survey Commission cannot be denied.

We have had the same leadership of the Zionist Organization now for eight years. That leadership has been in supreme charge. Its claim to election and reelection has been largely that it is favored by the British Government and that it could get the British Government to perform the pledge of the Balfour Declaration which was afterwards carried into the Mandate.

Aside from particularization, the conceded failure of the British Government to carry out its pledge in practical terms, irrespective of avowals and speeches and letters written by individuals, must be laid at the door of the Zionist Administration which has been in charge for eight years. If you put people in charge of performing a specific task, and they have had eight years in which to do it, and that task is not performed,

there is something wrong with the people who are trying to perform that task and with their methods; and in any political party in the world, those people would be displaced by others deemed more competent. It is, however, easy to go farther and particularize.

Col. Wedgwood does it in a way which I heartily approve. In one short paragraph he describes the dismal conditions. He goes so far as to say that the conditions under which the Jews are laboring in Palestine are nothing less than medieval. He has this remarkable sentence. In talking about the Werco, one of the most unjust and discriminatory taxes in Palestine, bearing down upon the Jews, he says, "if they (the Jews) had not throughout the ages to put up with injustice like this, the crime of the Werco (he calls it a crime) could not have endured eight years, while a free press exists in England."

Now, why is that permitted? It is no answer to say that the Administration in Palestine is anti-Semitic. Why is it that an anti-Semitic Administration has been allowed to live in Palestine for eight years and to continue today? Where was the Zionist Organization?

Nor, I submit, is it fair to charge England with an anti-Semitic Administration. There may be anti-Semites in that Administration—unfortunately, there are anti-Semites everywhere—but England, by and large, is not anti-Semitic. Its Government is not anti-Semitic. There is a deeper reason for this than the easy excuse, after

all other excuses have proved vain, that the administration is anti-Semitic, and that you can't do anything about it.

The policy of the Zionist Administration, beginning eight years ago and still continuing, has been precisely not to ask England to do its share under the Mandate. The Zionist Organization undertook to do it all. It relieved the British Government of its duties. The Zionist Organization treated the Jews who went to live in Palestine, not as people living in a country which has definite obligations toward them. It simply put Jews into Palestine, relieved the Government of Palestine of all normal, civilized, governmental duties toward them and said, easily and naively, "We will do all that. We will collect money from the Jews of the Diaspora and take care of all these things."

Take, for example, education, which is one of the primary functions of government everywhere. The Palestine Government taxes the Jews outrageously, way out of proportion to their numbers or their wealth. That is conceded. Has it provided the necessary schooling for their children? It has not, although its treasury overflows with accumulated surpluses. So also with sanitation, drainage and other elementary functions of government. The Palestine Administration provides schools and hospitals for the Arabs with money largely taken out of Jewish pockets, but not for the Jews.

Col. Wedgwood summarizes the situation in this way. Referring to the work that the Zionists have done—the schooling, sanitation, colonization,

etc.—he says: “The Zionists have not done the work particularly well. But because the Jews were willing to do this work and to pay for it themselves hitherto, the Secretariat (The Palestine Administration) has not unnaturally been content to allow the growth of this *imperium in imperio*. It is just this easy disinterestedness, this lack of responsibility which has made them (the Secretariat) into a mere Government of Arabs in Palestine. . . .”

This is the verdict of an intelligent and friendly non-Jew who has studied the situation.

The Zionist leadership has induced the British Government to hold the Mandate of Palestine for the Arabs only, when the very purpose of the grant of the Mandate to the British Government was that it should build or help us build the Jewish National Home. That has been the fundamental policy of the Zionist Administration for eight years and has led, in part, to the present state of what the President of the World Zionist Organization has himself described in Berlin recently as “stagnation” in our effort to build the Jewish National Home.

The Zionist Administration can be justly charged with having been intent upon building a political machine in the Diaspora, rather than the Jewish National Home in Palestine. It has converted the constructive Zionist movement into a philanthropic movement—to do what? build Palestine? No, but to maintain the few Jews that did manage to go to Pal-

estine and keep them from starvation.

The latest answers of the British Government to the questionnaire of the League of Nations, recently published, shed a flood of light upon this subject. In answer to the question, what measures have been taken to place the country under such political, administrative and economic conditions as will secure the establishment of the National Home of the Jewish People, the British Government says that “There is still a Jewish population of about five thousand manual workers who are dependent for their maintenance on Zionist funds and on such public works as it has been possible for the Government to undertake;” that “It is improbable that there will be any immediate amelioration,” and that the problem before the Government for the next few years will be how to raise sufficient revenue to maintain the Administration and defray its debt charges.

Answering the further question as to the nature and extent of the cooperation of the Jewish Agency during the last year with the Administration of Palestine in economic, social and other matters, the British Government says, in substance, that the Jewish Agency, which means the Zionist Organization, distributed doles to starving, unemployed Jews and carefully saw to it that not a single one of those starving Jews should become a burden on the Government; that it contributed toward the Earthquake Relief Fund; that the Health Council has cooperated for the stamping out of smallpox, and that it



has appointed a commission to go to Palestine to find out what the trouble was.

I submit that these official reports, not my opinion, condemn the leadership of the Zionist Organization and prove it to be unfit at this serious and tragic juncture in Zionist affairs to continue in the direction of the realization of our hopes.

We are facing a new development—the extension of the Jewish Agency. Assuming that the Agency will be extended, is there not greater need than there ever was before for a leadership of the Zionist Organization (which will be half of this Agency, remember) which shall have policies, courage and vision, which shall not simply

concentrate upon consolidating its own position and keeping itself in office; which shall actually strive to build the Jewish National Home on an economic basis, so that Jews can go there and earn a living, instead of depending upon doles and fearing deportation, as many of them do, because they threaten to become a charge upon the community?

Is there not a greater need now than ever for a Zionist leadership which shall epitomize and express and fight for Zionist rights, the rights guaranteed to us in the Mandate, the promise made to us in the Balfour Declaration for the establishment in Palestine of a Jewish National Home with the active aid and cooperation of Great Britain?

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## S H E

By SOPHIE WEXLER

Pure, understanding women hold marionet strings.

Strange:

Even the stiffest dolls

With the most unmalleable joints

And hideous aspect

Dance smoothly when

Pure, understanding women hold marionet strings.

# THE GREAT URGE

By MAXIM KONECKY

**A** FEW days before Max Conheim's passing I spent an hour at his bedside. By tacit consent we avoided the discussion of his malady. He knew his days were numbered. The unknown held no terrors for him. If anything, he rather prayed the hastening of the tragic and inevitable denouement.

The room was rather large and in semi-dusk. The bed in which he lay was of generous proportions and seemed to dwarf the sick man. A sombre spirit as of an undefinable presence seemed to brood over us. It was a moment for intimate communion.

Max Conheim was my Zionist preceptor. At his feet I had imbibed those first lessons in practical Zionism that drew me to its living waters from the desert of indifference. Several of his remarks in that hour were pregnant with meaning for me. Being the grains of instruction that a dying teacher was imparting to an eager, if blundering, disciple, I will endeavor to pass on to my readers the emotions and the moods they stirred in me at the time.

I had asked him if in his opinion the American Jewish masses really wanted Palestine.

" . . . Yes, yes, the masses do want Palestine. You don't realize how they want Palestine! Yet a while. . . No, I do not mean exactly a Messianic call. Only remember: We are ten per cent

ourselves and ninety per cent our grandfathers. . . . A cry may go forth in Israel, a tingle in our veins, a call in the blood, that will sweep our people to Palestine in a mighty ingathering!"

The man was dying. Already death sat upon his cheek, a vulture awaiting the feast. His frame was wasted. His features were shrunken. Only his mind was alive. Yet he was dreaming Israel's ancient dream—a mass ingathering of the scattered children of Zion desolate. . . . So had all the Jewish prophets dreamed, from Isaiah to Herzl. So had all the Hebrew poets sung.

Max Conheim's words flashed through my mind stirring a thousand mental shadows.

"A cry may go forth in Israel, a tingle in the veins, a call in the blood. . . ."

My thoughts leaped to other imperious calls in the blood of my race. I conjured up in my mind's eye the image of the bloated Antiochus Epiphanes whom the ancient rabbis styled "the wicked". And with what just cause! Tyrant of Syria under whose suzerainty Palestine then found itself, his was a policy of extermination, of both Jews and Judaism. His soldiery murdered and plundered and burned and laid waste large sections of Jerusalem. Jewish men were cruelly butchered, and the women and children sold into slavery. By royal de-

cree he interdicted the Jewish form of worship. The Sabbath was forbidden under pain of death. Observation of festivals was made a capital crime. The rite of circumcision was punished by death. The mere possession of sacred books was sufficient cause for exile or execution. He set up the "Abomination of Desolation" on the altar of the Temple and required the Jews to make obeisance to it. His tyranny knew no bounds.

Then the "tingle in the veins", the "call in the blood"! Hasmonean Mattathias and his valiant sons roused their people to organized resistance. What Jewish heart beats not just a little faster recounting the exploits of our peerless military genius, Judas the Maccabee, on a hundred bloody fields in Judea, against fearful odds, and his many brilliant triumphs. The cleansing of the Temple. The restoration of Jewish worship. A new era of peace!

In my mind I was contrasting the miserable condition of my people under Antiochus Epiphanes and their soft felicity in this great Republic. I marveled whether the "tingle in the veins" was not in reality a product of the crucible of adversity.

My thoughts turned on the Fall of Jerusalem. Titus, sage Titus, wise beyond his years, had stood by quietly, month after month, while the warring Jewish factions decimated each other, sapped their strength and vigor, lowered their powers of resistance. Then he fell with his fresh and well-fed legions upon the weakened city, the starving and desperate remnant, and destroyed it. What escaped the sword was sold into slavery or graced his

triumph. Judea was destroyed utterly. The Jews ceased to exist as a nation.

Then, a few brief decades later, we find Bar Kochba, the Son of the Star, hearkening to the "call in the blood." He gathers the scattered remnants of his people about him, and with the blessings of the Sage Akiba, and with splendid and desperate courage, defies, and for a time with success, the power of Rome.

A tragedy. Of course. Foredoomed to failure. An heroic gesture. But the bone and sinew of his race flocked to his banner. There was then no question, "How much shall I give to redeem Palestine?" They gave all. Did they give in vain? Who can say?

There was something of awe in the atmosphere of the chamber. Conheim's people were in another part of the house. I was alone with him. There was a mystic glow in his eyes. I could almost see the Hasidic great-great-grandfathers peering out at me through the lighted windows of his soul.

He was talking in a subdued, tense voice.

"Zionism cannot be achieved in a single generation. It is the labor of many generations. First came the Steinbergs and the Shulmans. They prepared the way. Then came Herzl. And now again there are the Shulmans and the Steinbergs, the backbone of the movement, laboring without hope of reward, only in the labor itself. A generation or two, and there will be no need of propaganda. Why, already we are a hundred thousand contributors to the Keren Hayesod...."



A hundred thousand contributors. To the dying Zionist, grown old and gray in the ranks and in the service, this was a mammoth achievement. Grubbing, cajoling, begging, persuading, deep in the drudgery of money-raising activity, as he had been for five and twenty years, a hundred thousand contributors, large and small and infinitesimal, spelled success, brilliant success. To me, almost a bystander, less idealistic perhaps, more cynical, surely, this was a mere handful out of the four millions of opulent Jews in the newer Babylon.

What sacrifice—sacrifice—giving of self, to the deprivation of self, were we making towards Zion's redemption? Would there be a single besetting sin unindulged, one dear desire unfulfilled, because of our zeal and our generosity for the cause of Palestine?

What merchant would close up his shop and take all his belongings and emigrate to Palestine? What manufacturer would dismantle his factory and remove his industry and interests to Palestine? What Jewish magnate—banker, broker, promoter—would leave his well-oiled grooves of trade and barter here, and bring his substance and his genius, a peace-offering on the altars of his tribal God?

Then I thought of Shabbethai Zevi and his messianic call. How the whole Jewish world had been thrilled and electrified, the echoes reverberating for more than a hundred years. In every European city disciples by the tens of thousands had flocked to his feet. He had judiciously placed well in advance the Great Day of Fulfilment. The "tingle in the veins" had spread over

the whole civilized world like wild-fire. Even vast numbers of non-Jews, Moslems and Christians, were affected, persuaded of the reality of Shabbethai's messianic mission and believed devoutly in the fulfilment of the prophecy concerning him, that in the Great Day, he, Shabbathai, would with his own two hands remove the crown from the Sultan's brow and place it on his own head!

Strangely suggestive to me, in that solemn moment, in the half-dusk of the sick chamber, alone with the friend who had but a few days of life remaining, was the memory of the story of Shabbethai Zevi, that monumental impostor, the pseudo-Messiah, who had so wildly stirred the imagination of my people throughout the diaspora, that whole communities stopped their life's activities, closed up their shops, sold out their homes and belongings, prepared for the mass emigration, as the Great Day of Fulfilment drew near. And all for a dream. A figment of an overwrought imagination. The illusions of an ascetic and visionary. . . .

And here are we, in the twentieth century, with the Balfour Declaration, whatever its primary intent, now most certainly an irrevocable commitment on the part of the world's greatest empire to the proposition of a Jewish renaissance; here are we, four millions of the most favored in the diaspora, in daily and hourly telegraphic communication with the fruits of a messiahship in the accomplishment—Eretz Israel redeemed by the unstinted brawn and the ready brain of Israel's stalwart sons and heroic daughters, al-

ready on the sacred soil—and a pitiful handful, a mere hundred thousand, make the monumental sacrifice, give a few doles, pennies or dollars,—not a groat, even, of their wealth, not a single pleasure forgone, not a single luxury denied. . . .

The tense voice was still speaking.

“Let him (Julius Rosenwald) set himself up against Palestine. He cannot prevail. He is only one. Let him divert his millions to Crimea. Let him prefer negroes to his own. He cannot stem the tide to Palestine. Herzl was greater than he. And Herzl was drawn back into the bosom of his people against his will. Herzl dreamed the great dream possessed of no wealth. Rosenwald has more wealth than Baron de Hirsch and Baron Rothschild combined. O, what Herzl would have accomplished with this wealth!”

The voice was trailing off. The mind was wearying.

What, indeed, would not Herzl, with his vast-sweeping mind, with his glorified imagination, with his matchless courage, have done with the Rosenwald millions at his disposal?

Would there be tens of thousands of trained Halutzim waiting for years in the various European centers for the blessed privilege of entering the land of their dreams, there, on barren and desolate soil, to dedicate their young lives to the rebuilding of a nation? . . .

Would hundreds of thousands of dunams of land lie waste and unproductive when there was waiting, nay, pleading, the ready and devoted labor of Israel's sons, for the chance to help transform the wilderness into a Gan Eden? . . .

Would the small Palestinian industries struggle on valiantly and unaided, clinging to the bare rock of their hope by the sheer tenacity of Israel's inherited stiff-neckedness, when a gesture, a word of the magic wand of CAPITAL, and capital's prestige, would start the wheels whirring, the hammers beating, the smoke belching from tall chimneys, and thousands of happy workers' hearts singing the song of joyous labor, for the rejuvenation of an ancient birthright and the rebirth of a past glory. . . .

Yes, indeed! The soil would be tilled, villages would spring up from Metullah to Beersheba, towns would flourish with commerce and industry, cities would rise out of the desert, beautiful as a poet's dream, and Haifa, our Haifa, would blossom into the new, the predestined Flower of the Near East, a metropolis with a destiny rich as that of Alexandria of old. . . .

And is not Rosenwald even a greater wizard than Herzl? With his financial genius, with his influential connections, the largest-calibred minds in America, Jewish minds, Jewish genius, sons of the ghetto not to be estranged from the grandfathers and the great-great-grandfathers thundering in their blood for all their achievement and high place. . . .

Was there not some tongue of silver that might persuade these favored sons of Israel of their historic opportunity and momentous mission?

I was recalled to the present. Max Conheim was pursuing the thread of his thought. In a somewhat lower voice he was saying.

“There are many things in life not

given us to understand. The motives that move men are strange and often inexplicable. To Rosenwald, Palestine is a red flag. To Herzl it was a clarion trump.

"Ah, must you go, my friend? Well, yes, I guess so. Well, good-bye! We shall probably never meet again—here. There?— who knows? It was so good of you to come. I wish I could have done more for you in Zionism. Helped you to clarify your ideas, your ideals. Zionism needs ideals! And remember: Do not stray too far from the God of your people. We are a great people!...

Those were the last words I heard Max Conheim utter.

I left him with a Shalom and a tear.

I cannot say that his views are my views. I do not pretend that his Zionism is my Zionism. That he was an earnest soul, a diligent worker, a silent dreamer that submerged his dream in the overwhelming mass of petty labors to be achieved in the Zionist routine, to this I can subscribe and testify.

And oh, for the burning words to sear into the soul of my people, my people grown sleek and callous by the still waters of the new Babylon; oh, for the gift of that inspired utterance, that will be like a cry in Israel, a tingling in the veins, a call in the blood!



# THE PREVALENCE OF BIGOTRY

By MORRIS GOLDBERG

I WAS listening to a heated discussion on the individual merits of the Democratic and Republican candidates for the Presidency of the United States. The merits of the third candidate for Presidential office had no place in the debate. In fact, so carefully were the addresses planned that Mr. Norman Thomas was completely forgotten during the entire proceedings. Most of the discussion centered about Alfred E. Smith's religion, while the true test of the qualifications of any candidate, namely: has he the capacity and mental outlook on life which will fit him to fulfil the duties of a President, was not even considered. Then came a volume of abuse from the opponents of Mr. Herbert Hoover, attacking his policy on tariff, prohibition and the like. The subject of alcoholic drinks was so intense that I became almost intoxicated listening to its repetition, and I departed from the gathering a disappointed individual.

I pondered over the various statements made by the speakers and wondered whether politics could ever be equaled in hypocrisy and corruption. In my mind I always cherished the choosing of a capable and upright individual for the occupancy of an important office. But my test for the administrative capacity of the candidate never descended to the depths and degradation of the present day

election. It involved a unanimous refusal on the part of aspirants to remain in office while a better man could be found to replace him. This may sound too idealistic and philosophical to the average reader, but let me say that only by this means will a proper satisfactory election ever be put into practice in any country in the world. Instead of the harmonious peaceful choice of a Presidential official we have a political upheaval during which time thousands of people are abused, insulted and condemned for their private views on some unfavorable matter.

Several men are proposed for the occupancy of a very high governmental position. Their enthusiastic supporters run wild round the country proclaiming the extreme distinction of one candidate over another. In this mental excitement an exchange of aspersions is hurled against the respective candidates and with the illogical support of the press the affair is made to look ridiculous,—to the intelligent. Much glib talk is made of the beneficial qualities of the one and the uselessness of the others. The flock who are commonly termed the voters generally knows as much about the real value of an election as a horse knows about astronomy. This side of the subject is well known to many of the unscrupulous who do nothing but arouse the feelings of the unthinking crowd

to a pitch of unreasonable enthusiasm. so as to have their unthinking vote in favor of a particular individual.

An uncritical group of people who are easily influenced in any direction shows itself to be an easy victim of social prejudice. The nature of the prejudice will depend on the direction along which it is led. And ultimately the group so controlled will be shaped into a fortress of human bigotry. This material in the hands of inhumanly-minded leaders is capable of perpetuating any or all of the evils which are a menace to a civilized community. It is this continuous struggle between the honest and upright reformer against the greedy and unwholesome principles of the politician for the control of the masses that will finally decide the issue.

Bigotry is prevalent in almost every field of human endeavor. If we take, for example, what has been called the noblest profession of humanity, namely Medicine, what do we find in this field? A medical practitioner, if he happens to be a Jew, is faced with unpleasant prejudice when applying for a hospital position. A doctor, who may be a Catholic, has equal obstacles to face when desiring a position under Protestant control. And the Jew and the Protestant rarely find a welcome in medical centers under Catholic supervision.

One of the saddest cases in the history of bigotry is the controlling of the schools by any sectarian community. A body of sectarians, no matter what their principles may be, has no right to force disputed opinions into

the minds of children as if these opinions were absolutely true. The child who is unfortunate enough to come under the influence of such teachings grows up with the view that only what he was taught is right and every contrary view is wrong. No more injurious seed of bigotry can be injected into the child's brain than this form of instruction which leads to unclear thinking and biased opinions. The schools exist to give a child a clear understanding of natural phenomena, together with historical accounts, so as to prepare him for the struggle against unfavorable daily happenings. It is only when one understands the operations behind natural phenomena that one can turn them to good account. This kind of education together with encouraging independent thought is all that can be expected from a school. It is a crime to divert the child into a narrow minded conception of the universe at the expense of his real, wholesome education.

Rev. John J. Smith, a Catholic priest, delivered an address on Sunday, Oct. 22nd, in which he is reported to have said: "Our country fails to teach decency and love of Jesus in the schools. Where are our children to get an idea of right and wrong?" The reverend gentleman is very much worried over the children, so he makes us believe, but in truth he is worried over the possibility of the children not believing in Jesus, which is another matter. He speaks as if "right and wrong" cannot be told apart unless one accepts Jesus, thus branding many of the human race



as potential "liars". That is the fault of being brought up in a sectarian creed. Had Father Smith had a real education he would never have uttered such an absurdity as to the origin of moral qualities, which are common to every human being irrespective of his personal belief.

It was my unpleasant experience to be attached to an Employment Bureau where I tried to place Jewish and Catholic skilled linguists, typists, and stenographers in reputable positions. It was with the greatest difficulty that a situation could be secured for a Jewish young lady if she were sent to a non-Jewish firm, and with equal difficulty if a Catholic were sent to a non-Catholic house. The kind of help with which I dealt was not mediocre, for most of the clients were able to speak, read and write fluently several languages, and their former experience demanded a thorough knowledge of these subjects. But the bigoted employer knows little of the efficiency of the foreign-trained commercial office worker. First, he questions him as to why he is not an American citizen, then he asks him about his religion, and then comes the dismissal.

If a mental Pasteur could only rise and inoculate these bigots with the germ of common-sense and an overdose of a humanitarian injection! As it is, they are permitted to display their distorted conceptions of "right and wrong," adding greatly to the misery of thousands of their fellow beings.

One frequently reads in the daily

papers that "America is No Place for Bigots" or "Right-Minded Americans Will Not Tolerate Bigotry" and other journalistic piffle. We know that this virtue has spread over the entire world and is due in great part to the kind of instruction to children which has been advocated by Rev. John J. Smith. Can any sectarian look at the treatment of the Jewish students in Hungary today and refrain from feeling heartily ashamed of himself? This scandalous exhibition of preventing students from pursuing a course of academic studies is due to the ferocious, bigoted instruction of the assailants whose mentalities have been impaired while they were "hauled" up in their narrow creeds. I do not wholly blame the misdirected anti-Semite for his atrocious deeds, but I condemn the mental instruction that made it possible for his mind to be so distorted as to make him act like a savage.

The press is the greatest influence that can be exerted on the public mind. If journalists would act in a body and write truthful expositions of the interdependency of all human beings, of the great need for joining the links of friendship amongst all races of people and at the same time show what hatred has brought about, I am convinced that within a generation closer harmony and mutual friendship would be established amongst nations. Imagine what influence such papers as our widely circulating "tabloids" would have if they devoted themselves to stories and articles with a view to impressing their feeble-minded readers with the great

duty of international love and brotherly feeling. It might not be a paying proposition at first, but after a time the readers would react favorably to this new type of literature and would soon shape their views in accordance with the stories and opinions advocated. As it is, they are becoming hopelessly ignorant of world affairs and are sunk in the filth and stupid pseudo-Freudian yarns which gains them nothing but a misunderstanding of human emotions. If leaders of journalism wish their readers to be intelligent they must give them something intelligent to read. The rest will follow.

In order to bring about real mental freedom from bigotry a more scientific and logical method should be adopted by the human race. First begin with the child. From the moment it enters school all antagonistic differences should be dropped. No child should be taught that he is better than anyone else. No child should be imbued with the superiority of his race over any other race. Instruction in the various customs developed by the separate human groups should be given to acquaint the young with habits peculiar to each of them. In this way the child will acquire a wider conception of the relationship of one group of human beings to the other. The colored races will be regarded as the outcome of environment and heredity and not as at present supposed "inferior". The matured races who have had this end in the education

of their youth, will not know what it means to tolerate "intolerance" or subjugate a neighboring race because of a difference of opinion. Society founded on this principle will evolve a mental attitude towards life which will enrich the standard of life and make it pleasantly endurable. It would have enormous influence on the abolition of the type of mind that advocates war and similar destructive agencies. Instinctively the human race would react to the accumulated experience, resulting in harmonious cooperation and fellowship.

I am not painting a society of the future where all opinions will go smoothly along one groove. Such a condition of existence would soon become tedious and monotonous. But what is meant involves the free, unbiased, unbogoted discussion of all matters pertaining to human welfare. This happy state can only appear when individuals who hold stubbornly to a particular opinion are prevented from making it unpleasant for those who differ from them.

To introduce this state of friendship into society is far from being an easy task. The multifarious institutions which thrive on the perpetuation of social prejudices must be cleared from the pathway of progress. In the handling of this curious but real situation mankind will yet face a universal mental revolution in order to emancipate itself from its well-established and bogoted customs.



# THE HAWK

By DAVID PINSKI

## I

**B**EYOND the seven seas and behind the seven hills—or perhaps much nearer than that—there once stood—and perhaps still stands—a great, great city that grew mightier and richer with every year, and knew nought of disease or wars or ravages. So the good Christian people of this city began to look about for some way of offering thanks to their kind Almighty Father for all the gifts he had bestowed upon them. They went to their chiefs and elders and said to them, “God is very merciful to us and our city, and we want to show Him our thankfulness. We have come to ask you to devise some means whereby we may best show God our gratitude.”

The elders and chiefs were much pleased at these words, and straightway set about pondering the matter. After much thinking and deliberation they decided that the best way of thanking God for all His mercies would be to build a church in His honor, a church that should be without its peer in all the land and all the neighboring lands, a holy pilgrim shrine to tell of God’s mightiness and send a message of love out to all the world. This plan found great favor in the eyes and hearts of the people and they bade the chiefs and elders carry it into effect.

## II

Whereupon the latter summoned all those well versed in church architecture and those skilful with marble and

wood colors, who were also known for their piety and devotion to God, His Son and the Holy Virgin, and said to them: “Build for us in this city a church that shall proclaim better than any tongue or any words the glory and goodness of God; that whoever may behold it shall be filled with fear of the Lord, and the most hardened and wayward heart shall feel His greatness and power and mercy. Let all this breathe from its lines, its design, its structure, its materials, and the beauty of its adornments. Let piety and gratitude to God flow from it like a stream of clear refreshing water to the parched and weary wanderer in the desert.”

When the artists and builders heard this, their hearts beat high in their great eagerness for this task and their eyes burned with the sacred fire of godlike creation. But first they assembled and offered a prayer to God, His Son, and the Holy Virgin for the grace of heavenly blessings; that their minds might conceive the wisest mysteries of eternal divinity, and that their hands might not falter in the performance of the work. Upon finishing this prayer full of yearning and pain and infinite devotion, the builders and artists embarked upon their task as if carried on unseen wings, with fire in their eyes and in their veins. And all the people knew that the labor would be crowned with success, and looked forward to its completion with great joy.

## III

And so it was. When the architects laid their drawings for the projected cathedral before the chiefs and elders, it seemed to all that they must sink to their knees, inspired by the holiness that emanated from the picture. And when it was exhibited in the city's meeting hall, men and women, old and young, broke into rejoicing as devout as the rejoicing at the Easter miracle of Christ's resurrection.

The picture showed every detail of the miracle in stone that was to be, and everything in it moved the beholders to thoughts of God's greatness and goodness and mercy and of the love of God and man as shown in the lives of the Saints. This spirit hovered over the lowermost marble step and radiated from the huge superhuman figure of Christ raising His right hand in benediction that stood upon the tallest central spire, supported by a towering cross.

Now that the people had manifested such joy at the picture, and the elders and chiefs had with tears of emotion given their final approval, the builders went out to gather the best materials for their work, as well as the best and most pious laborers, so that all, from architect or hod-carrier, might be of pure Christian spirit.

The artists in marble, wood and color distributed the work among themselves, assigning each his own location, plans and figures. To the greatest sculptor of the land and the time was allotted the task of creating the marble Christ that was to stand upon the highest central tower.

## IV

The most renowned sculptor of the land and time was a man advanced in years, but with the heart of a child. Kind and sincere to kin and stranger, helpful in time of need to friend and enemy, with hearty warmth in his blue eyes, a childlike smile on his lips and an ever open hand. He devoted his great art to the glorification of God and His Word and His Saints, for he was very pious, and the church had no disciple more faithful than he. All the statues of the saints that he had made were works of art and workers in God's cause. He possessed the high gift of being able to imagine vividly and live through the deepest emotions and broadest thoughts. These vicarious experiences, profoundly felt, permeated his whole body and animated his hands, then to be transmitted to the medium in which he was working. With his soul steeped in holiness and suffering of the saint's life, he was able to reproduce, with the greatest purity of line and expression, the likeness of the saint he was modeling in clay or casting in bronze.

When he was ordained to sculpture the marble figure of the Savior for the pinnacle of the new church, he shed tears of deep joy and devout gratitude. He locked himself in his room, knelt down before the crucifix on the wall, and gave himself up to prayer. Thus strengthened and fortified he shut his eyes and lost himself in meditation upon his task.

## V

Soon it seemed to him that the Holy Ghost had descended upon him, and

his breath came quickly and laboriously. He had a clear, distinct vision of the road to the accomplishment of the work.

He would call forth and live through within him the great divine love for which the Son of God had taken the sufferings of the world upon himself. All this infinite love he would pour into the eyes of his figure from which it would flow into the hearts of God's children far and near.

He saw himself standing tall, supremely tall, upon a mountain peak, whence his eyes envisaged the length and breadth of the earth. And the earth was a huge space filled with all mankind. And he was spreading out his gigantic arms and locking all mankind in his embrace, pressing it to his vast heart that overflowed with love like a sea.

He made the gesture of embrace, and remained motionless. His heart was filled with divine love and his inner eye wandered across the huge space that was the earth. All nations were there, all races, all the countless, different peoples, white and black, yellow and red, Christians and pagans and . . . .

## VI

Jews, a crowd of Jews, with long black beards and hooked noses, and strange garments and headgear, with long spiral earlocks and black, evil treacherous eyes.

He shuddered, and dropped his gaze. The mighty vision was dimmed, the profound, ecstatic emotion was ebbing away, but the Jews stood clearly before him. He writhed in loathing and felt as if an evil smell

had invaded his nostrils. In his heart rose the hatred of the Jew that he had nursed from childhood, and his eyes blazed with the fury that always took possession of him when a Jew came near him. He stamped his foot angrily as if to drive away the hideous nightmare, and wrung his hands in anguish. For they were increasing in numbers, waving their hands, shouting, wrangling, filling the room with their fetid breath. He seemed to see them torturing Christ and driving long nails into his body on the Cross. And killing little Christian children whose blood they would use in their unleavened Passover bread. He heard them uttering blasphemy against God, His Son, and the Holy Virgin and mocking Christianity.

All that he had absorbed with his mother's milk, all that he had read in books which were accepted as truth about the Jew, all that he had heard from any source in any land—everything descended upon him now with the violence of an avalanche, burying his feeling of boundless love, and filling him with disgust and anger and hatred.

He rubbed his forehead and began to murmur prayers to God to cleanse his vision and drive out those enemies whom he could not and dared not love, those who must be objects of hatred and abomination. Finally he knelt again before the crucifix. And in impassioned prayer he again beheld the huge space filled with all mankind whom he encircled and embraced with his infinite love. He pressed all to his great heart that overflowed with love. Once more he looked at them

with eyes full of loving kindness—all the countless, various peoples, white and black, yellow and red, Christians and heathens. Only toward the spot where stood the Jews did he cast a fiery look of hatred and enmity.

#### VII

He worked incessantly. Every day of labor on the gigantic statue of the Son of God was to him a sacred rite, a religious duty. After the day's work he always sank to his knees, and with tears of joy murmured his heartfelt thanks to the Great Creator. And God must indeed have blessed his hands most lovingly, for they succeeded in imparting to the marble the highest inspiration, the greatest life vision. When he had put the last touches to the marble with his chisel, and knew that the work was completed, he was overcome by weakness, and with trembling knees leaned against the wall, pale, overwhelmed by the feeling of God-given success.

All that he had yearned for and felt within him, he had breathed into the marble. The cold stone was filled with warmth as though pulsating with hot blood. The whole figure revealed greatness, and the eyes, with the mildness and gentleness of the moon's soft rays, sent forth beams of infinite, eternal love. Only a corner of the left eye was overshadowed, and in it glowed, as from under a heap of smoldering ashes, a spark of eternal hatred.

The day when this statue was presented to the public in the nave of the newly built church, was turned into a holiday. No one worked, and the populace of the city and neighbor-

ing villages streamed in multitudes to see the miraculous achievement. When they beheld the marble figure it seemed to them that the Son of God had descended bodily. They wept with emotion and sank to their knees with devoutly fervent "Hallelujah's" and fell on each other's necks with kissing and rejoicing as on the day of Christ's miraculous resurrection. Yea, still more earnestly and deeply did they rejoice, because divine love had entered their hearts.

But when the masses leaving the church met at the door several young Jews passing by chance or perhaps drawn to the spot by curiosity, an angry murmur went through them like a whirlwind lashing the waters. In a moment the Jews were surrounded, menacing hands were raised, and stones fell heavily upon flesh and bones. A thousand wild shouts of crazed blood-thirsty crowds could not wholly drown the anguished cries of the victims whose lives were being brutally trampled out of them.

Later several women washed the church steps with soap and water to remove the stains of blood and entrails. Only one small pool of blood on the lowest step, where the marble met the earth, passed unnoticed or defied the power of soap and water, and remained there forever, first a scarlet red, then darker and darker, until it blended with the marble that gradually lost its brightness to meet and become one with the sombre bloodspot.

#### VIII

Once, when the Christ figure on the pinnacle of the church was already covered with a thick coat of

dust, furrowed with countless grooves made by rainfalls, a bird of prey—a hawk—soared high among the clouds clutching in his talons a large white dove that he had just stolen from the midst of a flock basking in the warm sunlight.

Either because the dove was too heavy or because she tired him with her struggling and writhing in his claws, so that he had difficulty in remaining aloft, the hawk determined to light on the head of the Christ figure, for his forest home was still far off. But as he was flying toward it, his eye met the eyes of the statue, and he was seized with a great terror. He opened his claws, dropping the mortally wounded dove to the statue's pedestal, and flapped his wings as if to regain his balance. Then he stopped short with throbbing heart, cried out in mortal fear, and set off, flying fast and faster, as if driven by a dreaded evil power. His fright was so great that the shadows of several doves fleeing rather than flying off in fear of him, made him quiver.

He had left the large city and the woods that skirted the city behind him, but on and on he flew, still panic-stricken. It was not until he began to forget the something that had so alarmed him that he turned to look about. But when he saw nothing to intimidate him he veered and started to fly back. Very slowly at first, uncertain, wary, waterful on all sides, as though trying to discover the hidden enemy. Gradually the sensation of the dove twisting and writhing in his talons returned to him, and he quickened his flight without knowing

whither. But with a sudden glimpse of the distant Christ figure, everything came to his mind once more.

A fiendish fury took possession of him. It seemed to him that the statue had robbed him of his prey, and when he thought of those eyes he stretched his claws like spears. With a blood-thirsty screech he swept on, flying as he had never flown before. The nearer he came to the statue the angrier and fiercer became his cries, and then he hovered with pointed beak and claws over those great shining eyes of love.

But his glance caught the spark of eternal hatred that glowed from the corner of the left eye as from under a heap of smoldering ashes. For a second he remained still in the air, with murderous lust in beak and claws, then gave one great cry of joy as if he had found a friend. He whirled about in joyous abandon and lighted on the head of the statue in relief. With a happily contented air he tilted his head to the left and roguishly peered into that spark of hatred in the corner of the eye. Once, twice, and a third time, until he suddenly espied the wounded dove at the feet of Christ. She had long felt her murderer's presence, and was writhing with pain in frantic efforts to move. With a cry of delight the hawk swooped down on her. For a few moments he feasted his eyes on her distress and struggle, then, digging his claws into her, he lifted her up and perched on the head of Jesus. After a last glance at the corner of that left eye, he joyfully began to partake of the warm flesh and blood, using the ample head of the statue as his table.

Soon a cloud of white feathers and down was fluttering above the church. A little thin bone rolled off somewhere, followed greedily by the hawk's eye, and a thin stream of blood began to trickle down the sides of the head. Some of the blood rivulets flowed into the eyes and rested there. But when the left eye was filled, one drop, like a tear of blood, slowly rolled down, down, as if it were trying to join and mingle with that ineffaceable blood-spot on the lowest step where the marble met the earth.



## L A M E N T A T I O N S

By RACHEL W. JACOBY

At foot of lofty Carmel  
Dreamed silent Acre Bay,  
Unmoved by all the trumpets  
That sound a newer day,

While clad in bridal raiment  
Mount Carmel wed the Moon,  
As Time cast off the ages  
In deep and drowsy swoon.

With morning dew besprinkled,  
Mount Carmel in her glee  
Observed the sad tears flowing  
From grass and leaf and tree.

Now Carmel too is grieving  
About the quaint old years,  
That have passed on forever—  
New life has brought new fears.

"It's said electric trolleys  
Will speed crowds up and down,  
And I, the ancient Mountain,  
Will seem a modern town."

The Bay also is pining,  
Lamenting to the stream:  
"The quiet days are over,  
In which I used to dream.

"The little boats that carried  
Glad voyagers to shore  
Have served since I remember;—  
They want them now no more.

"Broad piers will soon be building,  
Where sailors will disport;  
I soon shall lose my glory,  
I'll soon be Haifa Port!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Keep silent, silly mourners,  
What have you lost, you say?  
An old and worn tradition  
To gain a living day.



## THE INVISIBLE WALL

By DAVID ASHER

**WHEN** a young Jew of liberal America feels that Judaism is more of a hindrance than a source of inspiration and comfort, and decides to discard its burdens, things begin to happen. In the good, old medieval days a person in such a predicament would have invited baptism and then found out at his leisure that a few drops of water could not erase the heritage of childhood associations. Today, however, the procedure is much less simple.

It begins in a mood excessively logical, tempered with rancor and disappointment. It permits the bitter youth to say, as one actually said to me, "Judaism has never been anything to me except a name. Why, then, should I make sacrifices for something that for me does not exist?"

That particular lad was one of the emancipated. He had read Darwin, Ingersol, the scientists, and had laughed at Bryan in Tennessee. "Religion is of the past," he said, "I will subscribe to none, Jewish or otherwise. I would not become a Christian or Mohammedan, to burden myself with an outmoded yoke, why should I harass myself with a different yoke but equally absurd, just because I was born to it? I shall disavow and ignore Judaism, which has had the misfortune of outliving its usefulness, and lead a completely secular life."

With such a one, in the language of the Haggadah, one is gentle and suggests that, perhaps, Judaism is something more than a religion.

"None of your playing with words for me," retorts this youth, who seems to have recently felt the first sting of discrimination, "Judaism means synagogue and synagogue means religion. You can't save God and belief in the Bible with Zionism. If you could I would continue a Jew because God was real to me and worthwhile. The rest was the straw one has to accept with the grain. Now you tell me that the straw is the grain. But everything that the so-called Jewish nationalism and culture and similar concepts offer me is illusory and as such is a poor substitute, or even supplement, for what I have as an American, as one of the American group. I have the American culture, the American language, the American ideals and world outlook. I have been raised in the American schools. I am satisfied with them and require nothing else. However, as long as I cling to the stamp of Judaism I am looked upon as an alien by those whom I am most like, and I lose the heritage of that which is rightfully mine. Remove that prejudicial stamp, which to me has no meaning, and I am free. I become one of the indigenous group, immune from those petty discriminations human nature imposes on the foreign, and free to enjoy the benefits of the

social environment to which I belong and of which I am a part."

With this long and vehement speech our young man launched himself boldly on the broad and flowery road of assimilation, where thousands like him had traveled before, and which is always well frequented. Consciously and honestly he made every effort to submerge his Jewish identity in that of the American. Toward this end he was favored by a Nordic appearance and a cognomen that told no tales. For my part, I sighed for another soul lost to Jewry.

Consider my surprise, therefore—and I dare not call the surprise pleasant—when this same young man appeared before me, not quite a year later, with a bewildered and unsettled soul. He was more bitter than ever and had a sad, sad story of humiliation and defeat. I could see he had been terribly hurt. He was one of those sensitive beings who do not know how to develop a thick skin against the barbs of human pettiness.

"This is a Jekyll and Hyde world," he burst forth immediately, "it presents to the outside the beautiful face of a law that breathes equality and tolerance; but in their private fastnesses, where the law cannot reach, men still practise their barbaric tricks of prejudice and discrimination."

Poor human being, unwilling heir to the ages, his eyes had been opened. Unceremoniously, I could understand, and with slight respect for his finer sensibilities, the bitter fruit had been thrust upon him. His life was in a college. There he had seen Jew and Gentile mingle freely in the lecture

hall, indifferently discuss books, philosophy and God in the library, stand shoulder to shoulder in the great Stadium, singing the same stirring song. Were they not all one? Once he had considered them so, in the days when he looked upon life as an open book that held no secrets. But now he suddenly became aware of Jewish Fraternities and Gentile Fraternities, each distinct, with a great wall between. Dances and social affairs were of two kinds, those attended only by Jews and those attended only by Gentiles. Rarely did he see a Gentile at a Jewish function and when he attended a Gentile affair, among the same friends he knew were so liberal during the day, he discovered an unwonted tenseness around him. He felt strangely ill at ease and uncomfortable, perhaps more from an inner apprehension and sensitiveness than from designed aloofness on the outside. He might have, indeed, become acclimated in time but he did not care to repeat the experiment. He was like a man whose gaze had been fixed on the nobility of distant vistas, who is shocked when his eyes find the focus of the meanness around him. He was bitter with himself for not having observed that which had always been under his eyes. At first, he even refused to see, he loved his vistas, they were more satisfying; this social prejudice oppressed. But it was too late, what he had seen he could not forget.

The Jew is Jew and the Gentile is Gentile, and the line between them is clear. They are two distinct social streams. The edges may mingle but

the mass, gravitating on itself and impressed from without, has no opportunity. Individuals continue to fight against the barrier of human nature, but rarely does one win. Each in the back of his mind can never forget his origin, nor will anyone else. As one is born so does he grow. The child is the father of the man, and to disown that parentage is to leave oneself like a boat without ballast or anchor to drift with the storm and the wind.

This young man came back to the fold, they all come back. Politically, culturally, economically, he was assimilated in his American environment; socially he was not and could not be. Such an assimilation would require three generations of assiduous and humiliating effort, a process his self-respect precluded from inaugurating. He did make the attempt to logically complete his assimilation but failed for two reasons. First, the lack of sympathy from those with whom he considered himself one, the other, that memory of childhood associations, prejudices, and sympathies which he could not forget and which a sociologist would term his Jewish Consciousness.

This Jewish Consciousness is what saved the young man for Judaism. It made him surrender early in the assault upon the barriers of prejudice, it walled in for him a haven of sympathy where he could escape from the chilling atmosphere and trials of the new element. With non-Jews he was strained, he knew that with Jews he could be free. Human nature wants to be happy and seeks the shortest

road. He sought out his Jewish friends and their sympathy.

Thus Jewish Consciousness, the memory of early associations, becomes a bulwark of Judaism, *is* Judaism. Defined, it is simply the inescapable feeling of being a Jew, and predicates no special formal education, ritual or culture. It consists merely of social habits or prejudices acquired by the man in childhood at his father's table. Its only dogma is 'I am a Jew', and whether the professor realizes the implications of this phrase or not is immaterial; the implications at best are vague. With some it is the avowal of a pride almost chauvinistic, with others the simple resignation to a fact that at one time or another was distasteful, but to which they have wisely become reconciled.

Judaism in America, to the native generation, is therefore a social group cemented by this Jewish Consciousness, a consciousness that comes to the surface in many indirect ways. For instance, a young girl had almost forgotten she was Jewish until a questionnaire she was answering in application for a job asked for her religion. An inner consciousness impelled her to sign 'Jewish' and she lost the job. This sacrifice evoked in her a proprietary awareness of her Judaism and made Judaism a positive and militant reality in her conversation, thought and consciousness. Yet till this incident she was to all appearances completely assimilated and indistinguishable from her American sisters whose religious professions differ from hers but whose convictions are identical.

So it also is true that a person

whose name is Cohen or Levy is more closely bound to Judaism than one whose name is Brown or Davis. For a man will more readily cut off the 'ski' from the end of his name than change it bodily. There is some aversion in the heart of man to such radical, unrationalizable alterations. A name may elicit a sneer and a sneer will awaken smouldering fires.

When a Jew is recalled to his identity, it is to an identity impressed on his mind when he was a child, an identity since made indelible by appeals from within and slurs from without. A child of nine, bright but still a child, may assert, "There is no God, but I'm a Jew," because he is the son of an ardent Zionist who has ignored the religious aspect of Judaism, and he picked up these phrases when his parents perhaps thought he was dozing over a picture book. When this child becomes a man and is face to face with a decision, this childhood impression which he will by then have long forgotten will far outweigh reason, logic and opportunism.

It is true that this child, when he attains to manhood, may rebel against this nationalistic Judaism just as the young man we introduced earlier in our discourse rebelled against a theistic Judaism. After all, the type of Judaism matters little, neither to the Gentile nor to the Jew, It is the fact of Judaism, of Jewishness, of the Jew in the man, no matter by what adjective it pleases him to color it. The Jew may discard his Judaism, ignore it, ridicule it, but in the end he will embrace it again like a first love.

He returns inevitably, but not to

discarded ideals, theories and dogmas, rather he returns to his childhood friends and to an understanding social sympathy. For a while, after his resignation to the facts, he is somewhat of a fatalist, and his attitude is that of making the best of a second choice. But as he becomes more and more steeped in the Jewish social ghetto, when the ties that bind him become sacred, when he marries a Jewish girl and finds that the proprietary instinct wants his children to be Jewish like him, when age imposes a groove of habits that were fashioned and must be fed by the Jewish surroundings; then he grows to consider Jewishness of the kind to which he is accustomed, pleasant and indispensable. He will cling to it with all the conservative passion of a satisfied and rooted soul. He will rationalize the position imposed on him from without as a chosen and desirable one, he teaches its desirability to his children—about the only thing he teaches them of Judaism. He hinders their assimilation and encourages their voluntary adoption of a Judeo-centric point of view. I can tell you of a man who scoffed at religion, spoke cynically of the future of Israel and yet insisted that his children attend Sunday School. "Let them know they're Jews," is his reason.

Then synagogues develop like mushrooms and Sunday Schools spring up full grown; community centers, Jewish athletic clubs and fraternal associations bind Jew to Jew. Even non-denominational organizations, like the Elks and Political Clubs, have their Jewish cliques, an imperium

in imperio, a smaller replica of what is true in the greater world. For the Jew finds he can love a fellow Jew more warmly, can fight against him more bitterly and with less restraint, can feel that he can penetrate more intimately the privacy of his heart and that he is safe from unforeseen weapons of ridicule.

He feels more comfortable and at his ease in the presence of Jews. That is why even in business, which is non-denominational and selfishly above prejudice, he seeks out Jewish associates. Thus Cohen and Kelly is a strange combination on an office window. Such partnerships exist but they are striking by reason of their rarity. This social clannishness also explains why certain trades and industries are dominated by Jews, almost monopolized by a Jewish personnel. We cannot call them Jewish trades; such things as racial or national businesses no longer exist, they have been assimilated into a world wide economic unit. Economically the Jew has been assimilated into the world system just as the German and the Philipino. But in that complex economic unit the Jew, for social reasons, prefers to take his place by the side of a fellow Jew, and thereby institutes a flow that leads to the practical monopolization of a few trades by Jews.

The young man and the young woman, repulsed by an unsympathetic world are welcomed back to the body of Jewry and make themselves at home in a sympathetic circle. Nor do they return like whipped dogs with the smart of shame on their brow; the

heart of youth is too proud to admit it has been thwarted. They refuse to look upon themselves as the victims of an ignorant and meaningless prejudice; rather they feel they are the prophets and adherents of a distinct and glorified culture, heirs to a great history and sons of an alien race which is harassed because it is different, superiorly different.

Men like to raise a Name, or an Ideal, at whose feet they can lay the sacrifice fate thrust upon them, to whose glorification they can inscribe their suffering. Self-respect requires this fiction. Men of a religious turn satisfy this urge in God and Torah. But since many Jews of the American generation are not religious, this method offers little comfort. For them, therefore, Zionism comes as a gift from heaven and they have embraced its theory with the ardor of blind faith, so blind in some cases that when they opened their eyes they lost both their ardor and their faith.

Zionism supplies the necessary prop to the non-religious Jew. It gives him a Homeland and places him on an equal plane with the Greek and the Anglo-Saxon. It gives him a literary language with proud antecedents, perhaps ambassadors and a flag. He can walk with head erect, no longer an outcast. If he is an alien, at least he is a respected and honored alien, with his own bit of land somewhere in the East. Zionism may not spell salvation for the Jewish people, but it does offer a source of contentment to the intelligent Jew with his Jewish fate. Which, after all, should be the aim of all peculiarly Jewish institutions.

## THE FATHER OF THE COMIC STRIP

By HAROLD BERMAN

**S**TUDENTS of history are divided in their opinion as to whether man really is the arbiter of his fate, the moulder and shaper, if not creator, of the events that occur in his lifetime and are subsequently accredited to him, or whether the far greater forces of nature and his surroundings, forces that are extraneous and utterly uncontrolled as well as uncontrollable by man, are responsible for this or that individual being what he is, and, hence, cause him to perform a certain act in a certain form.

We shall let the spokesmen of both these respective schools fight it out among themselves, and seek to place no definite responsibility here for the condition about to be described, but rather to study this condition itself as an interesting phenomenon of our own hectic life and time, and, as such, worthy of some little attention.

In the early Eighteen-Eighties a certain newspaper publisher who had scored quite a success with a certain newspaper in a certain Mid-West town, came East, bought the moribund *N. Y. World*, at present the outstanding organ of liberalism, and proceeded to remodel it along new and unheard-of lines. Ambitious in the grand manner and desirous of success on the largest possible scale, he introduced a new note in the newspaper field, as a means to that end—Yellow Journalism.

The slow-moving and spiritless journalism of the day, marked by reticence and more or less restrained decency as far as man's private affairs were concerned, gave way under his direction to a blatant and screaming journalism, a journalism that pried into all hidden family closets, retailed all sorts of intimate personal scandal and gossip, uncovered hidden family skeletons, featured murder and crime, as well as all the deeds and the misdeeds of the rich and the socially prominent. Once more is there room here for more than one interpretation. One may say that this entrepreneur merely sensed, ahead of his competitors, the trend of the times and yet-unexpressed inner desire of the people and was quick to respond to it and fill the need, or that the need was not there at all, but, like a true man of genius, he set about to deliberately create it out of nothing.

Be it as it may, he admittedly was the first to give this undefined something concrete form and direction, lilt and swing, and, thanks to his great energy and indomitable will-power, he did succeed in changing the physiognomy, no, rather the very soul, if indeed it had a soul, of American Journalism. For the path bravely blazed by the bold pioneer usually is more or less timidly followed by venturesome successors.

"Yellowness" now became the order of the day with most journals, each

vying with the other and each trying to outdo the other in sensation mongering, in scandal and gossip, in ass-ininity. The reader was obliged to know the color of the bride's dress, the size of her shoe, of her corset, the make and color of her underwear, the name of the man who made her shoes etc. etc. If she happened to be the daughter of a millionaire, or the bride of one, no details were ever spared, but, on the contrary, piled on and on in an endless reiteration and profusion. The reader could not rest content in his tenement room if he didn't know to a certainty the name of the baker of the wedding cake, the pedigree of the horses that drew the carriage to the church and, of course, he had to have the picture of every pitcher, vase, casket or box received by her as a wedding gift. Puritan reticence forbade, of course, to publish anything more intimate.

The same rule held true of all these people's daily doings, all from the cradle to the grave. A scandal in High Society was as Manna out of heaven to them, to feast on for days and days on end. And needless to say, that all sorts and manner of crime, murder, robbery, abduction and the like, received a "spread" that was as bountiful as the King's very own table. All the gruesome, filthy, and shocking intimate details would industriously be dug up, searched for in all hidden recesses from roof to cellar and served up steaming hot to the avid reader who gorged himself to repletion on this garbage and then asked for more, because his palate, never

too sensitive even before this orgy, had been stimulated and his appetite sharpened by this diet of offal. What more natural, then, that in such atmosphere of morbidity and vulgarity, and persistent exploitation of man's lowest instincts, there should sprout up that last word in vulgarity, the Comic Strip, and the abominable Sunday Comic Page?

It is quite true that this same comic strip, since that day in the early Nineties when it was first hatched by Outcault in the N. Y. World office, has undergone some appreciable changes for the better. Like everything else in life, it is showing some traces of the evolutionary process. From the inane jackasseries and the grasshopper-mentality of "Hogan's Alley," the "Yellow Kid," "The Katzenjammer Kids" and "Fritz and the Captain," it has evolved into a "Mrs. Jiggs", "Buster Brown" and his super clever dog with a shrewd human wink in his eye. The American newspaper comic has become respectable, and respectability and correctness is just now the supreme desiderata of the stodgy and smug American society. Isn't the Saturday Evening Post, that great organ of the stalled oxen and fatted calves of America, thoroughly respectable and dull, and doesn't it guard its sanctified pages from all taint of normal human emotion, the taint of Ideas as of Ideals, barring everything but the discussion of motors, well-tailored clothes and a successful business or political career? And haven't all corporations, big and little, "acquired a conscience," become respectable, instructed their employees to



be polite to their patrons, and even engaged the services of the "Public Relations Counsel," fitting them out with brass trumpets to shout abroad their great virtues? So, why not have "Hogan's Alley" with its grotesque gamins, its dirt, its crude craftiness and petty crime, its curses, blows and drinking orgies changed into sweet-faced, cleanly dressed, well combed and brushed little boys and girls whose well-washed lips drip the honey of refinement and good breeding and whose shy tricks and practical jokes comport so well with the tradition and rearing of "nice" boys and girls? Why not have it all happen in a perfectly refined and gentlemanly way, as duly befits this refined age, though the subject matter became not one whit more sensible? Why not, indeed?

And thus it came about that we witnessed the metamorphosis of "Gloomy Gus", "Captain Fritz" and "Mama Katzenjammer" into "Mr. E. Z. Mark," and the laughable "Mutt" and his boon companion "Jeff" into the jolly pilot of the "Toonerville

Trolley," as well as into a thousand other rollicking gentlemen and ladies who, for sheer humor and entertainment, are to be compared with the joys of a broken leg, or a sling shot fired right into one's eye, and run close second to the truly lachrymose screen comics in which custard pies hurtle through the air or men deliberately uncouple their own limbs and throw them about each other in satyr-like gayety!

It is on such feed that the stalled oxen, otherwise readers and auditors, are fed on. And the good K. F. Outcault was the inventor and patenter of this brand of feed, and killed the last remaining vestige of intelligence and good taste from this supposed receptacle for wit and wisdom. All honor to his memory! May his great achievement be properly appreciated, and his passing be sung, chanted and mourned as it truly deserves to be by the millions whom he entertained on so many successive Sundays and Tuesdays and Thursdays and Fridays.





## GLEANINGS AND COMMENTS

### *A Constructive Program*

**T**HE conference of the New York section of the Association for the Reorganization of the Zionist Organization of America, adopted the following program, to be submitted to the other sections and later to a national convention:

**A. Objective.** Our objective is and must be to populate Palestine as speedily as possible "with a preponderating body of manly, self-supporting Jews who will develop into a homogeneous people with high Jewish ideals; will develop and apply their Jewish spiritual and intellectual ideals; and will ultimately become a self-governing Commonwealth." This objective demands the formulation of an intelligent political, economic and immigration program which will insure the establishment of the Jewish National Home.

**B.** To attain the objective the following program is submitted:

(1) The continuation of our efforts to secure the reorganization of the Z. O. A. on the lines proposed prior to the Pittsburgh Convention, viz., a small responsible administrative body composed of the heads of active departmental committees, directly responsible to the convention, and an executive committee elected to represent the regional divisions of the Organization by the direct vote of the members in the districts.

(2) The organization of shekel groups throughout the country, so as to insure a large untrammelled American delegation elected directly in accordance with the constitution of the World Zionist Organization.

(3) The formulation of proposed measures to effectuate the necessary reforms in Palestine in the matters of (a) taxation; (b) customs; (c) transportation; (d) harbors; (e) distribution of state

and waste lands; (f) land laws; (g) immigration; (h) education; (i) sanitation and (j) security. Acting in accord and through the Executive of the World Zionist Organization, we should urge and strive for the adoption of these measures of reform by the Mandatory power. The Zionist Public of America should be kept informed of the political and economic problems and conditions in Palestine with a view to consolidating and making effective the voice of American Zionists in support of needed reforms.

(4) The presentation of the economic, commercial and agricultural possibilities of Palestine, including markets, raw materials, transportation, competitive conditions, labor conditions, finances, etc.

(5) The stimulation and enlistment of the interest and participation of American Jews in developing the commerce, industry and agriculture of the land by public, semi-public and private enterprises.

(6) The preparation of a program for Zionist education which by the employment of modern competitive pedagogic methods will spread knowledge of Palestine, national ideals, and of the Hebrew language and literature, without overlapping the fields occupied by existing educational agencies.

**C. Jewish Agency.** By the Mandate, the World Zionist Organization is constituted the Jewish Agency. The Mandate requires the Zionist Organization "to secure the co-operation of all Jews who are willing to assist in the establishment of the Jewish National Home." It is, therefore, the duty of all Zionists to assist in all efforts made by the World Zionist Organization to achieve this end.

To safeguard the integrity of Zionist aims and ideals and rights under the Mandate, the Mandate must not be changed. To do so would be forever



to surrender Zionist rights secured after years of efforts and would violate the resolutions of the Zionist Congress which has approved the extension of the Agency by an agreement for a three year trial period. The reservations adopted by the Zionist Council at Berlin are aimed to accomplish this end and must be insisted upon.

We further declare that any steps taken by the representatives of the World Zionist Organization contrary to the letter and spirit of the resolutions of the Zionist Congress and of the Zionist Council, are taken without authority and should be vigorously opposed. All documents of whatever nature, public or private, to or from the Mandatory Power or the Council of the League of Nations, relating to the formation of the Agency and the conditions under which it is to operate, should be made public.

D. U. P. A. Recognizing the need for the raising of funds for Palestine for the coming year we declare ourselves willing to cooperate in the activities of the U. P. A. provided—

(1) Organization of that appeal is entirely divorced from the direct or indirect control of the Z. O. A.

(2) An administration is set up for the collection and disbursment of the funds that will assure the public that no part of the receipts can be used directly or indirectly for Z. O. A. purposes or to create political control for machine politicians.

We draw the attention of the reader to the paragraph in Article C which says that, "The reservations adopted by the Zionist Council at Berlin . . . must be insisted upon." That, incidentally, means that the conference accepted the principle of self-determination for the settlers to choose their own form of colonization, including the Kvutzah.

### *Zionism Re-Defined*

At that same conference, October 14, Judge Julian W. Mack, who presided, reviewed the causes of the Zionist controversy and, among other things, re-stated the essence of Zionism in the following words:

"We enter upon this struggle to vindicate the moral principles that underly the Zionist ideal. Were the movement without a great moral urge, many of us would not be Zionists. For to us the mere upbuilding of the Homeland is not the problem that we want to tackle. The problem of creating an economic success for a certain number of Jews is not vastly important. But the establishment of a Jewish National Homeland in which social justice shall prevail is of vast importance."

In view of the fact that Zionism has in recent years become mere philanthropy, it is well to keep in mind the spirit which animates such men as Judge Mack.

### *Agency Resolution of the Non-Zionist Conference*

"WHEREAS, after due consideration of the Report of the Joint Palestine Survey Commission, the question has again been fully discussed at this meeting as to whether or not Jews who are not members of the World Zionist Organization should unite with the World Zionist Organization in the formation of a united Jewish Agency in accordance with the terms of Article 4 of the Palestine Mandate issued by the League of Nations, with the powers and duties specified in such Mandate and along the lines set forth in the Resolutions adopted at an adjourned session of the so-called Non-Partisan Conference held on March 1, 1925, and due deliberation being had, it is hereby

"RESOLVED, (1) That the Resolutions adopted at such meeting held on March 1, 1925, be and the same are re-adopted, ratified, and confirmed.

"RESOLVED FURTHER (2) that the Conference in session, representative of Jews of the United States who are non-Zionists, in order to carry out the plan heretofore considered with respect to the creation of an enlarged Jewish Agency, hereby empowers a Committee of Seven to be appointed by the Chairman of this meeting and to be known as an Organization Committee, to name and designate the non-Zionist members of the Jewish Agency allotted to the United States; Provided (a) that at all times fifty per cent. of the membership of the Council of the Jewish Agency and of the Executive Committee of such Agency shall be non-Zionists and that the remaining fifty per cent. of such membership shall be selected by the World Zionist Organization; (b) that of the non-Zionist members of the Council of the Jewish Agency forty per cent. shall be representative of American Jewry, exclusive of such American representatives as may be selected by the World Zionist Organization. (c) that fifty per cent. of the Executive Committee to administer the affairs of the Jewish Agency shall be appointed by the members of the General Council selected by the World Zionist Organization and the remaining fifty per cent. thereof by the members of the Council of the Jewish Agency composed of the non-Zionists participating therein; (d) that members of the Council and of the Executive Committee of the Jewish Agency shall at all times be entitled to vote by proxy and (e) that the Organization Committee hereinafter referred to shall be consulted with respect to the representation allotted to non-Zionists on the General Council and the Executive Committee for countries other than the United States and that such allotment shall be approved by the Organization Committee.

"RESOLVED FURTHER, (3) that the

Organization Committee be and it is hereby authorized and directed to form an organization, either voluntary or incorporated, for the purpose of facilitating the carrying out of the purposes of the Resolution, and to adopt such by-laws as may be deemed desirable, and that such Organization Committee proceed to communicate the Resolutions adopted at this meeting to the representatives of the World Zionist Organization and to various non-Zionist bodies whose cooperation in the united Jewish Agency shall be regarded as important.

"RESOLVED FURTHER (4) that in anticipation of the formation of the enlarged Jewish Agency, the Organization Committee is empowered to adjust with the duly authorized representatives of the World Zionist Organization any differences that may have arisen or that may arise with respect to the interpretation, effect or operation of any recommendation contained in the report of the Joint Palestine Survey Commission dated June 18, 1928."

### *The Non-Zionist Arbiter*

This resolution is highly characteristic. It provides that the chairman of the conference, Mr. Louis Marshall, shall appoint an Organization Committee to take all necessary steps for adjusting the differences with the Zionists; to form an organization, voluntary or incorporated, to represent the non-Zionists; to pass upon the arrangements with the non-Zionists of other lands for joining the Agency; to choose the American members of the non-Zionist half, and to approve—and, presumably, disapprove—the selection of the non-American members of the total number of non-Zionists on the extended Agency. In plain words, Mr. Marshall will, through his appointees, dominate the non-Zionist

half of the Agency. As the resolution provides for proxy voting, he will be in a position at all times to have his hand on the throttle.

This voting by proxy brings to mind a conference with Dr. Weizmann, a couple of years ago, when the question was clearly, definitely and unmistakably propounded to the president of the World Zionist Organization whether he did not fear to have at all times one or two men face the Zionists on the Agency without the possibility of a free and general vote on some controversial matters. Dr. Weizmann replied that proxy here meant substitutes, not multiple voting.

We wonder why another legal term was not used if it were meant to give members the right to vote through substitutes. We still think that it means that one man can cast a vote for all, if so authorized by his colleagues. Which means that Mr. Marshall, for instance, could block action by all of the Zionist representatives on the Agency. And that is, under the circumstances, tantamount to domination of the whole Agency. The Zionist Congress will be reduced to impotence, to a sham democracy, doing only that what the arbiter will have approved of.

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### *Making War a Crime*

ACCORDING to the press, General Frits Holm, member of the Royal Yacht Club of Copenhagen, submitted, last month, to the League of Nations a plan to make war absolutely impossible. He is reported to have

stated that Colonel E. M. House, President Wilson's unofficial adviser, first sponsored the plan.

The plan is simplicity itself. It consists of a model law recommended for adoption by the nations of the world as part of their legislation, and provides that whenever a nation becomes involved in war, the following measures shall be taken within ten hours after the outbreak of hostilities:

"1. On the principle that the governmental officials who have allowed their country to enter war are qualified no longer to fill their offices, the head of the state, all of his blood relatives, over 16, all male officials, and all members who voted for the war shall be mobilized immediately and assigned to shock troops in the infantry or to submarine crews and dispatched immediately to the front. The same measures shall apply to all bishops, prelates and ecclesiastics who failed to oppose the war.

"2. All wives and daughters of the foregoing officials shall be mobilized as nurses or servants with the medical corps for service at the front or as near the hostilities as possible. Both men and women, in the meantime would be deprived of all rights of promotion or recompense for meritorious service."

An excellent idea. Much more efficacious than the proposed referendum to the people of all questions involving war. Jingoës could find a way to inflame the populace and make it vote in favor of a conflict, while the enthusiastic youth, always ready for adventure and still believing that war is a picnic, would do their share in turning the minds of the people. It would, however, be quite another story if the kings, presidents, mem-

bers of parliament and all the rest of public officers and officials knew that they would be the first to go to the front.

It looks so far out of the way as to seem crazy, but if war is really to be outlawed, to be made a crime, not the Kellogg Treaty but a Holm Treaty should be adopted by all the civilized nations.

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### *Yiddish and Democracy*

**T**HE National Executive Committee of the Zionist Organization of America, at its session on October 14, decided to reduce the subsidy to *Dos Yiddishe Folk* and turn this Yiddish weekly of a monthly journal. The official reason was economy, the saving of some twelve thousand dollars a year. This while the same gathering increased by some four thousand dollars the subsidy to the Hebrew weekly *Hadoar* and did not lift a finger to lighten the burden imposed upon Palestine funds by the *New Palestine*, which eats up over a hundred thousand dollars of Zionist money for fighting the battles of the Administration group.

This step-motherly attitude towards the Yiddish organ of the Administration Zionists is remarkable in view of the hue and cry that is habitually raised against the Opposition on the score of "Jewishness". Many an orator taxed his lungs to tell his hearers that "they" had nothing in common with the real Jewish spirit of "Eastern Jews" and would not tolerate Yiddish

and its representatives in their midst. That was, and is, downright demagoguery, but it at least gave notice to the world that the Administration hosts were the best friends of Yiddish.

The suppression of *Dos Yiddishe Folk* as a weekly is fine evidence of that friendship.

As to the journal, nobody will be mentally any poorer if it ceases publication altogether. It is the worst sheet that was ever paraded as an organ of anything.

\* \* \*

We said the Executive decided. That is not quite correct. It was clubbed into a decision—by the threat of Rabbi Kaplan to resign if his point were not carried. The Rabbi became prominent as peace maker in the troublous days of the pre-Pittsburgh era. After that remarkable convention he found that he really was at one with the Administration and he permitted himself to be inveigled into becoming part of it. He was chosen chairman of the Administrative Committee, in the apparent belief that he was to head a body which could lay down the law but never obey it. When, therefore, the National Executive had the temerity—or the naivete—to vote down his committee's doom of *Dos Yiddishe Folk*, he became incensed and immediately rushed out of the assembly, declaring that he would resign. The members cowered and took another vote, this time quite satisfactory.

As a beginner in Zionist leadership, the Rabbi is doing rather well for Jewish democracy.

### *A Promising Business*

THE idea of creating in America a market for Palestine-made goods appears to have taken root in the minds of the Jews long before it was given utterance in print or found expression in the report of the Joint Palestine Survey Commission. For no sooner did it become known that there was a firm (Palestine Industrials, Inc.) willing and ready to serve as the intermediary between the Palestine producer and the American consumer than there arose a sufficient demand to make the present supply look woefully inadequate.

There are two or three firms selling Palestine products locally, and the mass of Jewry do not know of them. The Palestine Industrials, Inc., however, we find, started out as a mail order business and saw to it that it became more widely known, with the result that the market proved to be bigger than hard-headed business men at first thought possible. Presumably with larger capital the business will in course of time grow into a big help to Palestine. When the producers

know in advance that there is a market here waiting for them, the supply of their products will rise by leaps and bounds.

The interesting thing about this latest Palestine venture is that it does not solicit the approval, sanction or partnership of any Zionist organization, but proceeds on the sound principle that it must win on its merits. Lest, however, the people know that what is sold as Palestine goods was really made in the Homeland, the firm has placed itself under the supervision of the Pro-Palestine Association, both here and there, and is now organizing a Palestine Consumers' League in America to help and to watch out that Palestine shall at all times benefit by the development of the business.

We are not sure whether our advice will or will not be superfluous, but we feel it our duty to point out that the business must proceed on the basis of a *fair wage* to the Palestine workers, that Jewish labor and *well paid labor* shall be at the very front of all arrangements with the Palestine producers.



## THE READERS' FORUM

### *Hakoah All Stars*

**T**HE fight between the American League and the U. L. F. A. brought all the Jewish players from the former Vienna Hakoah together, and a new team was built, which, in my opinion, is far stronger than the original team was at its best.

My fondest desire is fulfilled. The best Jewish soccer team in the world is together, and nobody is going to sunder it apart. I do not care what the outcome will be of the fight between the two leagues. It won't do any good for soccer in New York. But the Jewish team which can be compared to the best teams in both leagues will help a lot to improve soccer in New York and will help to increase the attendance.

Forty thousand New York men and women saw the original Hakoah team two years ago. We will try to get a goodly part of those spectators. The prospects to get them are good. When the Glasgow Rangers, Uruguay, Sparta, Italians, were playing in the States neither of them, I am told, were able to make the same impression that the Vienna Hakoah made, and the present Hakoah All Stars is a stronger team.

Fabian and Fischer we have for goal keepers. I leave it to the fans to judge which of the two is the better one. Grosz and Steinberg are doing their stuff as fullbacks. They are in my opinion the best fullbacks in the States, including the English, Scotch and Irish players.

I played seven years with the Vienna Hakoah and I would like to state that I never played with such powerful fullbacks. The forwards from the other teams will have to use a lot of brains to beat those two fellows.

In the halfback line we have Guttman and Drucker. Both of them are well known to the Jewish fans. They are playing different styles of soccer. Drucker is playing the stronger game, while Guttman prefers the combination style. Both of them are of great value to the team. The other halfback is Nicolsburger who also was a member of the original Hakoah, and he is able to play almost every position in the team.

The forward line in the formation, Schwartz, Haeusler, Wortmann, Eisenhofer, Gruenwald, will be a great menace to every defense.

The Jewish team plays a certain style of soccer which appeals to the fans. After the game against Newark, October 21, I had the opportunity to speak with a great expert on soccer, and I would like to repeat the following remarks he made to me: "I congratulate you upon being the captain of such a marvelous team. I very much like your style of playing. It is not Scotch, it is not English, I call it Jewish style. Keep on playing like today and you will have me as a steady customer."

Dr. Krauss, who is the president of the Hakoah All Stars, is now in communication with several players in Europe, and we expect some of them

very soon. We are out to make the championship in the Eastern Soccer League, and I hope we shall get the support a team needs from all the Jewish fans in New York.

MORITZ HAEUSLER.

Oct. 17, 1928.

Vanguard,  
32 Union Square,  
New York City.

Gentlemen:-

For the first time I happened to pick up the Vanguard, October issue, at Kob-

lick's bookstore in San Francisco; and am delighted with its contents.

The Avenger is a gem in character as well as in technique. Carmin and Sacks on Business in Palestine, A Dissatisfied Race, Kellogg's vs. Holly Alliance, book reviews,—all captivated me and friends to whom I read the articles.

I do not want to be without The Vanguard and I therefore enclose \$6 for which kindly enter two subscriptions to the addresses below. You deserve much credit for the excellence of The Vanguard, excellence in content, character—liberal + Jewish.

Truly yours,

LOUIS ROSS.

## THE JEWISH PRESS IN CANADA

By A. RHINEWINE

The Jews in Canada, small in number as they are, always contributed to the general Canadian Press, many having achieved great success as Editors.

A Jew from Alsace, M. Helbronner, edited for many years the French daily, La Presse, in Montreal, and Jacob Ascher edited the Montreal Daily Star.

But with the increase of Jewish immigration into the country the foundation was laid for a Jewish Press, both in English and in the mother tongue of the Jew, Yiddish.

As early as 1891, the late Professor G. Zelikovitch made an attempt to found in Montreal a small publication, but only four numbers were issued, and not until 1897 was another attempt made, with the bi-weekly, The Jewish Times, the first number of which was published on December 10th, of that year.

In its first editorial the publication accounted for its founding in the following words:

"The Jewish population of Montreal now numbers 7,100 souls, and for the whole Dominion probably exceeds 15,000.

It has, therefore, been thought that a community so large and having many interests in common should possess an organ of its own, for the dissemination of Jewish news, interchange of ideas, and the advocacy, as well as the defence, of Jewish rights as free citizens of a free country."

"At the present juncture of affairs it is doubly important that the Jews of Canada should have a reliable vehicle for the expression of their sentiments. The antisemitic movement in Europe is not without an echo in this country. It is to be found daily in those newspapers which take their old world inspiration largely from those organs of opinion which are inimical to the Jewish people."

The "Jewish Times Publishing Co." was the publisher, and as Editor of the bi-weekly was appointed an experienced journalist, Captain Carol Ryan, a non-Jew, with a thorough knowledge of Jewish affairs. Captain Ryan was also on the staff of the English daily in Montreal The Witness, and many of his poems



and essays were on Jewish subjects. Until his death, in 1910, he was closely connected with The Jewish Times.

The Jewish Times, during its many years of existence, sought to record all important occurrences in Canadian Jewish Life, and its files therefore present an excellent record of that period.

In 1908, the Canadian Jewish Tribune, with Hyman P. Nervich as its editor, was started but only several numbers saw the light of day. The two publications were then amalgamated, and on the first of January, 1909, the Jewish Times began to appear weekly with the word "Canadian" added to its name, and was published under that name until April 1914, when, in changing ownership, it also changed its name to that of the Canadian Jewish Chronicle. The latter is still published.

In 1905, 1907 and 1912 attempts were made to found Yiddish weeklies, but their existence was of short duration, the only successful effort being Der Kanader Odler. In the month of July, 1927, a company was organized to publish in Montreal a weekly under that name. The publishers soon became convinced that a weekly could neither cover its expenses nor satisfy its readers, and they enlarged it into a semi-weekly; and later into a daily. Its management also acquired, in 1914, the Canadian Jewish Chronicle.

Besides a labor press, attempts were also made in Montreal to found a number of publications of various kinds, both in Yiddish and in English, but they were all short-lived. Reuben Brainin, one of the Editors of the Odler, started in 1915, to publish another Yiddish daily, Der Weg, but it existed only for about a year.

The beginning of the Jewish press in

Toronto dates from the year 1906, when the Toronto Jewish Weekly, in both Yiddish and English, was published. In 1907 a further attempt was made with the Toronter Yiddishe Presse, but the existence of both was short. Not until 1912 was a successful attempt made when on the twenty ninth of November Der Yiddisher Journal (The Toronto Hebrew Journal) was published as a weekly, changing a year later into a daily.

Since 1922 Toronto also has a Jewish weekly in English "The Canadian Jewish Review", and a communistic Yiddish weekly, Der Kampf.

The beginning of a Canadian Jewish press in the western metropolis commenced with the year 1906, when a Jewish publication Der Wiederklang made its appearance. Of this, however, only a few issues were published. A further attempt to establish a Jewish publication was made in 1910 with Der Courier, which existed for over a year, when it sold its plant, and the new owner changed its name to Der Kanader Yid. For a short while it was continued as a weekly, and then as a semi-weekly, until in 1914 it became a daily. But the number of Jews in the West, a territory which it chiefly covered, was too small to insure its existence, it ceased publication and not until 1917 was it renewed under the name of "Dos Yiddishe Wort", first as a weekly, later again as a semi-weekly, and since September 1928, again as a daily, being published only five times a week (excluding Saturday and Sunday).

The Jewish Post and the Western Jewish News are two newcomers. Both are English weeklies, with Winnipeg as their headquarters, and they are trying to cover the Western field with its many small Jewish communities.



## ADVENTURES OF A PEDDLER

By LEON J. DASHEVSKY

I CONFESS that I answered untruthfully every question put to me by the official of that philanthropic institution. I denied my fiancee, my brothers and sisters, my age, the thousand occupations I had engaged in, the little education I possessed; in short, everything I had acquired in the course of my two and twenty years. That abomination, street-peddling, had so disgusted me, and my desire to escape from New York was so strong, that I came near saying to him:

"What is the use of plaguing me with so many questions? You have before you a two-hundred pound horse; send me wherever you want, hitch me to any wagon, and I will pull any load just so I get away from here."

And I believe that is precisely how he looked at me, because when he weighed me, he did it with the same air of indifference as a railroad clerk weighing a case of goods. And he spoke to me as though through a wall. He pointed his sparse, black mustache at my broad shoulders and questioned me. I directed my answers to his fountain pen, which danced mechanically, filling out blank square spaces on a long, green, printed questionnaire.

After two weeks of questioning and requestioning, I received a free railroad ticket to the city of M. Together with a green card for a certain

Mr. A., the representative of the institution in that city, who was to find me some employment.

In return for this favor I was obliged to take care of a long, thin woman with four dirty brats whom the institution was sending to her husband, an old clothes peddler in that city. The Jewess was to be a painful reminder of Hester Street with its endless hubbub. For fully twenty-two hours she kept on plaguing me with her chatter, telling me that she was not as poor as I might think, that she was no ordinary person, that she did not give a fig for the people of the institution, that she had deceived them, and that she wished they were laid up in bed for as many weeks as her husband had hundred dollar bills. She carried with her a set of pewter vessels tied in a bedsheet, the jangling and clanging of which mingled with the bawling of her four children and presented a life-like picture of Hester Street.

I felt like one who had shaken off a terrible nightmare when we arrived in M. A short Jew in a Warsaw overcoat and large fur cap which reached down to his eyes, breathed a kiss upon each child in turn, and presently I was left alone at the station, thanking his sorrel jade for carrying off my half-dozen tormentors.

It was already late in autumn. On the way to M., I had come across flocks of black crows. The West was

getting ready for the winter. The edges of the shallow swamps were already frozen; the air was murky and gray. In my New York summer coat I must have looked like a poor Hindu on Ellis Island, because the throng at the depot, warmly clad in fur coats, stared at me as though I were a strange visitor from some distant land.

I had already walked the length of the platform a couple of times and was beginning to think of proceeding into the city with my handbag, when presently a warmly-clad young man drew near and, after introducing himself to me as Mr. A., expressed satisfaction at not having made a mistake. He also guessed that I knew very little English, and accordingly he spoke to me in German, a German that smacked of a language I was quite familiar with. He encouraged me, saying that until I had learned to speak English correctly, I could easily get along with German, as the local population was exclusively German. He proved to be a very amiable fellow. He took me to his father's bakery and gave me supper and a warm place to sleep. His mother, a simple, Galician Jewess, at first made a show of speaking German to me; afterwards, however, she broke into racy Yiddish, declaring that she could not for the life of her see what had made me come to that God-forsaken place. And what, she went on, could I do there without money? Nothing, except go to work in the coal yard. "He does not look as if he is used to hard work," she said as though to herself.

I assured her that the contrary was true, and that I would be pleased to

work in a coal yard. Later on she encouraged me by saying that no man could know what the future held in store for him, and that if I worked myself up, she would get me a nice girl.

Mr. A. telephoned to some one from his father's bakery and, after a brief conversation, he told me the good news that I was to report for work at the coal yard the next day at six in the morning. "A good, steady position," he added.

In the morning I did not have to stand in line. A green card with Mr. A.'s signature opened a passage for me through the crowd of Poles, Greeks, Tartars, and Germans who every morning looked for work at the yard. I felt proud of my privileged position. An old German with hands like gnarled roots winked to me curiously and in another minute I was already standing in front of a black, shiny pyramid, scraping it with a steel shovel and heaving the coal into a high wagon, to which two gigantic horses were hitched.

The German exchanged sly winks with my future partner, Pete, a Pole with a broad face and with large Russian boots. His face was as black as his boots and under his green, watery eyes there was a line of coal black like a freshly plowed furrow in rich black earth. The Pole opened his mouth, displaying a set of yellowish-black teeth and at once taunted me with my Jewishness. He could see by my hands that I would not earn enough here to buy a horse to peddle rags with, he added with a chuckle. When the



wagon was full, he told me to climb into it.

"Come, Jew, I will show you where to deliver it," he said, this time already good-naturedly.

I climbed into the driver's seat and the two of us drove through the enormously large coal yard, which was dotted over with a great many large pyramid-shaped piles of every variety of coal. Wagons with horses harnessed to them were standing near the coal piles and men were busy scraping the coal with wide, shining shovels and loading it onto the wagons.

The yard lay under a network of bridges which extended to the river nearby with their noses inserted into black, bulging barges. No end of tiny steel goblins were noisily pursuing one another, first bolting their black food and then spitting it out upon the piles as though they were trying to extinguish burning volcanoes.

A group of coal shovelers greeted me at the gate with jeers and cat-calls. One of them, who looked like a dried-up cherry tree, began to strike his chest with one of his thin branches in imitation of how I prayed, while another tried to frighten me with a sow's ear. All laughed noisily.

"You have been recognized," I said to myself.

My partner Pete joined in the laughter, but he assured me that they meant no harm.

"They are only joking," he said as though to excuse himself to me.

He merrily urged on the horses, whereupon the collars dug into their bodies and the cobblestones sprinkled their hoofs with sparks. After ascend-

ing a hill and crossing a small bridge, we entered the city.

The city was dotted with large and small smoke stacks and reeked of malt, alcohol, and freshly brewed beer. Long lines of wagons loaded with yellow barley, with small, pot-bellied barrels, and with boxes which looked like dried-up beehives, and which were filled with full or empty bottles whose necks protruded like the heads of chickens from crowded coops, extended along all the streets near the river, while gigantic, stout Germans in fur coats sat in the high driver's seats and rocked back and forth like ragged scarecrows shaken by the wind.

With many a yell addressed to the horses Pete made his way through the maze of traffic and we entered a narrow and very clean lane. The first house we stopped near was that of a Polish priest. Here we had to unload two tons of coal, and the rest of the coal was to be delivered elsewhere.

Pete filled hundred-pound baskets, which I carried down some steps into the cellar and emptied at a place which the priest pointed out to me.

The priest stood at the cellar door and counted the baskets. Every time I passed by with a full basket I noticed a malicious, sarcastic smile upon his lips. I saw him follow every move I made, as though he were counting my very footsteps, and presently he said:

"See, Jew, that you don't cheat me. Take care I got forty baskets—full ones, understand."

I tried to tell him that I had nothing to do with the correctness of the number or measure, that I had been

doing this work only a couple of hours, and that I was only a carrier of coal.

The priest wanted a little fun at my expense, but a woman's voice called him and he quickly ascended the three steps and disappeared behind a gray, freshly-painted door. A young, slender woman with deep, blue eyes and a head covered almost entirely with gray hair, took his place and counted the baskets. She also watched every movement of mine as one watches a rope-walker. Presently the priest returned; the two exchanged glances, then she went away. He began to tease me again:

"What good will it do you to work, Jew? Why don't you go into business?"

I said nothing and kept on working.

"If you haul coal," he went on, "you won't be able to observe your Sabbath. You are a Jew and ought to do what all your people are doing."

Pete hurried me, so I was unable to stop and talk to the priest. But he followed me into the cellar and continued:

"You ought to go into business, you ought to observe your Sabbath."

I wanted to josh him a little, and when at the thirtieth basket he descended into the cellar to see where I was emptying the coal, I remarked,

"Well, little priest, perhaps if you will suggest some good business, I may go into it."

"Rags," he answered quickly and maliciously.

"I don't like the rag business. But if you could suggest something in the heavenly, sacred line, I would gladly

go into it," I retorted with some venom. "I understand, little father, that such business is very profitable. From what I can see, you are doing quite well, and I, too, can preach beautifully," I added by way of a parting shot.

He grew silent and stepped aside.

Afterwards he followed me to the wagon. He whispered something to Pete, who laughed. Then he walked down again into the cellar. From the house came the sound of clattering dishes and pungent odor of rendered fat. Two female voices penetrated down to the cellar and I stopped to listen. Presently I heard his voice again from behind me. It was half-dark in the cellar and there was an evil expression on his olive-complexioned face. I shrank back inwardly.

"So it is in sacred goods you would like to deal? Well, well," he muttered to himself, and his lips shaped themselves into an indifferent smile.

He walked about the cellar as if looking for something he needed. When I had emptied the last basket and was about to leave the cellar, he came over to me, placed his fat hand upon my shoulder in a jovial manner, and blurted out:

"Well, brother, if you want to deal in some celestial, sacred article, call on me to-morrow. You ought to be in business, brother, so come to me."

I wanted to say something, but Pete was calling me aloud and so I left. Back in the driver's seat, Pete treated me to a fine swig and, to cheer me up further, said that even if we got through before twelve

o'clock, we would return to the coal yard exactly at noon. He knew how to manage it. We delivered the rest of the coal at some house in another street. The lady of the house, a stout, middle-aged woman, would never have dreamed of interesting herself in a coal carrier like me, had not Pete announced to her in a loud voice that I was her countryman. The woman blushed and fled into the house, and after I was back in the driver's seat, I noticed two women's faces peep out from behind the window curtain.

## II

The work at the coal yard must have been very hard, for when on Saturday evening I looked at myself for the first time in a mirror, in the cheap hotel I was staying at, I was frightened by my own appearance. My face looked haggard, and my whole powerful body seemed to have grown much smaller.

Long I stood before the mirror and tried to find the comical thing about me which had given rise to general laughter at the coal yard. An old hunch-backed Pole, who looked as though he had once formed part of a coal mountain, had persecuted me the whole week with such malice that one might have thought my presence at the coal yard had reopened an old wound of his. He called me every Jewish name and nickname he had heard in his native town in Poland. Pete would laugh until he lost his breath, but he would hasten to assure me that no harm was meant.

I spent all day Sunday and the whole of the following night in deliberating and hesitating, until Monday

morning, as I was lying upon my bed, I shouted to the dirty, smoke-stained ceiling of my room: "No, I won't get up! Even if I have to starve to death, I will not go back to work among such human beasts!"

Later in the day I wandered all over the town in search of another source of income, but wherever I went I found only occasion to regret my rashness in giving up the "steady position" Mr. A. had procured for me. Once, while crossing the small bridge over which I had driven out of the yard the first time, I met the priest. He recognized and stopped me.

"Well, are you already in business?" he asked laughing, and as he laughed, he disclosed a red mouth full of gold teeth.

I was almost frightened by him and was about to walk away without making any reply, but he detained me in such a friendly manner that I answered indifferently.

"I am looking for work."

He took my hand and said in a fatherly way: "You needn't look for work. Come with me and I will get you employment at something agreeable. You are a capable Jew; all Jews are capable. Come with me."

I followed him mechanically, as though under some hypnotic spell. He walked in advance and muttered something, while I trudged slowly behind, haunted by dark forebodings which painted to me a hard, cold winter in a strange and remote city, friendless and alone, and back in New York a fiancée, responsibilities. . . .

It would seem that I had decided to accompany the priest, for my feet began to move along faster and as we drew near that place of business, I was already walking ahead of him.

He opened the door and we entered into a shop full of Christian icons. The walls, the windows, and even the floor were covered with Jesuses, Marys, Peters, and other sacred pictures of the Christian Church. A minute later we were already seated in the small backroom of the store, and a thin Polish Jew with a muffler around his neck and a large diamond ring on his hand, was teaching me, with the priest's aid, how to peddle the icons in the city.

"You will get rich, brother," the priest said, tapping me on the shoulder as if we were old friends. "Look at your countryman here. He came here without a whole garment on his back, and went to work in a brewery. Today he goes to Chicago every month to buy goods."

They held out before me such rosy prospects that I became enthusiastic and said to myself, "Let it be idols, just so I make a living."

And as a matter of fact, the business proved to be quite profitable. It was not long before Christmas, when this kind of goods is quite marketable. What I needed was justification for my action, but this I soon found when I sold a saint with a bunch of keys to one of the coal shovelers I knew.

"Here is poison for you," I felt like saying as I handed it to him. "Your benighted, poisoned mind could not tolerate my hard, honest toil.

So feed on this poisonous darkness now; take this deadly poison out of my hands; kiss this dead piece of paper smeared over with cheap paint and feast to your heart's content on this abomination of your own spirit."

When I took his money, I did it with a Shylockian sense of revenge and positively gloated.

A couple of weeks later I already had on a new overcoat and was beginning to think of moving to better quarters, when I once more met the priest.

"Well, brother, how are you getting along?" he said with a broad smile. "I hear you are doing good business."

I expressed my gratitude for his kindness.

"So, this article is selling well in our town? Ha, ha, ha," he chuckled. I told you that you'd be all right. You sold forty pictures this week. You are all right, ha, ha, ha."

I was astonished to find him so familiar with my affairs.

"Be a man and don't leave out a single house, especially among the coal shovelers, among whom you have a large acquaintance," he told me ingratiatingly. "I have preached about it at the church and will preach again next Sunday. But you must be a man and come to see me, ha, ha, ha," he finished with a display of his gold teeth.

He went away and as if by magic carried off with him my desire to sell icons, and when I returned home that day, I still had two Peters and one Jesus with a bleeding heart all unsold.

I walked across the small steel bridge and paused to look at the coal yard whence came the sound of speeding steel carts while the wind scattered coal dust and dried and pulverized muck. Around the tall pyramids stood black dwarfs and bowed to them as if in adoration.

All that night my room-mate complained that I made too much noise with my iron bunk and did not let him sleep while thoughts like evil ravens of the night kept on tormenting me:

"You are in partnership with a

priest, you are helping the black devil to keep his foolish flock of sheep in darkness."

There were already the first faint traces of the dawn in the east when I heard my room-mate's angry voice:

"Damn it! He bellowed in his sleep like an ox before the slaughter and I couldn't close my eyes all night."

I dressed quickly, and when the sun lit up the city, I saw through the windows of the onrushing train the tops of the last of the gigantic smoke stacks.





## ON SO-CALLED JEWISH TRAITS

By JAMES FUCHS

THE growth and persistency of national reputations is an historical comedy, in the bitter sense wherein Dante's panorama of heaven and hell is a *Divina Comedia*. Not only the labels pasted all over the Jewish race, but the best-known Gentile labels as well, exhibit on closer examination the stage-properties of a Shakespearian Comedy of Errors. To cite, for brevity's sake, no more than three modern instances. It is assumed, in the intercourse between the nations, that their governments completely represent them. The identification between the two is so perfect (at least in diplomatic usage) that President Wilson was severely called to order when he made a timid attempt, in 1919, to appeal from the Italian government to the Italian people. Three popular labels have been bandied about, for a hundred years and longer, to classify three nations: chivalrous France, liberty-loving America, truth-loving English. Yet who, outside of a madhouse, would call the present French government chivalrous? Or the present British cabinet, that choice collection of Tory Jesuits and equivocators, truth-loving? As for the Coolidge Administration, not even the Republican National Committee has dared to call it liberty-loving in public print.

Considered as a source of historical and ethnological information, almost the entire literature of national and ra-

cial attributes is worthless. With a few exceptions, it sheds light upon nothing save the mentality of the writers and their social and individual *motive*. That entire branch of literature seems to be written, in the main, by two types of men: demagogic frauds and geniuses straying from their proper sphere of excellency, to give the jackass, hidden somewhere in the mind of nearly every celebrity, a chance to bray. The name of the first mentioned type is legion—nearly all literary Nordics, Jingoese, Anti-Negroese, Nativists, Yellow Peril Peddlers, etc., belong to it. The other type—the geniuses turned silly—is conspicuously represented by Burton, Carlyle, Richard Wagner, Dostoieffsky, Schopenhauer and the Olympian Goethe, whose occasional marginalia about Jewish characteristics carry the genuine flavor of the Frankfort pavement. Generally speaking, the literature of racial traits, outside of Germany, is stupid but amusing—in Germany, it is not only stupid but ponderously tedious as well. Compare the profound air of Schopenhauer's asininities anent the Jews, Richard Wagner's solemn invectives and Houston Chamberlain's metaphysical droning, with the entertaining nonsense of Drumont and you have the difference.

I must not dwell too long upon the general literature of racial traits in an article concerned with *Jewish* traits, real and fancied, and with them chief-

ly as mirrored forth in a most remarkable book.

Now *any* book of true informative value about *any* racial traits is a rarity—but a book shedding light upon *Jewish* traits, written by a *German*, is a wonder of wonders. Its title is: "Are the Jews A Race?" and its author, the celebrated Socialist, Karl Kautsky. (International Publishers, 381 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. City.)

With the ethnological problem propounded by the title and the attempted solution, I am not concerned here. What makes the book an outstanding event in the history of race-discussion, is the marvelously circumspect and acutely critical spirit wherein Jewish traits are dealt with by the author, not as fixed *entities*, but historical *growths*. To Goethe, to Schopenhauer, to Richard Wagner, Jewish traits were exactly what they are to the duller-witted among Jewish apologists, namely, fixed entities, common to all or most Jews, in *any* historical age and under *any* circumstances. Kautsky is the first German scholar of any consequence, dealing with Jewish traits as evolutionary products, socially motivated, of ascertainable nativity, traceable growth, variable strength and a decline synchronous with the dissolution of social backgrounds.

## II.

The insight of Karl Kautsky has its limitations—of which more presently—but the service rendered by his book to international science and the Jewish people can scarcely be overestimated. To help appraising it at its true value, I submit the following common-sense considerations:

The attribution of absolutely perdurable qualities to a race is by no means a harmless speculative essay, least of all in the case of the Jews. It is a weapon in the hands of contending imperialisms, of governmental maladministration, of clashing private interests. When turned against the Jews, it is more dangerous than ever—for two reasons: first, because they have been on the defensive, dispersed, disarmed and hated, for nearly 2,000 years; and secondly, because any sham metaphysics about unalterable Jewish qualities can rest upon the ancient religious ideology of the race itself, ascribing to it a specific mission founded upon a compact between the Divinity and its chosen people. The practice of ascribing to the Jews unalterable qualities, mostly evil ones, is of such ancient standing, so widespread with the spreading of the dispersed, so thoroughly sanctioned by many governments and social groups, that it forms a standing snare and a temptation to wayward genius. Two years ago, a dear friend of mine, Upton Sinclair, (who happens to be the most widely read novelist of modern times) fell into that snare by venturing a meaningless generalization; he called the Jews "sensual" and accused them of corrupting the American stage by the mass introduction of sultry stage-erotics. Sinclair's high reputation—on the whole, a just one—as an explorer of the American social scene gave a particularly sensational slant to this stumble into the ever-ready trap of stupid race-generalizations. I remonstrated by letter, pointing out that the commercial exploitation of stage-ero-

tics, Jewish or Christian, does not prove sensuality in the *exploiter*, but in the *exploited*, in plain words, in the theatre-going public. Furthermore: sensuality is neither a virtue nor a vice—it is a propensity which may manifest itself—and *does* manifest itself—either way. I hinted at the absurdity of turning the commercial reaction to *American* prurency into a *Jewish* affair. But my remonstrance was love's labor lost—it is so easy to lie down on the prepared soil of race-judgments and so hard to think, that even Sinclair, not unused to hard thinking, gave way!

I have mentioned that the temptation to deal in race-metaphysics is as strong within the Jewish world-community as without. To those who thrive and prosper in the dispersion, the dispersion is a God-ordained command, immutable as the laws of the Medes and the Perses. It must not be imagined that race-metaphysics about the Jews, outside the Ghetto, are malevolent, and inside the reverse. When Sinclair calls the Jews more sensual than their American neighbors, the rashness, the lack of circumspection in such a generalization makes it a matter of derision to all well-informed people, and not much harm done. There is a great deal more mischief afoot when Jewish race-metaphysicians of undoubted orthodoxy insist that we are God's witnesses among the nations, that we must not be gathered in on any definite soil except by a divine miracle, and that any group of Jews desiring to bring about a return to the soil should be excommunicated, denounced to the government, and

knocked on the head. The early history of Zionism is replete with incidents showing whither that sort of race-metaphysics tends.

### III.

Both the *mutability* and the relative *persistence* of Jewish traits are explained in Kautsky's volume with wonderful lucidity. They are mutable, as all human group-traits are, under the pressure of a changed economic and institutional environment. They have actually undergone changes, as Kautsky shows, — rapidly in catastrophic crises, slowly but none the less thoroughly through change of traditional setting.

In the exceedingly wide compass of their migrations—and the exceedingly long course of their historical existence—the Jews have produced every physical, mental and moral type known to mankind. Like the Irish, they are dispersed; like the Irish, they show a certain tendency toward extreme types, produced by a variety of individual fortunes and rendered conspicuous by voluntary and involuntary segregation in the dispersion. There is, however, this difference: the Irish dispersion is, comparatively speaking, a thing of yesterday; the Jewish is far older. Hostility to the Irish dispersion, tending largely toward Catholic and rural commonwealths, has been partial and is on the decline; in the case of the Jews it has been universal and is persistent.

Of the astonishing variety of Jewish types anti-Semitism takes little count—its tendency is to minimize that variety and to pretend that the Gentile world is dealing with a race of huck-

sters. The overwhelming majority of Jew-baiting proverbs, saws, sermons, books, ballads and gibes hinge about commerce, love of money, sharp practices, and tricks of trading. The entire Gentile world of capitalism, for 300 years and longer, has been pleading the baby act when confronted with a handful of Jews encapsuled within the competitive commerce of Christendom. No evidence of statistics, of impartial testimony, of neighborly contact can overcome that lie which makes an exclusive trading set of the Jewish world community, in juxtaposition to the "idealistic" races it exploits. In the mud-puddle of this convenient fiction the grandees of Western civilizations are wallowing with the lowly, the prophets and seers with the hooligans, the sham-progressives with the avowed reactionaries, Frank Harris and Richard Wagner with Winston Churchill and Hilaire Belloc.

The foremost scholar among living socialists, in an exploration tour around the Jewish world, confronts this evergreen and hoary lie of eternal Jewish trading instincts with an outline sketch of historic actualities. He shows how a race intensely averse to commerce and hated in antiquity for its stubborn love of rural isolation, became largely (though never wholly) commercialized and *urbanized*. He stresses the *urbanization* of the race, its divorce from cultivable soil, first through overpopulation, then through violent dispersion, and finally through legal restriction, as the true source and chiefest root of the qualities commonly called Jewish. To Kautsky, Jewish traits, in their vulgar acceptance, are

simply over-developed and exaggerated *urban* characteristics, as contrasted with rural ones. The diaspora Jew, according to Kautsky, is the extreme elaboration of the burgher-type; his material existence, his ideology, and the propensities derived from both have been irresistibly shaping him in the mould of a petty burgher, throughout the centuries of segregation, persecution, and banishment from the soil. The diaspora Jew is represented in Kautsky's book, with a wealth of illuminating proof, as the ideal cockney of history, the man of the city pavement, with characteristics derived from that very pavement and the perennial life thereon. He is not necessarily a trader, but almost inevitably a bourgeois—until emancipation from Ghetto restrictions and the concurrent rise of the modern labor movement give him a chance to live a new life, to see with a new vision, in the give and take of his new life to acquire new traits, physical, mental, and moral, and to transmit them to his children.

In the exposition of his main argument, the author shows a perspicacity, a skill in the tracing of prejudices and ideologies to their economic roots, an ability of weighing and inter-relating historic causes, for which no praise can be too high. The main limitation of the book consists in Kautsky's evident inability to understand the altogether abnormal and exceptional character of modern Jewish nationalism as represented by the Zionist movement, and the marvelous force of pragmatic Zionism as a remoulder of Jewish characteristics.

## IV.

The author's sceptical and rather blurred outlook upon Zionism is pardonable enough, when it is properly considered that his fruitful method of historical approach turns ineffective in the face of a unique phenomenon. There is nothing in all history comparable to Zionism. Perhaps a parallel drawn from natural science will throw light upon its unique features:

A certain naturalist and explorer named Pettigrew, exhibited, in the course of a lecture delivered on Sept. 16, 1840, before a London audience, a handful of wheat-grains found in a vase hermetically sealed and placed in a tomb near Thebes over 3,000 years ago. Some of these grains, preserved for 3,000 years, were sown in the presence of witnesses on English soil. They grew to a height of five feet, exactly like any other wheat, and in a state of ripeness were in no wise different from the product of the common harvest.

Now the marvel about Zionism, comparable to the wonder-growth of ancient grain, is this: every other nationalism on earth, having lost its pristine usefulness, has palpably deteriorated into a lever of greed, war, exploitation and reaction. Only Jewish nationalism, suspended for many centuries like the growth of the grain hermetically sealed up in a vase and buried in an Egyptian tomb, forms an exception to the rule. For 2,000 years Jewish nationalism has preserved,

without aggression, in the forms of a religious ideology embracing the minutest acts of daily life, the existence of the race. Persisting without the sting of imperialistic conquest or oppression, it did not decay in the foul atmosphere of collective greed. After 2,000 years, it comes to the forefront again, under pressure of vast persecutions, in the shape of a back-to-the-land movement, stupendous in its potentialities of redemption. The cockney among the nations is turning rustic again, of his own free will, bringing all the superiorities of a prolonged urban training to the cultivation of the soil. In full view of an astonished world, he is developing traits of mind and heart of which he has heretofore been thought incapable; and the career of both the Zionist pioneers and the Russian-Jewish back-to-the-soilers, with its fructification of agriculture by an influx of urban learning, is the first harbinger of the Socialist forecast of Frederick Engels concerning the abolition of the oldest antagonism historically known,—the antagonism between city and country. Under the circumstances, one would expect a larger measure of Zionist sympathies from a personal disciple of Engels than the scanty and equivocal one of Kautsky. That must not make us unjust to the merits of his brilliant book—its outlook upon the future is hazy, but its retrospective, historical chapters are without a parallel in their clear-visioned disentanglement of the Jewish problem in the past.



# THE REBIRTH OF HAKOAH

By MOISHE RIVLIN

Established and raised to a degree of excellence under the most trying circumstances in Vienna, split wide open and all but wiped away after its first glorious visit to America, the famous Hakoah soccer team has now been reorganized in the city of New York.

It took years of hard work to organize the Hakoah team and more years of untiring endeavor on the part of its founders and promoters to bring the team to the highest position in the world of soccer which it had enjoyed for several years. But it took only one visit to these United States to break up the team. And it took even less time, a mere accident, if you please, to bring the stray parts of the team into one club once again.

The Hakoah which was organized some years ago in Vienna not merely to play soccer but to gather round it the Jewish youth of Austria and thru sport hold it to Judaism, had with characteristic persistence and stamina, in the face of open antisemitic hostility reached first place in the Austrian soccer league. And when the Hakoah team started out several years ago on its tour over various countries it was closely followed and watched with much pride by Jews the world over. The Hakoah team fitted well into the picture of the Jewish renaissance.

In our own Erets Israel the Hakoah team was received with joy and jubilation and to commemorate its visit,

a street in Tel Aviv was named Rehov Hakoah. In every European country which they visited Hakoah was the object of admiration and of special national pride to the Jews. The world loves a good sport.

Its first visit to the United States in 1926 was no less a moral than financial success. But this very success spelled ruin for the team as a whole. Realizing that each and every one of the Hakoah players was an expert in the game, managers of local teams began vying with one another for their services. Several of its best players accepted the contracts of the American managers, and, with these stars gone, the brilliant career of the Hakoah came to an abrupt end. America with its lure of the dollar proved stronger and it scored. The Hakoah lost.

Everyone acquainted with the game will admit that Hakoah made soccer in America, especially in New York City, what it is today—something that none of the soccer managers dared dream about a few years back. Only three years ago the highest attendance at a soccer game was one thousand people, who paid between twenty-five and fifty cents to witness it, now ordinary games draw as many as six and seven thousand people who pay a dollar admission. And ninety per cent of all the soccer fans in New York City are Jews.

People have almost come to give soccer the sobriquet of *The Jewish*

*Game.* And, verily, the Jews of New York, especially the immigrant Jews, who had not yet been caught by the lure of base-ball, rugby, and other American games, have found in soccer an outdoor interest,—all because of the Jewish players. A game by the New York Giants or by the Brooklyn Wanderers, both of which teams had Jewish players, drew several thousand fans, while a game by the fast-going New York Nationals never attracted more than a handful of spectators. But no sooner did this team take in one Jew, Sigfried Wortmann, a Hakoah player, than the attendance jumped to several thousands.

The Jewish fans who always admired and cheered lustily the individual Hakoah players on this or that team, have nevertheless craved and longed for one good game by the entire Hakoah outfit. Many a Jewish fan stood ready to pay any price to see just one game in which all of the former Hakoah stars would be on one side of the field.

What seemed a vague dream only a few weeks ago has now become a reality. New York has now an all-star Hakoah soccer team.

This, like so many other good things, came about not by any careful planning and organizing, but by sheer accident.

As in former years, the United States Football Association, the parent body of American soccer, announced at the opening of the present season its annual series of cup games. This year, however, the American Soccer League, with which are affiliated all the major league teams

of the East, rebelled against the parent body and announced that none of its teams would participate in the cup games, which, it claimed, hampered its own schedule. Three teams belonging to the league, Bethlehem, Newark, and the New York Giants, in turn, revolted against the league and declared themselves ready to participate in the cup games. Whereupon the league suspended the three member teams and placed a fine of 1000 dollars on each of them, to boot.

The U. S. F. A. forthwith called upon the American Soccer League to rescind its decision and remove the suspensions and fines placed upon the three clubs. The league refused, and it was promptly outlawed by the parent organization, which announced that all players for any of the seven recalcitrant clubs of the league are relieved from their contracts, since the league has no longer any legal standing. The first to take advantage of this situation were Laszo Grosz, Leo Drucker, and Joseph Eisenhoffer of the Brooklyn Wanderers, all former Hakoah players. Next, almost all the Nationals seceded, but they soon repented and rejoined their team. Three of the Nationals, however, refused to go back, and one of them was Sigfried Wortmann.

The management of the New York Giants, one of the recalcitrant teams, lost no time in taking advantage of the new situation and immediately organized the first major all-Jewish team, Hakoah. When the new Eastern Soccer League was organized, Hakoah joined it.

No one can predict the outcome of

the fight between the U. S. F. A. and the A. S. L., nor what will be the status of the four above-mentioned Jewish players who had contracts with their old clubs. But if the officials of whichever body wins in this fight are interested in the rapid progress of the game in this country, they will see to it that the Hakoah team as now constituted remains. This one team will do more to popularize soccer in the East than will ten other teams put together, or any amount of publicity. It is the brand of soccer they play that attracts the crowds here and gains new converts to the game.

Having seen the newly organized Hakoah team in action, I believe that in the very near future it will not only reach the high water mark maintained by the original Hakoah team of Vienna, but will surpass it.

As it is now organized, the team has one or two weak spots which can be easily remedied, and in all probability will be remedied before long by some reinforcements. But it has also some points where it is considerably stronger than was the original Hakoah.

Fabian is tending the goal with as much zeal and ability as when he was with the old Hakoah team. Fisher as an alternative goal keeper has established an enviable reputation between the bars. Grosz and Sternberg, none of whom played with the old Hakoah, are a much stronger full-back line than was the one of the old Hakoah. These two players understand each other perfectly when they are called upon to defend their goal mouth jointly, and any soccer fan will tell

you it would take some extraordinary effort by an opposing team to penetrate their line of defense. They can be depended upon not to be caught napping.

The half-back line has one weak spot. Bela Guttman as center half is in his right position and he needs no introduction to soccer fans hereabouts. Drucker is essentially a center half-back, but he certainly is no liability to the team. Even Nicholsburger, a forward man, who has been playing left half-back, acquitted himself most creditably so far. But there is no doubt that a new and experienced left half-back and a more adept right half-back will strengthen the team considerably.

The forward line needs a little rearrangement and reinforcement, and once this is achieved it will become the most formidable attacking line in the country.

With Erny Schwartz as outside right and Moritz Haeusler to partner him as inside right, the team has the strongest right wing to be found on any team. Sigy Wortmann played excellently as center forward, but he belongs to the inside right berth. Joseph Eisenhoffer in his usual position as inside left is invincible. Maxy Gruenwald, who has had experience as outside left man, proved much stronger in the center forward position which is more to his liking.

The team has already shown its ability to make goals, and plenty of them. But making goals is not its sole aim. They want to play soccer in the most beautiful fashion.



## STAGE AND SCREEN

By HELEN MALMUD

### *Taking the Hokum Out of Newspaper Plays*

THERE have been many attempts to produce plays about newspapers or depending upon newspaper characters which have been almost entirely dismal failures. For many years, it was supposed along Broadway that it was impossible to produce a successful newspaper story. The first intimation we had to the contrary was two characters who furnished the comedy in *The Racket* last year. This successful characterization was followed this season by *The Front Page* and *Gentlemen of the Press*. The reason for the past failures and the present successes is very simple. In fact it is so apparent that one wonders at the inability of Broadway playwrights and producers to discover it long ago.

In the days of our grandfathers—or so we are fondly informed—a newspaper man had a dignified profession and held a position in the community which was respected accordingly. In our generation, such state of affairs does not prevail. Whether or not, as many persons claim, the lowered standards of the newspapers can be traced to the all prevailing influence of the advertising departments, we cannot venture a definite opinion. Whatever the cause, certainly the newspaper men of today do not cut a very dignified figure. And when one considers the amount of energy expended, the tricks and treacheries to

which newspapers resort and the proportion of the reward which newspaper men gain in the end, the spectacle of their lives is more ludicrous than tragic.

And herein lies the secret of the present season's successes in this field. Only when the playwrights discarded the stilted, melodramatic newspaper heroes who strutted about the stage, like so many animated advertising mats, were they able to achieve a spectacle which was at all convincing. At last they are writing about people they know, and the dialogue is brilliant and lively because it is simply the actual language and is couched in the same tone one hears wherever newspapermen are gathered. There is so much fact and honest feeling behind these works that the audience instinctively feels that, allowing for the slight necessary exaggeration of the drama, they are not being bunked. As a consequence, the reception which has been accorded *The Front Page* (reviewed last month in this department) and *Gentlemen of the Press*, now at the 48th Street Theatre.

This is one of the two best plays at present showing on Broadway. It is every bit as entertaining as its rival *The Front Page*, and, upon reflection, seems to be better written. Certainly, it does not rely upon the melodramatic tricks of the former, and is not so entirely dependent upon the staging in order to achieve the desired result. It

is a very fine cross-section of the life of the people who go to make the average metropolitan newspaper. It is exceedingly well cast and so well acted that it is difficult to pick out any individual for special praise.

\* \* \*

The Yiddish Art Theatre, directed by Maurice Swartz, in its first presentation, *Kiddush Hashem*, makes a momentous contribution to the dramatic world. It is one of the best examples we have yet witnessed of the modern impressionistic stage technique. Alec Chertov, who designed the settings, is an imaginative artist almost without equal in his field in this country. The sets express the mood of the play so remarkably well that any non-Yiddish speaking person would find to her astonishment that the play is quite understandable. The only other companies that gave us the same feeling were the Moscow Art Theatre and the Habima Players. The dramatization of Sholom Ash's novel is slightly too "popular", and leaves much to be desired. The acting, however, is magnificent. There is no organization in the country good enough to be compared to this group so far as histrionic ability is concerned. There is only one exception, Miss Celia Adler, whom we feel is entirely lacking in both ability and personality to play leads in this company. In addition to these defects, her voice is unfeeling and metallic. The rather cheap characterization of the Polish priest needs improvement to make this presentation as nearly perfect as we expect ever to find.

This organization is indeed a most

fortunate addition to the artistic life of New York, and if it does not fall too much into the habit of appealing to the racial prejudices of its audience, it will undoubtedly merit, and receive, the enthusiastic support of the most intelligent theatregoers, irrespective of language or race.

\* \* \*

*The War Son*, starring George Jessel, is a play that would appeal to a home-loving audience, particularly Jewish. All the homely mannerisms of a good-hearted but uneducated mother whose whole life is wrapped up in her only son, will touch a responsive chord in the hearts of the great middle class. George Jessel is an excellent actor and portrays the character of Eddie Rosen with a great deal of charm and restraint. Of course, we have the broken-hearted mother who dies, the sister who is wronged, the soldier who will do the right thing by her, and the brother who sacrifices himself for his family. Nevertheless, good direction, fine sets and some exceedingly good acting makes this play at the National Theatre an acceptable evening's entertainment.

\* \* \*

*Billie*, at Erlanger's Theatre, is one of the much touted "clean plays" which Geo. Cohan has established as a personal vogue of his. In this case the objectional elements were eliminated much in the same manner that social breaches are prevented on the part of eunuchs. Or, in other words, he has given us a musical show which is as watery and flaccid as the type of beer

served in the best speakeasies and which is obtained by the same synthetic process. The music lags and the plot simply expires upon the boards, and the long-suffering audience heaves up a sigh of relief whenever the comedians come out with their first-aid kits and pulomotors in their recurring desperate attempts to resuscitate the story.

At first thought we were about to hazard the opinion that better music and a real book in place of the out-worn and hackneyed lines would have made an appreciable difference. Then we realized what Mr. Cohan had probably realized before us; to wit, that no amount of writing could make up for the fact that Miss Polly Walker was not and is not a star. In order to give her the proper amount of featuring, the play was often held up by main force, while she danced or warbled, faintly, a thin and lifeless theme song. We suspect, however, that if she were permitted to play a more life-like character instead of the "goody-goody, butter-wouldn't-melt-in-her-mouth" role which her manager gave her, this young woman might develop into a good featured player.

The cast, with the exception of the two leads, was excellent, and the four male comedians were so good, in spite of their handicaps, that we are moved to protest that Georgie Cohan did not by any means give them a fair break in keeping them secondary to a young lady who was obviously not capable of starring in such company. The leading man was the usual personification of Cohan's inhibited illusions about himself.

### *Two Movie Illusions*

**DURING** the last decade two great illusions grew upon the minds of moving picture magnates and audiences alike. Their names, which must be mentioned only in holy hushed whispers, are—Von Stroheim and Griffith.

In the days of the last war, a young Austrian with a flair for dramatics found himself much in demand in Hollywood. In those far off days, the technical staffs of the big movie companies were even more ignorant and incompetent than they are today. Almost nobody knew the dress requirements, the deportment, or the state of mind of the German and Austrian military. Almost nobody, that is, except this same young Austrian who was later to play such a colorful part in the development of American movies. From an unknown extra, he forced his way to the position of a technical director and important character actor; doing the much demanded and thankless parts of enemy officers. His life from that time bears out the assumption that this is his natural character in life; for he has never played any other part and probably never will. No matter what the setting of his pictures, if Von Stroheim acts, it is with his head shaved military-Germanic style and with the inevitable monocle.

Which brings us to his other mania.

He is a film-fiend, a camera clicking maniac, who has no more control over himself, when he catches the sound of the whirling gears, than a ferret turned loose in a populous hen-



coop. His eyes flash wildly, his mouth waters, and the film begins its merry round, reel by reel, until thousands of feet—which will never be used—have been taken, or until the actors and camera-men are on the verge of physical collapse. When he has thus enjoyed himself for several years, more or less, and the producers are frantically trying to make him deliver something in exchange for the millions he has squandered,—he turns over to them (regretfully) enough film to make at least fifty or a hundred pictures.

Now the point we wish to make is simple and seems never to have occurred to the movie magnates, or the half-baked intellectuals who were taken in by his fine craftsmanship, and who never stopped to consider the amazing lack of artistic discrimination and creative plan in his work. If a man has any ability to direct pictures, just how many would he be permitted to ruin before he achieved a good one? Certainly not more than several. And if he had any ability, how many thousand feet of film would he *have* to take before he struck upon a good picture? If the average feature picture is less than ten reels, it is safe to assume that few directors take more than fifty reels from which to choose the final presentation. The average is far below this amount according to the information vouchsafed by several of the largest production offices in the country.

Let us examine Stroheim's record with this standard as a means of comparison.

Von Stroheim made a few early

pictures which attracted attention in the years shortly following the war, due in the main to their unconventional stories, and good photography. They were nothing at all to mention, as fine dramas, and are forgotten by most cinema lovers. Then he made a picture of "McTeague" which was called "Greed". We tried to sit through this tedious and lagging picture twice, and were unsuccessful both times. We still think this was undramatic, inartistic, and boring; and that it was a libel on the fine book from which it was so clumsily adapted. Hundreds of thousands of reels taken, and two years time. Then came *The Merry Widow* which was an ordinary picture of its kind, relieved here and there by little technical tricks which his early life in Austria had made possible, and which the better German directors invent and execute between coffee and desert. Judging by the results, this should have been made in not more than four months. Hundreds of thousands of reels taken and two or more years' time.

And now, at the Rivoli, is his last and most ridiculous attempt, called *The Wedding March*. After several years of advertising blurbs, fevered communications from the various fronts scattered over the land, millions of dollars spent, and hundreds of thousands of reels taken, we were at last permitted to glimpse the stupendous result—and we could hardly hold our laughter within discreet limits. One of the most ordinary, unimaginative, and dragging stories was unfolded on the screen. A more trite, sugary, sloppy, sentimental mess of



gush and hokum we have never witnessed. All the tricks of the typical Hollywood program director are lavishly employed. All the little touches which the German directors have made familiar to us, are generously borrowed. The silly symbolistic devices, the apple-blossom slush, the stupid caricatures of most of the characters. The lack of timing, the lack of any real dramatic interest—, but what's the use!

\* \* \*

The other great illusion of the movies remains, as always, Mr. David Wark Griffith. The picture of his now showing at the Rialto, in spite of the glamorous title "The Battle of the Sexes", remains one of the worst of a long string of silly, unnecessary screen stories which he has piled up to his discredit. The grand old king of hokum and buncombe is here displayed at his best and worst with a sentimental and tearful drama about ten years behind the times in technique and in tempo. The characterizations are so bad they are unintentionally funny, and half the time the actors (especially in the home scenes) appear to be figures on an old fashioned and inexpert family photograph. After all his years as a movie director, he has learned absolutely nothing about women, and if the average middle class home life is as stultified, as stilted, as straw-stuffed as it appears in this picture, then I was raised in an Eskimo igloo, and drank milk from contented polar bears.

\* \* \*

We saw *Beggars of Life* at the Paramount in the company of three

New York writers and journalists who served an apprenticeship of varying lengths (from five to fifteen years) in the I. W. W. and other organizations of migratory workers, and who lived the actual life which this picture pretended to portray. They were unanimous in their derision of the stupid and blundering technical errors. The whole plot depends upon a silly sentimental character, who is afterward displayed as a weakling, and who does the Don Quixote stunt in a manner which is beyond belief to anyone who knows anything about hoboos. The machinery of the play hinges about the repeated actions of cutting off the rear end of a freight train while in motion without the engineer being at all aware of the mishap. The train goes on and the rear end runs wild in the other direction. All experienced persons know that when the air-brake coupling hose is disconnected while the train is in motion, the brakes are set automatically and the train stops. To make it worse, the director (or Mr. Tully) had the train going *up-hill* at the time.

Then again, as far as our knowledge of the Far West is concerned, we believe that no female—especially such a young and innocent one—needs to flee for killing a man who attempts to rape her.

Another one of Jim Tully's fairy tales, badly directed by William Wellman and atrociously adapted and supervised by one Benjamin Glazer. If Paramount wishes to make any more hobo pictures, we can recommend to them a few persons who can insure that this debacle will not be repeated.

# SOCIALISM AND THE STORK

(A Review)

By ALMA LEVINE

**A**N encyclopedia of parlor-socialism, in the shape of a rather bulky, syrupy and almost intolerably condescending "juvenile" has appeared, entitled, "The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism" by Bernard Shaw. [Brentano's; 495 pp.] At the outset of our considerations regarding its merits the question arises: What is a parlor socialist? I believe I have a definition ready, in reply to that question, which is neither too narrow nor too wide—just coextensive with the concept itself. A parlor-socialist is a non-combatant Utopian in an age of combative socialist mass-movements; in other words, a Utopian without a historical reason for being one.

To make my point plain: Fourier, Robert Owen, Saint-Simon were Utopians, but they were not parlor-socialists. It is true that their socialism was evolved within their four walls as a matter of purely individual reflection based upon observation, but it is likewise true that at the turn of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries when they flourished, there were no mass-movements outside of their four walls whereof their socialism could by any possibility be the clarified expression. There was no organized proletariat to which they could step with their message from their "parlors", nor did they anticipate in their

calculations the existence of one as an indispensable means of realizing their schemes for social reconstruction. In default of one actually extant, they naturally looked to the illuminati among the well-to-do for support of their plans.

The parlor-socialists of our own days are the epigones of the great Utopians. What divides them from their famous exemplars and puts them on a lower plane of mentality is the simple fact that they are now eighty years behind their age. In an epoch of militant, class-conscious labor movements, any attempt of "the parlor" to dictate and direct is a superannuated presumption.

Being busy with themselves and their own inventions rather than with the mass-urge toward a socialist commonwealth, it is patent that nearly all parlor-socialists—if they stick to their peculiar brand of socialism—will develop into petty personages, alike devoid of genius and virile enterprise. There are, however, a few exceptions overtopping the pigmy size of the type. They are chiefly to be found among the natives of Great Britain—for two reasons. First, because in the motherland of capitalism, the critique of capitalism is an older and more developed pursuit than elsewhere; and secondly, because the British variety of parlor-socialism, known more specifically as Fabianism, is the only one which actually reflects the state of mind of

multitudes among the ranks of organized labor. Its talents are an integral part of the national mind in its present day condition.

What is Fabianism? Its chief doctrine can be expressed in the following two formulas: first, that socialism—like babies—is brought by the stork, which eliminates the struggles and agonies attendant upon child-birth; and secondly, that the liberally-minded middle-classes (more particularly, the liberal professions) are the stork predestined to bring into the nursing of mankind the baby called: Millenium.

Let my readers shake their heads over this mention of nurseries, storks, babies, as indicating something like a bent toward merry misrepresentation—I assure them that I am in sober earnest, that I have given them in the foregoing the very quintessence of Fabianism, and that my allusion to nurseries, storks and babies is a particularly pat one as regards Mr. Shaw's Encyclopedia of Fabianism.

It is nominally addressed to an intelligent woman—an American woman, as the Preface avers, representing whatever there is to be found of political intelligence in these United States. But setting aside the insinuating flatteries of the Preface, we find, in trying to reconstruct the features of the woman appealed to out of the contents of the book, that Mr. Shaw is making a bid for that large part of the American book-market which is exclusively controlled by feminine morons with plenty of leisure hanging heavily on their hands. In their search for new sensations, they will try everything once—even socialism—if put be-

fore them as an entertaining speculation warranted to be respectable by Fabian bishops, cabinet-ministers and colonial governors.

The "intelligent woman" of Mr. Shaw is a baby and he treats her as such in his book, from beginning to end. There can be no mistake regarding the type under tuition. Before briefly adverting to the doctrine taught, a word about the teacher won't be amiss.

The international fame of Mr. Shaw seems to present no startling features to superficial view. For over thirty years he has been a prolific dramatist, whose output, despite its weak-doctrine. The first-named ingredient been abundant enough to keep him constantly before the eyes and minds of the playgoers of both hemispheres. He has been a novelist and, concurrently, a pamphleteer in the cause of the most widely spread international movement on earth. The serious concepts of his plays and novels are always clothed—like those of Mark Twain—in the gayest and most striking of literary raiments.

Yet the reputation of Mr. Shaw, upon closer view, stands revealed as a paradox—nay, a whole bundle of paradoxes intertwined. In an objective and rather unilluminating way, it may be truthfully said of Mr. Shaw that he is a dramatist whose socialism attained international notoriety only because it has been, figuratively speaking, written on the back of multitudinous playbills, and a novelist whose novels have been rescued from oblivion by the incessant *eclat* of a long series of plays. Leaving the public

and its gradual acceptance of Mr. Shaw behind us and looking at causes and effects from the subjective angle of his unfolding mentality, the picture is reversed. Mr. Shaw is the inventor of a species of stage-play which might be called, for lack of a more closely defining designation, the spoken operetta of social criticism, the action that serves as a vehicle of the criticism being supplied by the sweet unreasonableness of comic opera license.

The enormous *eclat* of his stage-inventions dragged his novels out of the Acheron of oblivion and carried the fame of his peculiar brand of socialism to the farthest corners of the earth; but his innovation—the spoken operetta of social criticism—was already contained in the raw in his novels. Both his novels and his plays are, in point of chronological sequence and psychological fact, simply the outcrop of his socialism—the continuous artistic manifestations of the Fabian state of mind in its most lucid, most imaginative incarnation. The Fabian socialism of Mr. Shaw, accepted as a mere eccentric detail by the play-going public of two worlds, is in reality not only the essence of the man, but the source and abiding inspiration of his entire literary output as well.

Another paradox of Mr. Shaw's authorship: it is true that his fame and fortunes are founded upon his stage-plays, but in their printed shape they are scarcely more than the dramatic appendices to the prefaces containing in solid form the social views and criticisms contained in the plays in a weak solution. As an inevitable consequence, the mentally most alert

among his readers care more for the prefaces than the plays—a situation without a parallel in the entire history of dramatic literature.

What makes these prefaces the one solid achievement of Mr. Shaw, likely to be read by posterity, long after his social operettas have lost their slender hold upon the stage, is the following important circumstance. In the prefaces, dealing critically with this or that particular situation of acquisitive society, the two main theses of Fabianism are necessarily thrust into the background. In a sketchy essay on the plight of the modern physician or the humor of the modern marriage-market, there is no room for the doctrine of socialism brought by the stork, or an explicit glorification of the enlightened middle classes as architects of the millenium. These matters are *implied* in the prefaces, but they are not *enlarged* upon, as in the present guide-book. The prefaces are a fascicle of well informed, witty criticism. The guide-book is, in large part, a presumptuous, dreary, ill-informed exposition of Fabian doctrine, written in the style of Reverend Chadband coming down several flights of stairs so as to be on a level with the understanding of his hearers.

The book, more accurately speaking, consists of a blending of two ingredients: the social criticism of the prefaces translated into baby-talk, and an exposition of the Fabian stork-doctrine. The first-named ingredients is sufficiently readable and amusing, in spite of an occasional flattening out of economic commonplaces for the benefit of the "intelligent woman," but



the second, in our turbulent transition age, is too absurd for silent toleration.

Of course, Mr. Shaw knows that too—yet he blandly goes on with the exposition of his doctrine. He takes his “intelligent woman” by the chin and feeds her spoonfuls of platitudes and Fabian nonsense. He warns her not to invite socialists to tea, because they are a mixed lot and some of them might steal her silver spoons (p. 93); in deference to her American prejudices, he pays fulsome court to the concept of national prohibition (pp. 396-397); he retails conservative platitudes about strikes, special and general, as the ultimate wisdom of Fabian socialism (pp. 68, 206, 02, 303, 448, 449); he conceives of trade-unionism as a “contradiction to socialism”. The entire bulky volume is in the main devoted to an exposition of the abstract notion, that it is equality of income that constitutes socialism—a pet notion which Mr. Shaw has been hammering out in speeches and magazine articles for the last twenty years.

Socialism (as everybody, with the exception of the Fabians, knows by this time) is a system of production for use built upon the ruins of a society founding itself upon free competitive production for sale. The transition from one state of society to the other to be accomplished by an expropriation of the means of large-scale production, storage, transportation and distribution. Equality of income, so far from being the essence of socialism, is neither more nor less than its ultimate ideal, never to be attained in or thorough-paced fashion and to be approximated only after

many decades of socialized production and distribution. In its initial stages, the social revolution levels both up and down: its first action consists in rescuing from misery and physical degeneracy the poorest strata of the hard worked masses, and in bringing down to a workman's level the wages of cabinet ministers and generals.

For half a century and longer, while the new social arrangements are unfolding, it can level up and it can level down, but it cannot possibly achieve equality of income. Not a word about the curious and instructive rearrangements of income in Soviet Russia is to be found in the guide-book of Mr. Shaw. About the real world of socialism in practice he has precious little to say, and what he has to say is unilluminating. What of that? He has produced a *Kinder-Fibel* of Fabian socialism and, in the words of Goethe,

*Die Kinder, sie hoeren es gerne.*

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## BOOK REVIEWS

Hachinuch B'Eretz Israel (Education in Palestine). By Zvi Sharfstein. An "Ogen" publication. New York, 1928.

**WE, JEWS,** are a strange people. We can be induced to part with some of our money for the sake of Eretz-Israel, but not to lend it our interest. We will spend days in discussing with adversaries but we will not devote hours to study the already existing institutions which our pioneers have built and we have financed.

The Jewish press has recently discussed the merits and faults of the report of the Jewish Agency experts. Much was written for and against its adoption. But how many of us in America know actual conditions in Palestine so as to judge competently the new "law" which came to us from London? Do we really know the details of daily life in our Kvutsoth, on the National Fund lands and of the urban workers, to say what is good for them?

The same with problems of education. We do know that there exist in Palestine schools of varied types. In time of trouble, such as occurred a year ago, we find mention of this fact even in our Yiddish dailies. But how many are there among Zionists who can tell what is actually being done in those schools to create the type of a perfect Jew in the "land of our re-birth"?

This book by Mr. Sharfstein is an attempt to bring to the reader of Hebrew a clearer conception of the ideologies of the various educational agencies as they are interpreted in the every-day life of both teacher and pupil. It is a record of eleven weeks of study by one of the foremost Hebrew educators in America. The results of his observation Mr. Sharfstein gives us in this interesting and beautifully written book.

Eleven weeks is too short a time to make a thorough study and to go to the roots of so vast a subject as is Hebrew

education in Palestine. The author is well aware of this and does not pretend exhaustiveness. All he wants is to stimulate intelligent discussion of a subject which is a matter of life and death to all serious-minded Zionists.

In the winter of 1927 there were 18,593 pupils (about 60 per cent of all Jewish pupils) in the various elementary schools which are subsidized by the Zionist organization. These schools are roughly divided into three main types: General, Religious and those of the Histadruth Haovdim. The religious schools differ from the "general" in that they lay more stress on the study and practice of religion. The "general" school, too, teaches the Bible and extracts from the Agadoth of the Talmud, but the observance of the ritual it leaves to the parents.

Quite different are the schools of the Histadruth. These aim not to bring up scholars and young men versed in the Law,—but to prepare their pupils to be useful citizens who, like their parents, will live on their toil. Parents work all day long in fields and malaria-infested swamps, in Kvutsoth where no exploitation exists, and the children, meanwhile, make friends with nature and learn to make the soil of their people yield its hidden treasures. But let not anyone think that these children of nature do not know our Book of Books or that they do not love it. They study it lovingly and understand and *feel* its beauties. For who, as these children, is so near to the land and the free spirit of our prophets?

The parents of these children are ready to make all sacrifices in order to bring up their children to love work and hate exploitation. While the "Jewish Effendis" of Petach Tikvah come to the Zionist organization to ask for more money for their schools, the toilers of Nahalal, people who work all day long (sometimes as much as 18 hours) and

live in uninhabitable barracks, reject outside help and pay out of their meager earnings all the expenses of their schools.

And it is these people of the Emek, of "the only important place which is completely Hebrew in work and speech," who are looked upon by many of our Zionists, and even by some who call themselves Achad-Haamists, as "Kest Kinder" of the Zionist Budget!

It was to be expected that a teacher from America, where Yiddishkeit is synonymous with B. M. T. (Bar-Mitzvah Teachings) and with Kiddush and Kadish, would be shocked to hear of Jewish school-children celebrating Shevuoth on flower-adorned carriages. But although parents do show a preference for religious schools, as compared with the "General," we hope that the day of the reign of the Yarmulkeh spirit is distant.

The Histadruth Ivrit (Hebrew Federation) of America deserves the thanks of all readers of Hebrew for this book. It will be read with interest and pleasure by every worker in the field of Jewish education and also by everyone who has more than lip-service for the cause of Palestine.

M. SHIFFMAN.

**Adventures of an African Slaver.** By Captain Theodore Canot. Edited by Malcolm Cowley. Illustrations by Miguel Covarrubias. Albert and Charles Boni, New York, 1928, 376 pp., \$4.00.

**The New Schools of New Russia.** By Lucy L. W. Wilson. Vanguard Press, New York, 1928, 230 pp., \$.50.

**Health Work in Soviet Russia.** By Anna J. Haines. Vanguard Press, New York, 1928, 177 pp., \$.50.

The first is a book that will delight alike the serious student of sociology and the lover of the picaresque. It is purported to be "a true account of the life of Captain Theodore Canot, trader in gold, ivory and slaves on the coast of Guinea: his own story as told in the year 1854

to Brantz Mayer and now edited with an introduction by Malcolm Cowley."

The tale has the ring of truth in it, but even if it were all fiction it would be no less informing and fascinating.

Canot began his adventures at the age of twelve, suffering shipwreck and being captured by pirates on one of his first voyages. At the age of nineteen he found himself in the employ of a wealthy slave trader in Africa and shortly thereafter went "in business for himself." For over a quarter of a century he carried on this trade, shipping cargo after cargo of black humanity to Cuba, then the center of this very profitable and already illegal commerce.

Here was adventure, if ever there was any. Buying Negroes from local chieftains, fighting piratical freebooters, escaping from British cruisers, throwing slaves overboard to destroy evidence, capture and imprisonment by the French, participating at cannibalistic orgies of a victorious African tribe—enough to satisfy any man's daring and thirst for danger. Canot made his fortune several times but finally landed in Baltimore, broken in health and reduced to beggary, glorying only in the hair-raising exploits of his exotic life.

The book is worth any one's reading for the story alone and the thrills that are in it. But he of more solid taste will also profit by the incidental light that is shed on an enterprise that for nearly four hundred years flourished in Christendom. For forty years after the trade was prohibited, slavery continued to exist in the United States. As for Africa, slavery there is called a national institution by the author. We are told by the editor that in Liberia there are today 200,000 slaves, and in Sierra Leone slavery was abolished by legislative decree only last January (p. 126). However, "I have no hesitation in saying that three-fourths of the slaves sent abroad from Africa are the fruit of wars fomented by the avarice of our own race. We stimulate the Negro's passions by the introduction of wants and fancies

never dreamed of by the simple native, while slavery was an institution of domestic need and comfort alone. But what was once a luxury has now ripened into an absolute necessity; so that man, in truth has become the coin of Africa." (p. 127). Civilization, in Africa at least, is not an unmixed blessing.

Several months ago six volumes of the Vanguard Studies of Soviet Russia were reviewed in this magazine. The present two are of the same high order of merit in the valuable information presented and in the objectivity of treatment. Dr. Wilson, principal of the South Philadelphia High School, is an educator of note who despite her 64 years is a leader in the "new education" movement. Miss Haines is a social and health worker who spent some five years in the Soviet Union with the American Friends Service Committee. Both authors know whereof they speak and their friendly, inquiring and interested attitude vouches for a full and accurate presentation of the subjects.

The educational work might be summed up in Mrs. Wilson's statement that "Soviet Russia is actually giving to the masses in its state supported public schools the kind of education that progressive private schools in this country and in Europe have been striving earnestly to give to the relatively few who come to them" (p. 2). This needs to be modified by the further statement that as yet only in the cities is elementary education universal, and both elementary and secondary education free. The rural districts still suffer from illiteracy, inadequate staff, equipment and financing. However, the progress in every phase has been enormous during the last few years. Some of the distinctive features of the Russian educational system are: the "project" method by which the studies are related to the familiar, vital experiences of daily life; the active participation of the students in school management and curriculum; encouragement of experimentation; the widespread

machinery for non-school and extra-mural education through the Red Army libraries, museums, social centers, youth organizations.

Among the charges made against Red Russia's educational scheme was that relating to inoculating the children with communist propaganda. This charge in its extreme form probably has never been true. And of late, we learn, the propaganda features have been considerably toned down. The anti-religious propaganda has been eliminated from the elementary grades altogether. While the Soviet State definitely aims to make the school children into good communists, Mrs. Wilson seems to doubt that this will necessarily take place, because of the eagerness of the responsible leaders to learn and adapt themselves to the children's needs and because the methods of teaching stimulate independent thinking.

Miss Haines' story is that of socializing medicine in a country that had the highest mortality and morbidity rates and the lowest proportion of physicians to inhabitants of any in Europe. In spite of this the People's Commissariat for the Protection of Health has some very solid achievements to its credit. Perhaps the most striking one is the reduction of infant mortality from 27 in 1913 to 17 (per hundred) in 1923.

The socialized health service is financed through the general state social insurance scheme which is based on a tax upon all private and public enterprises amounting to 15-20 per cent of their wage bills. All employees and their families, soldiers and their families, all school children and the poorest peasants are entitled to free dispensary and hospital care, free medicines and medical appliances. All other classes must pay for these services; but the aim eventually is to extend free health services to the entire population. The doctors are organized into a trade union which includes also the nurses, orderlies, cooks, and other employees of

health institution. Private practice is not forbidden but the practitioner is not regarded as a proletarian and is subject to all the disabilities of his class. However, a physician may have private patients after his working hours in a state institution.

There still remains a great deal to be accomplished in the field of health. Here, too, the rural sections have not benefitted anywhere to the same extent as have the cities. But the essential soundness of a system of socialized insurance has been tested and proven in Soviet Russia. The emphasis of course is on prevention, and the possibilities for experimentation, both social and medical, are almost limitless. Not the least of the lessons that the Soviet Union is destined to teach the rest of mankind will be in the organization and methods of public health work.

If the rest of the Vanguard series come up to the standards of the first eight volumes the Vanguard Press will have deserved the gratitude of thousands of Americans, and especially of those to whom the low price of the books (50 c.) is an important desideratum.

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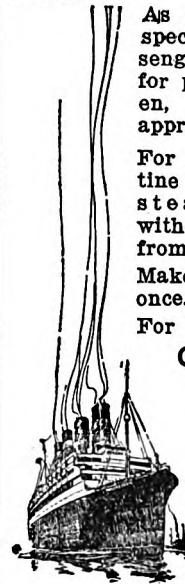
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The Book-of-the-Month Club has engaged a group of five critics to select the most readable and important new books each month—Henry Seidel Canby, chairman; Heywood Broun, Christopher Morley, Dorothy Canfield, and William Allen White. They also choose the most outstanding book amongst these, and this is sent to all subscribers, *unless they want some other book which they may specify*. Or they need take none at all! Over 50,000 discriminating people now use this sensible and convenient service, to keep themselves from missing the best new books. It has, however, met with this interesting criticism: "I don't want anyone to select what books I shall read. I want to choose my own books." What force is there in this objection?

**H**AVE you ever given thought to the considerations that *now* move you in deciding to read any book? You hear it praised by a friend. Or you see an advertisement of it in a newspaper. Or you read a review of it by some critic whose account of it excites your interest. You decide you *must* read that book. Note, however, what has happened: it is always recommendation, *from some source*, that determines you to read it. True, your choice is completely free, but you exercise your choice *among recommended books*.

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